

Bound
Periodical

58807

Kansas City Public Library



This Volume is for
REFERENCE USE ONLY

7-14-50-P

5-8807
Qa
2375

PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS CITY
MO

YRABE L 31004
YTIO 2A20A1
OM

[Faint handwritten notes or bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[illegible]

YSA98L1 3L814
YTIC 2A24A1
OM

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXV.

APRIL TO SEPTEMBER, 1906.

NEW YORK:
THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.
175 FIFTH AVENUE.

1906.

WILLIAM
WIDEN
LIBRARY

Bound
Medical

58807

aⁿ

12374-

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXV.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

	Page
AMERICAN PERIL, THE	177
AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL, THE	691
ART OF COURTESY, THE	108
ARTIST OF THE CAMERA, THE	695
AUTHOR AND HIS EARNINGS, THE	382
BEST PROSE EPIGRAMS, THE	610
BLANCHE BATES	600
CANADIANS IN THE UNITED STATES, THE	473
CHARM OF THE HOUSE-BOAT, THE	527
CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM	681
COUNTRESS OF WARWICK, THE	569
DECADENCE OF POSITIVE AUTHORITY, THE	47
DESCENDANTS OF JONATHAN EDWARDS, THE	263
EMIL FUCHS, SCULPTOR AND PORTRAIT-PAINTER	619
ENGLISH IN AMERICA, THE	202
FAMOUS ACTORS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY	347
FRANZ VON LENBACH	663
FRENCH IN AMERICA, THE	360
FRITZI SCHEFF	343
HENRY IRVING'S SUCCESSOR	191
HOW CAN WE BETTER OUR SPELLING?	294
HOW TIME IS MEASURED	710
IMPRESSIONS OF MANILA	53
IRISH IN AMERICA, THE	86
JEAN LEON GEROME	279
JOHN BIGELOW AT EIGHTY-EIGHT	172
LIFE OF A NEIGHBORING WORLD, THE	247
MARGARET ANGLIN	504
MAXINE ELLIOTT	762
MOST VALUABLE TEN-ACRE LOT IN THE WORLD, THE	113
MRS. LESLIE CARTER	226
MUSICIANS AND THEIR EARNINGS	424
NEW KING OF DENMARK, THE	242
PAINTER OF FAIR WOMEN, A	133
PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT IN PARIS	61
REAL ANNIE LAURIE, THE	237
ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA, THE	3
I. The Epoch-Making Invention of Kelly and Bessemer	148
II. The Discovery of the Great Ore Ranges	312
III. The Rise of Andrew Carnegie	438
IV. The Carnegie Company Under Frick	574
V. The Workmen-Partners of Andrew Carnegie	718
VI. The Harvest of Gold	613
SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA, THE	308
SEXES IN THE UNITED STATES, THE	72
SOME GREAT OLD PLAYS	420
III. Rip Van Winkle	539
SPEAKER CANNON	397
STORY OF THE SHORT-STORY, THE	633
TERCENTENARY OF REMBRANDT, THE	749
VALUE OF TITLES, THE	
WELSH IN AMERICA, THE	
VANCE THOMPSON	
NEWTON DENT	
HARRY THURSTON PECK	
C. HOWARD CONWAY	
ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE	
ARTHUR PENN	
MATTHEW WHITE, JR.	
HERBERT N. CASSON	
SAMUEL CROWTHER, JR.	
CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D.	
ANNE O'HAGAN	
CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.	
D. O. S. LOWELL	
R. H. TITHERINGTON	
HERBERT N. CASSON	
WILLIAM WINTER	
CHRISTIAN BRINTON	
HERBERT N. CASSON	
MATTHEW WHITE, JR.	
CLAY M. GREENE	
BRANDER MATTHEWS	
EUGENE WOOD	
ATHERTON BROWNELL	
HERBERT N. CASSON	
R. H. TITHERINGTON	
CLIFFORD SMYTH	
WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT	
MATTHEW WHITE, JR.	
MATTHEW WHITE, JR.	
EUGENE S. WILLARD	
MATTHEW WHITE, JR.	
W. J. HENDERSON	
FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG	
CHRISTIAN BRINTON	
VANCE THOMPSON	
KATHERINE E. THOMAS	
HERBERT N. CASSON	
ALLEN D. ALBERT, JR.	
BRANDER MATTHEWS	
ROYAL CORTISSOZ	
F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN	
HERBERT N. CASSON	

SHORT STORIES.

ABDUCTION OF RED KELLY, THE	220
"ALL THE LATEST MAGAZINES"	511
ANGELS CAME	388
ARCHDEACON, THE	288
AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL	652
AU NATUREL	650
AUTHOR AND EDITOR	127
BARTLETT CARTER'S AWAKENING	655
H. R. DURANT	
MILTON FRANCE	
JOHN BARTON OXFORD	
THEODORE ROBERTS	
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART	
E. B. SHELTON	
LAURA ALTON PAYNE	
WILLIAM FORSTER BROWN	

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXV.

SHORT STORIES—Continued.

	Page
BEATRICE AND THE ROSE	333
BLACKMAILER, THE	628
BLUE NECKLACE, THE	595
BREACH OF CONTRACT, A	256
BROKEN QUARANTINE, THE	300
CALLOWAY'S CODE	687
COPPER-SHIP, THE	605
CORNER IN FIANCES, A	32
CORPORAL BOB	122
COUNSEL FOR THE PRISONER	772
COURAGE OF SHORTY, THE	274
DAUGHTER OF STORMS, A	428
DECENNIAL OF THE BLACK SHEEP, THE	23
DEFAULT IN PRACTISE, A	501
ENDURANCE LIMIT, THE	468
FATE AND THE POCKETBOOK	374
FIRE FIGHT FIRE	461
HANDBOOK OF HYMEN, THE	414
HIGHER ABDICATION, THE	548
HON. BILL HICKS' MARRIAGE COMPETITION, THE	767
IN FACE OF FACT	39
IN PRAISE OF MARRIAGE	787
INSURRECTION AT LA BOCA, THE	740
LAST MESSAGE, THE	168
LIKE COALS OF FIRE	536
LOOK IN THE FACE, THE	489
LOVE-LETTER OF HIS LIFE, THE	780
MAGGIE DONAHUE	231
MALLET'S MASTERPIECE, THE	76
MAN FROM HONG-KONG, THE	639
MELISSY AND THE MILLINER	513
MIRTH'S PILGRIM	782
MOONSHINE (In two parts)	561, 703
NEW FRANKENSTEIN, THE	755
OLD SQUIRE, THE	516
OLEANDER	105
PHILANTHROPIC HONEYMOON, A	181
PHOEBE IN POLITICS	196
POET AND SCULLERY-MAID	253
POLICE-COURT PORTIA, A	648
PURPLE AND FINE LINEN	509
TRY, TRY AGAIN	391
UNSUCCESSFUL HOMICIDE, AN	258
VON BLUMER INVESTS	124
WAY OF A GIRL, THE	785
WHITTAKER'S WHEEL	737
WHO LAUGHS LAST	386
WITHOUT PRECEDENT	251
WOMAN TO WOMAN	144
HONORE WILLISIE	
EDWARD BOLTWOOD	
JULIA TRUITT BISHOP	
WILLIAM FORSTER BROWN	
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART	
O. HENRY	
J. OLIVIER CURWOOD	
GEORGE G. LINCOLN	
FRANK L. PACKARD	
JOHN K. LEYS	
ELIZABETH GRANGER BEMIS	
EDWARD BOLTWOOD	
EDWARD BOLTWOOD	
ELLIOT WALKER	
W. BERT FOSTER	
ANNE O'HAGAN	
GEORGE ALLAN-ENGLAND	
O. HENRY	
O. HENRY	
PORTER EMERSON BROWNE	
JOHNSON MORTON	
F. A. ROSMAN	
KARL DECKER	
E. MIRRIELIES	
GERTRUDE BARNUM	
JOHN G. NEIHARDT	
HELEN ROWLAND	
EDWIN L. SABIN	
EDWARD H. PEPLE	
GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD	
EDYTH ELLERBECK	
GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE	
DOROTHY CANFIELD	
GEORGE HIBBARD	
HUGH PENDEXTER	
ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL	
DOROTHY CANFIELD	
ANNE O'HAGAN	
DOROTHY CANFIELD	
BELLE MANIATES	
ROBERT ARMSTRONG	
JOSEPH JOHNSON, JR.	
MONTAGUE GLASS	
TOM MASSON	
JACK BROWNING	
EDWARD BOLTWOOD	
EDYTH ELLERBECK	
THEODORE ROBERTS	
JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS	

DEPARTMENTS.

LIGHT VERSE	27, 337, 436, 716
STAGE—REVIEW OF THE SEASON 1905-1906	494



NO, WAIT ! YET ONCE AGAIN SHALL YOU BEHOLD YOUR EVIL WORK !
[See story, "The Mallet's Masterpiece," page 76]

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxv.

April, 1906

Number I

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE TREMENDOUS MODERN EXPANSION OF THE IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY
WHICH BEGAN WITH THE INVENTION OF THE BESSEMER PROCESS —
THE FIRST ARTICLE OF THE PRESENT SERIES TELLS HOW KELLY
IN AMERICA AND BESSEMER IN ENGLAND EVOLVED THEIR
EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERY, AND SKETCHES THE BIG
MEN WHO TOOK THE LEAD IN DEVELOPING IT

THE dramatic and sensational development of the steel and iron industry in America, in its broadest sweep, is bounded by forty years. More progress has been made within this space than in all our earlier colonial and national life. Indeed, the last thirty years have turned out more iron and steel, the world over, than was produced in all the previous centuries of known history.

Naturally, those who have produced this vast supply of an indispensable metal have become the masters of incredible wealth. The biggest business fact in the world is the United States Steel Corporation. It has more stockholders than the population of Nevada; more employees than there are voters in Maine; more profits, in a good year,

than the revenue of the city of New York. Above all ordinary corporations it towers like the Great Pyramid of Cheops above the sand mounds of the desert. Yet, vast as it is, it represents less than two-thirds of the American iron and steel industry. It would be a two-billion dollar corporation if it included the whole trade.

If this unparalleled development had been the result of centuries, it would still be wonderful enough; but it is practically the harvest of one generation's sowing. There is not a chapter of ancient history in the Story of Steel. Any one who visits the little Pennsylvania town of Bethlehem may still see John Fritz, who might almost be called the Father of the Steel-mill. In Louisville still lives a white-haired old lady,

wife of William Kelly, the original inventor of what is called Bessemer steel. In Chicago any visitor may see Bob Hunt, whose personal reminiscences reach back to the earliest dawn of the steel era. And the masterful Scot who

helped to rock the steel giant in his cradle are still to be found in the mills and offices of Pittsburgh. In Johnstown may be seen the first tilting converter that Kelly used in making Bessemer steel; and the boy who helped the in-



KELLY'S FIRST TILTING CONVERTER, WHICH HE USED IN HIS EXPERIMENTS AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, IN 1857—IT IS STILL PRESERVED AT THE CAMBRIA WORKS IN JOHNSTOWN, AND IS PROBABLY THE MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL RELIC IN THE AMERICAN STEEL TRADE

rescued our steel business from periodic bankruptcy, and won for it the commercial supremacy of the world, is still flitting between New York and Skibo and thinking more of the future than of the past.

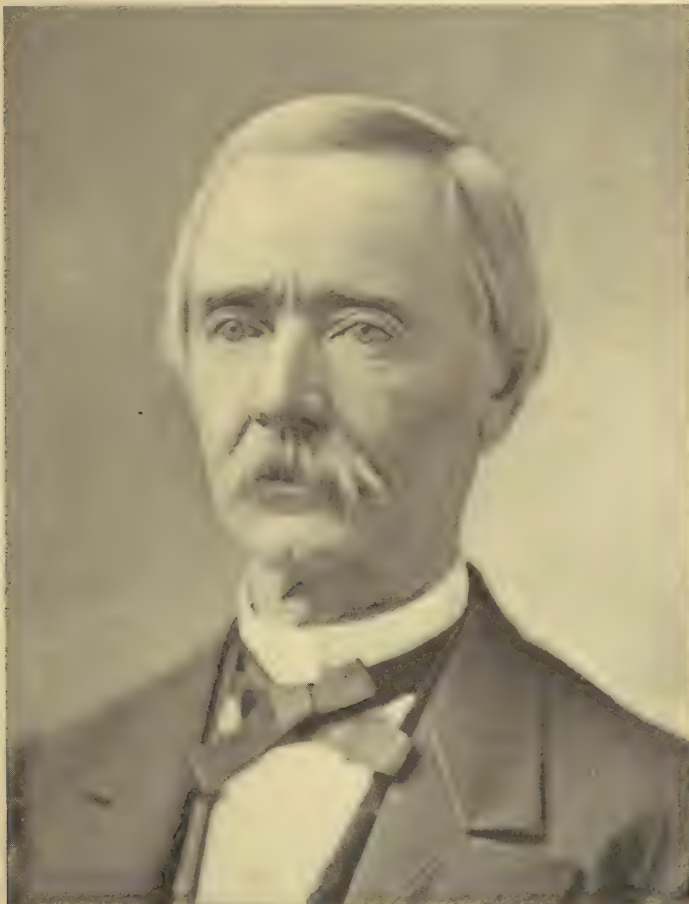
Even our younger steel kings—Frick, Schwab, Corey, Morrison, Dinkey, Jones, and the rest—can remember the early period of small sales and petty economies. Hundreds of men who

ventor with his experiments is still employed in the Cambria mills. In fact, the whole steel industry is so young that nine-tenths of the information in this series of articles was obtained, not from libraries, but from the men and women who have seen it grow out of feeble infancy into its golden age.

On that bleak November day when Andrew Carnegie was born in a Scottish cottage, the iron and steel makers of

America had no more thought of millions than of castles in Spain. Steel sold for twenty-five cents a pound. The ironmasters mined little coal and baked no coke. Not an ounce of iron had been made in Wheeling, Youngs-

War, what was called a first-class furnace would cost about fifty thousand dollars, employ seventy men, and produce a thousand tons of iron a year. The business was conducted, not by corporations, but by individual ironmasters,



WILLIAM KELLY, THE AMERICAN IRONMASTER AND INVENTOR WHO FIRST DISCOVERED THE SO-CALLED BESSEMER PROCESS, WHICH HAS ENTIRELY REVOLUTIONIZED THE STEEL INDUSTRY

From the only photograph of Mr. Kelly now in existence, representing him in his later life

town, Cleveland, or Chicago—the latter being a fur-trading village, without harbor or railroad. Birmingham, Alabama, was not on the map until two-score years later. There was not a foot of railroad near Pittsburgh, and not one rail, either of iron or steel, had been produced in any part of the country. And the total American output of iron in that year was less than we make now in four days.

As late as the beginning of the Civil

who ruled in a truly feudal way over their small communities. There were no millionaires, and what little money an iron-maker had was liable to become waste paper at any moment by the collapse of a rickety bank. Four furnaces out of five were haunted by the specter of debt; and in a bad year, like 1837 or 1857, scores of furnaces were blown out. The tariff, too, was even more variable than the currency. It was raised

and lowered by the fitful gusts of politics until 1861, when the Morrill tariff first gave some chance of stability to the unfortunate industry.

With the Civil War came the first large orders and continuous business. Every plant was run night and day. The output of iron nearly doubled, and the price jumped from \$18.60 to as high as \$73.60 per ton. Of the three billion dollars that the war cost the Federal government, a goodly share went to the iron-men. Uncle Sam was the best customer they had ever known.

They had a surplus in the bank, at last—a store of capital which enabled them to do business on a larger scale. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, Captain Eber B. Ward, of Detroit, loomed up as the first of the iron kings, with several millions to his credit and three flourishing plants, in Chicago, Detroit, and Milwaukee.

The marvelous modern expansion of the iron and steel industry was now about to begin. The germ of its stupendous growth lay in the invention of the Bessemer process. It is necessary, there-



SIR HENRY BESSEMER, THE ENGLISH ENGINEER AND INVENTOR, WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE MOST USEFUL METAL IN THE WORLD OF COMMERCE — THE EARLY SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND AS A STEEL-MAKING NATION WAS MAINLY DUE TO HIS GENIUS

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

fore, that this article should describe that wonderful discovery—what it is, and how and when and by whom it was invented.

THE DEMAND FOR CHEAP STEEL

When there arises a demand for something that shall play a vital part in our national and social development—a demand which is earnest and universal—science is pretty sure to meet it. Even nature must yield when the human race centers its brain-force, with white-hot energy, upon a certain point of attack. It was so in the cases of electricity, railroads, cables, the telegraph, and the telephone; and fifty years ago the most pressing need of the civilized world was a new metal—one that would be as strong as steel and as cheap as iron. This was more than a trade problem. The railroads were using iron rails, which wore out in less than two years. The largest locomotive of that time would to-day be considered little more than a toy. There were no skyscrapers and no subways, and stages were practically the only street-cars. Neither wood nor iron was fit for the new uses of the growing republic; and the high cost of steel made it almost as much out of the question as silver. The greatest need of the world was *cheap steel*.

At this juncture an answer to the universal demand was voiced by the inventive genius of two men—William Kelly, a Pittsburgh Irish-American, and Sir Henry Bessemer, an Englishman of French descent. They devised a new way to refine iron, which has since been known as the Bessemer process. Their discovery was an entirely new idea, and one which at first seemed absurd to every other steel-maker; but within a few



DANIEL J. MORRELL, THE GREAT IRONMASTER OF JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, WHOSE ABILITY PLACED THE CAMBRIA WORKS IN THE FRONT RANK—HE WAS THE PATRON OF WILLIAM KELLY, THE INSTRUCTOR OF CAPTAIN JONES, AND ONE OF THE FIRST MAKERS OF CHEAP STEEL

years it was universally adopted, revolutionizing the iron and steel trade, and providing the world with a cheap and abundant supply of its most useful metal. It expanded the industry with almost the suddenness of an explosion, and for the first time in the long history of steel-making the steel-smiths were fairly swept off their feet by a flood of riches. Hundreds of individuals were picked up—by merit, by luck, or by chance—and flung upon the golden thrones of an international empire of steel.

In 1846 William Kelly and his brother bought the Suwanee Iron Works, near Eddyville, Kentucky. Kelly's father was a well-to-do landowner in Pittsburgh, where it is said that he erected the first two brick houses in the city. At the time when William Kelly

began to make iron, he was thirty-six years old—a tall, well-set-up, muscular, energetic man, with blue eyes and close-cropped beard. In inventiveness his brain ranked high; in business ability, low. He had left a commission business and become an iron-maker mainly to carry out a process which he had invented, by which larger sugar-kettles were to be made. The "Kelly kettles" became well known among the Southern farmers.

He had married Miss Mildred A. Green, of Edlyville, and secured the financial backing of his wealthy father-in-law. His iron plant was a



ALEXANDER LYMAN HOLLEY, THE GREATEST
BUILDER OF AMERICAN STEEL PLANTS

From the bust in the University of Chicago.

fairly good one, close to high-grade ore, and needing the work of about three hundred negro slaves. Mr. Kelly was strongly opposed to slavery, and tried to escape being a slave-holder by importing Chinese. He was the first employer in this country to make this experiment, and found it successful; but international complications prevented him from putting it into practice on a larger scale.

Kelly's first aim was to make good wrought iron, for his kettles and for customers in Cincinnati. His iron was refined in what was called a "finery fire"—a small furnace in which about



WILLIAM FRANKLIN DURFEE, WHO WAS THE FIRST
TO MAKE STEEL AS A COMMERCIAL COMMODITY
BY THE KELLY-MUSHET PROCESS

From a photograph in Brown, Detroit



GEORGE SHEARMAN DURFEE, A NEW BEDFORD
CAPITALIST WHO PURCHASED THE KELLY
AND MUSHET PATENTS

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

fifteen hundred pounds of pig iron was placed between two layers of charcoal. The charcoal was set on fire, the blast was turned on, and more charcoal was added until the iron was thoroughly refined—a slow, old-fashioned process which used up quantities of charcoal.

In a year all the wood near the fur-

to his feet with a shout, and rushed to the furnace. At one edge he saw a white-hot spot in the yellow mass of molten metal. The iron at this spot was incandescent. It was almost gaseous. Yet there was no charcoal—nothing but the steady blast of air. Why didn't the air chill the metal? Every iron-maker since



CAPTAIN EBER B. WARD, OF DETROIT, THE FIRST MILLIONAIRE OF THE AMERICAN STEEL TRADE

nace had been burned, and the nearest available source of supply was seven miles distant—a fact with which the unbusinesslike Kelly had not reckoned. To cart his charcoal seven miles meant bankruptcy, unless—he could invent a way to save fuel.

KELLY'S EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERY

One day he was sitting in front of the "finery fire" when he suddenly sprang

Tubal Cain had believed that cold air would chill hot iron. But Kelly was more than an iron-maker. He was a student of metallurgy, and he knew that carbon and oxygen had an affinity for each other. He knew what air was and what iron was, and like a flash the idea leaped into his excited brain—*there is no need of charcoal. Air alone is fuel.*

It was as simple as breathing and very similar, but no human mind had thought

of it before. When the air is blown into the molten metal, the oxygen unites with the impurities of the iron and leaves the pure iron behind. Oxygen—that mysterious element which gives life to all creatures, yet which burns up and destroys

Only three listened with interest and sympathy—two English iron-workers and the village doctor.

At first Kelly snapped his fingers at opposition. "I'll prove it publicly," he said. At his invitation a number of jest-



CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. JONES, BETTER KNOWN AS BILL JONES, THE FAMOUS MANAGER OF THE BRADDOCK WORKS, WHOSE MECHANICAL SKILL AND WONDERFUL DRIVING POWER FIRST BROUGHT TO THE UNITED STATES SUPREMACY AS A STEEL-MAKING COUNTRY

Portrait by permission of the Braddock Works

all things; oxygen, which may be had without money in infinite quantities—was now to become the creator of cheap steel.

Kelly was carried away by the magnitude of his idea. His unrestrained delight, after months of depression, amazed every one in the little hamlet. Most of his neighbors thought him crazy.

ing iron-makers from western Kentucky gathered around his furnace the following week, and Kelly, caring nothing for patents, explained his idea and gave a demonstration of it. Air was blown through some melted pig iron, agitating it into a white heat, to the amazement of the brawny onlookers. A blacksmith seized a piece of the refined iron, cooled

it, and with his hammer produced in twenty minutes a perfect horseshoe. He flung it at the feet of the iron-men, who could not believe their eyesight, and, seizing a second scrap of the iron, made nails and fastened the shoe to the foot of a near-by horse. Pig iron, which cannot be hammered into anything, had been changed into malleable iron, or something very much like it, without the use of an ounce of fuel.

Surely, the thing was too absurd. Seeing was not believing. "Some crank'll be burnin' ice next," said one. The iron-men shook their heads and went home to boast in after years that they had seen the first public production of "Bessemer" steel in the world.

Kelly called his invention the "pneumatic process," but it became locally known as "Kelly's air-boiling process." He proceeded at once to refine his iron by this method. He sent his steel, or refined iron, or whatever it was, to Cincinnati, and no flaws were found in it. Years before Mr. Bessemer had made any experiments with iron, there were steamboats on the Ohio River with boilers made of iron that had been refined by Kelly's process.

KELLY'S APPARENT FAILURE

But now came a form of opposition that Kelly could not defy. His father-in-law said: "Quit this foolishness or repay the capital I have advanced." His Cincinnati customers wrote: "We understand that you have adopted a new-fangled way of refining your iron. Is this so? We want our iron made in the regular way or not at all."

About the same time, Kelly's ore gave out. New mines had to be dug. Instead of making ten tons a day, he made two.

He surrendered. He became outwardly a level-headed, practical, conservative iron-maker, and won back the confidence of his partners and customers. Then one night he took his "pneumatic process" machinery three miles back into a secluded part of the forest and set it up. Like Galileo, he said: "Nevertheless, air *is* fuel!" No one knew of this secret spot except the two English iron-workers whom he brought out frequently to help him.

Under such conditions progress was slow. By 1851 his first converter was built—a square, brick structure, four feet high, with a cylindrical chamber. The bottom was perforated for the blast. He would first turn on the blast, and then put in melted pig iron with a ladle. About three times out of five he succeeded. The greatest difficulty was to have the blast strong enough; otherwise the iron flowed through the air-holes and clogged them up.

His second converter was made with holes in the side, and worked better. He discovered that he could do ninety minutes' work in ten, and save further expense in fuel. One improvement followed another. In all, he built seven converters in his backwoods hiding-place.

In 1856 Kelly was told that Henry Bessemer, an Englishman, had taken out a United States patent for the "pneumatic process." This aroused Kelly's national pride more than his desire for a monopoly, and he at once filed in the patent office his claims to priority of invention. The patent office was convinced and granted him United States Patent No. 17,628, declaring him to have been the original inventor.

Then came the panic of 1857, and Kelly was one of the thousands who toppled over into bankruptcy. To get some ready money, he sold his patent to his father for a thousand dollars. Not long afterwards, the elder Kelly died, and willed his rights to his daughters, who were shrewd, businesslike women. They regarded their brother William as a child in financial matters, and refused to give him his patent. After several years of unjustifiable delay, they transferred it to Kelly's children. And so, between his relations and his creditors, Kelly was brought to a standstill.

KELLY'S FIRST TILTING CONVERTER

But even at the lowest point of defeat and poverty, he persevered. Without wasting a day in self-pity, he went at once to the Cambria Iron Works, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and secured permission from Daniel J. Morrell, the general superintendent, to make experiments there.

"I'll give you that corner of the yard

and young Geer here to help you," said Morrell.

In a short time Kelly had built his eighth converter—the first that really deserved the name—and was ready to make a public demonstration. About two hundred shopmen gathered around his queer-looking apparatus. Many of them were puddlers, whose occupation would be gone if Kelly succeeded. It is often fear that makes men scoff, and the puddlers were invariably the loudest in ridiculing the "Irish crank."

"I want the strongest blast you can blow," said Kelly to Leibfreit, the old German engineer.

"All right," answered Leibfreit. "I gif you blenty!"

Partly to oblige and partly for a joke, Leibfreit goaded his blowing engine to do its best, hung a weight on the safety-valve, and blew such a blast that the whole contents of the converter went flying out in a tornado of sparks. The air, it must be remembered, will take away, first, the impurities in the iron, and, second, the iron itself, if it is too strong or too long continued. This spectacular failure filled the two hundred shopmen with delight. For days you could hear in all parts of the works roars of laughter at "Kelly's fireworks." In fact, it was a ten years' joke in the iron trade.

In a few days Kelly was ready for a second trial, this time with less blast. The process lasted more than half an hour, and was thoroughly unique. To every practical iron-maker, it was the height of absurdity. Kelly stood coatless and absorbed beside his converter, an anvil by his side and a small hammer in his hand. When the sparks began to fly, he ran here and there, picking them up and hammering them upon his anvil. For half an hour every spark crumbled under the blow. Then came one that flattened out, like dough—proving that the impurities had blown out. Immediately he tilted the converter and poured out the contents. Taking a small piece, he cooled it and hammered it into a thin plate on his anvil, proving that it was not cast iron.

He had once more shown that cold air does not chill molten iron, but refines it with amazing rapidity if blown through it for the proper length of time.

His process was not complete, as we shall see later, but subsequent improvements were comparatively easy to make. Bessemer, by his own efforts, did not get any better "steel" in 1855 than Kelly had made in 1847.

For this exact account of Kelly's achievements, I am indebted to Mr. J. H. Geer, who was his helper at Johnstown, and to others who were eyewitnesses of his earlier success in western Kentucky.

KELLY'S LATER CAREER

Kelly remained at Johnstown for five years. By this time he had conquered. His patent was restored to him, and Mr. Morrell and others bought a controlling interest in it. He was now honored and rewarded. The "crank" suddenly became a recognized genius. By 1870 he had received thirty thousand dollars in royalties; and after his patent was renewed he received about four hundred and fifty thousand more. After his process had been improved and widely adopted, Kelly spent no time claiming the credit or basking in the glory of his success. No man was ever more undaunted in failure and more modest in victory. He at once gave all his attention to manufacturing high-grade axes in Louisville, and founded a business which is to-day being carried on at Charleston, West Virginia, by his sons.

When more than seventy years of age, he retired and spent his last days at Louisville. Few who saw the quiet, pleasant-faced old gentleman in his daily walks knew who he was or what he had accomplished. Yet, in 1888, when he died, it was largely by reason of his process that the United States had become the supreme steel-making nation in the world. He was buried in the Louisville cemetery. His wife is still living.

MUSHET PERFECTS THE NEW PROCESS

The new process was perfected by a third inventor, Robert F. Mushet, a Scotsman. He solved a problem which had baffled both Kelly and Bessemer—how to leave just enough carbon in the molten metal to harden it into the required quality of steel. Instead of frantically endeavoring to stop the process at

exactly the right moment, Mushet asked:

"Why not first burn out *all* the carbon, and then pour back the exact quantity that you need?"

This, too, was a simple device, but no one had thought of it before. Since then other improvements have been added by Holley, W. R. Jones, Reese, Gilchrist, and Thomas.

The new metal was soon called by the name of "Bessemer steel." Strictly speaking, it was not steel in the original use of the word. It was a new substance very much like wrought iron. It was not hard enough to serve for all purposes. For knives, for springs, for hammers, for a thousand finer uses, steel must still be made by slower and more careful methods. The Bessemer product does the rougher work, where quantity and cheapness are essential. In an ax, for instance, the cutting edge is made of crucible steel and the rest of Bessemer steel. All the steel rails, the great beams and girders that make our skyscrapers and bridges, the plates of steamships, the wire, nails, tubes, freight-cars, and innumerable things great and small, are made of the new metal that was first produced less than sixty years ago.

It is probable that one reason for the naming of Bessemer steel was the fact that true steel was then selling at three hundred dollars a ton. The new metal might have been less highly esteemed had it been announced merely as a modified form of iron.

THE FIGHT FOR STEEL PATENTS

In 1870, both Kelly and Bessemer applied to the United States Patent Office to have their patents renewed. The commissioner of patents refused to extend Bessemer's, stating that he had no right to a patent in the first place, but Kelly's was extended for seven years, on the ground that he had not yet received sufficient remuneration for his invention. As soon as it was known that Kelly's patent was to be renewed, the patent office was fairly mobbed by objectors. Never before had there been such opposition to the renewal of a patent. The steel-makers and the railroad men united in a chorus of protest. The dread of

paying higher royalties drove them to attack Kelly's claims. Bessemer, whose right to royalties was now at an end, was lauded as the original inventor, while Kelly was vilified as an interloper. Out of this opposition sprang the exaltation of Bessemer and the belittling of Kelly, which deprived America of the credit for one of the world's greatest inventions.

Kelly's claim is supported, not only by the United States Patent Office, but by the most eminent authorities. "Kelly in America, Bessemer, Mushet, and Goransson in Europe, discovered and developed the pneumatic process of treating pig iron," says Robert W. Hunt, the veteran steel expert of Chicago. James Park, one of the Pittsburgh "fathers of steel," declared that "the world will some day learn the truth, and in ages to come a wreath of fame will crown William Kelly, the true inventor of the Bessemer process." Even an English writer, Zerah Colburn, records that "the first experiments in the conversion of melted cast iron into malleable steel were made in 1847 by William Kelly." And the greatest living authority on the history of American iron and steel—James M. Swank, who has been the secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association for a generation—says:

"Mr. Kelly claims the discovery of the pneumatic principle of the Bessemer process several years before it dawned upon the mind of Mr. Bessemer, and the validity of this claim cannot be impeached."

And so, Henry Bessemer, who was second in the race, received ten million dollars, world-wide fame, and knighthood; while William Kelly, who was first, received half a million dollars and comparative oblivion. Kelly was not to any degree embittered by his country's disregard of him. He had an unwavering conviction that everything would be made right. Shortly before his death he said to his children:

"The day will come when some one will do me justice."

Mushet fared even worse than Kelly. For him there was neither fame nor money. He lost his patent by failing to pay the necessary fees, and the steel-makers joyfully appropriated his in-

vention without any fear of a lawsuit. In his later years he received a pension of three hundred pounds annually from Bessemer, and a slight public acknowledgment of his work. Very little is known of Mushet. He will doubtless remain one of the world's unrecognized and unrewarded benefactors.

BESSEMER AND HIS INVENTIONS

As a matter of history, the names of Bessemer and Kelly should be linked together like those of Washington and Jefferson. The original idea first came from the brain of Kelly, but the commercial success of the new process was due to Bessemer's machinery, perfected for him by Galloway & Company, of Sheffield. Bessemer was one of England's greatest inventors, having one hundred and twenty patents to his credit. He was the son of an inventor—a Frenchman who had been driven to London by a social explosion in Paris. He began to earn his living by engraving labels for patent medicines. He invented a velvet machine, a sugar-making process, a glass-polisher, a ventilator, a bronze powder process, and so forth. His first invention, a method of stamping public documents, was—so he considered—stolen from him by the British government. He was very poor at the time, and this real or supposed injustice made an indelible mark upon his character. Henceforward he was bitterly aggressive in the protection of his rights.

Seven years after Kelly's success at Eddyville, Bessemer had a conversation with Napoleon III, newly become Emperor of France. The latter complained that the metal used in making cannon was of poor quality and expensive; and at his suggestion, Bessemer at once began experiments in London. "I had very little to unlearn" about the metallurgy of iron, he admits. After a few months he finished a toy cannon and sent it to the emperor. To use his own words, in 1855, "the idea struck me of making malleable iron by introducing air into the fluid metal." Later in life, he said that the idea was suggested to him by Nasmyth's process of blowing steam into molten metal. Bessemer was quite capable of originating the idea himself, but it would be strange if in eight years he had not

heard something of Kelly's "pneumatic process." It was well known in Cincinnati, and letters passed between the iron men of Cincinnati and England every week. It has been suggested—but apparently there is not a particle of evidence to substantiate the idea—that the two English iron-workers who helped Kelly at the Suwanee Works may have carried his secret across the Atlantic.

Bessemer met with as much opposition in England as Kelly had encountered in America. Like Kelly, he made nothing for years but "encouraging failures." At his first demonstration, the blast was so strong that it blew three-fourths of the iron out of the converter. When he read a paper before the British Association for the Advancement of Science on "The Manufacture of Malleable Iron and Steel Without Fuel," every British steel-maker roared with laughter at the "crazy Frenchman." It was voted not to mention his "silly" paper in the minutes of the association.

WHAT A MODERN CONVERTER IS

To-day there are more than a hundred Bessemer converters in the United States, breathing iron into steel at the rate of eighteen billion pounds a year. It is well worth a visit to Pittsburgh to see one of these tamed Etnas in full blast. Nothing else in the world is like it. As we shall see, one look at a converter transformed Andrew Carnegie from a company-promoter into a steel man for life.

To describe it in a few words, a converter is a huge iron pot twice as high as a man. It is swung on an axle, so that it can be tilted up and down. Although it weighs as much as a battalion of five hundred men, it can be handled by a boy. About thirty thousand pounds of molten iron are poured into it; and then, from two hundred little holes in the bottom, a strong blast of air is turned on, rushing like a tornado through the metal. Millions of red and yellow sparks fly a hundred feet into the air.

The converter roars like a volcano in eruption. It is the fiercest and most strenuous of all the inventions of man. The impurities in the iron—the phosphorus, sulphur, silicon, and carbon—

are being hurled out of the metal in this paroxysm of fury. The sparks change from red to yellow; then suddenly they become white.

"All right!" shouts the grimy workman in charge.

The great pot is tilted sideways, gasping and coughing like a monster in pain. A workman feeds it with several hundred pounds of a carbon mixture, to restore a necessary element that has been blown out. Then it is tilted still farther; its lake of white fire is poured into a swinging ladle and slopped from the ladle into a train of huge clay pots, pushed into place by a little locomotive. The converter then swings up another fifteen tons of molten metal, the whole process having taken only a quarter of an hour.

THE TITANS OF THE STEEL INDUSTRY

The iron and steel business has always developed big men; and the adoption of the Bessemer process for the first time made it possible for big men to do big work. It ushered in the Titanic Period of the steel trade. The men and the opportunity arrived together. Foremost among these Titans were Captain Eber B. Ward, Abram S. Hewitt, Dr. C. G. Hussey, Daniel J. Morrell, John Fritz, Henry Chisholm, Alexander L. Holley, Captain William R. Jones, B. F. Jones, and Andrew Carnegie. It was this group of men who began with thousands and left hundreds of millions—who found feebleness and left strength—who took a fourth-rate steel business and raised it to international supremacy. They were the foundation stones upon which the whole massive structure rests.

The first capitalist to appreciate the Bessemer process was Captain Eber B. Ward. This extraordinary man, whose life was a crescendo of self-help, may be called the pathfinder of the American steel trade. He made the first commercial Bessemer steel at his Detroit plant in 1864, and in the following year he produced the first steel rails in America at his rolling-mill in Chicago. Ward was the son of a poor lighthouse-keeper. When he was nine years of age, his mother died and he was set to work as cabin-boy in a shabby little schooner.

By the time he was full grown he knew everything about a ship from keel to flag, and had bought a small vessel of his own. For years he continued to buy ships, or build them, until he became the steamship king of the Great Lakes. Then, in middle life, he suddenly flung aside his prestige, sold most of his fleet, built furnaces and rolling-mills, and became the first of the steel kings.

WARD, THE FIRST STEEL MILLIONAIRE

No sooner had Ward begun to make and sell Bessemer steel than he found himself plunged into a patent war. He had bought the Kelly and Mushet patents, but the complete Bessemer process was threefold. It involved, first, the use of air as fuel, originated by Kelly; second, the addition of a carbon mixture, originated by Mushet; and, third, the use of a tilting converter and casting ladle, originated by Bessemer. Ward had two-thirds of the patents, and was opposed by Alexander L. Holley, who had bought the Bessemer rights. Neither could make steel satisfactorily without infringing on the legal rights of the other. Each man had his partners. With Ward were Zoheth S. Durfee, of New Bedford, and Daniel J. Morrell, of Johnstown. With Holley were John F. Winslow and John A. Griswold, of Troy.

Here we tilt against one of the most puzzling mysteries in the story of steel. Ward and Durfee were both shrewd, self-made, aggressive, wealthy men. They possessed a two-thirds control of a process which has since that time produced more than three billion dollars' worth of steel. The Kelly patent, which they owned completely, did not expire until 1878. It was not likely that the American courts would uphold the claims of Bessemer. Kelly had already beaten him in the patent office, and did so again in 1871. Yet at the close of a year's wrangling and legal cannonading, the Ward forces suddenly flew the white flag, and surrendered all their patents to Holley in return for a thirty per cent interest in the consolidation. It was apparently a case of the dog swallowing the alligator.

To account for the fact that Ward allowed the scepter of the steel empire to

be snatched from his hand, the only reasons that the Detroit men can suggest are these:

First, the heavy expense and partial failure of his Detroit steel plant. It is known that a few years afterwards he was nearly a million dollars in debt, with payment overdue and no ready money available.

Second, the fact that about this time he became influenced, and even guided in his business affairs, by spiritualistic mediums.

Mr. Swank suggests that Ward and his partners were obliged to sell out for the reason that the Troy capitalists controlled the Bessemer machinery, without which the Kelly and Mushet patents were of little value. But this explanation does not clear up the mystery. It was the only instance in his long career in which Ward made such a disastrous bargain.

By a master effort Ward overcame his monetary difficulties, and when he died of apoplexy in 1875 his estate was valued at \$5,335,000. But he had years before lost his chance of being the czar of steel. He was a man of strange extremes—self-controlled and passionate; shrewd and credulous; persistent and changeable. President Grant wished him to become Secretary of the Treasury, but Ward found it impossible to disentangle himself from his business affairs. The bulk of his great fortune went to his wife and to Clara Ward, his daughter, widely known as the *Princesse de Chimay*.

THE SUCCESSORS OF CAPTAIN WARD

Winslow, Griswold, and Morrell now became the "big three" of the American steel business. They had a monopoly much more complete than that possessed to-day by the United States Steel Corporation. Troy, like Detroit, had for a short time the hope of being what Pittsburgh now is—the greatest steel city of the world. It produced Bessemer steel ten years before Pittsburgh, and Winslow and Griswold were men of enterprise and capital.

As for Morrell, he deserves to be called the founder of the Johnstown steel business, which has since become world famous. "The Cambria Works

have produced more great steel-makers than any other works in the United States," said Mr. Carnegie generously. Morrell was a man who wonderfully blended conservatism and progressiveness. When his directors opposed the adoption of the new steel process, he stood up in the meeting and said:

"Gentlemen, you may think me crazy, but if you will pay me the book value for my stock, I stand prepared to put every cent of it into a Kelly-Mushet steel plant."

It is said that in the earlier part of Mr. Carnegie's career, he proposed to make Morrell one of his partners, but could not obtain the latter's consent.

"You are too flighty," said the older man to the younger.

THE WORK OF ALEXANDER L. HOLLEY

But there was a young man of thirty-four who stood behind the "big three"—a young man with no capital except his genius, who becomes at this point the central figure in the steel drama, Alexander L. Holley. To describe Holley fairly requires not only words, but music and painting and sculpture. Handsome as a Greek god, with the brain of an engineer, the heart of a woman, and the soul of a poet, Holley won a larger share of the love and respect of both the American and European steel-makers than any other individual has received, before or since. There was nothing local about his work. He was as ubiquitous as a spirit, erecting steel plants at Troy, Chicago, Joliet, Pittsburgh, Braddock, Johnstown, Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Scranton, and St. Louis. He went from works to works as a bishop travels his diocese, suggesting, correcting, and always improving.

It was Holley who made the Bessemer process easy and swift. It was he who made possible that immense production which has amazed the world and clogged Pittsburgh with millions. When the river of gold that flowed into the steel trade's treasury suddenly became wider and deeper, it was because Holley had been at work enlarging the channel. He worked out what we may rightfully call the American plan of steel-making. He made war on clumsiness. He taught the steel-men what they had never known be-

fore—the value of a second. His personal magnetism, his eloquent tongue, and his ready pen made him an ideal instructor. He became the leader and inspirer of a body of young men, among whom were Robert Forsyth, John E. Fry, George Fritz, Robert W. Hunt, Owen Leibert, P. Barnes, D. N. Jones, and William R. Jones. Holley's one thought was that "America must be first," and the building of steel-mills was to him more a matter of patriotism than of business.

For two decades Great Britain led the world in the making of Bessemer steel. Then, exactly twenty-five years ago, the United States forged ahead and in a short time outclassed all competitors. The scepter of power passed from Troy to Pittsburgh, and from the "big three" to an unknown young Scotchman who had been a clerk in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Dear iron had been replaced by cheap steel. Orrin W. Potter and William Chisholm were building up the steel trade in Chicago; Henry Chisholm had established it in Cleveland; Abram S. Hewitt was making structural steel at Trenton; Captain "Bill" Jones was beating the world's records in rail-making at Braddock; and the American iron and steel trade was at last upon a solid footing, after more than two centuries of struggle and disaster.

"BILL" JONES STEPS UPON THE STAGE

At this point in the drama of steel there steps upon the stage perhaps the most interesting figure of all who have played a part in it—Captain William R. Jones. It was "Bill" Jones who took the invention of Kelly and Bessemer into his strong hands and developed it into one of the wonders of the world. It was his work that gave the Carnegie company its first uplift from among a mob of competitors. It was his amazing record that first startled England and left it far in the rear.

As the manager of a steel plant, as the leader of a vast body of workmen, and as a mechanical genius, it is safe to say that Captain Jones has never had a superior. If he had not hammered down the cost of steel rails with mighty blows, the golden stream of profits might never have been widened into the Lake of

Billions. From the time when he wrecked the Catasauqua schoolhouse, because the teacher had unjustly whipped one of his boy chums, until the moment of his tragic death, the life of Bill Jones was packed with adventure and romance; yet the full story of his career is here made public for the first time.

His father was a poor Welsh pattern-maker, the religious and intellectual leader of the Welsh in the village of Catasauqua, Pennsylvania. The cottage in which he lived is still standing, No. 315 in a row of "company houses." The principal man in the village was David Thomas, who has justly been called "the father of the American iron trade." It was he who successfully introduced into this country the manufacture of pig iron with anthracite coal, and the "hot blast" furnace—the latter being an idea which originated with the Scottish engineer Neilson, and which, with its great saving of fuel in the smelting of ore, marked an advance in the making of pig iron comparable in importance to Kelly's invention in the field of steel. Thomas built big furnaces, instead of little ones; and worked powerfully to put the iron trade upon a solid footing with the new fuel. In 1849 he became the employer of "Billy" Jones, who was then a ten-year-old youngster, with a local reputation for recklessness and mischievousness.

Among the men who knew Captain Jones in his later years only, it has always been more or less of a mystery how he acquired his unusual command of language and knowledge of classic literature, without any sort of regular education. The mystery is made clear by the fact that, like Mr. Carnegie, Captain Jones had access to a library and made good use of it. His father had a hundred and fifty volumes—the largest collection in the village. They were mainly historical books, such as Plutarch and Josephus, with Shakespeare and other miscellaneous classics. Billy, when not robbing hens' nests or pelting stones at the Irish boys at the other end of the hamlet, was lying prone on the uncarpeted floor of the wooden cottage, wrestling with the long words in one of his father's precious books. Shakespeare was his favorite author—a taste which he shared with

General Nathanael Greene, the iron-maker patriot of the Revolution.

THE PERSONALITY OF "BILL" JONES

From boyhood Captain Jones was absolutely indifferent to danger or pain. Ethan Allen, who sat in a dentist's chair and had a good tooth extracted, merely to give encouragement to a timid old lady; Paul Kruger, who amputated one of his own thumbs with a jack-knife; and Captain Jones, who when a boy cut his finger-nail open to see what was underneath—these three may be compared as types of recklessness and hardihood. During the Civil War, in which he fought at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the storming of Fort Fisher, his regiment came, on one occasion, to a river that had to be crossed by a pontoon bridge.

"Hanged if I'll wait for a bridge!" shouted Jones, plunging into the muddy water head first.

After the splash, he found himself in about two feet of water, with his nose split from top to tip. Never possessing the slightest degree of caution, he had leaped into the river without thinking of its depth. To him the only consideration was to get across.

When he was eighteen, he ran away from Catsauqua, and tramped about the country, finally landing in Chattanooga, where he met Miss Harriet Lloyd, wooed her fervently, and won her. His first job after marriage was in the Cambria Works, at Johnstown. He was taken on at two dollars a day, and soon promoted. He and William Kelly arrived in Johnstown about the same time, but knew little of each other. At that period there seemed nothing in common between the quiet, thoughtful Kelly and the roistering Jones, yet without both types of men there would have been no billion-dollar steel corporation.

For sixteen years Jones remained at Johnstown, gaining little except the reputation of being the most popular sub-boss in town. Often he would stop work and take all his men to a baseball game or a horse-race. Fun and frolic seemed, until he was thirty-four, to be the only aim of his life. Morrell, his Quaker employer, would have discharged him if it had not been for the undeniable

fact that Jones could get more work out of a gang of men than any other boss in the iron business.

When George Fritz, manager of the Cambria Works, died suddenly in 1873, Jones stood next in line for the position; but Morrell considered him too frolicsome and irresponsible, and promoted Daniel N. Jones over the captain's head. Both Joneses had been Catsauqua boys, and the two were good friends. Bill heard the news first, and told Dan.

"I'm surprised," said Dan; "I was sure that you would get the place."

"So was I, but it seems not," replied Bill.

Dan hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Well, you are entitled to it, Bill, and I won't take it."

"Yes, you must take it," answered Bill. "The company wants you, not me, and it's a great chance for you. As for me, I'm going to straighten up, go somewhere else, and show them what I can do."

It proved to be the turning-point in Captain Jones' career. From that moment he was no longer an irresponsible youth, but a man of conscious power and purpose.

JONES GOES TO THE BRADDOCK WORKS

At this juncture Andrew Carnegie enters for the first time into the story of steel. It was the terrible panic year, and he was struggling successfully to avert bankruptcy and to build his first steel plant. Up to this date he had made iron, but not a pound of steel. Instead of being the first maker of Bessemer steel, as is often alleged, the fact is that Mr. Carnegie was the eleventh, and did not join the procession until nearly twenty years after the process was patented by Kelly and Bessemer.

Hearing that Captain Jones had resigned, Carnegie not only hired him as superintendent of the new works at Braddock, near Pittsburgh, but also used him as a bell-wether to attract scores of the highly skilled steel-workers of Johnstown. This was a master-stroke, as skilled Bessemer steel-makers were scarcer at that time than four-leaved clovers. In 1875, surrounded by his faithful men from Johnstown, Jones began to show the world how to make steel.

Full credit must be given to the English steel-makers for creating a market for steel rails by fairly forcing them on the railroads. Practically the whole of the pioneer educational work among American railroad men was done by English drummers. In 1861, for instance, a Sheffield agent tried to sell steel rails to the president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford road. One of the principal directors was sitting in the room, reading a newspaper. He looked up, and with a gesture of supreme contempt, exclaimed:

"Steel rails! Bosh! Stuff! Non-sense! Humbug!"

This was at first the universal reception of the steel rail agents. Steel rails meant a larger outlay for equipment, and, for a time, smaller dividends. However, eight years afterward, more than fifty different American railroads were using steel rails, mainly made in England, the Pennsylvania being the first to try a few hundred tons.

When Captain Jones "straightened up" and joined the Carnegie forces, the United States was a buyer, not a seller, of steel. England made as much iron and steel in four months as America did in a year. Steel rails sold for one hundred and twenty dollars a ton. England appreciated the Bessemer process ten years sooner than the United States. She was compelled to do so by the commercial enterprise of Sir Henry Bessemer, who started a plant of his own and cut prices. Great Britain was supposed to have as complete control of the steel trade as she has to-day of the shipping. She was the iron and steel "workshop of the world," and she continued to be—until Bill Jones straightened up.

HOW JONES BROKE ALL THE RECORDS

In his first fifteen weeks of steel-making, Jones turned out nearly twice as much as any one had made before with a similar equipment. This was well enough, but a year later he made more steel in a week than the average plant had been producing in six weeks. While every one in the steel world was gasping at the news, Jones took a fresh grip and once more doubled his output, bringing it up to thirty-three hundred tons a week.

Several years before, John A. Gris-

wold had made a bet with Holley that the Troy plant could not produce fifteen hundred tons a month. He lost his money, but it is certain that even Holley would not have wagered that any one could make fourteen thousand tons a month, as Jones did with a plant of equal size. Holley had accomplished the impossible at Troy; but Jones had done nearly ten times as much. He had in one day poured out from his sputtering converters six hundred and twenty-three tons—more than thirty thousand dollars' worth. The river of gold was knee-deep and rising like a flood.

Back in Baron Stiegel's day, twenty-five tons of pig iron in a week was satisfactory production; but now this wizard, Jones, was making twenty-five tons of steel every hour of the day and night. And on every ton there was from ten to fifty dollars of clear profit. At that time the public was not permitted to know the low cost of making Bessemer steel; but the profits, exact or closely estimated, made by the Braddock plant under the management of Captain Jones, were as follows:

1875 (three months)	\$41,970.06
1876	\$181,007.18
1877	\$190,379.33
1878	\$250,000.00
1879	\$401,800.00
1880	\$1,625,000.00

In these figures we have the beginning—the small beginning, as we shall see later—of the immense Carnegie fortune and the fivefold greater affluence of the Steel Trust.

As for Bill Jones, the man behind the profits, he cared little for the shower of checks that fell from the railroad offices into the Carnegie treasury. The millions meant no more to him than the stakes to a Kentucky thoroughbred. What he loved was the race. He was making good. He was beating Jack Fry and Bob Hunt and Dan Jones, his old-time Johnstown chums, who were now managing rival steel plants. He was smashing down the idea that the steel trade of the world belonged to England. His day of triumph came when Morrell, his former Johnstown employer, visited Braddock and said:

"Well, Bill, I see that I hired the wrong Jones."

Jones had the knack of imparting his

sporting instinct to his workmen. Every man strove to win the championship in his class. Jones got a huge broom, and gave it as a trophy of victory to which-ever gang of men had made a clean sweep of the world's records. This was kept up for several years, until the records were beaten so often that the men had no time to remove the broom.

When England heard the story of Jones it seemed like a fairy tale. "Preposterous!" said the men of Sheffield and Newcastle. "Almost incredible!" said E. Windsor Richards. "A physical impossibility!" said Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell. But it would have been wonderful indeed if they had not been incredulous. Imagine the unbelief of the sporting world if a horseman in Brazil announced that he had trained a horse to trot a mile in fifteen seconds, or the skepticism of railroad men who were told that an engineer in Denmark had made a locomotive that ran six hundred miles an hour!

HOW AMERICA PASSED ENGLAND

When the British Iron and Steel Institute met in 1881, a paper written by Captain Jones was read by its secretary. This paper marked an epoch as distinctly as did Darwin's famous announcement of the theory of evolution, twenty-three years before. It was America's industrial Declaration of Independence. Although England had sold seventy-one million dollars' worth of iron and steel to the United States during the previous year, Jones' paper coolly told them that England was now second to America in the production of Bessemer steel and far behind in methods of manufacture. Jones modestly ascribed his success to the following five causes:

First, the employment of men who were young and ambitious.

Second, the "strong but pleasant rivalry" between different plants.

Third, the employment of mixed nationalities.

Fourth, the eight-hour day. "Flesh and blood cannot stand twelve hours' continuous work," he said.

Fifth, the use of the most up-to-date machinery.

The veteran steel-makers of England listened to the paper in dignified si-

lence. At its close the president, Mr. J. T. Smith, rose slowly to his feet.

"Of course," said he, "when this man speaks of making one hundred and twenty-three thousand tons in ten months, he means a net ton of two thousand pounds."

"No," replied the secretary. "He means a gross ton of twenty-two hundred and forty pounds. I have also received a letter from Captain Jones, saying that since this paper was written he has beaten his record by thirty-three tons a week."

Again there was silence; then another member rose.

"Working with such reckless haste," he said, "his steel is certain to be variable and inferior."

"On the contrary," replied the secretary, "Mr. Jones says that the average variation is not more than one degree from the quality aimed at."

There was nothing more to be said, and the meeting adjourned.

Six months later the steel-makers of England met again, and a second paper from Captain Jones was read. Sir Henry Bessemer was present, but made no comment on Jones' announcement that Braddock was making steel faster than ever. Holley opened the discussion, and in a friendly way put the British ironmasters on the gridiron for fifteen minutes. He pointed out that the average British iron-worker produced four hundred and twenty tons of iron a year, while the American worker produced five hundred and fifty-five.

"Our steel, made quickly," said he, "is the same quality as your steel, made slowly. You increase your output by making more machinery of the same kind, while we increase ours by making a new machine. Of course," continued Holley, smiling, "as my capital is invested in America, and not in England, I regard these English habits with resignation, even with cheerfulness." His genial criticism was received in silence. No one answered. It was unanswerable. The star of the steel empire had moved westward.

JONES AND HIS "BIG SALARY"

Among all the partners and employees of the Carnegie Company, Jones earned

the most and received the least. This was largely his own fault, as he refused to be a shareholder.

"No, Mr. Carnegie, I'm much obliged," said he when he was offered a partnership. "I don't know anything about business, and I don't want to be bothered with it. I've got trouble enough here in these works. I'll tell you what you can do"—these were his exact words—"you can give me a hell of a big salary."

"After this, captain," replied Carnegie, "you shall have the salary of the President of the United States—twenty-five thousand dollars." This sounded well, but in a short time the President's salary was scarcely pin-money compared to the amounts that were yearly shoveled into each shareholder's pocket.

When the writer asked for an estimate of Jones' work from James Gayley, the first vice-president of the Steel Trust, Mr. Gayley replied emphatically:

"You can say that Captain Jones, through his mechanical contributions to the development of the steel-making industry, accomplished fully as much as Mushet or Sir Henry Bessemer."

The famous "scrap-heap" policy was originated by Jones. He did not believe in waiting until his machinery was worn out. The moment that an improvement was invented, the old machinery was dragged to the scrap-heap, and the latest devices put in its place. He made the shareholders gasp on several occasions by asking permission to smash up half a million dollars' worth of machinery that was as good as new, but outgrown. They were wise enough to give him a free hand, and to buy him whatever he ordered.

Practical suggestions flashed from Jones like sparks from his converters.

"See here, why can't we armor-plate that hose?" he asked one day. "Get a coil of wire and wind it around the hose to keep it from bursting."

This idea, which has been generally adopted, was simple enough; but millions of people had looked at hose without thinking of it.

His greatest invention is known by the name of the Jones mixer. This is a monster iron box, brick-lined, capable

of holding half a million pounds of melted metal. Into it is poured the molten iron from different furnaces, so that it may be mixed and made uniform in quality. A train of small iron cars, or ladles, steams up alongside of the mixer, each ladle full of sparkling, splashing metal. The mixer lies lower than the track, and the cars, one by one, are tipped over so that they spill their load into its wide mouth. Then it is rocked to and fro, like the cradle of a sun god, until its contents are thoroughly homogeneous, when they are sent on their turbulent way to the converter.

"The Jones mixer was, and still is, invaluable to us," said James Gayley—a fact which was shown two years ago, when the Steel Trust secured an injunction to prevent one of its competitors from using the device.

JONES AS A LEADER OF MEN

Kelly lived in a world of ideas; Ward, in a world of money; Holley, in a world of scientific knowledge; and Jones, in a world of *men*. Iron and human nature were his raw materials. He put the two together and made steel.

"It wasn't the chemists and the scientists, mainly, who developed the steel business," said the veteran John Fritz to the writer. "It was the practical man who stood among his workmen and hammered everything out inch by inch in the shops."

Cromwell showed no greater generalship in handling his invincible Ironsides than Captain Jones displayed in drilling his iron-workers. He was an absolute monarch of his big steel works, but a just monarch, who rewarded only the good and punished only the bad.

Nothing escaped his notice. Every day, as he stormed up and down the shops, his talk ran on in this fashion:

"Do you get enough fresh air in that corner, Joe? I'll have a window put in for you."

"See here, Smith! If you don't pay your honest debts you can't work for me any longer. You go and settle up with that grocer, or I'll find out why!"

"Shove 'er along, boys! All together! Do you want to get licked by those Joliet farmers?"

"Say, Jim! When you're goin' home

to-night, take this piece of paper and give it to Jack Sullivan's wife. Jack died in the hospital last night, and, confound it, she's got five children!"

The "piece of paper" would usually be a deed to the cottage in which the bereaved family lived.

"There are many Braddock widows that don't forget Captain Jones," said the old doorkeeper.

He scattered his thousands with a free hand among his men and their families, and accumulated comparatively little for himself. He was, in short, an ideal captain of industry, leading his men on to victory after victory. He was hot-tempered and rough. Under the excitement of the moment, he would often sweep down upon everything in his way with the velocity of a tornado, discharging his best men, and hurling anathemas right and left. But the sky soon cleared. The discharged men would be put back. Jones was as transparent as the day, and as ready to end a quarrel as to begin one.

On the day after the Johnstown flood, he took three hundred of his men and at his own expense brought them to the wrecked city, where they worked for two weeks to restore the property that had been destroyed. Others sent money and sympathy, but Jones gave himself. That was his way.

He was as quick to resent as he was to forgive. "I carried a revolver for two years to protect myself from Bill Jones," admitted a wealthy coal operator—one of Pittsburgh's foremost Presbyterians. "It was this way," he continued. "Carnegie was the first man to start Sunday work in this region. I was opposed to it, and told Jones so. We quarreled. Soon afterward I heard that he had threatened to 'put a head' on me the next time we met. He was much stronger than I was, so I carried a revolver to defend myself. Nine months before his death, he came to me one morning and said frankly: 'Well, you were right and I was wrong about

that Sunday work. If I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't run a mill on Sunday.' Several times after that he came to the little Sunday school of which I was the superintendent, and always left a five-dollar or ten-dollar bill on the collection plate."

Jones' blue eyes looked every man and every difficulty full in the face. Sham, trickery, and meanness he despised.

HOW JONES MET HIS DEATH

Jones died as he had lived—in the midst of an industrial battle, at the head of his men. He was killed on the firing-line. In 1889, one of the Braddock furnaces had been working badly. Its contents had "bridged," just as a raft of logs will jam in a narrow part of a river. A squad of men were trying to break the "bridge," Jones, as always, being in front. Suddenly it broke, and the fiery contents crashed through the outer wall of the furnace, falling directly on the head and shoulders of Captain Jones. He sprang forcibly backward and fell into a pit, striking his head upon the iron edge of a car. One of his workmen, a Hungarian, fell beside him and was instantly killed.

The next day Jones died in the hospital, having never regained consciousness. His burns were severe, but probably would not have caused his death, as he was a man of amazing vitality. Mr. Gayley, from whom this account of Captain Jones' death has been obtained, stood at his side when the treacherous furnace broke, and narrowly escaped.

The five thousand workmen at Braddock were frantic with grief. Never before or since has the iron and steel world had so great a sorrow. Carnegie, looking upon poor Jones as he lay in the hospital, sobbed like a child. Ten thousand wet-eyed men marched with him to his grave, and to-day the veteran steel-maker's most precious memory is:

"I worked with Bill Jones."

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles will continue for about a year. Before passing on to Andrew Carnegie and the formation of the billion-dollar Steel Trust, next month's instalment will review the early days of the American iron trade. It will tell how kings and queens made iron in the American colonies, and how George Washington was born and bred in the industry. It will portray the achievements of the iron-making generals during the Revolution, and the heroic adventures of the three men who discovered the great ore ranges of Lake Superior.

THE DECENNIAL OF THE BLACK SHEEP

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "FOLLANSBEE'S PLAY," "MRS. ALLENGATE'S TIP," ETC.

A BIG score-board hung outside the newspaper office, and a knot of spectators overflowed the curbstone to the asphalt of Broadway. Blanchard joined it, as if to watch the numerals which an artist with a paint-brush was inscribing on the board.

Blanchard, however, was too busy with his thoughts to read the baseball bulletin. He was a lonely man, and lonely men have a private spiritual searchlight, which they turn upon themselves remorselessly, and which is, perhaps, the reason of their loneliness.

To-day Blanchard's self-analysis seemed to reveal contentment, but he was so unused to it that he suspected its reality. Within a month he had become a canvasser for an advertising agency, and during the past fortnight his success had amazed him. The cashier of the establishment had been startled visibly that morning by Blanchard's vouchers. The landlady of his shabby New York boarding-house had been similarly moved by the payment of Blanchard's indebtedness.

Even Blanchard's physical being, freshly attired, shared in the general surprise. He stroked incredulous fingers over his new suit of cheap serge. His blood warmed in astonished anticipation of a dinner and a pint of red wine in the little French restaurant to which he had been long a stranger. He glanced down, somewhat skeptically, toward the pocket where his money nestled. Nineteen dollars was a great deal of money to Blanchard.

A humorist in overalls shouted excitedly to the painter at the score-board.

"Hey, cut it out, you!" he yelled. "Give us th' Pittsboigh game! Don't bodder wid no baby-garten! I got me

automobile bet on th' Pittsboighs. Cut out th' baby-garten!"

There was a snicker of applause, and Blanchard looked up. The man at the bulletin was elaborating the curve of a figure which indicated the progress of a baseball game between two colleges. Blanchard had been graduated from one of them, ten years ago.

"That's the class-day game, isn't it?" asked Blanchard of himself. "Of course it is. We—our—the nine ought to win, on its home grounds. Yes—four to nothing!"

He crossed the street to a bench in the square. Over the grumble of traffic he seemed to hear the eager volley of a college cheer, with its undaunted, happy note of youth. Beyond the dusty foliage he could almost see brave bunting, and flower-like banks of girls, and swirling, laughing crowds of hearty men. Blanchard's smile was rather timid. For years he had taken a certain satisfaction in concealing the fact that he was college-bred. Although he had never seen the class record, he knew the formula printed therein after his name. "The secretary can obtain no information about Blanchard." It is a grim formula, not without its pathos.

Blanchard's mind ran back reminiscently. Seven years ago, on the day when his class was meeting for its triennial reunion, Blanchard, a homeless vagabond, was sweeping out a billiard-room in Galveston for the privilege of a night's sleep on a pool-table. Three years later, he had celebrated his sexennial in a prison infirmary at Havana. He stretched himself luxuriously on the bench.

"Decennial's different," said Blanchard. "I'll have a good decennial to-

day;" and he glanced with impatience at an immense clock over the door of a neighboring building.

By chance the number on the door stirred Blanchard's recollection. The building had recently become notorious, for in it were the headquarters of a land syndicate which was said to have bought the courts and Governor of a Western State, stolen millions of money, and met the storm of public denunciation with cynical indifference. A prominent officer of the thieving syndicate was young Elliot Mossop, a classmate of Blanchard's.

"Yes, sir," muttered Blanchard. "I can have as good a decennial dinner as Mossop, the richest man in the class—as good as Mossop, or Leslie, or Jimmy Hallam, or anybody!"

It was not yet six, but there was no fashionable dining-hour in the basement café. Perhaps Blanchard had an extra pint of the red wine. At any rate, he dined well, and then he returned to the street, puffing at a black cigar. He had completely lost his distrust in the smiling prospects which the future offered him.

"Too early for a show," he reflected. "And what good is a show, anyway, on a fellow's decennial night?"

An open car glided by, and Blanchard swung into a rear seat. He smoked comfortably, allowing himself to be amused by the humors of the sidewalk. For the first time in years he was in a mood to hail an acquaintance gladly. To-night he was prosperous; he was on his feet; he could ask and answer questions. To-night he could greet a friend without morbid fear of pity, without fear that the friend was in dread of a story of hard luck. He felt an irresistible longing to talk to his kind again, straight-eyed and unashamed.

The trolley car slowed down at a railroad terminal. The college town, where Blanchard's classmates were assembled, was distant less than two hours' ride. The men between whom Blanchard had been sitting winked at each other after he jumped off the car.

"Crazy!" said one. "Did you hear that laugh? Crazy!"

Indeed, as Blanchard shoved his money through the ticket-window, he was not quite sure himself of his sanity. But there was no time to hesitate. He was

just on the minute for an express. From his seat in the smoker, he mentally addressed the dusky, light-dotted landscape as it scurried by the car-window.

"They'll be through dinner when I get there," he said. "They'll be singing, and making speeches, and they won't pay any attention to me. I'll be back here before midnight. What's the harm?"

All the way Blanchard nursed the flame of his enthusiasm. He realized vaguely the truth that if he could take his place to-night among his classmates, it would mean the restoration of his self-respect. It would signalize a new start; it would be an inspiration for years to come.

But the outlines of the familiar station at the university town dampened Blanchard's spirit oddly. He drew a long breath before he disembarked. He hurried by the line of cab-drivers, fearful that he might be recognized, unable to escape the absurd fancy that even the hackmen knew the disgraceful failure of his career.

Pausing at a street corner, he was bewildered by the sight of his class numerals suspended over the entrance of a wide hallway. The windows of the spacious room adjoining it were open and blazing with light. Suddenly a deafening noise burst forth—a terrific compound of the blare of a brass band and the sound of a music-hall jingle of the forgotten past roared out by scores of hilarious men.

Blanchard chuckled. Then he became grave. He would not have another chance like this. It was now or never, and he strode toward the door, squaring his shoulders. The noise ceased before he reached the threshold. Blanchard stopped. His sensitive dread and shame overcame him. He could not enter the room. He could not face the reunion, hear the buzz of comment, see the significant nudges travel around the long table.

"A weak-kneed, sentimental fool!" said Blanchard. "That's what I am!"

He crossed the street and sat down on some dark steps opposite. Another man who was sitting there shifted irritably to make room for him. The stranger scrutinized Blanchard, extended his hand for the fraction of an instant, withdrew it, and concluded with a brief and unpleasant laugh.

"Come," he said, "don't pretend you don't know me, Blanchard."

"Why, Mossop!" faltered Blanchard.

"How are you?"

"How are you?" grunted Mossop, but he did not offer his hand again. "Haven't seen you since, have I?"

The young master of stolen millions was fashionably dressed. His keen, restless eyes studied Blanchard without a spark of personal interest. Mossop's face was strongly marked; his thin mouth made the straight base of a curiously well-defined triangle. Blanchard was greatly troubled. Recognized by Mossop, how could he now avoid joining the reunion?

"Well," said Mossop, "we've neither of us changed much, Blanchard. But what's the matter? Have you come out for a breath of air? Game too hot over yonder?"

Blanchard gasped surreptitiously and nodded. He could think of nothing else to do. Mossop lit a cigarette, and the flare of the match revealed a disagreeable sneer on his lips.

"I dare say, Blanchard," he pursued, "that you'll tell 'em, when you go back to the table, how you found me eaves-dropping. But you can tell 'em, too, that I haven't heard any of the knocks they've been giving me. And if I had, I wouldn't care. The newspapers have one virtue—they harden a man's skin."

"But I don't understand," said Blanchard. "Haven't you been—didn't you go—?" He pointed helplessly toward the hall where the turmoil was resumed.

"Go nothing," snapped Mossop. "I've never been to a reunion, and you know it."

He tossed away his cigarette spitefully, and Blanchard blinked at him in growing surprise.

"Triennial time was when we made the copper deal," said Mossop, "and at sexennial—after that investigation—oh, well, I wouldn't have come then, anyway. I wouldn't be here now if I wasn't a fool. I've hardly spoken to a man in the class since we graduated. I don't believe a man in the class would speak to me, unless he had to. I don't blame 'em. I don't belong any more. I haven't got the nerve to show myself in there." He turned on Blanchard abruptly. "And why the

devil I should tell you so," he added, "I can't imagine!"

"Perhaps," ventured Blanchard, "it's because I haven't got the nerve, either."

"You?" exclaimed Mossop. "What reason have you to stay away?"

"None," replied Blanchard, with a nervous laugh.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Mossop said stiffly. "Didn't know you were guying me."

Blanchard laid a very timid hand on the other's shoulder.

"I'm not guying you, Mossop," he murmured. "God knows I can't guy a fellow who thinks he has no right in the old class!"

"Listen!" said Mossop. "There's Leslie singing 'Comrades.' Remember?"

Blanchard nodded. Mossop beat time with his finger and hummed the doggerel softly. Across the street the crowd swung noisily into the refrain, lingering with wild delight on its commonplace harmony. A tempest of cheering ensued. The two exiles on the steps grinned shamefacedly.

"Never expected to hear that moss-covered chestnut again," sighed Mossop. "Recollect the night he sang it from a box at Koster & Bial's after the Thanksgiving game?"

"There's Jimmy Hallam calling for order," Blanchard observed.

"Jimmy?" queried Mossop. "I had a notion Jimmy Hallam died at Montauk."

"He's the toast-master," said Blanchard. "Hear him?"

"He's introducing McKenna," Mossop announced, straining his ears. "I shouldn't wonder if Mac does that imitation of the President. I'd like to——"

"Well, let's go closer," suggested Blanchard eagerly, and half arose; but Mossop restrained him.

"No," said Mossop. "It's a speech. I think I know what Mac's speech is about."

The reunion was quiet now, but Blanchard could not make out the speaker's words. His tones were low, and his talk earnest, punctuated by sharp storms of hearty applause. When he finished, he was greeted by a moment's absolute silence. The hush was broken by the scraping sound of many chair-legs.

"All up!" whispered Mossop.

Then a mighty song burst through the windows. It was the song of the college, an anthem hallowed by tradition. The manly chorus, raised by a hundred loyal voices, brought a tingle to Blanchard's cheeks. He stood up involuntarily, and his fingers strayed to the brim of his hat. When he glanced bashfully around, he saw that his companion was standing also. Mossop pretended that he had risen to brush his coat.

"Well, I'll have to be moving," he said gruffly. "I told 'em to put my car on the nine-fifty. I suppose you want to go back to the dinner, Blanchard, before they all march to the campus for the fireworks."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," Blanchard answered.

Mossop looked down at the glove that he had been buttoning with elaborate precision.

"I—I'm much obliged to you for keeping me company, and all that sort of thing," said he. "Hope I haven't bothered you. A fellow's tongue gets away with him, sometimes. And—by the way—hold on a minute." Mossop fumbled hurriedly in his pocket and extracted a long envelope, unsealed. "Give that to Jimmy Hallam, will you, Blanchard?" he continued. "It's a little money for the class memorial to Mayne, the missionary chap who was killed by the Boxers. That's what McKenna's speech was about. But mind, don't say where this thousand came from."

He thrust the envelope into Blanchard's hand.

"But why not?" stammered Blanchard. "And why don't you——"

"I've lost my nerve," Mossop said wearily, and moved away. "You've heard this foolishness about tainted money, haven't you? Well, I can't tell how many fools there are over there, can I? Let me know if there's anything I can do for you, old man. What are you in? Advertising, eh? Maybe—yes, you call

at my office to-morrow. I can put you next to a pretty good job in that line, if you want it. So long. No—much obliged, Blanchard," and he disappeared in the darkness at a pace which was almost a run.

Blanchard stared blankly at the envelope, fingering it so that the crisp bank-notes rustled. An expression of comic perplexity stole over his face.

"The most successful black sheep of the class," he soliloquized, "seems to have the least successful black sheep in a hole. And yet—I don't know—we're both in the same sort of a hole, after all aren't we?" He laughed outright. "I'll get a messenger, somehow," he went on. "I'll send this by——"

Suddenly the big doors opposite were flung open with a bang. The stream of light was focused on Blanchard. Before he could dodge into a shadow, out trooped the column of jubilant men, six abreast. One of the leaders peered at Blanchard, yelled his name thunderously, darted across the street, and pounced upon him like a panther. In an instant he was at the center of a human whirlpool. There was an ear-splitting riot of voices.

"Who? Who is it?"

"Cliff Blanchard!"

"Get out! Who?"

"Sure—it's Blanchard—Cliff Blanchard!"

"Up! Up! Put him up!"

A dozen hands seemed to be gripping his at once.

"Lord bless you, Cliff, you old son of a gun!" cried Jimmy Hallam. "Where in the world——"

"Put—him—up!"

He was lifted arm high. The college cheer rang out—beginning like a discharge of Gatlings, ending with a roar like the salute of a siege battery. Blanchard was breathless, trying hard to keep back the tears.

"Let me down, fellows," he implored. "It's all right! I've come back!"

LOVE'S RETURN

THE thorn beside the garden gate had stood all winter bare;
To-day, behold, the sudden green was all a-twitter there!

To-day I visited my heart—I'd left it stark and lorn—
And little throstle-throated joys were singing in the thorn!

Charlotte Wilson

LIGHT VERSE



COME thou hither, my muse, and lead me away
From the sorrow that holds me to-night;
From these lowering depths my spirit convey
To the cheer of thy glittering height.

COME and lead me away through halcyon groves,
Where ideals of life wander free,
Where each fanciful thought at liberty roves
And the sadness of earth cannot be.

IN thy garden of dreams the cares that beset
Cannot follow so close at my heels;
'Mid thy fancies and flowers my soul may forget
For a moment the yearning it feels.

Jean Rushmore

LASSIE AND LADDIE

WHEN ways were glad and grassy,
And buds were bright on bough,
Cried she—ah, winsome Lassie!—
"What cheer, O Laddie, now?"
And he—how brave his plaidie!—
With apple-bloom o'er ear;
"Fair faith, and all through thee, Lassie,
'Tis blithe and bonnie cheer!"

WHEN skies were hazed and brassy,
And drooped the red rose vine,
Cried she—ah, lovely Lassie!—
"What cheer, O Laddie mine?"
And he—how trim his plaidie!—
Made answer lyric clear;
"Fair faith, and all through thee, Lassie,
'Tis blithe and bonnie cheer!"

WHEN waters blue and glassy
Mirrored each leaf that fell,
Cried she—ah, longing Lassie!—
"What cheer, O Laddie? Tell!"
And he—how gay his plaidie!—
Plucking a last flower-spear;
"Fair faith, and all through thee, Lassie,
'Tis blithe and bonnie cheer!"

WHEN clouds hung murk and massy
Above the chill white day,
Cried she—ah, eager Lassie!—
"What cheer, O Laddie? Say!"
And he—how warm his plaidie!—
Though drooped the wizened year;
'Fair faith, and all through thee, Lassie,
'Tis blithe and bonnie cheer!"

Clinton Scollard

TO MY SUIT-CASE

COMRADE of a thousand jaunts—
 Cloudless skies or angry weather,
 Sandy wastes or rocky haunts—
 Rare old heart beneath the leather!

Friends are fickle, friends forget,
 Trusted props fall out from under;
 You alone stand by me yet—
 Such fidelity's a wonder!

I've abused you like a brute,
 Overburdened you and hurt you;
 Still you suffer, loyal, mute—
 Such rare patience is a virtue!

Once you nearly lost your way—
 I remember softly swearing,
 For I'd left with you that day
 All the clothes I wasn't wearing.

But you turned up just in time,
 As we struck the country station,
 Armed with candy, books of rhyme,
 Weapons of a tenth flirtation.

A flirtation? So I thought,
 Till the stars spun out their magic,
 Till the mischief that they wrought
 Grew quite comically tragic.

Comrade, grant me one more boon—
 Comrade that I've spurned and slighted!
 Join us on the honeymoon—
 Sure, the bride will be delighted!

Melville H. Cane



A CORNER IN FIANCÉS

BY GEORGE G. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"JACK," said Frances Pierpont after a long silence—that is, long for her—"I want your advice."

"It's yours," replied Jack Hildreth, her brother-in-law. "You're a lucky girl," he added complacently.

"Don't be absurd, or I sha'n't tell you a thing!"

Jack held his peace. He knew better than to hurry a horse at a jump or a woman in a confession. The high trap sped along through the park. Impatiently Frances flicked a fly from the cob's back with a practised whip.

"Men are an awful nuisance," she said, drawing her arched eyebrows into a straight line.

"Really?" said Jack. "You surprise me!"

"Why can't they be sensible and not fall in love?"

"Why, indeed?"

"There are several who say they are in love with me. I'm sure I wish they were not."

"So do I," remarked Jack.

"What have you to do with it?" she retorted a trifle crossly.

"Nothing," he answered meekly.

"The worst of it is they will all be in Tuxedo while I am there—in fact, when I arrive to-morrow. They wrote me they would, you know. What am I to do, Jack?"

"It's not your move, is it? When I was young"—he is just past thirty—"the men always took the initiative."

"But, Jack, they expect—oh, men are such fools!"

"You are not engaged to them all, are you?" he asked in a scandalized tone.

"Certainly not," came the indignant reply. There was a moment's pause. Frances turned her head away, but Hildreth saw the color rise in her cheeks.

"But they think they are engaged to me. I never told them that I cared, really, Jack," she added swiftly.

Jack sneezed. It was all that saved the situation for him.

"How many?" he asked pointedly.

"Four," said Frances shamefacedly.

"Good heavens, child, you are worse than a Turk or a Mormon! And not one of them is above par?"

She shook her head.

"Tell me what to do, Jack. I really couldn't stand four scenes, one right after the other."

Jack was silent for a time. It was a puzzling proposition, especially for a man. Many women have been called upon to answer similar questions, and some of them have succeeded remarkably well. Presently he chuckled.

"You have cornered the market, child, and now you want to unload and don't know how. You are not the first, by any means, that has been in such a scrape. Corners are dangerous things whether they be on May wheat or moonlight yachts. Will you always take my advice if I help you this time?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Please hurry, Jack. If you only knew how I feel!"

"Here's my scheme, then. Hereafter it shall be called the first aid to the cornered maker of corners. I shall ask these four men—you must tell me their names—to dine with us to-morrow night without telling any one of them that the others are to be present. You must dine with us, too. Of course the men will all jump at the chance. Your first night at Tuxedo, and so forth. You probably understand that better than I do. The two luckiest will sit next you."

"There's nothing brilliant in that," Frances declared as Jack paused.

"Wait. When dessert is brought in I



ALL WAS CONFUSION, BETWEEN THE UNEXPECTED ANNOUNCEMENT OF HER ENGAGEMENT AND THE SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF LONG



"DO I LOOK AS IF CONGRATULATIONS WERE DUE?"

will play the ace of trumps, take all four Jacks in one trick, and save the queen." He bowed slightly to Frances. "I will rise and call upon the assembled company to drink the health of my fair sister-in-law—and her fiancé."

Frances gasped. "But I haven't any fiancé."

Jack waved his hand impatiently.

"What of it? Great minds rise above such trifles. We'll give him a name. A mere name will do the trick. You have

been away so long that no one will question it."

"Jack, you are positively a genius. If we weren't in a public park I should kiss you. Think of their faces when you say it!" She laughed as light-heartedly as a child now that she saw a way to dodge what she had thought an unavoidable nuisance, or worse. "What shall we call him—I mean the fiancé?"

"Oh, any name will do. What do you think of Bert Long?"

"Bert Long, Bert Long—yes, that will do. I rather like it. Mrs. Bert Long!" Frances laughed again. If she had not been so excited over the prospect of being free of her suitors at one fell swoop, she might have seen the shadow of a smile flit across Jack Hildreth's face.

II

FRANCES PIERPONT, a year younger than her sister, Helen Hildreth, had recently returned from Europe. She was staying a few days with her mother in New York before joining her sister at her home in Tuxedo. Frances had sailed for the other side in the early spring after a winter in New York and Washington, her first winter "out." It was the consensus of opinion among the men in both cities that she was a most lovable child. For child she seemed in spite of her slender height, and in spite of her *savoir faire* and her absolute fearlessness in ball-room and hunting-field. Among the girls she had firm friends and equally firm enemies, the latter because she was gifted—or perhaps afflicted—with a hit-or-miss frankness that sometimes struck home harder than she intended. Her friends called her a trump; her enemies said she was affected—it's a habit enemies have. They also said she was a flirt. She was, and, as Jack Hildreth said, "God bless her for it!"

When Frances Pierpont came into the drawing-room of the Hildreths' cottage—a cottage merely in name, a house in fact—on the edge of Tuxedo's beautiful lake, the evening after the unfolding of Jack's plan, at least four hearts in the room beat several points higher. They had cause. In a pink gown which vied with, though it could not rival, the delicate tint in her cheeks, with her beautiful dark brown hair, her graceful neck, and above all her wonderful eyes, Frances was more enchanting than even the dreams of her luckless suitors had pictured her.

She greeted them all as friends, nothing more; and none could say she showed the slightest preference. As she sat at dinner, chatting gaily, she thought over this "corner" of hers, as Jack had called it. Surely it was a strange combination. There was Count Lenoy, of the French embassy, the most popular diplomat in Washington, capable of making more

amusing mistakes in the use of the English language in an hour than the rest of the corps in a month, which is saying a good deal. Next there was Jimmy Martin, who had been in love with her ever since she wore pig-tails and short skirts, and he knickerbockers. John Corning, a rising young attorney of New York, was the third, and the fourth was Randolph Phillipse, a Washington beau of years' standing who had at last succumbed to Frances when all the world believed him a confirmed old bachelor.

Frances wondered how they would take the news of her supposed engagement, when Jack should hurl that bomb into their midst. She knew she ought to be sorry for them, and would be the next day, but just now she was too much keyed up with excitement. To be rid of them all at a single blow! Jack was certainly more clever than she had thought. But would he carry it off, after all? And what would Helen think? Frances had not breathed a word of the plot to her sister, for she feared that Helen might put her foot down and refuse to allow the fulfilment of such a scheme in her house.

Frances was at her best during this never-to-be-forgotten dinner. Count Lenoy and Jimmy Martin, who sat next her, enjoyed themselves immensely.

"Ah, but you are—how do you say it?—keen like a cat to-night, *mademoiselle*," said the Frenchman, and a laugh went up at his expense. He smiled good-naturally; he was used to being laughed at.

With the coming of dessert Frances' heart sank for a second, but she rallied gamely and shot a quick glance at Jack. He smiled back at her, and suddenly, to his wife's amazement—she knew that he despised after-dinner speeches as heartily as American champagne and French shoes—pushing back his chair, he rose to his feet, glass in hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Jack commenced. It was hardly an original opening, but any opening will do for an after-dinner speech. "Some are born with secrets, some achieve secrets, and some have secrets thrust upon them. I am in the last category, and this secret which has come to me is about to be thrust upon you. I will ask you to keep it a secret for a few days. It is a pleasant secret, and perhaps all the harder to keep on that ac-

count. Ladies and gentlemen, I call upon you one and all to drink the health of my sister-in-law, Frances Pierpont, and Bert Long, her fiancé."

For a second there was silence about the round table. Frances sat with averted head and flaming cheeks. The extent of her iniquity was dawning upon her. She heard Jimmy Martin swear softly to himself. "*Mon dieu!*" murmured the Frenchman on her other hand. She felt rather than saw the astonishment on her sister's face.

Perhaps it was only the fraction of a second that the spell lasted. At any rate, it was the Frenchman who first came back to earth. Seizing his wine-glass, he raised it high above his head, and, in a voice whose gaiety belied his real feelings admirably, he said:

"May you be for always as happy, *mademoiselle*, as we shall be miserable. To you I drink, and to M. Long!"

"Mr. Bert Long!"

Like a curiously distorted echo came the voice of the butler as he drew aside the portière which shut off the dining-room from the hall. A tall, bronzed man in gray traveling suit stepped quickly into the room. As in a dream Frances saw Jack hurry forward, shake the stranger by the hand, and clap him on the shoulder. All was confusion, between the unexpected announcement of her engagement and the sudden arrival of Long. Taking advantage of it, Frances fled from the room.

Sitting in the dimly lighted library, she saw it all—saw the whole scheme of that arch villain, Jack. How she would get even with him in the future! But what to do now? The man who had all unconsciously been claimed as her fiancé must not spoil the plot. And as for the other men, it would be unbearable if they learned the truth.

Frances heard the girls coming from the dining-room. In another minute they would find her, and the ordeal would begin. This part she minded little; in fact, she had expected and planned for it. It was what might happen afterward, when the men left their cigars and joined the ladies, that she feared. Knowing men pretty well, she was sure that their natural reticence would keep Bert Long—she was beginning to hate that name—

from learning anything from them. Quick as a flash she determined that she would monopolize Long the whole evening—who had a better right after that announcement, indeed?

In another minute she was surrounded by sympathetic femininity. Only her sister Helen held aloof, a puzzled expression on her pretty face. She knew that Jack and Frances together were capable of any mischief.

III

At last, when Frances had replied to at least a thousand questions telling where and when and how she had met Bert Long, and when she had come to the conclusion that the men would never leave the dining-room, but would be found ages afterward, half-smoked cigars in hand, like the bakers and their half-baked loaves in Pompeii, a group of black coats appeared at the door, a single gray one in their midst.

Quickly Frances rose, and, running lightly to the door, seized Bert Long's coat sleeve—seized is the only word for it, as Bert afterward declared—and led him quickly into the conservatory beyond the library. It was a toss-up whether he or Jack Hildreth was the more surprised—the former because, though Frances was known to him by reputation, he had hardly expected her to reach out and grasp him on such short notice; the latter because he knew of the trick, of which Bert was ignorant.

"I'm so glad to see you," said Frances, smiling up at the man who made her five feet six inches look very small. "Jack has told me so much about you." It is to be hoped that all Frances' fibs were not chalked up against her by the recording angel. "Why didn't you come earlier? We might have caught the same train out of town this afternoon. But then we shouldn't have known each other, should we?"

By this time Frances had ensconced herself on a comfortable bench, and, drawing her skirts aside, had made room for Long to sit down beside her. The windows of the conservatory were open. Only a few yards below lay the lake, shimmering in the light of the glorious harvest moon. A wonderful silver-gold pathway stretched across the still waters,

a fairy road that led upward to the mysterious star-specked sky.

"Shouldn't we?" said Long in reply to her question. "I am not so sure. There's only one you and only one me, you know. And I had seen you before."

The voice of the big, bronzed man was curiously low and gentle.

"Where?" asked Frances in surprise.

"Riding in the Bois last month. Your horse was an ugly brute. He bolted with you suddenly and made straight for a group of small children by the roadside. With a quick jerk of the reins you turned and cleared a fruit-cart standing near. It was well thought and bravely done, and—it probably saved the life of at least one of those children."

Frances remembered the incident perfectly, and how frightened she had been for those children. She felt herself blushing.

"Were you really there? But how did you know that it was I?"

"I asked," said Long, and it never occurred to Frances to wonder who could have given the desired information. The truth was, he had followed her all the way back to her hotel and had learned her name there. "When I discovered that it was Jack Hildreth's sister-in-law, I made up my mind that I would call the next day and claim acquaintance. Jack and I rowed in the same boat at college, you know, and that entitles us to many privileges."

She had not known, but she didn't say so.

"And we sailed the next afternoon, and that is the reason you missed me? What a near thing!"

"Wasn't it? And I took the next steamer home and cursed myself all the way across because I had not caught the one before," said Bert.

"Why did you come back?"

Frances could not resist the temptation to ask this question. She was curious to know whether he would pay her a silly compliment.

"Because I had been three years abroad knocking about the world, and because I wanted to tell you what I thought of that jump in the Bois," he answered without hesitation.

Again Frances was sure that her face was pink, but she said lightly:

"So you came here and told me! It was almost the first thing you said."

"I had waited a long time." There was silence a moment, and then Bert Long went on: "A strange thing happened a moment ago. As we were coming from the dining-room, that Frenchman, the count, shook hands with me. He congratulated me with all his heart, he said, though he hardly looked it. Why, I wonder! Do I look as if congratulations were due? It's not a birthday."

Frances' heart stood still.

"Haven't you just accomplished what you admit having waited a long time to do?" she asked.

He was sure she was laughing at him.

"Did Count Lenoy say anything else?" she continued calmly.

"No."

"And what did you say?"

"I? Oh, I thanked him. He evidently meant what he said, and I did not want to disappoint him."

Frances heaved a sigh of relief. Safe so far!

The next half hour passed quickly, as he told her of his life in the wilds, for he was one of the world's wanderers and fortunately had the money to gratify his tastes. And she talked to him of the places she, too, had seen and of the people they both knew. For a moment she forgot.

"Here, you good people, come in this minute! No more spooning in the moonlight. It's not proper. Any one would think that you had not met for the first time to-night."

It was Jack Hildreth's voice, and his last remark was greeted by a burst of laughter from inside. Then Helen said:

"How mean, Jack! How would you have liked it before we were married?"

There was another laugh, this time at Hildreth's expense. But for a second Frances felt that the slaughter of a sister was sometimes justifiable. She felt Bert Long's astonished gaze upon her.

"Do go away, Jack. We are coming soon," she said.

"I hope you have told Bert everything," said Jack *sotto voce*. "You know, you should have no secrets from him now."

Without deigning to reply, Frances turned appealingly to Long.

"Please wait for me here while I say good night to those people."

She did not wait for an answer, but vanished into the house. There each of the four down-hearted gentlemen who had come so hopefully to dinner said good-by to her and wished her joy in a characteristic manner.

"Ah, *mademoiselle*, you have given me a knock-in blow!" said Count Lenoy, laying his hand on his heart.

John Corning took his defeat, as he had taken others in his life, with the evident intention of starting again and never acknowledging that he was beaten.

"I am glad that you are to be happy, Miss Pierpont," said Randolph Phillipse. "The happiness of our women is what we care most for in our country."

Jimmy Martin merely squeezed her hand a little harder than usual and whispered:

"The best of luck to you, Frank!"

IV

WHEN the last had gone, Frances ran ahead of her sister and Hildreth to find Long in the conservatory. It was now or never.

"Mr. Long, will you do something for me?"

"Try me." His voice certainly sounded as if he might be depended on; still, as Frances thought, you never can tell.

"Even if what I ask seems very strange and rude?"

"Even so."

"Then please go away from here on the early morning train to-morrow."

"Eh?" ejaculated Bert.

"Oh, I wish—I wish I could explain, but I can't. It's not that I do not like you," she said desperately. "I do like you very much. Won't you trust me?"

A moment's pause, and then Long said:

"I shall take the morning train, of course, since you wish it."

"Thank you so much. And I'll drive you to the station—that is, if you care to have me," she added hesitatingly.

"I do care."

Perhaps there was more meaning in his tone than Long intended there should be.

"Do you really care? Well!" began Jack Hildreth's lazy voice; but what he was about to say is lost to history, for Frances interrupted him sharply.

"Jack, Mr. Long tells me that a pressing engagement calls him back to town on the early train to-morrow. Isn't it too bad?"

"Well, of all the——" Jack paused. "Frances, I know when I am beaten. You are too much for me. Bert, be careful what you do to this young lady. She's as unexpected as a snow-storm in July. Now run along to bed, child, and let me talk to this reprobate. I won't tell him a word, though you deserve it, on my honor. I suppose you are driving him to the station?"

When Frances and Bert Long sat down to breakfast early on Sunday morning the rest of the family had not appeared. She chatted merrily while Bert ate his eggs and drank his coffee in silence. There was too much about all this which he did not understand. Why was she in such a hurry to get rid of him? Had he told her too abruptly that he had followed her across an ocean? She was certainly the brightest, pluckiest girl in the world, but an enigma.

The drive to the station was all too short for Long. He could not help thinking that he would rather see Frances handle the reins than any whip he had seen in all his travels. As he stood by the wheel looking up into her eyes he felt a rash impulse to tell her she was the girl of all others. Instead, he said:

"I am doing a great deal more for you than you think, Miss Pierpont, in going away. You asked me to trust you, so I sha'n't ask any questions; but do you think I may come to see you?"

Her brown eyes held his for a second, and then dropped as that uncontrollable red mounted to her cheeks.

"I'm sure you may, and please come soon—Bert!"

He was gone, and Frances felt lonely for almost the first time in her life. As she turned her runabout toward home the crunch of wheels on the road told her that another carriage had driven up to the station. Looking back she saw Count Lenoy, Jimmy Martin, Phillipse, and Corning jump out and dash across the track just in time to catch the train. She smiled when she saw the last one swing aboard, and whispered to herself:

"The corner's broken in spite of Jack, and—Bert is coming back to me soon!"

IN FACE OF FACT

BY JOHNSON MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

"SHE went down to Joseph's this afternoon, but I guess she'll be back pretty soon. What is it you want, Milly?"

Bela Thomas spoke from the wide door of the wood-shed, where he stood rubbing his beard dry with a rough towel. The basin of foaming suds on the bench beside him told of a completed toilet. He buttoned the neck-band of his checked blue shirt, and rolled down his sleeves.

The woman before him, scarcely more than a girl, pulled nervously at her hands. Her mouth drooped, and her voice trembled anxiously.

"I don't feel as if I could wait, but I suppose I'll have to." She hesitated, and her eyes met his, irresolute, appealing. "It's the baby, Mr. Thomas. He's got something the matter with him, and I'm frightened. I wanted to call in Dr. Saunders—I wanted baby should have regular doctoring. I've just been down to his house, and he's gone to Rutland. Tom doesn't want him anyhow. He's set on having Lois give science treatment. I know it's good, and I promised, but it seems as though I just had to go for Dr. Saunders first! Tom's talked to me a lot. He's a believer. I guess, anyway, he'd think that what Lois did was about right."

She laughed drearily, but her voice sharpened as if vibrating, unconsciously, to some jarring personal note. Old Mr. Thomas tightened a loose suspender as he fixed his vague gaze on the girl.

"You ain't got a call to worry, Milly." The soft cadence of his voice was soothing. "You mustn't get excited. That's the worst thing you can do. Remember that there ain't no sickness and no death. Lois will be here in a minute, and she'll make everything right. Like as not she's sensed the trouble already," he added, touched by

the concentration of Milly's eyes. "Maybe she's giving an absent treatment now. She's wonderful that way, Lois is. You go home now, child, and don't worry. Just have faith, and I'll send her over the minute she gets back."

He stroked the girl's shoulder with clumsy tenderness and walked beside her a little before he turned in at the kitchen door.

Milly, herself, stopped at the gate. She leaned against it and glanced apprehensively at the small brown house further up the hillside. Smoke rose reassuringly from its chimney, and no cloth fluttered at the window, a prearranged signal in case the baby should grow worse.

Within her aching mother's heart a battle raged. Should she go back as the old man had bidden her, or should she stay here until Lois came? A strange instinct, that she could not describe, held her; a necessity for seeing Lois first before she took her to the baby.

"I'm sure I can tell if she can cure him," she thought, "and if she cannot, I shall know that, too, and she shall not see him."

She looked anxiously down the long stretch of road that fell to the village below. No one was in sight. She turned again, and saw the empty window; then she seated herself on the stone wall that framed the field, to wait.

Meanwhile, Lois Thomas and her sister-in-law were crossing the village common. Toinette's round figure and glowing face were in charming contrast to the other's pale slenderness. She was a young woman of French extraction, whom Joseph Thomas had met and married in Lowell, when he was learning the mill business there. Now, with their children, they lived in a big white house be-

side the woolen factory where Joseph was superintendent. His sister, too, had found life on the hillside farm unproductive, and had early gone away to school, where she earned her board and tuition by doing housework. Two years in a Boston hospital followed, with a nurse's career for a goal, and then, suddenly, she had come home.

About her return hung clouds of rumors that excited the village folk to futile discussion. Lois Thomas had left the hospital; she had become a Christian Scientist; she was staying with her father until fall, when she meant to open an office in Boston; meanwhile, she would be glad to give treatments to all who needed them. That old Mr. Thomas should at once become a convert caused no surprise. He was a gentle soul with a stifled imagination, who seized on every new doctrine. He believed in teetotalism, vegetarianism, the single tax, and woman suffrage. Indeed, in his youth, he had been an ardent Second Adventist, and had waited all through one chill and windy night on the roof of his uncle's barn, clad in the white robe of expectancy. Joseph, on the contrary, had condemned plainly what he called an aberration.

It was to speak of this that his wife had insisted on walking back with Lois. Toinette slipped her hand under the other's arm as they left the green level of the common and started to climb the hill. Now and then her slender fingers closed affectionately on her sister-in-law's sleeve.

"You must not avoid Joe," she was saying. Her English was without a trace of accent, but now and then some straying phrase, some sudden gesture, disclosed her ancestry. "And you must give him no chance to avoid you. Accustom him to the idea. Joe never likes what he does not think of first himself. You know that, I know it; it is a fact. Why, my Lois, he even thinks that he discovered me, but it was I who made him do it!"

She laughed comfortably at the remembrance. Lois Thomas smiled, but shook her head as they walked on together.

"I don't believe that you quite understand, Toinette dear, how little the fact of any one's disapproval means to me. That is nothing in comparison with the

unspeakable sense of security that my faith has brought to me. It has given me a new ideal of life. It has shown me the glorious responsibility that rests on me, because I am one with nature and the Infinite. I am full of such strength of truth and goodness and health, physical and spiritual, that I must give it out freely wherever there is need."

Toinette glanced at her curiously.

"But you had an enthusiasm," she interrupted sharply, "about your nursing, you remember. Is not that a helpful, a noble work?"

"Of course it is," Lois answered, "in so far as it carries out the intention to convey a benefit when there is a need; but it is based on a false foundation—the acknowledgment of illness and suffering as facts. It is limited, too, by bounds set by what men call science—the medical, a tentative and inexact science at that. In comparison with the other how base it seems! Of course, I liked it at first. I've always wanted to be useful, and I thought I saw my opportunity; but on that wonderful night, as I've told you, when by the merest chance I happened to hear this new religion expounded, there came to me like a vision a sudden recognition of what existence really meant. Then my old beliefs fell from me like a bandage that had blinded my eyes.

"Oh, Toinette," she went on with quickening eagerness, "the power of this religion of love! It makes us little children again, trusting, believing, potent through our simplicity to achieve anything on which we set our minds and hearts. We are ourselves self-poised, self-sufficient, aloof from everything save the great communion with nature and with God."

Lois' eyes burned with light, and her voice fell to the monotone of the enthusiast. To Toinette's mind there sprang an impression of some inspired saint, some pictured, passionless guardian of her childhood. The sense of a sudden loss of human sympathy brought quick tears under the black lashes and shamed the combative mood. Her arm around the other held her tight. Her tender lips pressed the hand she clasped.

"Oh, that is so cold, so cruel, my Lois! It is no real love that would make you feel like this. Look out, or I shall come to

hate the science! I shall want the old days back again. I shall wish that you had never gone away, but had stayed and married Tom Bowker. Couldn't you have done it? He did love you, Lois!"

The other made no reply. They had reached the break of the hill that brought the Thomas farmhouse into view. It rambled bleak and gray to the left. Toinette stopped suddenly.

"Why, there's some one waving to us," she exclaimed. "See, it's Milly Bowker! What can she want? I wonder if there's anything wrong?"

II

MILLY ran to meet them. Her cheeks were tear-stained and her eyes heavy. She ignored Toinette and seized Lois' hand, looking into her face searchingly before she spoke.

"Come!" she cried. "I've been waiting for you a long time. My baby's sick and I want you to make him well. I'm going to trust you. You can do it, can't you, Lois? You are quite sure?"

The other's smile was calm as she looked down at her.

"Yes," she answered simply.

They turned toward the little brown house farther up the hill. Some one within raised a window, and suddenly a large white cloth fluttered out. Milly screamed:

"Oh, my baby, he's worse, I tell you, he's worse! That's Tom's signal. Hurry, hurry—oh, I don't know!"

Her hand gripped Lois' and dragged her forward, forcing her, in spite of herself, to yield to the pressure of Milly's haste. They ran together to the house. Toinette saw them disappear into the doorway; then she turned, puzzled, unsatisfied, and walked slowly down the hill.

Toward midnight the baby grew restless. Against the monotone of the watcher's prayers, his fitful cries beat insistent. The small brown head rolled uncomfortably from side to side; the tiny hands clasped and unclasped themselves spasmodically, spots of red blazed in the pale cheeks.

For five hours Lois had been alone with the child. At first Milly refused to leave the room.

"He is my baby. I must know just what she is going to do to him. I shall not go, I tell you!"

She had struggled when Tom, with a mute appeal to Lois, took her gently by the arm. Then Lois spoke for the first time, with some severity:

"You must leave us alone, Milly, your baby and me. You must trust. You must be brave. Above everything, you must be silent. I forbid you to come back again. You may have perfect confidence in me. I tell you this once and for all."

The girl yielded wonderingly to the authority of her tone. Tom led her out, and the door closed behind them.

The child lay breathing heavily on the cool, fresh sheet that Lois had placed under him. She held her gaze fixed on his pinched little face, as she leaned forward from her chair at the bedside. She was concentrating every power of her mind on the thought of health, on the ideal of soundness and perfection, on a recognition of the vital force which is Absolute Goodness. Her prayers followed her thoughts; now quite unspoken, now murmured softly through parted lips, now rising steadily on the wings of her simple words.

Sometimes the baby opened his eyes. They shone in the dim glow of the shaded lamp, star-splendid—Tom's own eyes! They bore the look of confiding trust that the father's had never lost. This was Tom's child, and Tom had loved her! The sense of an unpaid debt of affection possessed her. If she had loved Tom, that child might have been her very own. Her heart warmed to the magic of the thought.

"Surely he shall come to the health that is his. He shall not stray from the goodness of which he is a part. The love which envelops him is all powerful. The life everlasting is his birthright!"

So the night grew. Outside, had she listened, she might have heard a whip-poorwill's soft cry and the pine-tree's melody, as the wind thrummed its branches. Had she looked, she might have seen the slow procession of the stars across the zenith, while a paling moon waned inverted to the valley.

Yet, beneath her concentration, Lois became acutely sensitive to the child's restlessness. Some disregarded instinct, poignant, aggressive, seemed ever tugging at her attention. Through her mind, making strange pathways in her conscious

thought, darted swift remembrances of similar situations, their treatments, their results. Before her eyes rose irrelevant pictures of herself, white-capped and aproned, in the long ward of the hospital. In her ears seemed to sound again the doctor's orders; they half awakened some impulse of obedience.

Then she would rouse herself with an effort, pushing back these outside fancies, forcing free her atmosphere from their crowding intrusions—free for the uninterrupted contemplation of the great realities—love and life. Her mood, steadied by the application of her will, soared aloft, exalted, rarefied. Her whole being seemed to fill itself with the great force which rules nature and, through nature, the individual. Subconsciously, she felt herself becoming not only the medium but the force itself. Her prayers rose again, heart-born, soul-lifted, ecstatic.

Suddenly the child's cries strengthened. His hands clutched the sheet desperately. The color in his cheeks, burned to dull crimson, suffused the whole face. Even as Lois' eyes, intent, despite her absorption, rested there, the change came—a fluttering sigh drawn through tightening lips, a stiffening of every muscle, an instant pallor, gray and chilling, that swept away the red, and then a long shudder that shook the little body in its grasp.

Her thoughts stopped midway. She seized the lamp from the stand and held it over the bed. She watched, in the glare of its yellow flame, every movement of the child. Through the mists of her theories and beliefs pierced a ray of mental light as strong as its physical counterpart showing a definite fact. The baby was in convulsions; for this there was one simple medical remedy. She knew it well. Her nurse's instinct, now thoroughly awakened to the consciousness that something must be done, struggled for action. Her faith held it back for a moment of breathless balance—then gave way at sight of the swiftly changing color of the child.

She put down the lamp, and opened the door into the next room. Tom stirred heavily as she touched him. He had been asleep on the lounge. At the sound of her voice he sat upright and asked anxiously:

"What is it, Lois? Is the baby——"

She interrupted him gently.

"The baby is very ill, Tom, and I want Milly to stay with him. Where is she? If she's gone to bed, won't you take my place for a moment while I go to the kitchen? Is there a fire there?"

She ran across the room as she spoke, and already her fingers touched the latch. Tom turned, his eyes held hers for an instant.

"Yes," he said, "there's a fire there, and Milly's there, too!"

A cloud of steam met her as she opened the door; through it she could make out a figure at the stove. It was Milly holding the cover of the tin boiler in her hand and peering into the bubbling water. Lois went forward and touched her shoulder.

"I want you to help me, Milly. I'm going to give the baby a hot bath. He is in a convulsion."

Milly did not look up, but shook off the other's hand. Her voice, as she answered, held a note of triumphant authority.

"I knew you'd come to it. I've been expecting you. I am ready. See, here is hot water! If you hadn't come to your senses, I'd have *made* you! I knew 'twould be a convulsion. I never trusted you! Quick!" she went on. "You pump that pail full of cold water and follow me with it. I'll take this in first."

She was dragging a heavy tub to the door.

"Can't I help you?" Lois began.

"Let me alone!" the other interrupted. She was half across the kitchen. "I don't trust you, Lois Thomas! You do just what I tell you; only hurry, hurry! I'll save my baby yet."

She was gone. Lois followed her with the cold water. Tom took the boiler from the stove. Together they prepared the bath in silence; but it was the mother, her eyes ablaze, her hands steady, who lifted the cramped little figure from the bed. Again and again she held her baby in the healing waters. Gradually his tense limbs relaxed, a natural color softened his rigid face, his breathing grew regular and gentle, and as Milly dried his body tenderly in her arms, he opened his eyes.

III

As soon as she could, Lois slipped away, running home across the fields and letting herself in at the unfastened door.



"OH, MY BABY, HE'S WORSE, I TELL YOU, HE'S WORSE!"

[See page 41]

The quiet of her own room was grateful. She drew down the shades, undressed hastily, and threw herself on the bed. A sense of physical relief belittled every other impression. It was enough to lie there in silence, breathing the fresh night air that came through the half-opened window; enough to feel the cool support of the pillow beneath her head, and to close her eyes in the soothing darkness. She was conscious of ignoring with an ease almost mechanical, the unceasing rotations of thought that wheeled vaguely through her brain; and in this restful state of suspended responsibility she fell asleep.

She wakened with a start, at the flapping of a window-shade, to a simultaneous realization of outer brightness and inner gloom. A cloud of mental depression fell about her, choking her with a sense of fierce regret, a conviction of failure. To lie still was impossible; the sudden activity of her brain demanded compensating movement from her body. She sprang from bed and hurried to the window.

The raising of the curtain showed a morning already advanced. There was heat in the sunshine that beat down on the flower borders. A flock of crows circled boldly over the deserted fields. Up from the village came faint, rhythmical notes of church-bells ringing. It was Sunday.

The sudden recognition of the day brought to Lois Thomas a remembrance of the last service that she had attended in Boston. She saw the crowd that filled the place; she heard the singing of familiar hymns, the reader's words that accented the listening silence. She recalled the state of mind in which she had left the church, like a young soldier eager for battle, trusting to his strength, sure of success! Ah, she had been too sure of herself. She had proved false to the ideals of her belief, she had swerved from the vital essentials of her creed, and she had failed!"

She walked the room in noiseless grief; the restriction of four walls grew intolerable. She must get out of doors.

"I ought to give it all up," she decided. "I'll write to Boston and tell them just what I've done, and then I'll get some manual work to do, something that needs

no more than I have to give. I am not fit, not fit—I have failed!"

Every train of thought, whatever its starting-point, whatever its impulse, stopped at this same conclusion, which seemed to bound her mental horizon like a dark cloud-barrier.

Toinette was sitting in the kitchen when Lois opened the door. Her gloves and prayer-book lay on the window-sill beside her.

"Oh, you sleepy one!" she cried. "I've been waiting for you. I came up here straight from mass. I met your father on his way to church, and he told me the good news about the baby; but I wanted to hear it all from you, so behold me! See, I've made you some fresh coffee—I heard you getting up. But—why, my Lois!" She rose and hurried forward, drawn by the mute appeal of the other's face. "What is the matter? You are ill! Tell me; tell me!"

She held out her arms, and Lois, her eyes filling with tears, felt them close comfortingly around her. In another instant she was sobbing out her story on Toinette's breast.

IV

At noon the two women walked slowly toward the small brown house. Lois had regained her self-control. She held her head erect, and in her eyes burned anew the clear light of serenity. Only to Toinette's affectionate perception she seemed absorbed, preoccupied. The sunny midday was not more silent than their intimacy.

It was Lois who spoke first. She stopped at the gate and drew her arm from Toinette's.

"I want to ask you something, dear. I can't thank you enough for all you said to me an hour ago, for all the help you've given. Why have you never talked like this before to me, Toinette, and where did you get your beautiful ideas of life? You've not studied these things, as I have. You've never seemed to care for them really—forgive me!—and yet——"

Toinette interrupted with a flash of deprecating hands. As she spoke, the smile that curved her full red lips ended in a laugh.

"I study? Oh, no, no! Yes, my Lois, you are right. Such as I have, I never

got in that way!" Then she paused a moment, and looked into the other's eyes with a mother's searching tenderness. "I get it, I suppose, from the happiness in my life; out of all the love that I take and give. It is very simple. The world is beautiful, God is good, all is well; and I help just by trying to be good, too—and happy!"

Lois had bowed her head. Suddenly she raised it again.

"Toinette," she cried, "I believe you are a better Christian Scientist than I am!" Then she went on breathlessly: "Ever since you spoke to me of my error in forgetting that after all Tom's baby did not die, and showed me that what I called failure was really success by other means—ever since you told me that I ought to make that fact my starting-point, instead of the sordid one of my own distrust, I have felt it. Now I see how small and selfish and self-centered I have been, thinking more of my own credit than of the great principle for which I meant to work. Oh, Toinette, I have learned much of you!"

"Lois, do you mean to give up Christian Science?" Through the bluntness of Toinette's question there sounded a veiled anxiety, baffling in its purport.

"Never," Lois spoke gently, but conviction steadied her voice and colored her pale face. "I shall start afresh. If the baby had died, I don't know that I could

have said this; but now, with the fact that he got well to build on, I'm going to begin all over again. My faith is not shaken, dear Toinette; it is as strong as ever. It is *myself* that I must let go. I must learn anew."

They walked through straggling borders of purple phlox that sagged over the dusty path, and stood at last at the door. Lois' hand touched the latch.

"No!" She hesitated, as she spoke. "Do you knock, Toinette. I am almost afraid. I must say just a word to them both. You suppose all is right, don't you, Toinette, about the baby? I am getting superstitious almost; it means so much to me—so much!"

Toinette's fingers tapped the panel. Behind it came a sound of hurrying skirts, a footstep, then a whisper, hoarse, discernible. It was in Milly's voice.

"Tom, it's Lois. You go to the door. I won't see her, I tell you! Don't let her in; don't let her in!"

Tom opened the door. He closed it behind him silently, and stood on the porch beside the two women. His eyes looked beyond Lois, as she spoke to him. The light of their trustfulness had gone out; they were like an animal's in distress. He spoke dully:

"I guess you'd better not come in. The baby's had another bad turn. We're pretty worried about him. Dr. Saunders is here now."

THE RIVER OF MY BOYHOOD

Just enough of a river to please the heart of a boy;
With every season a new surprise, the thrill of a keener joy.
Islands in it, and woody shores—and sweet with the mystery
Of its far-off source in the unfound hills, and its goal in the unknown sea.
Out of the past comes calling its voice on the wind to-night,
Bidding us turn in our wandering back to the old delight
Of days that are lost forever save in the memories
Of its waters beaming brightly through the shadowy willow trees.
Again we seem beside it, where the grassy banks lean low
And the bushes hide the broad bayou where the white pond-lilies grow;
We drag from its bed in the rushes the old dugout canoe,
And paddle out among them just as we used to do;
Heap them in drifts about us—all that our arms can hold—
Bury our staggered senses deep in their hearts of gold;
Forget the world and its toiling in the happy song that thrills
With the warmth of the sun and the breath of the fields blown down
from the green-clad hills.

Oh, river of my boyhood! Flow soft through all my dreams,
And be their happiest fancies bright with your sun-caught beams;
Come in your song to gladden the heart that is far away,
And lead it back to the scenes it loves and is longing for to-day!

Charles Coleman Stoddard

THE DECADENCE OF POSITIVE AUTHORITY

BY CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D.

PASTOR OF THE MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK

NATURE IS A SYSTEM ORDERED BY RIGID LAWS, BUT THE TENDENCY OF OUR MODERN CIVILIZATION IS TO RESENT ALL FORMS OF AUTHORITY—THE RESULT IS ANARCHY, DOMESTIC, EDUCATIONAL, AND POLITICAL

SENSE of competency creates sense of authority, and over against the theory that right makes might is set the practise that might makes right. It took people a great while to learn that the earth is a negligible fragment of the universe, and not its center; and it is a still harder lesson to learn that a man is not himself a system, but only an elementary member of a system; that his supreme prerogative lies in the recognition of authority, not in its exercise; and that what he rather ostentatiously calls self-government is the administration of himself by imported rather than by indigenous statutes. As the development of the individual proceeds, and his sense of faculty becomes correspondingly more pronounced, the lesson of subordination becomes in the same ratio more difficult, and anarchy, which is only another name for "every man a law to himself," is the natural issue of an advanced civilization.

The prevalence and invariability of law in the material world is a matter definitely understood. Nature is dependable. From the orbit of a star to the fall of a water-drop, events move upon a track inflexibly engineered and no derailment. Even what we know as miracles must be understood by us as comprised within a system of ordinance, even though that system be too broad to submit itself to human discovery and exploration. What we call the poetry of nature is but an esthetic euphemism for

the music made by its interacting energies harmonized with one another because all pitched to the keynote of an inelastic obligation.

Now the grandest and most complete conception we can have of the empire of moral event is one that is painted in colors copied from just such a representation of the material kingdom. The differences existing between the two régimes in no wise invalidate that feature of identity which is our only present interest and contention. In one case the subject may be conscious of the law, and in the other case not. In one case the subject may defy the law, and in the other case not; but conscious or unconscious, obedient or recalcitrant, nothing exists, personal or material, that is not created into distinct relation to authority; and no event transpires, whether in mineral, vegetable, animal, or personal life, that is not either on or off the line of duty definitely and unrepealably laid down for it.

THE REBELLION AGAINST AUTHORITY

This way of conceiving matters imparts to the human situation a quality of rigidity to which the instability and ethical incertitude at present existing in many quarters will be likely to take sharp exception, and it is just that fact which renders the present discussion timely. If there is any one thing that people, young and old, cordially agree in resenting it is the idea of doing as

somebody tells them, and it makes little difference who that somebody is. Positive authority is distasteful, and the appearance is that we are getting more and more out of conceit with it. We are becoming more and more competent to forecast the weather and to predict to the instant the eclipses and occultations of the heavenly bodies, but less and less able to foretell the conduct of man, woman, or child; and that is because, while the stars keep the commandments, and we are understanding better and better the decalogue that is legislated for the heavens, it is man only that is anarchical and more and more breaking down into ethical chaos, according as he gains an enlarging consciousness of his own smartness and sufficiency.

Therefore to know that every moral act that man or child can perform has a fixed statute definitely relevant to it is the very alphabet of ethics; and it is because so much of our home-training is skipping the alphabet that children are growing up without the ability to understand the paragraphs and chapters of the matter, and that the home becomes the nursery of adult anarchy. This does not mean that a child should be harnessed into the treadmill of continuous parental precept, and have no opportunity allowed him for the exercise of his own moral judgment—a policy that would leave unexploited some of the very finest faculties of the incipient soul; but it does mean that whether the child does as his parent tells him, or does as he tells himself, his doing is to square with something other than an inwardly contained authority. It means, furthermore, that what he does is not right because he decided to do it, is not right because he thinks it is right, but right because it is in the line of the supreme law legislated for man to obey and in force before there was any man or child here to obey it.

THE LACK OF HOME DISCIPLINE

It does not appear that to any considerable extent a foundation of behavior, as deep and solid as that, is at present being laid as part of the home discipline; and a prolific crop of miscellaneous lawlessness is the legitimate harvest that is being reaped from so irreso-

lute a system of seed-sowing. There is a great difference between coming up and being brought up, and, practically speaking, all the bringing up that a person gets is done and over with before he leaves home. That is to say, the foundation of character is laid then, and foundations must be laid at the start, or never.

That children are allowed, and even encouraged, to be the arbiters of their own conduct doubtless often proceeds from the very best of intentions on the part of the parents, and in particular from the desire to promote in their offspring a spirit of manly self-reliance and exemption from the need of leading-strings. That is the American idea. American history began in the act of getting out of the cradle, kicking open the front door, and tramping all over the yard. The impulse is a superb one, and is doing a lot of work in the world, but a radical notion always eventually comes to grief unless it is tinged with a dash of conservatism.

Parents do well to foster in their children a liberty-loving spirit; but liberty is a positive matter and not a negative, and consists not in what we renounce but in what we espouse. We emancipate ourselves, not by what we tear ourselves loose from, but in what we tie ourselves up to; and the only liberty fit to be set up in the home, or anywhere else, as an object of admiration and an aim to be attained is the liberty that fulfils itself in zealous adherence to external authority, not in its rejection. Liberty is a genius for obeying, and consists, not in our successful escape from ordinance, but in the graceful facility with which we are able to execute it. It is the ability to do consciously what the flower does unconsciously when, without constraint and without revolt, it accomplishes the vegetable destiny decreed for it; what the star does unconsciously when, unhesitating and unrelenting, it beamingly runs the road laid down for it.

Naturally enough, then, children are not punished as much as they used to be. Punishment, when intelligently administered, is for the purpose of impressing with the fact that the authority to which one is amenable is not subjective to him, but objective; and a dimin-

ished realization of this distinction on the parents' part means necessarily a diminished resort to penalty, a hesitant application of the rod. There is evident just at the present time a growing belief in the efficiency of the whipping-post as a punishment for criminals. If children were chastised more, they would stand less in need of it after they become adults. At one end of life or the other, we all need to be whipped, and by one kind of lash or another are likely to be; and one stroke while we are still tender is worth a dozen applied after we have become tough.

THE VALUE OF PUNISHMENT

This tone of suggestion is not motivated by any sanguinary desire to have the poor little things set aching; but a considerable percentage of the elements composing our nature is as definitely brutal as anything that appears in the dog or the ox, and settled brutality can be matched only by more of the same. A school teacher who is forbidden to resort to corporal punishment is already beaten on her own ground. It may not be safe to allow her that prerogative, but she is herself defeated if it is not allowed to her, for she is almost certain to have pupils into whom respect for authority can only be wrought by the discipline of physical pain. I would not myself teach in the average run of common school where a ferrule is not recognized as an essential piece of schoolroom furniture. If it is there, it may not be needed; if it is not there, it will almost certainly be needed.

Of course a teacher can get along in a way by coaxing; but submission to cajolery is not submission to authority, and the best and most fundamental lesson a child ever learns is to obey. The famous English schools have in the past presumably carried the policy of brutality to a rough extreme, and almost made whipping an established feature of the curriculum, as illustrated in the instance, at once pathetic and humorous, of the thirteen boys sent together to the study of the head-master. According to the story, the worthy pedagogue proceeded at once to the congenial task of scourging them, and had already operated upon seven when one of the re-

maining six plucked up sufficient courage to tell him that they had not been sent to be whipped, but to be examined for the confirmation class. But, even so, a measure of severity is infinitely to be preferred to the contrary extreme of invertebrate good nature, even if it does sometimes mistakenly put stick in the place of catechism.

When the matter of putting the rod back in the New York public schools was up for discussion, in 1904, a minority report favoring such step urged—in the language used conjointly by the Male Principals' Association of Manhattan and the Bronx and the Principals' Association of the City of New York—that “every child has the right to demand of us that we train him to a wholesome respect for the law.” Also that “physical pain is nature's mode of punishment, and it is unfair to state that it is an insult to the child whose only avenue of sensibility is through his integument.” It is sentimentality rather than sentiment that antagonizes the re-introduction of corporal punishment into the schools—a condition of mind not likely to infect the judgment of teachers themselves, who come face to face with the situation; and the report just quoted concludes by saying that “out of two hundred and sixty-nine principals, corporal punishment is favored by two hundred and twenty-three”—that is, by more than eighty-two per cent.

OUR STUDENT-GOVERNED COLLEGES

Failure to subdue the child to the authority of law in the home and the school comes to its legitimate issue in the attempt so often successfully made by students to govern trustees and faculty in the college and the university. There is as much college government now as there was fifty years ago, only formerly the college governed the boys and now the boys govern the college. Managing boards are afraid to employ the discipline necessary to render the students obedient to college requirements. They had rather tolerate quite a considerable amount of anarchy than suffer an impairment of student attendance.

With us everything goes by arithme-

tic. We ask how many dollars a man is worth, how many people there are in a city, how many books there are in a library, how many students there are in a university. The boys take advantage of this numerical passion. They know that the institution wants to get as many students as it can and wants to keep all it can get, and grade their conduct or their misconduct to conform to the amount of bereavement that will be visited upon the management by their suspension or expulsion. It will in several respects be to the advantage of such institutions when it becomes the vogue to put upon them a strictly qualitative rather than a quantitative estimate. At any rate, when that time comes, a questionable student will understand that to be absent does not necessarily mean to be missed, and that the subtraction of a negative quantity is really a process in addition.

FOOTBALL AND THE OPTIONAL SYSTEM

It connects naturally with the foregoing paragraph to say that the game of football, with all its brutal appurtenances of broken bones, stretchers, and attendant surgeons, was, in secret, as seriously deplored by college authorities before the recent revolt of public sentiment as it has been since; but that, unsupported by the demand of the press and the people, these same college authorities had not the courage to face the students and veto the barbarities of the young ruffians. So long as the student body has not acquired the art of obedience, and is organized in contempt of authority, the only thing left to trustees and faculty is either to disguise their humiliation under the pretense of authority, or see the college go to pieces and the students evaporate into other institutions, where they can administer the college or university with less interference from the governing body.

To a degree also it is this same undomesticated character of the average American boy that gives occasion to what in college is known as the optional system. Harvard set the pace in this policy, and the others had to follow suit as a matter of self-defense. College professors used to consider—and

presumably they do now—that there is such a thing as the science of education, and that there are certain branches of study whose pursuit will best contribute to the results properly aimed at by education. It used to be said to us: "If you come to college, you will study what you are told to study." At present it is said to the boys: "Please come to college and you can study what you like." And so it comes about that the boy, the freshman, the mere kid, with no conception of what an education is, how it is to be attained, or what it will do when attained, exercises his silly autonomy in the matter, takes orders from his unsophisticated fancy, follows the line of least resistance, and perhaps gains less real discipline by study than he does by studying how to escape study.

THE TRUE BASIS OF LAW

Once a person becomes possessed of the notion that positive authority is a slur upon inherent prerogative, and that he is competent to steer his canoe by a pocket-compass of his own construction, the demoralizing consequences of his heresy will assert themselves along any line of activity or inactivity that he may happen to enter upon. The functions of a legislator will furnish as appealing an illustration as any. There is no body of men in our American life whose acceptance or non-acceptance of the principle for which we are contending is more fruitful in blessing or disaster than that of the framers of our State and Federal laws. There has been terrific apostasy in this particular since the time when Alfred the Great posited his legislation on the Ten Commandments.

And the point of this reference to Alfred does not lie in the fact that it was a part of the Word of God that he made the basis of his legislative economy, but in the fact that he was not content to spin his enactments out of the tissue of his own individual ethics or philosophy, or to put up a system of statutes that did not rest upon positive support. What our representatives in Albany and Washington show little disposition to realize is that it is not the function of a legislator to *make* law, but to interpret already existing law into applicable re-

lation to contemporary conditions. No one can charge them with being indifferent to contemporary conditions, but with allowing those conditions to subtend the entire angle of their legislative vision—the result of which is a sort of hand-to-mouth policy of enactment, a kind of tinkering and patching that is oblivious of primary principles, and unconscious of what is basal and structural.

Exactly at that point is evinced the distinction between political and statesmanly enactment. It is the same distinction as appears between two classes of decisions rendered by the judiciary. Certain decisions have emanated from the bench, Roman, American, English, that are no more susceptible of reversal than the statutes of the Decalogue or the pronouncements of the Sermon on the Mount. They knit down into the eternal basis of things, and cannot go without tearing out some of that basis along with them.

THE POLITICAL MORALITY OF THE DAY

Now it is not conspicuously apparent that the men in general who at Albany stand in the place of Solon, Moses, and Alfred know very much about the eternal basis of things, or care very much for it. Men whose convictions are rooted into the soul of the everlasting are unmanageable, and therefore do not fit into the exigencies of our political life. They are politically as unwieldy as a vessel riding at anchor, or as a ledge of granite framed into the massiveness of the globe. A Senator or Representative who worships himself and idolizes his self-interest will get along, but the possession of unfluctuating principle is an embarrassment and argues legislative incapacity. It was once said in my hearing by a State Senator who stood well up on the rounds of political preferment:

"When a new measure is brought forward my first thought is, What effect will my attitude toward that bill have on my political future?"

The prevailing sentiment being what it is, a legislator does not expect to remain in public life unless he subordinates the requirements of absolute righteousness to the dictates of his

partisan associates. As a practical influence, fear of party counts more at Albany than fear of God.

It is the situation as thus portrayed that creates a feeling of public anxiety when a legislature convenes, and a corresponding sense of relief when it adjourns; for with all the instability that we may be aware distinguishes us individually, we do shrink from committing large responsibilities to men who are unanchored, to men whose dominating fealty is to anything less than some supereminent authority too deeply founded to be jarred by surface tremors, and carried to too distinct a height to be confused with accidental or conventional standards.

WHAT ARE OUR STATUTES WORTH?

And there is direct connection between the moral meaninglessness of a legislature and the moral impotence of the statutes it enacts. A law means only as much as its legislative author means by it. And the principle obtains, not only in the case of legislators, but in that of every man invested with any kind or degree of official authority.

A great deal of criticism is at the present time being justly pronounced upon the prevailing spirit of lawlessness. To illustrate by a notable example. There exists in New York a law against the opening of saloons on the Sabbath. The Legislature does not mean much by keeping that ordinance on the statute-books, and the mayor does not mean anything by swearing to enforce it. Now if we had Senators and Assemblymen at Albany so constituted as to apply themselves to the task of deciding what under all the circumstances is fundamentally right in the disputed matter, unaffected by considerations of ambition, bribery, or unenlightened scrupulosity, and if then we had a mayor and chief of police who would make a business of doing what they are willing enough to take oath that they will do, the moral tone of the community would immediately be sensibly lifted. Getting down to immutable foundations at Albany, City Hall, and Mulberry Street would presently issue in putting our entire communal life on a basis of solidity and stability, and would reduce existing

chaos to at least an incipient stage of order and comeliness.

But so long as we proceed upon the principle that anybody who can get the votes is qualified to interpret eternal law into forms of human statute, and that anybody who can get the votes, or is crafty enough to manufacture them, is competent, as mayor, to take over the august achievements of Albany and experiment with them in Manhattan, we shall certainly continue as we are, with just sufficient snatches of daylight scattered in at long and weary intervals to render the darkness more visible and solemnizing.

A TIME FOR SERIOUS THOUGHT

The foregoing is motivated by no impulse of pessimism, but by a desire to put the responsibility at the distinct point where it belongs. The well-being of the community is secured only by the fixity of our executives, legislators, and judiciary, and their fixity is guaranteed only by the thoroughness with which they are submitted to the behests of authority that is positive and transcendent. And the primary duty of the American citizen is to be thoroughly as-

sured, in this particular, of the character of the man he is voting for. The thing to think most about is not the wickedness of men in office, but our own carelessness, thoughtlessness, and moral slovenliness in putting them there. In erecting a building, the first thing we think of is the foundation; but in erecting an official, most of our thought about his foundation is deferred till the superstructure is all up.

But it is a pleasant thought to conclude with that it is to just this feature of civic obligation that the minds of earnest men are now turning with unprecedented seriousness. New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Missouri have just been edging back on to the Ten Commandments. The air to-day is full of the conviction that a bad man is not a safe man to tie to, that smartness unassociated with loyalty to eternal righteousness will not work out the highest order of destiny, and that although it is a far cry to Moses, nothing short of a liberal amount of original Sinai embedded in the constitution of the individual and of the State will make for stability of character and for an honorable and progressive history.

THE CALL OF THE WATER COUNTRY

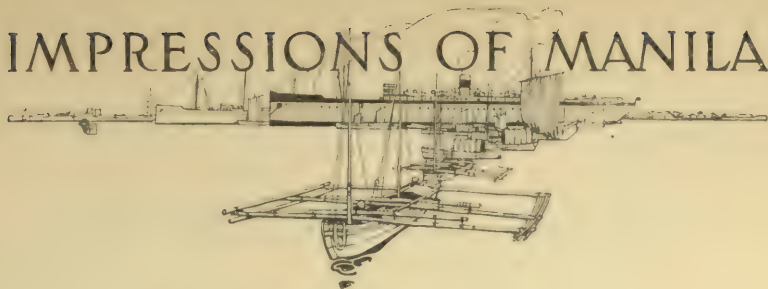
TAKE me back, ye whispering friars;
House me, oh, ye priestly pines;
Where the twanging wild-crane choirs
Thunder from the water-vines.
Heart-stained, out of sin and city
Purge me, oh, my northland air!
Breathe, ye blue nun lakes, in pity,
For your prodigal, a prayer.

To your altars, Mississippi,
In the North's wild garden-land,
Where some western-world Philippi
Strewed its arrows in the sand,
Take me home, from seas and highlands,
Give me back my brown canoe;
Let me, 'mongst your rice-fringed islands,
Build my beggared hopes anew.

Take me home from churchly palace,
Gilded priest and glittering grail;
My two oar-browned hands for chalice,
At God's first communion-rail.
Take me home across the marches;
Only there my heart can pray,
Where, beneath your forest arches,
Knelt God's warrior, Nicollet!

Chester Firkins

IMPRESSIONS OF MANILA



BY ATHERTON BROWNELL

A MEMBER OF SECRETARY TAFT'S EXPEDITION TO THE PHILIPPINES DESCRIBES THE OLD SPANISH CAPITAL OF THE ARCHIPELAGO AS IT IS UNDER THE NEW AMERICAN RÉGIME

IN Manila the American occupation seems to have marked an epoch like the Civil War at home. Down South we are constantly reminded of how things were "befo' de war." Here in Manila it is "before the Americans came."

In some cases the change seems to be for the better, in others not. Before the Americans came they had a little tub of

a fire-engine brought from Spain in the fifties that apparently had about the power and capacity of a siphon of soda. Now they have a thoroughly up-to-date department organized by a former New York fire-chief, with chemical engines, hose wagons, hook-and-ladder wagons, and all the rest, so that there would not be the slightest difficulty in scaling the



THE ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF MANILA

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



FILIPINOS PRAYING FOR THE SOULS OF DEPARTED RELATIVES IN THE CRUZ CEMETERY

From a photograph reproduced by Underwood & Underwood, New York

sides of the one-story nipa shacks and putting out a blaze on the thatched roofs. By and by they will probably have a water tower to carry water to the top of the two-story skyscrapers. Perhaps in the mean time they will have established an adequate water supply.

Old Manila itself stands on a small island, around which was thrown, centuries ago, the famous wall for protection from pirates. Outside of this wall was the moat across which the drawbridge used to be dropped at daybreak and raised at nightfall. Now the moat is being filled in for the purpose of driving out the mosquitoes, which are more piratical and bloodthirsty than most pirates. At the time of writing, the great

trench is mostly a mass of black mud, seared with great cracks into irregular cakes, and presenting an aspect that may be more healthful, but that certainly is not more cheerful, than that which obtained before the Americans came.

The ancient wall, too, is to be demolished—which seems almost a pity, for it is the most picturesque and unique thing in Manila. Later on, no doubt, we shall have some fine American buildings of semi-tropical architecture, the rest being bad New York. The old Spanish houses within the *intramuros*, as the walled city is called, will be left, as well as those churches which still continue to defy the earthquakes; but that old wall, pierced with its massive portals,

twenty and thirty feet through, will mostly have disappeared before our new gingerbread architecture fills the vacancy. A few parts of it will be left to

constant microbe hunt and exhausts a precious amount of brain matter upon all sorts of precautions. But the government laboratories make work for a



THE NATIVE FISH-MARKET AT MANILA

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

remind the visitor of later years of what was done in the name of sanitation.

The American government in Manila has gone hygienically mad. The government laboratories are run at vast expense. The public printing plant is worked overtime, and produces for a non-reading public reports upon diseases, germs, bacilli, the plague,* and cholera, until that portion of the public which can read even the titles is on a

lot of doctors, who prepare abstruse and unreadable reports; and these, in turn, give work to the government printing plant, which is teaching several hundred Filipinos to set type.

If one may judge from a few instances, the entire system of education established by the American government in the Philippines, at a cost of many millions of pesos annually, is directed mainly toward hygiene. A friend of

mine living in Manila had a major-domo who for years had been quite content with his lot, wearing a pair of trousers and a *camisa*, receiving a small wage and his "chow," until the thirst for education struck him. At first he attended night school; but still his thirst grew—incidentally, all kinds of thirst grow in Manila—and he decided to devote all his time to the acquisition of knowledge, abandoning his humble pursuit. Six months later my friend was accosted on the street by a Filipino—in Spanish. He was dressed in immaculate white and starched to a degree of stiffness proper as to form but wholly improper as to comfort. On his feet were bright patent-leather shoes, and an American straw hat was perched upon his cocoanut-oiled hair. Under his arm was a huge bundle of school books. He was hardly recognizable as Pedro, the erstwhile major-domo.

"So you are going to school, Pedro?" was the query.

"*Si, señor!*"

"Well, how much have you learned in six months?"

The answer came rather slowly at first, but after a few words the light of a happy inspiration shone in Pedro's face, and he finished off with a rush:

"I—learn—to drink distilled water and to love my teacher!"

That was the question of the moment in Manila—the water. "Is it distilled?" "Is it boiled?" Some people try to dodge the germs by indulging in the Japanese bottled Tan-San water. Others patronize the native spring and drink Isuan, heavy with iron. But a widely popular precaution is to ask perfunctorily if the water is boiled and distilled, and then, to be on the safe side, to put a little whisky in it.

Within the walled city of Manila practically all the buildings are of Spanish architecture, varied slightly, and for the better, in the houses of the best Filipinos, or *mestizos*—this latter word being the one used to represent what we would call half-breeds, what the British in India call half-castes, and the Honoluluans designate as part-Hawaiians. There are all kinds of *mestizos*, the most common being of mixed Spanish and Filipino blood. There are also many

Chinese *mestizos*. The most beautiful woman I saw in Manila—outside, of course, of the American women—was an English *mestizo*. But the intermarriage of Americans and Filipinos is not likely to go far. A race feeling is gradually but surely growing up that does not promise well for our future relations with "our little brown brothers," as Secretary Taft calls them. It is hard to tell on which side the feeling is the strongest, not only in Manila, but throughout the entire archipelago.

On the outward trip of Secretary Taft's party, on the Pacific Mail steamship Manchuria, there was a little American bride who had married a Filipino law student, a son of one of the judges in the supreme court of the islands. The social ostracism begun by the party was continued after the bride's arrival at the home of the groom's parents. The American social leaders—the wives of the insular officials—were strongly incensed, and resolved not to recognize her; while, on the other side, it was freely stated that had it not been for the simultaneous arrival of Secretary Taft and his fellow officials, the bridal party would have been received with tar and feathers by the indignant Filipinos.

When you go to make a call in Manila—your first one—unless you are provided with a guide, you are very apt to think that your *cochero* has made a mistake and taken you to the stable instead of the residence you wished to reach. Except in the case of the wealthiest families, the ground floor of the house is given up to the servants, the horses, the carriages, the poultry, and the dog.

The typical Spanish house is a barrack-like structure, heavily barred as to the windows, which contain no glass. You enter through the stable-yard, while above are the living-rooms, often pretentious in their woodwork, floorings, and ceilings. They connect with one another by wide arches, and all open upon the street to permit the free circulation of air. Though as a rule they are over-furnished, being filled with chairs, tables, and ornaments of all kinds, there is, nevertheless, much of comfort to be found in a Filipino home of the better class.

The stable is an important adjunct to



A MANILA BELLE—A TYPICAL FILIPINO GIRL OF THE UPPER CLASS

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

the house, for no one walks in Manila. The streets are too hot, the sidewalks are too narrow, and it takes too much energy. Therefore every resident, save the very poorest, keeps his victrola and *carromata*, one or two horses, a coachman, and often a footman. It requires at least two men to perform the work we

doubled, and the native servants refuse to work for the newcomer at the prices they were and are willing to take from the old-timers. The cook who used to be satisfied with twenty pesos a month (ten dollars in gold) now demands forty pesos; the *cochero* has risen from fifteen pesos to thirty. Beef, which formerly



A TYPICAL MANILA INTERIOR—THE DRAWING-ROOM OF A FILIPINO MILLIONAIRE'S HOUSE

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

would expect of one. At least nine servants are necessary to keep up the most modest kind of an establishment. This does not necessarily entail a large expense, for the old residents continue the old system, paying their servants small amounts, with an allowance for "chow"—the word colloquially used throughout the entire East for food of any kind, whether for man or beast.

A GENERAL RISE IN PRICES

Since the American advent, the prices of all necessary commodities have

cost eighteen to twenty centavos (nine or ten cents), now sells for sixty centavos a pound; and other articles of food have advanced in like ratio.

"Why is this, Sancho?" said one of the old-timers who lived in Manila under Spanish rule. "You were satisfied with your wages before. Why will you not work for the same price for Mr. So-and-So now?"

"Ah, *señor*," was the reply, "the Spanish were our superiors, but the Americans are our equals, so that we want more money."

That spirit seems to prevail on all sides. Old residents who know the ropes, and a few new ones who have learned them, insist upon keeping their servants as such, get reasonably good service, and at the old rate.

"If anything goes wrong in my home during the week," said one of these to

closely built with two-story structures, in which may be found native, American, Chinese, Japanese, and East Indian merchants selling practically everything that one wants, but at almost prohibitive prices, owing to the heavy duties imposed. When you come to take an American product at the price it commands in a



THE HOPE OF THE PHILIPPINES—A CLASS OF NATIVE BOYS IN THE NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL, MANILA

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

me, "I line up the servants on Sunday morning and give them a clubbing. If things simply go all right, their reward is that they do not get kicked."

This principle is at total variance with that followed by the government in its dealings with the Filipinos. Chastisement of an employee subjects the master to a heavy fine under the law. And so the servants are learning little by little to do as they please.

The retail business center of Manila lies without the walls of the city, in the Escolta. This is a short thoroughfare

protected country, add to that the cost of transportation and the further tariff impost on entering the islands, the result is a scale of prices that would cause a Fifth Avenue merchant to blush.

Some day, when Manila, with its relics of old Spanish architecture, becomes known as an interesting city to visit, guide-books will be printed which will tell all about the *ayuntamiento*, or government building, with its marble hall, where public hearings are held, and with its striking statue of Magellan at the head of the broad stairs. They



ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE MONUMENTS OF THE SPANISH RÉGIME IN MANILA—THE BINONDO CHURCH AND CONVENT

From a photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

will describe in detail the rich old Malacanan palace, once the residence of the Spanish governors with their armies of retainers; to-day the official home of the American governor-general. They will describe the many famous bridges which connect the walled city with the various suburbs surrounding it; but above all they will call attention to the churches—the cathedral, the church of Binondo,

and those of San Sebastian and San Francisco.

The American régime may fill up the obsolete moat and tear down the ancient wall; it may enact sanitary codes and plan new residential suburbs; but it will always respect and preserve the noble old fane that are the most impressive monuments of the bygone era of Spanish rule at Manila.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT IN PARIS

BY VANCE THOMPSON

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL—THE MOST INTERESTING FIGURES IN PARISIAN PUBLIC LIFE, IN SOCIETY, IN ART, IN LITERATURE, AND ON THE STAGE

AFTER all, cities are not made of iron and stone. Paris does not consist of the thirty-one bridges and the shining boulevards and the great Champs Elysées. What is really Parisian is the intellectual life, which is perhaps the most violent that man may find to live anywhere upon the contemporary globe. And how far-flung Parisian influence is! What is thought or done in science and art and democracy at the heart of this spider-web, trembles along innumerable filaments to every spot on earth. The mere silk rag that some pretty woman twists up into a fashion takes its way across the world.

More truly than ever Rome was, Paris is cosmopolis.

Artists and scientists, players and reformers, come up to her from the four homes of the wind. And in this open land, where folk live out of doors, one has only to walk abroad or loiter in the cafés, to see, sooner or later, the people who are talked about.

Shall we stroll out and see the Parisians?

Now and then we may knock at an imposing door and have word with a statesman; or look into an artist's studio; or pause in the Parc des Princes to hear the click of dueling-swords; and



ÉMILE LOUBET, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC



ARMAND FALLIÈRES, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC



MAURICE ROUVIER, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, THE REAL RULER OF FRANCE



THÉOPHILE DELCASSÉ, WHO RESIGNED THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE MOROCCO CONTROVERSY

so, in one way or another, make notable acquaintances.

PRESIDENTS OF TODAY AND OF YESTERDAY

Armand Fallières has lately come to the Elysée Palace, and Krüllé-Loubet has left it. You may see the new president almost any day, for no other chief of a state is more good-naturedly democratic than the head of the French Republic. He goes driving down the boulevards of his loyal city in an unostentatious equipage, behind which two detectives race on bicycles. Meanwhile Loubet toddles about the streets, peering into the shop-windows, an um-

brella under his arm. This good, gray little man—in personal appearance he is a counterpart of Andrew Carnegie—has ended his term of office no richer than he began it, and has rented a quiet

apartment over in the unfashionable Latin Quarter, where he will lead the life of any other modest citizen. A stone's throw away is the garret where he spent his student days—a pleasant memory.

There is another ex-president of whom much is said, M. Casimir-Périer. When the history of these days is written, it will tell a dark story of his flight from power. The last time I saw him was the night when the German ambassador



MAURICE BERTHEAUX, WHO IN NOVEMBER LAST RESIGNED THE WAR PORTFOLIO IN M. ROUVIER'S CABINET

opened to society his gloomy old mansion in the Rue de Lille. M. Casimir-Périer was sad and silent, as usual. Scarcely any one regarded him. Finally Zadoc Kahn, the patriarchal grand rabbi of France, joined him, and one pointed out to the other a mirror through which a bullet, fired in the days of the Commune, had drilled a clean hole. The Rothschild of the moment went up to look at it. This was the new baron, who has just inherited the two hundred million dollars of old Alphonse. He has the reddish hair that marks many of the Rothschilds; he is small, feeble—a cynical contrast to the might of his gold.

THE REAL RULER OF FRANCE

The most important man in France to-day is M. Rouvier, president of the council and minister of foreign affairs,



AUGUSTE RODIN, THE FOREMOST OF LIVING
FRENCH SCULPTORS



EMMANUEL POIRE ("CARAN D'ACHE"), THE
FAMOUS PARISIAN CARICATURIST

the veritable ruler of the republic. He is a muscular man, on whose thick torso is set the head of an amiable Mephistopheles. A clear-thinking statesman, an adroit parliamentarian, he maintains his equilibrium on the swaying tight-rope of power, in spite of nationalists and hungry socialists. Indolent rulers there are and strenuous ones; none quite so philosophically indifferent as M. Rouvier. He was talking of a ruler who is, for the present, the most talked-of man in the world; and he said:

"He who exercises authority ought never to be popular"—a phrase in which there is much disdainful wisdom.

No present member of M. Rouvier's cabinet has attracted so much popular attention as a statesman who recently left it—M. Berteaux, the former minister of war. In private life he is a stock-broker and unheroically rich; but he used to play the part of war-lord with uncommon seriousness. No one stands so straight. Heavy-jowled and pompous, he does not walk; he parades. It is in his mind that he may yet be President of France.

JAURES, THE SOCIALIST LEADER

Quite as typically French, and more picturesque, is Jean Jaurès, the great so-



FERNAND LABORI, THE DEFENDER OF DREYFUS



JEAN JAURÈS, THE SOCIALIST LEADER

cialist, the people's tribune. He is large and gross in build, with stooping shoulders, and a great mass of hair running all over his face and head. Neither a thinker nor a student, he owes his popularity to his prodigious, unceasing, torrential eloquence. If you remember how the waters came down in Southey's poem, you know exactly what a Jaurès oration is. Only in the Latin world are such prodigal talkers honored.

Jaurès comes from an old middle-class family, and entered public life as a conservative. Since he joined the radicals his rise has been extraordinary. In the war upon the church and the settled forms of government he led the forces of the Reds. Curiously enough, while he was battering

down the convents and harrying the monks, his own daughter was being educated by the nuns; so difficult is militant socialism for the married man!

DELCASSE AS A STATESMAN AND DUELIST

Do you remember—it is recent history still—how M. Delcassé, the minister of foreign affairs, was tossed into the outer darkness by reason of the quarrel with Germany over Morocco? At one moment he was in the blaze of the limelight. The press of the world rang with his name. He had won for France the friendship of England; he had made a friend of Italy, and had virtually isolated the haughty German Empire in Europe. He was ranked with Witte and Von Bülow and



ALFRED DREYFUS, WHOSE MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES ARE A THEME FOR PARISIAN GOSSIP

the great diplomatists. German anger threatened war, and Rouvier found nothing better to do than to throw Delcassé as a sop to the Kaiser. So he was put outside the door, and silence settled around him. In his modest flat in the Boulevard de Clichy he waits—the grim little man; and some day or other Paris will talk of him again.

I have always believed in Delcassé since I saw him fight his famous duel.

There was some trouble in finding a place for the fight. Having tried in vain the Parc des Princes, and even, I believe, the Grande Jatte, the seconds pitched upon a barn-like gymnasium in

pale silk shirt. When it was time to go on with the duel, his seconds had to pluck him off the trapeze; whereupon he snatched up his sword and went nimbly to work, like a baby *d'Artagnan*.

Another Parisian who has figured as a duelist is Comte Boni de Castellane,



VICTORIEN SARDOU, THE VETERAN FRENCH PLAYWRIGHT

Neuilly. It was a duel of swords. Every now and then the "director of the combat" ordered a breathing-spell, and the duelists laid by their weapons and rested. Then there was the vision, forever memorable, of Delcassé, that the time might not be wasted, swinging, by way of exercise, on a trapeze—a small, gnomish man in black trousers and a



EDMOND ROSTAND, AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" AND "L'AIGLON"

whose marriage to Miss Anna Gould has turned out so unhappily. For a long while his debts and extravagances have amused Paris; yet he is not simply an idle fop and nothing more. There has been good sense in his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies. Of course he belongs to the old conservative party, which thinks that one may have a tolerable republic without burning down all the churches and hanging all the aristocrats to the lamp-post; and so, apart from his matrimonial difficulties, his political future is not extremely bright.

THE DEFENDER OF DREYFUS

In this world of statesmen and publicists there is one man—dark and fervid



CLÉO DE MÉRODE, WHO HAS THE CALM BEAUTY
OF A BEGUIN NUN



RÉJANE, WHO DRIVES A CHARIOT DRAWN BY
FOUR MULES

—whose name you will often hear. This is Fernand Labori. Half a dozen years ago he was defending Dreyfus in the great court-martial at Rennes; defending him with a vigor that amazed the Anglo-Saxon onlookers. When it was all over, he and Dreyfus quarreled. Why? Neither would tell. The most Labori ever said was:

"There were honest folk on both sides. We thought we were fighting for

an ideal, and to-day we realize that all that has come of it is moral anarchy."

With Zola, too, and many another, Dreyfus ceased all friendly relations. It was a mystery that long interested the curious Parisians. The last time I saw Dreyfus he stood within three feet of Colonel Picquart—gentlest and least soldierly of men—who more than any one else had rescued him from Devil's Island. Neither gave the slightest sign



JEAN MOUNET-SULLY, OF THE COMÉDIE
FRANÇAISE

From a photograph



ERNEST ALEXANDRE COQUELIN (COQUELIN
CADET), OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

From a photograph by Dawson, London

that he knew the other. And Dreyfus you would have hardly recognized. He has grown fat and rosy. With his looks his name has changed. The man of whom the whole world talked is no longer Alfred Dreyfus; the name he is called by—the name he signs to his letters—is Pierre Dauze.

Maître Labori was in the public eye

the old Duc de Chartres rarely stirs abroad from Chantilly. Far better known in Paris is his son, Prince Jean d'Orléans, the strapping six-foot-two guardsman who married the Princess Isabella. His sister is married to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and he served in the Danish army as private and officer. A sterling fellow, this prince of



Mlle. OTÉRO, THE SPANISH DANCER, WHO IS A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN PARIS

From a photograph by Boissonnas & Taronier, Paris



SARAH BERNHARDT, THE MOST FAMOUS ACTRESS OF THE CONTEMPORARY FRENCH STAGE

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

for a while when he defended those droll and colossal swindlers, the Humberts. Lately he has been defending Major McBride, the Irish patriot, against Miss Maude Gonne, also an Irish patriot—a divorce case which may be said to hinge upon incompatibility of patriotism.

FRANCE'S THRONELESS ROYALTIES

Of French royalty Paris sees little; the "pretenders" are all in exile; and

the blood. Moreover, he has a sense of humor. I heard him describe a scene at the palace in Copenhagen. We had an American minister there who had come from some backwoods region, an amiable, tobacco-chewing politician who made himself at home everywhere. He rather amused King Christian, who was a grandfatherly old democrat; but on this occasion the Czar had come on a visit, in his yacht the *Polar Star*.



MAURICE MAETERLINCK, THE BELGIAN-FARISIAN
PLAYWRIGHT AND POET



CATULLE MENDÈS, POET, NOVELIST, AND
PLAYWRIGHT

Of course, the young emperor was received with all the pomp and ceremony that the old king could devise. Only royalty was invited, together with a few high Danish functionaries. In spite of this, our good man from the backwoods arrived, his good wife on his arm. He

got past the amazed flunkies, and made his way to the Danish minister of foreign affairs.

"My wife kind o' thought she'd like to meet the Czar," he said, "so I brought her along."

"But you can't do that, you know,"



JULES CLARETIE, DIRECTOR OF THE COMEDIE
FRANÇAISE



ANATOLE FRANCE, LITTÉRATEUR AND MEMBER
OF THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE

said the minister. "You will have to ask for an audience through the grand chamberlain."

"Git out!" said our American diplomat. "That's him now, ain't it?"

He pushed his way through the assembly, his faithful wife on his arm, to where the Czar stood.

"Czar," he said, and touched him on the shoulder, "I want to introduce my wife to you. Czar, this is Mrs. ——"

But why should I write the name? In due course of time the good man was recalled to his farm-lands. The story lives, however; it has been told in every court in Europe and always royalty laughs—finding it droll, very droll indeed.

Some time when you are walking in the Rue de Rivoli pause for a moment and glance up at the balcony of the Hôtel Continental. You may see a little, weazened old woman there, dressed in rusty black, with widow's weeds. Of her Paris talked mightily once upon a time; for that old lady is the Empress Eugénie. She stands looking out on the gardens of the Tuileries, where once her palace was—where once she reigned in greater splendor than any queen of them all; a dreary, pathetic figure; a text for a sermon on fallen greatness.

There is no one who fits so well into the gossip of the day as the old Duchesse d'Uzès. Her deer-hunts and her hounds, her contempt for democracy—she it was who created General Boulanger and almost overturned the republic—and her extravagant charities make her one of the most picturesque figures of the Old World.

WHERE MEN OF LETTERS FOREGATHER

In the Boulevard des Italiens, not very far from the Place de l'Opéra—which is the center of things—there is a café famous in its way. Others are more splendidly new; others are more historic; but the Café Napolitain, in these days, is haunted by the men of letters—those, at least, of Parisian habits. Between five o'clock and seven they gather there for the *apéritif* of absinthe or vermouth.

The fat man, overflowing a chair by the window, is Catulle Mendès. Once there was no man quite so handsome as

he—blond and slim; and he was called the "wickedest man in Paris." Perhaps it was a slander; anyhow, that day has long gone by. Fat and gray and faded, he sips his rum and water and declaims the merits of his latest play. That smart old man who stops to have a word with him is Jules Claretie, head of the Comédie Française, the national theater. Claretie is the friend of all men. In Paris, not to have an enemy is a distinction. You will notice another distinction. M. Claretie's nose is as peculiar as Thackeray's was; only his, instead of being broken, is long and formidable, and slants curiously across his face. Do you care to hear what the director of the Comédie Française is saying?

"The life of Paris is a farce without any *entr'actes*—an interminable piece that goes on forever, day and night."

He has said better things.

Paul Bourget does not come as he did in the old days. Cloistered in his home in the Rue Barbey de Jouy, he writes and writes—page after endless page of beautiful, white, gelatinous prose; or he travels for "subjects." And Rostand, too, has deserted the café, since he became an academician and acquired thus a fortieth part of immortality; but this afternoon he comes idly by for your especial benefit. An enormously long frock coat is buttoned round his lean figure; a black stock upholds his head; when he takes off his big, soft hat you observe that he is bald—not so bald as ordinary men are, but hairless on top as a porcelain cup. With all that he looks the poet—not the gay and joyous poet of "Cy-rano de Bergerac," but a poet who should have written many an ode to melancholy and dyspepsia.

SARDOU, MAETERLINCK, AND FRANCE

It is a pretty sense of contrast that sends the old, old playwright Sardou creeping down the boulevard at this moment. His historic skull-cap is covered with a hat, which shades his shrewd, wrinkled face.

"*Tiens, c'est Sardou,*" the young writers say carelessly; for Sardou has outlived his glory, and fashion has forsaken his clamorous old plays.

Yonder plump man, with the blond mustache and the big shoulders, has the glory now. In his short jacket and pot hat, with his yellow gloves and glass-headed cane, he looks like a commercial traveler—perhaps for wooden tooth-picks or a patent gas-burner. It is Maurice Maeterlinck, poet of dreams and moonlight, whose plays are mystic as the gray Flanders whence he came to conquer Paris. He glances at the small men—not yet illustrious—around the little tables on the sidewalk under the awning; and turns away.

There runs up to him a vivacious old man, smartly dressed, with a silk hat on his gray head. The mustache, too, is gray, and so is the little pointed beard. He gives Maeterlinck both his hands; then he takes them away to gesticulate with. And this is Anatole Thibault, who did not find his paternal name to his liking, and assumed the splendid name of France. And how fine a name it is—Anatole France! It reminds one of a silver trumpet—or of the silver books he has written.

THREE FAMOUS PARISIAN ACTRESSES

Having paid for our coffee and tipped the waiter, we may leave the café to the little men, not yet illustrious. For Réjane passes. She sits smiling in a great yellow-bellied chariot, drawn by four mules, the harness clanking with copper. All this—a sight as familiar to Paris as the Eiffel Tower—is said to be a gift from his majesty of Portugal. More than any other actress, Réjane is capable of giving the stranger an exact idea of the *Parisienne* of the upper middle class. But then every one has seen Réjane; just as every one has seen Sarah Bernhardt.

In order really to see Sarah, however, one should take her off the stage and install her in her home, which is the apotheosis of gilt and bronze, of velvet and tapestry, in the Boulevard Péreire. And in that house there is one room into which she fits best. There are all the books she has written, all the pictures she has painted, and all the statues she has modeled, by dozens and scores. You do not wholly believe she made them all—or any of them? Cynic that you are! Did you not know she was a miracle-

worker? And as she comes running in, trailing yards of creamy lace, with outstretched hands and a laughing face, you recognize that her greatest miracle is that of being sixty and looking twenty-five. Even if it is only a miracle of henna and enamel and rouge, it is none the less notable.

But there have been bitter hours in the house of Sarah. Many of the players are decorated—Mounet-Sully and Le Bargy, for instance; and Coquelin of the Comédie Française is an officer of the Legion of Honor—but Mme. Bernhardt has not yet received her bit of red ribbon. Worse was to befall. Last summer Mme. Bartet, the first actress of the House of Molière, was made a *chevalier* of the Legion. Sarah wrote stormy letters to the newspapers, proclaiming her own right to the distinction; but no one heeded.

It is true that Mme. Bartet stands quite apart from the noisier players whose names are beaten in the public press like cymbals. Her art is fine and pure. She ranks with Mounet-Sully, that great artist, who has the force and serenity of an antique statue. Mme. Bartet has created the leading rôles in almost all the masterpieces of the modern French stage; it has been the glory of Mounet-Sully to compel Parisians to accept Shakespeare. With his *Hamlet*, the Shakespearian drama became a part of the intellectual heritage of France.

WHAT PARIS TALKS ABOUT

Long ago it was pointed out by Rabalais that the Parisians are more easily drawn together by a fiddler, or by a mule with bells, than by an evangelical preacher—a peculiarity they still retain. He who can sing a song, paint a picture, write a play or act it, is sure of as much fame as the generals who win—or lose—the country's battles. Indeed, few Parisians know General Brugère, the head of the army, or the old sea-dog, Four-nier; every one knows the artists.

Where three or four are gathered together they talk of Bouguereau's death, of Henner's death, of Gérôme's death—of the passing of all those who made illustrious the last few decades of the old century. One by one they are dropping off, the artists who were universally

known. Of that generation two only remain, Claude Monet and Rodin the sculptor. And Monet lives far from Paris. His home is at Giverny, a village in the Eure. Round him a little colony of American painters has settled, Mac-Monnies and others. There it was he painted those famous poplar trees. An old man, now, and Rodin, too, is old. Yet only yesterday some of us went to the sculptor's big studio on the heights of Meudon to see the marble bas-relief he had just made for the tomb of Rollinat, the poet.

But Paris does not talk of him, talking rather of Caran d'Ache, whose caricatures grin from the pages of the *Journal*. I dare say Paris is right. The gaiety of life is the best part of it. Caran d'Ache, when he is not distorting the

line, paints grimly marvelous pictures of the Napoleonic epic, and Forain and Abel Faivre and Veber have sent to the Salon many a work of serious merit.

Since Whistler died we have had no American painter who bulked big over the art world of Paris. Painters we have by the score—such good men as Harrison and Seymour Thomas and Lionel Walden; but Whistler was more than an artist; he was a leading actor in the human comedy.

What do they talk of in Paris?

Artists and players and Portuguese mules with copper bells; or actors and the pretty woman of the moment, be she Cléo de Mérode, who has the calm beauty of a Beguin nun, or that wild girl Otéro—of these things the Parisians talk to-day, as they did in the long ago.

WHEN SPRING COMES DOWN THE WILDWOOD WAY

WHEN Spring comes down the wildwood way,
A crocus in her ear,
Sweet in her train, returned with May,
The Love of Yesteryear
Will come, loud caroling his lay—
His lyric lay
Whose music she will hear,
Her heart will heed and hear.

The crowfoot in the grass shall glow,
And lamp his way with gold;
The snowdrop toss its bells of snow,
The bluebell's blue unfold,
To glad the path that Love shall go—
High-hearted go
As often in the days of old,
The happy days of old.

The way he went when hope was keen,
Was high in girl and boy;
Before the sad world came between
Their young hearts and their joy;
Their hearts that love has still kept clean—
Kept whole and clean
Through all the years' annoy,
The weary years' annoy.

How long it seems until the spring!
Until his heart shall speak
To hers again, and make it sing,
And with its great joy weak!
When on her hand he'll place the ring—
The wedding-ring,
And kiss her mouth and cheek,
Her red, red mouth and cheek!

SOME GREAT OLD PLAYS

III—"RIP VAN WINKLE"

BY JAMES L. FORD

THE FAMOUS DRAMA WHICH THE LATE JOSEPH JEFFERSON PLAYED ALMOST CONTINUOUSLY FOR FORTY YEARS, AND WHICH IS LIKELY TO SURVIVE ON OUR STAGE FOR GENERATIONS TO COME

NOT long ago Joseph Jefferson, generally regarded as the leading player of his country and generation, passed away, full of years and honors. Discussion of his career and professional achievements drew attention to the fact that the great fame which is universally accorded to him, and the large fortune which he left behind him, were gained entirely from one drama, in which he had appeared almost continuously during a period of forty years. It is true that from time to time he tried other plays and other parts—notably that of *Bob Acres* in "The Rivals"; but he invariably returned to "Rip Van Winkle," on which his fame as an actor will always rest.

So much has been said and written of this remarkable drama, of the "genial personality" of the actor, and of the mellow and ripened art by which he reached the hearts of his auditors, that we need not here discuss Mr. Jefferson's precise position as a player. But although much may be said in his praise, the plain truth is that the laurels that he won were due not so much to his own spontaneous efforts as to the coldly calculating skill of one of the most adroit stage craftsmen of modern times.

"The Rivals" is an infinitely better piece of work, judged as a play, than "Rip Van Winkle"; but the latter is a

far more "durable" drama, so far as modern audiences are concerned. It is a striking example of genuine "heart interest"—always an elusive and intangible quality—distilled by a purely mechanical process. It is by no means the best of the few dramas of heart interest that have made a deep impression on the present generation of playgoers; but it has lived longer than any other, and has probably more years of activity still before it. Certainly it has touched more sympathetic hearts and caused more tears to flow, than even "The Two Orphans," which was a veritable tear-duct during its long stay at the Union Square Theater. I fully believe that other successful impersonators of *Rip* will arise, and that the piece which served Joseph Jefferson so well will survive for generations to come.

THE ORIGIN OF "RIP VAN WINKLE"

To study the history of "Rip Van Winkle," we must go back to the very moment of its appearance in the form of a story; for even then it was regarded by stage folk as possessing the essentials of a good play, and many were the attempts to dramatize and stage it. Washington Irving tried to make a version of it himself; but as he was a literary man rather than a dramatist, and therefore placed a higher value on what his char-

EDITOR'S NOTE The first article of this series, on "The Two Orphans," appeared in the October (1905) issue of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, and the second, on "The Banker's Daughter," in the November number. A fourth, on "A Celebrated Case," will be published later.

acters said than on what they did, what he wrote turned out to be merely his own story arranged in the form of a dialogue.

Other attempts, some of them more successful, followed Irving's. Among them we have record of a drama called "Rip Van Winkle," which was written by an Englishman named Bale Bernard for the elder Hackett, and was played by that actor for several seasons. Still another version used in the first half of the last century served as a vehicle for Joseph Jefferson, father of the Joseph Jefferson whose fame is so closely interwoven with that of the play. Coming down to our own time, we find the story turned into a comic opera by Planquette, and performed in every country of Europe. The late Fred Leslie, one of the most accomplished and graceful of singing comedians, made a great hit as *Rip* in London, and played the part for some years.

To theater-goers of the present generation, who know the play only through the medium of Mr. Jefferson's interpretation, "Rip Van Winkle" is, as I have said, essentially a drama of heart interest. While likely to win many laughs, it is absolutely sure of the tribute of falling tears at the moment in which *Rip* is turned out into the storm. People may be seen coming from a performance of the play with happy smiles which belie their red and watery eyes, and show plainly that they have seen a drama which struck deep into their hearts. And yet Washington Irving's story can be read without a tear. The play owes its most pathetic appeal not to the work of Irving, but to that of Dion Boucicault. It was not until that master of stagecraft took hold of it that "Rip Van Winkle" became one of the great plays of modern times.

JEFFERSON'S FIRST VERSION OF "RIP"

In his delightful book of reminiscences, Mr. Jefferson has told us how he first came to think of playing the part with which his name will always be identified. In the summer of 1859, the actor was spending his vacation in a quaint, old-fashioned Dutch farmhouse among the Pocono hills in Pennsylvania. One rainy day he took two

or three volumes of Irving's works under his arm, and went up into the hay-mow to read. While poring over the "Life and Letters" of the great writer, he was inexpressibly surprised and pleased to come across a passage in which Irving spoke of seeing him as *Goldfinch*, in "The Road to Ruin," and paid him a high compliment for his performance of the part. From this he turned with a new interest to "Rip Van Winkle," which was in one of the other volumes.

He read the familiar sketch through from beginning to end, hoping, as many and many an actor had hoped before him, to find in it a play that would suit his purpose. At the end he closed the book with a feeling of disappointment, for the tale was purely narrative and descriptive, and not in the least dramatic. He could see the silver Hudson and the quaint, gabled roofs of the old Dutch houses, but the character of *Rip* was merely a sketch with scarcely anything to say, despite the fact that the waif of Sleepy Hollow had already impressed his individuality on the whole world.

Nevertheless, in fancy he still continued to see himself, in rags and tatters, awaking from his twenty years' sleep. He determined to find out if anything could be done dramatically with Irving's fascinating but simple recital of a legend that had its origin, so far as is known, in Germany, and that may possibly be as old as the Decalogue.

Contrary to usual custom, Mr. Jefferson tells us, he put the cart before the horse, and began his work of dramatization by visiting New York and procuring a quantity of mildewed cloth and leather, with which to construct his dress for the last act. Then he procured printed copies of three existing stage versions of the book, each one of which was in two acts, and set about the task of constructing a four-act drama. In the older versions the spirits sang and talked; but he decided that in the scene in which they appear no one but *Rip* should utter a word, and the hero's part was so arranged as to consist of his own reflections and of questions which could be answered by "Yes" or "No." Mr. Jefferson's first act was constructed of commonplace domestic material, but he

realized that from the moment of *Rip's* meeting with the ghosts of Hendrik Hudson and his crew, and the consequent introduction of the supernatural element, all colloquial dialogue must cease, and the character must lift itself to a higher plane.

It was in the fall of 1859 that Mr. Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" was first acted in Philadelphia, under the management of John T. Raymond. The attempt proved at once encouraging and disappointing. To quote the actor's own words:

"The spiritual quality was there, but the human interest was wanting."

BOUCICAULT'S SHARE IN "RIP"

The final alterations and additions were made five years later by Dion Boucicault. Mr. Boucicault could not have devoted much time to the work of clothing *Rip* in effective dramatic form, for Mr. Jefferson arrived in London in June, 1865, and the piece was produced, practically in its present shape, in September of the same year at the Adelphi Theater, where it ran for one hundred and seventy nights. It is certain, however, that the playwright saw at a glance what was lacking in Mr. Jefferson's arrangement, for when his work was placed upon the boards it was found to contain that essential quality of heart interest which it had not possessed before.

It would be a difficult matter at this late day to determine precisely how much of the present "Rip Van Winkle" is due to Mr. Jefferson's work as a dramatist, apart from what he contributed as an actor, and how much credit belongs to Mr. Boucicault. But we cannot consider the play carefully without realizing the vast difference between literature and the drama—between that which is said and that which is done upon the stage; and we must inevitably reach the conclusion that without the craft of Mr. Boucicault, not even Mr. Jefferson's skill and power and tenderness as an actor could have made the piece interesting.

It is commonly believed that Mr. Jefferson made "Rip Van Winkle" popular by sheer force of his own personality, seconded by his histrionic abilities. The truth is that although the play can-

not be said to have made him, for he was a fine actor long before he assumed *Rip's* tattered clothes and long white beard, it certainly made his fortune and established his reputation. Other players have also enacted the part with marked success. One of them, an actor of intelligence and experience, assured me that any one who really knew his business could get as many laughs and tears as Mr. Jefferson could, though he might not give a performance as finished and powerful as that of the famous veteran.

Be this as it may, a study of the play as it stands, the completed work of Boucicault and Jefferson, is well worth the while of any one interested in the art of dramatic construction.

A VAGABOND MADE LOVABLE

The great difficulty with which every would-be adapter of Irving's story has had to contend lies in the fact that its hero is a worthless vagabond and drunkard, who hangs about the village tavern, carousing with his fellows, or spends his time in hunting and fishing, while his wife stays at home and does all the hard work. To make a character of this sort acceptable to women, many of whom may know from experience what it is to have a drunken husband, father, or son, was the most difficult part of the problem, and evidently Boucicault realized from the very first that this should be his point of attack. In fact, the entire first and second acts of the play, as he reconstructed it, are devoted to the important work of "squaring" the drunken vagabond of a hero with the feminine element in the audience, to which he must appeal for sympathy—for men are quite indulgent and forgiving when such faults as *Rip's* are in question.

It cannot be denied that in the difficult task of winning forgiveness and sympathy from hearts that would naturally be steeled against drunkenness and idleness, Mr. Jefferson's winning personality, sweet smile, and theatric skill played a most important part; but, after all, it is to the dramatist rather than to the actor that a play usually owes its power, and this one is no exception to the general rule. The "squaring" process begins almost with the rise of

the curtain, which shows the gathering-place of *Rip's* cronies, and frankly reveals the hero as an idle, good-for-nothing loafer, albeit a cheery and good-natured one. Having shown him to us at his worst, the dramatist proceeds most artfully to let us know that *Rip* is not so bad as we might think. The children come trooping about him, and he is kind to them, as well as to the dog who is never seen.

The next step in the "squaring" process brings us to *Rip's* home, and shows him married to a termagant, a character of a sort that finds favor with neither masculine nor feminine spectators. The hearts of the women in the audience have already begun to soften toward the incorrigible idler, and when they see the squalid home in which he lives, and hear the harsh, nagging voice in which he is scolded and abused by *Dame Van Winkle*, they say to themselves:

"If that man had only had a good wife, he would not have left his home to carouse in the village inn."

Even the most devout believer in temperance will now begin to blame the wife for her husband's weaknesses, not reflecting that *Mrs. Rip's* temper may possibly have been soured by living with a man who, no matter how kind he might be to the invisible dog and the stage children, is certainly not what the country folk call a "good provider."

A CLEVER APPEAL FOR SYMPATHY

This method of gaining sympathy for an undeserving object is not entirely unknown on the modern stage. A very good example of it is to be found in the American version of "*Zaza*." In this play, it will be remembered, we are taken to the home of *Zaza's* lover, where, just before *Zaza* herself appears, the wife of the man she loves is revealed to us in such a light that even the sternest moralist is certain to feel his heart soften toward the two lovers.

I have often wondered, when I have seen hard-visaged women sniveling over the well-deserved woes of *Rip Van Winkle*, what they would say if they realized how the dramatist was cheating their reasoning powers by an adroit appeal to their emotions.

It is quite obvious that such a mis-

mated couple as the *Van Winkles* cannot continue together; but how to separate them is another problem that needed a trained dramatist to solve. If *Rip* were to put his wife out of the house, he would lose every particle of the sympathy so craftily gained for him; while if she were to close her door against him, a large proportion of the audience would declare that she had served him right. Now, everybody knows that there is scarcely a woman alive who does not carry in her heart an awful fear of a thunder-storm, and it is on this fear that the dramatist artfully builded when he determined to have his hero thrust out of doors to an accompaniment of falling rain, awful crashes of thunder, and blinding flashes of lightning. This scene never fails to dispel from the feminine heart any remaining vestige of resentment toward *Rip*.

The next act, which shows us the scene in the mountains with the ghostly crew, serves to heighten our pity for the vagabond rejected by his own kind and beset by supernatural terrors. In the last act he is shown awakening from his long sleep, his clothes in tatters, his beard long, unkempt, and snow-white, his rusty and crumbling fowling-piece beside him, and the bones of his dog, Schneider, lying at his feet. With so pathetic a picture before us, how could we feel anything but sympathetic pity for poor *Rip*?

In the last scene of all, that in which *Rip* returns to his native village to find all his old cronies dead and gone, and a portrait of General Washington replacing that of George III on the inn's sign-post, the dramatist has plain sailing. His hero is by this time an object of universal compassion; and he has another strong card in the fact that while no one on the stage can understand that *Rip* has been asleep for twenty years, everybody in the audience knows all about it. And it is interesting to note that in this last act *Rip* shows no inclination to break his twenty years' thirst. The falling curtain leaves him, for aught we know to the contrary, a thoroughly reformed man, cured forever of his taste for alcohol, and prepared to pass the remainder of his days in a decent and respectable manner.

THE MALLET'S MASTERPIECE

BY EDWARD H. PEPLE

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE CHAP" AND "THE DOG AND THE UNDER DOG"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES M. RELYEA

IN Melos it was, the ancient city perched like a snow-cap on a mountain-head, its temples and peristyles a chiseled line of white against the sky. From the city's feet the terraced slopes reached down to bathe in the waters of the Aegean Sea—the sea that stretched away to a rim of nothingness, dotted with countless islands peeping from the waves, specked with colored sails, or cut by the prows of triremes, leaping to the beat of a hundred oars. Over all a midday sun hung poised, beckoning to the vanguard of a timid spring.

On a hill's crest sat the house of Philotias, a sculptor whose fame was whispered even unto Athens, whose name, in the gossip of nobles at the baths, was linked with that of Praxiteles. A low-walled garden faced the south, where warm winds lured his flowers forth and fanned their fragrance through the open halls; and from here a visitor might step within, inspect the spacious rooms, and pass beyond into the bright brown street which led to the little theater, and farther on to the palace of Memmiades, King of Melos, on the highest hill of all.

Across the sculptor's central hall ran a double row of Corinthian columns, supporting the roof with their carven capitals; and here four heavy curtains hung, in the form of a square enclosure—a room within a room, and guarded jealously, for in it a secret lay, concealed from every eye save that of Philotias alone. Above was an opening in the roof, admitting light, yet shaded by a party-colored canopy, beneath which the sculptor was wont to toil till the day grew old and darkness forced the mallet from his hand.

King Memmiades had promised a prize to him who should carve a statue worthy to hold the place of honor in the entrance-way of the tiny marble theater; and in Melos a score of sculptors vied among themselves to wear the wreath of fame. Till the king and his judges passed upon the winning work, no alien eye might look upon it; therefore each contestant wrought in secret, striving to set his cunning handicraft above the arts of other men.

Thus, in the home of Philotias, no slaves passed to and fro to distract the master's thought; the halls were silent save for echoes from the distant street and the clinking of a chisel as it bit its way to fame. Then came a trespasser.

Fair she was, a youthful maiden, with the saucy mien of one who fears not, knowing that the gates of love are open to her nod. She was clothed in a soft, white robe, its border edged with silver, while a jeweled girdle caught it at the waist. With one small hand she grasped her skirt, displaying tiny sandals which made no sound upon the tiles, and in the other she swung a full-blown rose.

For a moment she paused in doubt, tripped to the curtain, listening; then, with merriment suppressed, she tossed her flower within, fled, and hid herself behind a fluted column.

The sound of the chisel ceased. Philotias stepped forth, a look of wonder in his boyish eyes. His short gray tunic was open at the throat; his arms were bare, his dark locks thrust away from his glistening brow. His right hand held a heavy wooden mallet, and in his left he bore the maiden's rose. He glanced from right to left, till suddenly he spied the

fold of a fluttering robe; then he smiled, and began to stare at the opening in his roof.

"Zeus!" he cried. "Do flowers drop from out the skies?" At a peal of silvery laughter he wheeled about, dropping his mallet to the floor and stretching out his hands. "Adonia!"

Again she laughed as she came toward him.

"And did you think a spy had crept along your roof to peep upon this secret work?"

"Aye," he replied, in mock solemnity, "a very villain—a spy so dangerous that I would hold her prisoner here, lest another claim her in captivity."

"Yet tell me in truth," Adonia begged, as she took his hands, "what fancy came when my flower tumbled at your feet?"

"That from the finger-tips of Hera fell the petals of a rose; and each I kissed, as I kiss each finger-tip."

"Nay, silver-tongue," she chided, while she drew her hands from beneath his lips, "my rose was tossed to wake your memory of a maid who waits for three long days, yet Philotias comes not. He sleeps—to dream of a sculptor's prize—and, sleeping, forgets the maid."

There was sadness in her tone, a sadness which he sought to soothe away.

"Forget you? No, Adonia, no! In toil my chisel ever lisps your name, and with each mallet-stroke I cut away another moment from the hours that hold our lives apart. To-morrow the work is done; and then——"

"To-morrow!" she sighed. "To-morrow! And yet *I* came to-day."

"Ah, dear one," he sighed in turn, "then the pain of reproach is doubly hard to bear. You came alone?"

She turned upon him roguishly.

"And may the daughter of Memmiades not journey as she wills to—to greet a friend?"

"Friend!" he cried. "What? Friend?"

"Nay, lover then," she answered, as she placed her hands upon his shoulders, looking deep into his eyes. "Yet is the name of friend not sweet if one be faithful to the name? I thought to be angry, but you steal away my anger, too."

"Wherein the thief hath wisdom," the sculptor laughed. She turned away, but

he followed her, and asked: "Your slaves and maidens, where are they?"

"Yonder," she answered, pointing to the sun-lit street. "I bade them tarry in the temple's shade, for my words to-day are for you alone."

"Ah!" he smiled. "It is so I love you best of all."

"And yet," she hastened to deny, "I would not thus have come to—to swell your vanity, save for causes troublous and grave."

"Oho! And the chief of these——?"

"Is jealousy."

The sculptor's boyish merriment rang out till the birds in the garden fluttered from the shrubs and winged their way to safety beyond the wall.

"Jealousy!" he cried. "In the name of all the gods—of what?"

"Of this," she made reply, and touched his mallet with her sandal's tip; "and of her—that hidden mystery who holds you worshiper, by night, by day!"

The sculptor smiled.

"How know you that it is a marble woman, rather than a man?"

"How know it?" she scoffed. "My jeweled belt—my rings of gold—I wager on it. Aye, and 'tis a Venus, too!"

"And is Adonia jealous of a stone?" he asked. "True, I have wrought a Venus, true; yet a mother Venus, chaste and pure, who in her arms holds forth a babe in offering to Mars—a son."

"Ah!" she breathed in eagerness, forgetting all else save a woman's wish to see. "And you will show it me?"

"Nay, it is forbidden."

"And what harm," she asked, "can come of a single glance from a woman's eyes?"

"What harm?" he laughed. "More mischief than the rest of the world can serve—with Pluto for a cook."

She was silent for a space, then slowly turned away, seating herself upon the marble bench; and when he came to her she would neither speak nor raise her eyes.

"Adonia!" he murmured gently, but no answer came. "Adonia! Come, child, what troubles you?"

"No longer am I a child," she disavowed, "but a woman-whom your coldness wounds. Oh, I care not what your chisel shapes! 'Tis not a maiden's whim

unwarranted, but the fear of losing you. This fame for which you strive! This wreath that crowns your hope! Your work—more dear than one who yearns for love—and yearns in vain!"

"And will you never understand?" Philotias questioned sadly, sinking beside her, looking into her troubled eyes. "What rivalry in images of stone? 'Tis not a mortal love, but love of art—a passion, if you will, yet a thing apart from love." He sighed as Adonia shook her head. "Listen, dear. Does the mother adore her lord the less because of the babe that sleeps upon her bosom? No! To the babe she gives unselfishness, a world of tender care, her ceaseless toil; yet for her lord she holds that other love grown dearer in maternity. And thus have I wrought my challenge for your father's prize—the wife—the mother—as my mortal heart yearns always for Adonia, though hand and mind are given unto images of stone."

The maiden ceased to frown, and raised her eyes impulsively.

"Forgive me," she begged. "I—I understand. My lips prove traitors to every kindly thought, for my heart is troubled, shrinking because of fear."

"Fear?" he asked, in half-amused astonishment. "Of what?"

"Aye, fear of Vasta," she answered bitterly, as she rose and clenched her hands.

The sculptor took a backward step.

"What? My good friend Vasta? Nay, surely not of him!"

"No friend is he of yours," the maid declared; and as Philotias smiled indulgently, she added, with a frown: "Ah, laugh if you will, but I have marked his scowl at the mention of your name. His eyes grow dark, and in them creeps a light of evil, and then——"

She stopped, for her lover checked her with a merry laugh.

"Moonshine, Adonia! Moonshine—nothing more! As a child he was my playmate and as brother of my blood—in youth a friend."

"Aye," agreed the maid, "but rival in all your sports, as you are rivals now in the sculptor's art."

Then she told how Vasta sought ever to pervert her father's mind, deceiving him with flatteries; how his craft had

wormed from the king a hint of what sculptured work would please him best, and had thereby gained vantage over all competitors. Now, confident of victory, Vasta had also won a pledge that, should the prize be his, then should he win Adonia, too.

Philotias was troubled, for he loved the maid with all his heart; yet he strove to laugh away her fears.

"And what matters it, this fancied fear? Shall I not win, and, winning, gain a prize more splendid still? For Adonia will then be mine—forever and a day!"

The maiden sobbed and raised her arms to him.

"Win! Win, Philotias, lest, losing you, my heart shall beat no more!"

He stroked her locks and soothed her with the thousand arts which lovers know, till her grief at last was spent.

"To-morrow," he whispered gently, "I will speak with Vasta, setting the matter right. Poor fellow! Be not harsh with him. He loves you, too." The sculptor paused to shake a finger at her, smiling merrily. "Ah, and it comes to me that twice a score of youths in Melos are the like of him—lean beggars who must starve on the husks of happiness. They love! Yet is it strange? Not so. The whole glad world should love Adonia! Come, we'll think of it no longer, but will dwell on joyous things alone. In my garden, for the rose you gave, I will give a hundred roses. Come!"

He took her hand and led her from the hall, along the graveled paths whose borders, like a painter's palette, were splashed with the colors of a master's brush. And here, as she filled her hands with flowers, all fear of Vasta fluttered from Adonia's heart, even as the song-birds winged their flight across the garden wall.

II

THE slave who kept the outer gate sat nodding in the noonday heat, his thick lips parted, his black chin sinking on his breast; and Vasta smiled as he passed this sorry sentinel, thinking to tell the master of a servant's negligence.

He had come from his perfumed bath, and, in passing, thought to speak with

his friend Philotias, and perchance remain with him for the midday meal.

The rival sculptor was clad in a flowing toga bordered as befitted his rank, while a rich blue cloak was flung across his shoulder, caught with a jeweled clasp. As he strode unchallenged through the court, he marveled to find it now untenanted, no slaves on watch, no sound of the chisel coming from the curtained place.

"Philotias!" he called. "Are you here, old friend?"

No answer came, and Vasta's keen eyes, moving carelessly, fell upon Adonia and his friend at the garden's farther end. He leaned against a column, watching, a flush of anger mounting to his cheek, while he muttered slowly, bitterly:

"In the garden—with her—alone! He crowns her with a flowered wreath; she laughs into his eyes! And I must watch, and suffer as I watch." He scowled in sullen fury, murmuring again, "She comes, no doubt, to view his masterpiece—his work which will rival mine."

Vasta started guiltily at a thought which came to him. The sight of the lovers wandering hand in hand banished his scruples, and tripped on his pride. Then his slim, pale fingers crept toward the curtain, drawing it aside. He turned and looked—looked long and silently at that calm, grand mother and her infant son. He moved not, save that his hand was trembling, while his cheek turned pale—as pale as the chiseled figures mocking him. His fingers slowly loosed their hold. He sighed and turned away.

"More beautiful than mine!" he breathed, sadly, as one to whom defeat is but a name for weak despair. Then he clenched his hands in rage.

"Philotias will wrest the prize from me! By Pluto, he will win, and, winning, he will claim Adonia for his own!"

Vasta stood long in troubled thought, his heart a prey to jealousy and hate. At his feet lay the heavy mallet, dropped by chance, and half unconsciously he pushed it with his toe.

"More beautiful than mine," he murmured once again, "more glorious—more grand! A work to bring him triumph—fame. And yet—one mallet-stroke, and——"

He stopped, to flush in shame; he fled

as from temptation, and flung himself upon a stool, where he sat with his hot face pressed within his palms. Beyond, in the garden, Adonia gathered flowers, nor gave a thought to Vasta and his hopeless love, while Philotias bent above her, smiling happily.

The rival sculptor rose, paced to and fro, battling with an evil thought which ate into his brain. One mallet-stroke! A faint breeze stirred the curtains softly, and a weapon lay beneath his hand! Once more he looked to where the lovers idled in the sun—looked, and his heart o'erflowed with bitterness. With an oath he snatched the mallet up, and disappeared behind the curtain's folds, whence came the sound of furious blows and the crash of marble falling on the tiles.

Vasta, pale and trembling, crept forth, replaced the implement upon the floor, and lingered, listening. The lovers had not heard. In stealth he began to move away, when again his cloak became unfastened, falling about his feet. He seized it hastily and flung it across his arm, yet knew not that his jeweled clasp was left behind.

With the tread of a thief, he stole from out the hall, through the court beyond, and past the drowsy warden of the gate; thence through the warm brown streets of Melos, till he came to the cliff, where a cool breeze dried the sweat upon his brow.

III

ONCE more the hall resounded with the music of a maiden's merriment, for Adonia danced from out the garden, a wreath of green upon her hair, her plump hands filled with flowers.

"And now," she said at length, "the little trespasser must run away, for well I know the sculptor's hands would be as busy as my own."

Philotias placed himself before her, a glint of mischief in his merry eye.

"Then, since your hands are occupied, which will you lose, your roses or a kiss?"

"Impertinence!" She took a backward step and let her flowers fall. "Nay, my roses, then, for kisses come high to-day."

"What price?" he laughed. "But name it, and I will give a miser's store."

Adonia cast down her eyes.

"It must be a heavy one," she mur-

mured thoughtfully, then raised her head, as a sparrow that drinks from a fountain's rim. "And in truth you will not cheat me, but will give the value asked?"

"Aye!"

"Done!" she cried. "One peep at yonder mystery!"

Philotias laughed and shook his head, promising to pay all else but this, while Adonia pouted, then strove to tempt him by a subtler art.

"There are other strugglers for the prize who would show me their work for half the price."

"No doubt!"

"There is Clytus, who chisels a bold Diana with her dog in leash. Perchance I err, yet methinks he would even give me his statue for a kiss."

"Why not?" the sculptor teased. "His work was ever bad."

Again Adonia pouted, then smiled, and tried once more.

"Vasta fashions a mighty war-god, victorious from battle, his sword aloft. I fear 'twill please the warrior spirit of my father—overmuch."

"Ah!" mused Philotias, and set to pacing to and fro. "A war-god! Dangerous—dangerous! True, my work is well-nigh perfect—pure in line and pose; and yet"—he paused to sink his voice into a troubled whisper—"and yet there is something wanting, a something hidden from my eye, a thought, elusive, wondrous!"

"Then show it me," said the maiden roguishly, "and mayhap I will tell you what this something is."

Her lover laughed, and she sought to break the last frail barrier down.

"Come, dear one; I will look but once—one little peep." She pleaded, with her arms about his neck, while again and again her warm lips pressed his own. "See, I pay! I pay! I pay!"

He held her close and looked into her upturned face.

"And who," he cried, "could refuse such lips—such eyes? By the god of love, not Philotias!"

He led her to the enclosure, first charging her to guard his secret as she loved him; then he drew aside the curtain. At the sight which met their eyes, the girl cried out and clung to him, while he stood silent, stricken with despair,

before the wreck of all his hope. At his feet lay the sculptured babe in fragments, still held in the mother's hands, which would not loose their hold. The arms of the Venus were broken at the shoulders, and the weight of the child, in falling, had marred one perfect foot.

This the sculptor saw—the ruin, not the figure still erect upon its pedestal; and his brain grew dizzy, and the room swam round and round. At last, loosening his hold upon the curtain, he turned and crossed the hall, slowly, blindly, as one who gropes his way. Then, sinking upon a stool, he stared before him into nothingness.

Adonia stood watching him, till, rent with pity, she fell upon her knees beside him, weeping bitterly.

"A dream! An ugly dream!" he muttered numbly. Then he wheeled upon her, crying out in pain: "In the name of Zeus, strike me that I wake!"

The maiden flung her arms about him, striving to soothe him as she might have soothed a child; but he paid no heed. In silence he gazed before him, feeling not the pressure of her arms, heedless even of the tender words she spoke.

"Listen, dear love," she pleaded. "'Tis not a thing to mourn as one forever lost. The mother was but a stone—a senseless thing, whose bosom never throbbed to the pulse of love, whose eyes stare out at naught through all eternity."

Philotias rose, looking down upon her in sorrow and in pain.

"Cease, child, cease! You know not what you say." He was silent for a space, and when he spoke again his voice was low and dreamy, as though he were communing with himself in solitude. "The block of marble held a living thought—the mother with her babe—a prisoner within an uncut wall. She was not a senseless stone! She lived, she breathed, she suffered! Cramped in agony, she strove to burst the shell which held her fast, and to me she was calling, always calling, for release. From winter till the spring-time came, I cut away her prison bars, slowly, deftly, lest my chisel wound her flesh. With sightless eyes she seemed to speak her gratitude, and urge me on. For a hundred days I toiled till at last each day was done. At night, when I tossed upon my couch, I could hear her

whispering in the darkness, sobbing, and praying for her liberty. And then—and then I would light my lamp, creep to her side, and work, and work, and work, till my hands were numb and my brain grew dizzy with the pain of weariness. If I slept, she came to haunt my dreams, pressing with her marble hands upon my breast and crying out in misery, 'You—you only—can loose me from my cell! Awake! Awake!'

He paused, and Adonia murmured to herself, as sadly as Philotias:

"And could he give me such a love as this, my heart would be satisfied."

As Philotias stood, of a sudden his eye was caught by a tiny point of light reflected from a corner where a sunbeam fell. Half unconsciously he strode toward it, then paused, for a fear came creeping to his brain. A jeweled clasp it was, which he had given Vasta on a feast day not a year ago. How came it here? He stooped, picked up the bauble, and, sinking upon a stool, idly turned it over and over in his palm.

Adonia, from the marble seat, had watched her lover silently, and now she watched him still, while loyalty was battling with suspicion for the mastery.

"Vasta!" she cried in triumph, springing from her seat. "'Twas he!"

"No! No!" denied Philotias. "He would not, could not do a deed so merciless!"

"And are you, then, a child?" she demanded fiercely. "'Tis he who seeks to sweep you from his path, to crush your hope, to steal from you my father's prize, to win by fraud where he may not win by art, even as he seeks my love with evil passion in his soul!"

"Cease! Cease, in pity's name!"

"'Twas he who marred your work; yet while he fled, the gods of justice tore this jewel from his cloak and flung it there. 'Twas he, I say, your boasted friend, your Vasta!" She paused, then clutched his arm, pointing between the columns to the street, where the false friend was seen, with his cloak upon his arm. "See!" she cried. "He passes your servant at the gate, your servant who sleeps as before he slept! Vasta returns to find his jewel, and leave no trace of treachery behind. Ah, now you have the villain in the hollow of your hand!"

"What mean you?"

She made no answer, but led her lover to a place behind the curtains. A cry of suffering escaped him as again the mutilation met his eyes.

"Look not upon your ruined work," the maiden called, "but on Vasta, that at last you may see and understand."

Swiftly she replaced the clasp, not where Philotias had found it, but in the center of the hall. Then she gathered up her roses, fled to the marble seat, and began to weave a garland, humming the while a happy song. Happy it was, and saucy, with a reckless lilt, as if the world were filled with joy alone, and the road to love ran smooth and fair—as fair as the rosebuds in her nimble hands.

IV

VASTA came slinking through the court with a noiseless tread, and restless, searching eyes. Marking Adonia, whose back was turned to him, he wondered that Philotias sat not beside her. From pillar to pillar he crept, watchful, listening, ready for instant flight. Adonia still sang on as she twined her flowers. Eagerly the seeker scanned the floor for his missing clasp, spied it, and advanced with a cautious tread. Trembling, he paused, then took another step, another; stooped—then gasped in pain, to feel an iron grip upon his neck.

Upright he sprang, wheeling to face Philotias, while Adonia cast the flowers from her lap, and laughed. No one spoke, till the sculptor broke the silence, demanding sternly: "Your clasp! How came it here?"

The other faltered, beating his brain for a plausible excuse.

"Four days ago I lost it, and, remembering that I was with you——"

"Stop!" came the sharp command. "If this be true, then why does a friend come creeping through my house as a thief prowls silently by night?"

Vasta wet his thin, dry lips, while again a moisture oozed out upon his brow. Once, twice, he strove to speak, then faltered weakly:

"I—I feared to disturb you at your work. Methought I heard the chisel's sound, and——"

"Liar!"

Once more came silence. Vainly Vasta

strove to look into those steady eyes, and his own, abashed, sank slowly to the floor.

"What need of a chisel now," the sculptor asked in wrath, "when my work is wrecked?"

"Wrecked?"

"Aye, wrecked!" cried Philotias, stooping for his mallet, which lay beneath his feet. "With this, in a coward's hand!"

"But it was not I, I swear!" protested Vasta, retreating slowly from his angered friend. "As Zeus hears my oath, it was not I!"

"And who accused?" Adonia asked, in quick, triumphant scorn.

"'Twas he," whined Vasta, "he—Philotias! With his lips he calls me coward, liar. With the eyes of anger he accuses me!" Adonia answered nothing, and the man, emboldened, assumed a mien of wounded innocence. "Philotias does me wrong," he declared in his smoothest tone, "and yet I forgive him because of the grief he bears."

The maiden tossed her head in withering contempt.

"Vasta forgives!" she mocked. "May heaven gaze in wonder upon this most virtuous of men!"

Philotias eyed his boyhood's friend with a silent pity harder far to bear than the lash of Adonia's tongue, till Vasta shrank before him, pleading brokenly:

"Philotias, I have done no hurt to you. In truth, I am innocent. Why do you look upon me so?"

"Because I know!" the sculptor answered harshly. "Because I read in a craven's face his terror of one who trusted him. Confess!"

"No! No! I——"

"Confess!"

His grip was on Vasta's throat. He forced him to his knees, and backward across the wooden stool, while Adonia watched and panted in her joy.

"Loose me!" the traitor gasped. "In pity loose me; it was I."

With a snarl the sculptor thrust the fellow from him, standing above the prostrate form, the mallet in his hand.

"Forgive, Philotias!" begged Vasta, crawling to his knees. "I knew not what I did. No thought of wrong had I in coming; but when I looked upon your

work and knew that you would surely win the prize——"

"Ah! And then you struck?"

"No, no, not then, I swear not then! But I saw you in the garden with her—Adonia, whom I love. To you she raised her eyes, her arms; and you crowned her with a wreath. Ah, pity me, for I was mad with jealous pain. Your mallet was there! It tempted me, broke down my courage, my honor, if you will; and in blind despair I struck."

"As I strike now!"

Again Philotias seized the wretch and swung the mallet above his head, holding it poised an instant, while Adonia hid her face in fear.

"Mercy!" screamed Vasta. "Mercy, in your mother's name!"

Then the mallet fell; but not on him who merited the blow. Slowly it sank to the sculptor's side, till at last he dropped it to the floor.

"I cannot!" he whispered sadly to himself, then turned to the cowering wretch. "Mercy for you? 'Twere well to rid the world of such a man, and yet——" He paused, to murmur slowly: "The boy who rode upon my father's knee—the youth who shared my mother's love, and mine! Go, Vasta, go, not only from my house, but far from Melos, where my eyes may nevermore be wounded by the sight of you! You, who were my trusted friend! You, who have sunk to this! O Zeus!" he cried, while tears of sorrow rolled unheeded down his cheek. "O Zeus, the pity of it all!"

He turned on his heel and crossed to where Adonia had risen from her seat. He took her hand in his, stroking it tenderly, then raised it to his lips. Vasta rose, pale and trembling, from his knees. He lingered a moment ere he left the hall.

"Forgive, Philotias! Your mercy shames me, even more than the fear of death. Forgive me, and forget!"

Philotias turned, in his eyes a look of grief unutterable.

"Forgive you? No! Forget? I could not if I would." He pointed to the curtains which hid the ruins of his hope. "Was it not enough to mutilate my idol there, but that you should seek to rob me of this idol, too?" He placed a protecting arm about Adonia, smooth-

ing the locks upon her temples with a gentle hand; then he wheeled on Vasta, in a gust of passion. "Gods!" he cried. "Is this a man? Love? Love, in palliation for a dastard's deed—love for a shrinking maid who hates you, loathes you? What? Would you drag her to your arms, and call it love? Go! Out of my sight, lest fury tempt me, and I spare no more!"

Vasta, retreating, looked in terror on his foe; yet, ere he could leave, Philotias, springing forward, gripped his arm.

"No, wait! Yet once again shall you behold your evil work—to brand it on your memory—to keep it till you die! Look! Look!"

With a sweep of his arm he tore the curtain down, revealing the broken Venus and the fragments at her feet. Then he spoke in passion, his deep tones rolling through the hall, till they wakened the drowsy sentinel at the outer gate:

"See, Vasta, what your madness wrought! The babe that was beaten from its mother's clasp, the mother, rapt in the glory of a new-born son. They are mine, these two, the children of my brain, my soul!—and you have murdered them." He turned to the marble wreck, in fury and in pain. "Look! Look into her eyes that may not weep her grief as I weep mine! Behold, I say, a splendor now made hideous—a flower stripped of leaves—a withered stalk—a shatt—"

He stopped—stopped in the very middle of his word, while o'er him came a thrill of wondering awe. Silent he stood, his wide eyes fixed upon the marble, while one by one the moments slid away. Was this the same? This carven miracle, fairer than a mortal sculptor dared to dream? What recked it that her babe was gone, her white arms dashed to earth? She stood upon her pedestal, mutilated, but more perfect still in her matchless, grand simplicity.

As the sculptor saw, so Vasta saw and understood, knowing that his deed had come to naught, knowing that his evil had recoiled upon himself alone. Philotias, still motionless, spoke at last, in a hushed, hoarse whisper touched by reverence:

"More beautiful than before! More beautiful! The something for which I sought, and could not find!" Of a sud-

den he turned upon his rival, his voice a trumpet note of triumph and of joy: "Go forth and match your chiseled god of war against this broken stone, this splintered stump, this mallet's masterpiece. The prize? 'Twill laugh at prizes, winning where before it might have failed! And you, in jealous hate, have done this thing. You, Vasta, you! Go forth and tell it if you dare! Go shout it from the housetop for the world to hear! Before 'twas the work of man, the toil of months, the thought of years! But now 'tis a thing divine, a thing to stand when the name of Vasta is but a whisper down the wind, to live till the very stars shall die!"

He ceased, and Adonia went to him, to his open arms, where she rested, sobbing out her happiness. Then Vasta crept in shame away, to hide himself and his dishonor.

V

THE sculptor's prophecy proved true. When King Memmiades and his judges passed upon the statues set before them, with one accord they chose the Mallet's Masterpiece, and set it in the place of honor in the entrance of the marble theater.

In after days, when the glory of Melos was but a thing of dreams, the sons of another race came forth to dig in the earth for treasures of the past. They found a broken statue buried there, and, marveling, bore it unto distant lands. And now from out the wondering world came all who wrought in marble and in stone, each striving by his art to replace the figure's missing arms. But lo, their cunning failed them, for the hand of no man might undo the miracle of Vasta's mallet-stroke.

So, marveling still, they ceased to mend a masterpiece. And borrowing from the ancient city's name, they called it the Venus de Milo, and set it in the highest temple of their arts.

As once it stood in the little theater, so now it stands to-day, a perfect work, in a place of honor—"a thing to live till the very stars shall die."

This, mayhap, is an idle tale, yet for a space the sculptor wore his wreath of fame, and the still more precious wreath of Adonia's love.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE WONDERFUL RECORD OF A RACE THAT HAS BEEN STRUCTURAL IN THE MAKING OF AMERICA—ITS WORK IN PIONEER TIMES, IN THE REVOLUTION, AND IN THE OPENING UP OF THE GREAT WEST—THE PROMINENCE OF MEN OF IRISH BLOOD IN THE AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY

A CERTAIN green isle in a northerly sea is the historic home of the Irish people, but the present address of at least two-thirds of the scattered race is "United States of America." Boston, not Belfast nor Dublin, is now the greatest Irish city in the world; and the overwhelming majority of Irishmen who have risen to places of distinction have done so under the Stars and Stripes.

The historian who shall do full justice to the Irish branch of the human family has not yet appeared, either in the United States or elsewhere. Consequently, there are few races, if any, which have been so persistently misunderstood and undervalued. Even in this country, where such a mistake is least excusable, there has been a tendency in some quarters to regard the Irish as merely an element of the rank and file. The truth is that they have contributed their share of leaders and pioneers in almost every line of progress.

THE IRISH AS BUILDERS OF THE NATION

At least seven of our Presidents have had more or less of Irish blood in their veins. Jackson, Buchanan, and Arthur were the sons of Ulster parents; and the first American ancestor of Polk was an

Irish immigrant. Monroe and McKinley were more remotely related to the "fighting race." The latter, it is well known, was fond of saying "We Irish." Roosevelt, also, has several Hibernian twigs on his family tree. This, in itself, is an amazing record of Celtic leadership—to have helped to mold the character of seven American Presidents out of twenty-five.

In the making of America, the Irish have been structural. No other word represents their influence so well. In the clearing of forests, the digging of canals, the building of railroads, and the extension of commerce, our civilization owes an incalculable debt to Irish hands and Irish heads.

In the traits of our national character, too, we Americans are all more Irish than we realize. Our versatility and buoyancy, our quickness of initiative, our free and unconventional ways, and the sporting instinct that leads us to take chances and beat records, are a few of the evidences of an Irish strain in our blood.

If the handiwork of the Irish were painted green, the average American city would be splashed on all sides with emerald hues. Yet there are few who are aware of this, even among the Irish them-

OUR SERIES OF RACE ARTICLES—Great interest has been aroused by the series of articles—of which this is the fourth—dealing with the leading racial elements of the population of the United States. The first paper, on "The Jew in America," appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for January; the second, on "The Sons of Old Scotland," in the February number; and the third, on "The Germans in America," in the March number.

Next month's article will be on "The English in America," and other important nationalities will be treated later in the following order—the French, the Dutch, the Canadians, the Welsh, the Scandinavians, the Spaniards, the Italians, and, finally, the Americans.

selves. A New Yorker, for example, may rise in the morning, bathe in water that comes from the Croton Dam, built by James Coleman, ex-president of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; breakfast on Cudahy bacon; then take the Subway, built by John B. McDonald, past the new College of the City of New York, built by Thomas Dwyer, to his office in a

"Yes, of course, this is an Anglo-Saxon country."

THE KELLYS, THE BURKES, AND THE
SHEAS

When J. I. C. Clarke, the genial playwright, wrote his famous poem on "Kelly and Burke and Shea," it was generally supposed to be a poetic fancy. On the



THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL

Drawn from a photograph by Palmquist, St. Paul

skyscraper built by John D. Crimmins, where he will cable to Alaska over a line laid by David Lynch, to order certain freight sent via James J. Hill's Great Northern Railroad. Then, with a cigar bought from one of George J. Whelan's three hundred cigar stores, he will read the New York *Sun*, published by William M. Laffan and delivered by the American News Company, founded by Patrick Farrelly—and remark to an English friend:

contrary, I find it to be a simple matter of American history that the Kellys, the Burkes, and the Sheas have been to the fore in every generation. They were all three in the battle of Lexington, as well as in the death-list of the Maine. When Hobson sank the Merrimac, a Kelly and a Murphy were his comrades in danger. Our first noted woman Abolitionist was Abbie Kelley. William Darrah Kelley, of Philadelphia, was a Congressman for nearly thirty years. Hall Jackson Kelley

was the founder of Oregon. The late Eugene Kelly, the New York banker, won renown as a philanthropist. Among the living members of this redoubtable family, James E. Kelly is a well known electrical engineer. The Kelly Ax Company has a fifty-acre plant in Charleston, West Virginia. Elsewhere in this magazine you will find the wonderful story of William Kelly, whose invention has added hundreds of millions to the wealth of the steel industry.

In the Burke family, three heroic figures appear in the first chapter of our Revolutionary history—Thomas Burke,



WILLIAM HENRY MAXWELL, SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK CITY

Drawn from a photograph by Stokes, New York

the first Governor of North Carolina; Adamus Burke, chancellor of South Carolina; and John Daly Burk, historian, patriot, and duelist. All three were fighters with pen and sword who made an indelible mark on the Southern States a century ago. In 1872, when Froude cast some aspersions upon the Irish, it was Father Thomas Burke who took up the cudgels against him. And at the present time we have Burkes

enough in the United States to fill a "Burke's Peerage" of their own. There are two bishops who bear the famous name, at Albany and St. Joseph; one brigadier-



MILES O'BRIEN, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE
BOARD OF EDUCATION OF NEW YORK CITY

Drawn from a photograph by Rockwood, New York



JOSEPH DUNN, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF CELTIC
AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON

Drawn from a photograph by Buchrach, Washington

general, at Portland, Oregon; one Congressman, in South Dakota; a railroad president, at Cleveland; and a judge at Seattle.

As for the Sheas, at least four of them have buffeted their way to the front—General John Shea, who won his laurels in the Revolution; Captain Daniel Shays, who first fought at Bunker Hill

Equally immovable, in a different field, stands James J. Hill, born in Canada of Ulster parents. What this one man has done for the United States has never yet been fully told. He is the creator of the Northwest—the railway builder who has opened up a territory equal to a couple of Germanys—the steamship builder who has linked Amer-



THE MOST REV. PATRICK JOHN RYAN, ARCH-BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA

Drawn from a photograph by Guttenkunst, Philadelphia



THE REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD, RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, 1883-1906

Drawn from a photograph by DuPont, New York

and then stirred up a little side-show rebellion on his own account; George A. Shea, an eminent chief justice of New York; and John Gilmary Shea, the historian of the Catholic Church in the United States.

IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE

In the American business world of to-day, a large proportion of the solid men—the men who stand like pillars under the heavy burdens—are of Irish blood. Most conspicuous of all stands the financier upon whom the mantle of J. Pierpont Morgan seems to have fallen—the man who is not only combining but coordinating American capital—Thomas Fortune Ryan. He is one of the greatest masters of financial statesmanship, who cuts the Gordian knots of finance and ties others of his own.

ica with the markets of the East. He has made wide pathways of commerce from Lake Superior across fifteen hundred miles of wilderness and five thousand miles of ocean to the ports of China, Russia, and Japan. Ever since he double-earned his first dollar as a Mississippi roustabout, fifty years ago, his life has been a continuous obstacle-race; and there have been few occasions when James J. Hill missed a hurdle.

Two other railway presidents are Samuel Sloan, of New York, who was born when Madison was in the White House; and Richard C. Kerens, of St. Louis. Daniel O'Day—every inch of him Irish—is one of the most important members of the imperial group of financiers who float the flag of Standard Oil. Forty years since, he was a laborer

in the oil regions, whose main problem was to find a job; to-day, as he jokingly says to his friends, his main problem is to find out how to invest his surplus. Another New Yorker of Titanic mold is Alexander E. Orr, who was nineteen years old before he had seen any other

uprightness, to preside over the immense interests of the New York Life Insurance Company.

If we speak of great Irish bankers, where is there a large American city without one? In Pittsburgh, for instance, where there are a score of banks bulging



HIS EMINENCE JAMES GIBBONS, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Bachrach, Baltimore

country than Ireland. As a president of large commercial bodies, he has few equals. He is a director who directs. For nearly fifty years he has stood under the heaviest responsibilities, and was recently chosen, because of his ability and

with steel millions, the dean of the financial fraternity is Thomas Mellon, who, like Alexander E. Orr, was born in Tyrone. In New York there are three, at least, who are too prominent to miss—Thomas M. Mulry, the new



WILLIAM MCALEER, OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO
SERVED FOUR TERMS AS CONGRESSMAN
FROM PENNSYLVANIA

*Drawn from a photograph by Gutekunst,
Philadelphia*

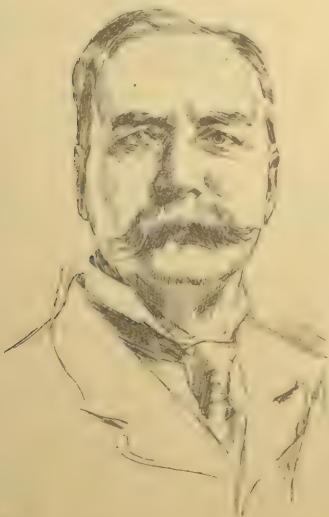


THOMAS MACDONALD PATTERSON, UNITED
STATES SENATOR FROM COLORADO AND EDI-
TOR OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS

*Drawn from a photograph—copyright, 1902.
by J. E. Davis, Boston*

president of the Emigrant Industrial
Savings Bank, which was wholly Irish
in its origin, and which holds a hundred

millions in its vaults; Miles M. O'Brien,
who was for some time the president
of the board of education; and Samuel



JOSEPH K. TOOLE, AN IRISH-AMERICAN WHO
IS NOW SERVING HIS THIRD TERM AS
GOVERNOR OF MONTANA

*Drawn from a photograph by "Merrill"
St. Louis*



JOHN M. GEARIN, AN IRISH-AMERICAN WHO
SUCCEEDS THE LATE JOHN H. MITCHELL AS
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON

*Drawn from a copyrighted photograph
by Clements, Washington*



JAMES FITZGERALD, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Macnabb, New York



DENIS O'BRIEN, JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Pach, New York

G. Bayne, who is notable for having organized national banks in seven States. Charles J. Bell is a conspicuous figure in the national capital, as John C. Davis is in Wyoming.

And in Chicago John R. Walsh has been a notable banker and capitalist for twenty years. The recent collapse of his financial structure should not obscure the facts of his extraordinary career. To begin as a barefooted newsboy, and to struggle to a place of power in the sixth greatest city in the world, always preferring to fight big enemies rather than little ones—that was Walsh's record.

Among the cat-

tle kings of the West are Timothy Kinney, of Wyoming, and George Russell, of Nevada. Also in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Omaha are four brothers

who know something about the cattle and beef trade—four brothers whose parents left Kilkenny in the forties because black famine threatened them with starvation; who began their business life with no more chance of fortune than any day laborer in the United States, and who are to-day numbered among the few masters of the food supply of the world—Michael, Edward A., John, and Patrick Cudahy.

Other weighty business men, scat



GEORGE C. BARRETT, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York

tered here and there, are John Flannery, the Savannah cotton king; Thomas F. Walsh, of Washington, who is the president of the Irrigation Congress; John D. Crimmins, the contractor who has added four hundred buildings to New York; Patrick F. Murphy, president of the Mark Cross Company and well known in New York as an after-dinner speaker; Edward Malley, who began with a pack on his back and has now a department store in New Haven; Ephraim Dempsie, merchant and public man of Spokane; P. B. Magrane, a well-known merchant in the shoe city of Lynn; and William P. Rend, the coal magnate of Chicago.

Among the great Irish merchants of former days, the most notable was A. T.

blood. Among the nine justices who sit supreme over all American courts, two are Irish by descent—Judge Edward D. White and Judge Joseph McKenna. As yet, no one has compiled a list of the Irish judges in the various State Supreme Courts; but to take New York as



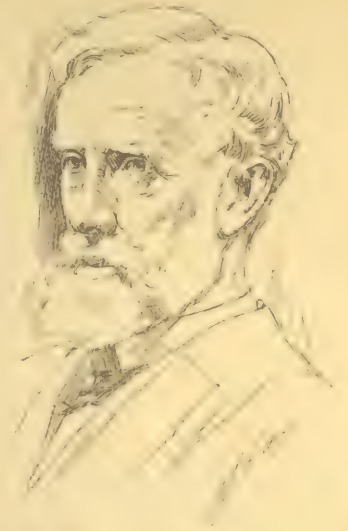
MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Schloss, New York

Stewart, whose New York store was the largest of its kind, either in America or elsewhere. His capital was three thousand dollars when he began to sell his Belfast laces, and more than forty millions when he died.

IRISH JUDGES AND TEACHERS

In the United States, as well as in Great Britain, many of the most distinguished judges have been of Irish



JOHN W. GOFF, RECORDER OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Puck, New York

an instance, we find five who are of unusual prominence—Martin J. Keogh, Morgan J. O'Brien, James Fitzgerald, George C. Barrett, and Victor J. Dowling. It should also be mentioned that the Chief Judge in the Philippine Islands—John T. McDonough, formerly of Albany—is Irish-born. William J. Hynes, too, a lawyer of whom Chicago is justly proud, began life in County Clare.

To answer fully the question "What have the Irish done for American education?" would need a small book in itself. Was not the late President William Rainey Harper, the father of Chicago University, of Irish descent? This extraordinary man crowded the work of several centuries into less than fifty years, sacrificed his preferences as a student that he might carry the heaviest financial responsibilities, and died poor after having gathered a dozen millions for his university.

Of our Irish-born educators, no one outranks William H. Maxwell, who has been for eight years the superintendent of New York's public schools. Under him are sixteen thousand teachers and more than half a million children, the most lively and cosmopolitan army of youngsters in the world. Superintendent Maxwell has had to fight for every inch of progress in his development of the New York school system; but like the dogged Ulsterman that he is, he has driven ahead with his far-reaching projects, no matter whether the hue-and-cry was with him or against him.

"Nothing is too good," he says, "for the taxpayer's child."

Speaking of public schools, it would be a sin of omission at this point not to mention the thousands of young women of Irish birth or parentage who are doing faithful work as school-teachers in all parts of the United States.

The number of our Irish professors is comparatively small. Some who deserve special mention are Maurice F. Egan, of the Catholic University in Washington; James McMahon, of Cornell; Robert Ellis Thompson, of the Central High School in Philadelphia; and Thomas C. Hall, of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. A Gaelic chair was established in 1896 at the Catholic University by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and is filled at the present time by Professor Joseph P. Dunn, who is of American birth. To John Tyndall, the notable Irish scientist, the United States owes a double debt, inasmuch as he not only delivered a course of lectures here in 1872, but

devoted the proceeds to the cause of scientific research in America.

IRISHMEN IN LITERATURE AND ART

It is very seldom that an Irishman lacks the gift of speech. Take away our Irish orators and journalists, and this would be a dumb and cheerless country indeed. Here, for instance, is an offhand list of Irish writers of the past and present:

Captain Mayne Reid, the idol of American boys, and a soldier in our war with Mexico; John Boyle O'Reilly, the editor and poet; FitzJames O'Brien, who wrote the famous short story, "The Diamond Lens"; Ignatius Donnelly, the most versatile and picturesque public man of his generation in Minnesota; Edwin Lawrence Godkin, of the New York *Evening Post*, a fighter in the high realm of national morality; Henry W. Grady, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*; Patrick Walsh, who was editor of the *Au-*



EDWARD A. MOSELEY, SECRETARY OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION AND FORMERLY PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF THE AMERICAN-IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Portrait from a photograph)

gusta Chronicle and represented Georgia in the United States Senate; and Joseph Medill, founder of the *Chicago Tribune*.

Among those still living are James Jeffrey Roche, now in the consular service; Joseph Fitzgerald, author and translator; William M. Laffan, proprietor of the New York *Sun*; George T. Oliver, of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*; Eugene M. O'Neill, of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*; John McLeod Keating, who won fame by his fight against yellow fever in the South; and John F. Finerty, the eloquent founder of the *Chicago Citizen*.

Three great publishers of Irish birth



JOHN FRANCIS FITZGERALD, MAYOR OF BOSTON

Drawn from a photograph by Chickering, Boston



JAMES D. PHELAN, FORMERLY MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

Drawn from a photograph by Thors, San Francisco

have been Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, the friend of Lafayette; Robert Bonner, founder of the *New York Ledger*; and Patrick Donahoe, founder of

the *Boston Pilot* and *Donahoe's Magazine*. The name of William Desmond O'Brien, too, deserves to be included in this paragraph. Mr. O'Brien was a



MARK FAGAN, MAYOR OF JERSEY CITY, FAMOUS AS A "REFORM MAYOR"

Drawn from a photograph by Harrison, Jersey City



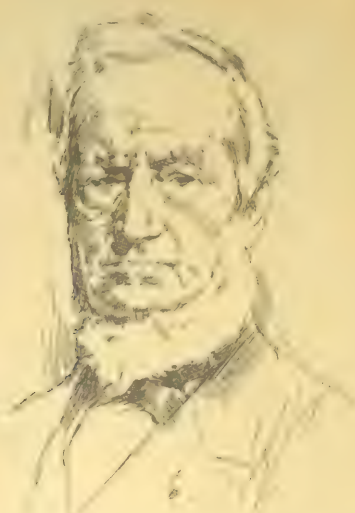
WILLIAM McADOO, FORMERLY POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph—copyright, 1903, by Pirie MacDonald, New York



JOHN B. McDONALD, BUILDER OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY AND THE BALTIMORE BELT LINE

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Frank New York



SAMUEL SLOAN, FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE LACKAWANNA RAILROAD

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Frank New York

wealthy contractor of New York who devoted eighteen years of his life to the preparation of an "Encyclopedia Hibernica," and who died, broken-hearted, in 1893, with his great project unfinished.

Among Irish American publishers now living, the most notable is P. F. Collier, founder of *Collier's Weekly*.

This power of expression, which is typical of the Irish race, rises frequently to the heights of art. The Goddess of Liberty, on the dome of the Capitol at Washington, was chiseled by the hands of Thomas Crawford, who was of Irish parentage, and whose son is

the well-known novelist, F. Marion Crawford. Many an American city has been enriched by the genius of Augustus

St. Gaudens, one of the best beloved and most eminent of American sculptors. The statue upon which St. Gaudens is now working, in his Vermont studio, is a heroic figure of Parnell for the city of Dublin, St. Gaudens' birthplace. Among the landscape painters, Edward Gay, of New York, has held a place for forty years; and another veteran artist of Irish birth is William Ma-grath, who painted "On the Ould Sod"—a clever study of Irish character that



EDWARD MALLEY, A LEADING MERCHANT OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, AND A PROMINENT IRISH-AMERICAN

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Frank New York



JOHN D. CRIMMINS, THE WELL-KNOWN CONTRACTOR, BORN IN NEW YORK OF IRISH PARENTS

Drawn from a photograph by Rockwood, New York



THOMAS F. RYAN, THE WELL-KNOWN FINANCIER, BORN IN VIRGINIA OF IRISH PARENTS

Drawn from a photograph by Davis & Eickemeyer, New York

hangs in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

It is to Dublin, also, that we are indebted for Victor Herbert, our popular conductor and composer, and for Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the famous band-master of Civil War times. There have not been so many Irish singers of operatic rank, although the Irishman who cannot sing at all is as rare as a white blackbird. Probably the most notable was Catherine Hayes, who arrived in this country in 1851, married an American husband, and settled in California. Among the best-known dramatic stars of Irish

birth, now upon the stage, are Ada Rehan and James O'Neil, and the elder John Drew was a son of Erin. Andrew Mack and Chauncey Olcott are the most popular of those who portray Irish life.

IRISHMEN IN AMERICAN POLITICS

That the Irish have been in politics goes without saying. In most States they have furnished more than their share, both of bosses and of reformers. Richard Croker, the Tammany Hall leader, and Charles O'Connor, who overthrew the Tweed Ring, fairly represent the two contending forces in American political life. So much has



ALEXANDER E. ORR, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Drawn from a photograph by Gessford, New York

been written indiscriminately of Irish bossism that it is nothing but fair to state that some of the present leaders of the "anti-graft" movement are Mayor Dunne, of Chicago; Mayor Fagan of Jersey City; District Attorney Moran, of Boston; and Hugh McCaffrey, a member of Mayor Weaver's cabinet, in Philadelphia. The late Patrick A. Col-

of his eloquence; and Delegate Bernard S. Rodney, of New Mexico. Senator Thomas Kearns, one of the solid pillars of the State of Utah, was born in Canada of Irish parents; and James D. Phelan, the well-known Californian, was the son of a wealthy Irish merchant of San Francisco. Three other public men of Irish birth are Thomas Taggart,



W. BOURKE COCKRAN, CONGRESSMAN FROM NEW YORK, A NOTED ORATOR
AND A PROMINENT FIGURE AMONG THE IRISH-AMERICANS

Portrait from a photograph by Lewis & El. New York

lins, congressman, consul-general in London, and mayor of Boston, was for years the foremost Irishman in New England.

In the present Congress there are dozens of members of Irish descent, but only three of Irish birth—Senator Thomas M. Patterson, of Denver, who has been for thirty years a national figure; Representative Bourke Cockran, who is unequalled in the Celtic flow

of Indianapolis; William McAdoo, of New York; and ex-Governor James E. Boyd, of Nebraska. And no Irishman will ever allow the fact to be forgotten that James G. Blaine, one of the greatest figures in all American political history, was of Irish descent. His great-grandfather, Ephraim Blaine, bore an honorable part in the Revolutionary struggle, and far back in colonial days

the Blaines were among the hardest pioneers of the Cumberland Valley.

FAMOUS IRISH-AMERICAN CHURCHMEN

Rising to the religious world, we find many noted Irish names, alike in the Protestant and Catholic churches. There are no fewer than twenty-three bishops and five archbishops in this country who learned their first prayers on Irish soil. This may also be said of Cardinal Gibbons, who was born in the United States, but taken to Ireland in infancy. The five archbishops are John M. Farley, John J. Glennon, John Ireland, John Joseph Keane, and Patrick John Ryan. When was there ever before such a distinguished quintet of Johns?

Like St. Gaudens and Herbert, Dr. William S. Rainsford hails from Dublin. Thirty years ago he entered New York an unknown young curate, and proceeded to establish the foremost institutional church in America, having at the present time more than five thousand members. Unfortunately, overwork has recently compelled him to resign.

Historically, there have been four Irish churchmen who have wielded a great influence in American affairs—Father



RICHARD C. KERENS, OF ST. LOUIS, WHO IS PROMINENT IN MISSOURI POLITICS AND IN WESTERN RAILROAD AFFAIRS

Drawn from a photograph by Prince, Washington

Mathew, the apostle of temperance who persuaded six hundred thousand Americans to sign the pledge; Archbishop Hughes, of New York, who was sent to England by President Lincoln during the Civil War; Father Ryan, the poet of the South; and the Rev. John Hall, the pulpit orator of New York.

IRISH PIONEERS IN THE NEW WORLD

Nothing can be more absurd than to speak of the Irish as newcomers in America. No one but a resurrected mound-builder would be entitled to do that. For the last thousand years or more, wherever there has been any great enterprise on foot, in the thick of things there have always been men with the shamrock in their hearts. The ship that carried Columbus from the known continent to the unknown had a Galway man aboard—so we are told on good authority. And one of the maps which cheered Columbus forward showed a country across the ocean which was called "Great Ireland." This far western land had been discovered, it was reported, by St. Brendan, an Irish monk, eight or nine centuries before.

There were a few Irish on the May-



GEORGE T. OLIVER, PUBLISHER OF THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE

Drawn from a photograph by Rosser, Pittsburgh



ANNA EGAN, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS

Drawn from a photograph by Ryder, New York.

flower, but the first large body arrived about twenty years later. There were five or six hundred of them—a forlorn and pitiful mob, forcibly transported from their native land. Those were the black days of Cromwell, when twenty-five dollars was paid for the head of a wolf and fifty dollars for the head of a patriot Irishman. In ten years probably a hundred thousand were driven out, and many of them came to the American colonies.

The first big Irishman in our colonial history was Governor Thomas Dongan, who gave New York its earliest charter, and who deserves to be called one of the pioneer champions of popular rights in America. The second was the distinguished philosopher, Bishop Berkeley, who came from Derry to Rhode Island in 1728, lured by a missionary enterprise that failed. All through the eighteenth century came a steady stream of the exiled Irish—men and women who had been toughened in a terrible school, and who were fit and ready for the perils of the American wilderness. Most of them were from the north of Ireland—from little Ulster, that giant-breeding province whose sons have made history in almost every country

of the earth. They were the first across the Alleghanies. They settled Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, and the coal and iron regions of Pennsylvania. Such men as Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and Matthew Lyon were their leaders. It was they who colonized Ulster County in New York and Londonderry in New Hampshire. The colonial hero of the Catskills was Timothy Murphy—so wrote Jay Gould in his famous "History of Delaware County," published fifty years ago.

IRISHMEN IN THE REVOLUTION

When the War of Independence began there were Irish on the firing-line everywhere. They had a personal as well as a colonial grievance against Great Britain; and here was a chance, at last, to even up old scores. A writer of those times describes them as "a hardy, brave, hot-headed race; excitable in temper; unrestrainable in passion; invincible in prejudice. They are impatient of restraint, and rebellious against anything that in their eyes bears the resemblance of injustice. They were the readiest of the ready on the battlefields of the Revolution." These were not parlor virtues, but they were



JAMES O'NEIL, THE VETERAN IRISH-AMERICAN ACTOR

Drawn from a photograph by Ryder, Cleveland.



AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR

*Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Ward,
New York*



VICTOR HERBERT, COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR

*Drawn from a photograph by Rosser,
New York*

the kind that founded the American republic. "You lost America by the Irish," declared Lord Mountjoy in the British Parliament.

In those critical days, while thousands were dilly-dallying, the Irish were hot for action. It was John Sullivan who struck the first blow, four months before



FINLEY PETER DUNNE, AUTHOR OF "MR. DOOLEY," AND A PROMINENT IRISH-AMERICAN

Drawn from a photograph by Hollinger, New York



EDWARD GAY, ASSOCIATE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY, A VETERAN LAND-SCAPE-PAINTER

Drawn from a photograph



JOHN P. HOLLAND, INVENTOR AND AUTHOR
OF SUBMARINE BOATS

Portrait from a photograph by H. W. Good, New York

the historic skirmish at Lexington, by capturing military stores at Portsmouth. The Sullivan family, of which he was a member, furnished three governors for the young republic. Their mother, in her old age, used to say that she had often worked in the fields carrying the Governor of Massachusetts, while the Governors of New Hampshire and Vermont tagged at her skirts. The first British war-ship was captured by an O'Brien; and John Barry became the official Father of the American Navy by receiving the earliest commission as captain. The first American general to fall was the brilliant Richard Montgomery, whose virtues compelled even Lord North to lament his death. It is an interesting fact, and one of which few are aware, that the three monuments in front of New York's oldest church—St. Paul's—on lower Broadway, are in memory of three famous Irishmen—General Montgomery, Thomas Addis Emmet, and Dr. William MacNevin, the first scientific chemist of New York.

In 1776 three of the Signers were of Irish birth—Matthew Thornton, James Smith, and George Taylor. Five others, at least, were of Irish blood—Edward Rutledge, Thomas Lynch, Thomas Mc-

Kean, George Reed, and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. The secretary of the assemblage, who read aloud the Declaration on the birth-morning of our republic, was Charles Thomson, Irish-born and the son of an evicted farmer. And one of the first societies to back George Washington with men and money was the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia, who raised half a million dollars and swung into line with a cheer. Only one of their members objected, and his name was struck from the society's rolls. Washington was a frequent guest at their banquets, and an honorary member, as President Roosevelt is of the same society in New York.

No history of the Revolution is complete without its Irish chapter. What with the dashing work of the Irish Brigade under Count Dillon; with the exploits of Mad Anthony Wayne and General Moylan, the Murat of the Revolutionary cavalry; and with the powerful aid of Burke and Sheridan in England, King George the Third found himself beset by Irishmen from all quarters. There were whole companies of Irishmen who fought for American inde-



JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE, AUTHOR OF "KELLY
AND BURKE AND SHEA," AND PRESIDENT
OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK

Portrait from a photograph by H. W. Good, New York

pendence under their own green flag, as loyal to their adopted country as to the land of their birth.

ANDREW JACKSON AND JAMES SHIELDS

The most typical Irishman of pioneer times was Andrew Jackson, our seventh President. One secret of his greatness lay in the fact that there were men of his mold and nationality in every American community. It is a fact that should cause every Irish heart to beat with pride that the first American President who rose from the rank and file, without the prestige of aristocratic birth or the polish of education, was the son of a rack-rented exile from Ulster. It may even be true that he was the first in the world's history to climb so high, not by force of arms, but by the free choice of a free people.

"Old Hickory," as his soldiers called him, has had no superiors as a popular leader. None of his enemies, and he made many of them, could question his honesty, his sincerity, his courage. He believed that the duty of a government was to protect the weak, curb the strong, and obey public opinion. During his Presidency the United States bounded into industrial greatness and international prestige.

Overlapping Jackson came another typical Irishman, equally great in peace and war—General James Shields. This remarkable man climbed to fame by half a dozen various paths. He was the hero of two wars, a judge of the Illinois Supreme Court, a Governor of Oregon, and the only American who has had the honor of representing three States in the United States Senate. Like Jackson, he was gentle and chivalrous in private life, and an incarnate fury on the field of battle. His whole career was one of romantic knight-errantry and adventure. He was a wit and a maker of epigrams. One of his happiest replies was on one occasion when he was asked to name his greatest victory.

"My greatest victory," he answered quickly, "was won on the day when my sweetheart, Mary Carr, said 'Yes.'"

FOUR MILLION IRISH IMMIGRANTS

After the terrible famine caused by the failure of the potato crop in 1845

and the following years, the Irish poured into America in mighty hosts. Since that time more than four millions have arrived here, ready with Celtic buoyancy for the battle of life in a new land, and yet almost heart-broken to leave the green fields of their fathers.

"Is it hard to die, Barney?" asked a friend of a dying Irishman.

"It is," replied Barney; "but not so hard as it was to leave Ireland."

But they went to work with a laugh and an "Irish hurrah." Whether they knew it or not, they had arrived just when they were most needed. The era of railroads and steamships had begun. Great cities were being built and being rebuilt. The factory system was being established in New England. The iron and steel trade had secured a solid foothold. And so, while the Irish had nothing to offer at first but labor, labor was what the United States was most urgently in need of, at that stage of its development.

When the Civil War put American manhood to the test the Irish were everywhere—in the thickets of the Wilderness, at the Bloody Angle of Gettysburg, on the crimsoned field of Chancellorsville. Standing for State rights—the rights of which John C. Calhoun had been the great exponent—were General Patrick R. Cleburne, Senator Regan, the Texan, and others. Standing for the Union were Sheridan, Meade, and Meagher, whose dashing valor is one of our national boasts. Unquestionably "Little Phil" Sheridan deserves a high place, not only among American generals, but among the foremost military commanders of the world. To-day, among the retired veterans of the United States Army there are three brigadier-generals of Irish birth—Richard Comba, John J. Coppinger, and William Quinton. There is also one rear-admiral—Joseph Trilley.

THE GREAT WEST'S DEBT TO THE IRISH

For more than two hundred years the sons of Ireland have been among the pathfinders who prepared the way for the American nation in its mighty sweep from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No region has ever been too remote or perilous to daunt the Irish pioneer.

Whoever discovers the North Pole will no doubt find a Kelly or an O'Brien already on the spot. It was Captain John J. Healy, for instance, who was the commercial discoverer of Alaska; and when the United States first took possession of that frozen country, four of the sixteen white men in its largest settlement were found to be subscribers to the *Irish World*. General Patrick E. Connor was a trail-maker in Utah, as Philip Nolan and Sam Houston were in Texas. Henry W. Oliver, the late steel king of Pittsburgh, who had the most dramatic career of ups and downs that western Pennsylvania has ever known, was the first Pittsburgher to realize fully the value of the Lake Superior iron ore. In consequence, he piled up a forty-million fortune. Missouri had Brian Mullanphy, who left a fortune for the assistance of poor immigrants. In fact, when the history of any Western State is written, it will be found that among the army that cleared the way there was always an Irish brigade.

The plain, straight truth about the Western Irish is more wonderful than any fanciful tale woven in the loom of Arabian imagination. Talk about *Monte Cristo* or *Sindbad the Sailor*! They were paltry adventurers compared with men like John W. Mackay or Marcus Daly. With his three partners, also Irish—James C. Flood, James G. Fair, and William S. O'Brien—John W. Mackay changed the silver markets of the world. Within a comparatively few years these four men took a treasure of a hundred and fifty million dollars from one hole in the side of a Nevada mountain—the famous Comstock lode. Always ready for big enterprises, Mackay put his millions behind James Gordon Bennett's dream to link America and Europe together by an Atlantic cable, and drove the scheme ahead to complete success. What Marcus Daly did in Montana was different only in detail. He, too, "grasped the skirts of happy chance" with a grip that landed him and his friends among the most powerful money kings of his generation.

All five of these Irishmen began at

the lowest rung of the ladder. They made themselves the leaders in a country of strong and daring men, by being the strongest and most daring of all. And to-day their children have linked their fathers' names by marriage with some of the proudest families in the older States—the Oelrichses, Vanderbilts, Duers, and Girards, as well as to the princely Colonnas of Italy.

Whether it is the versatile genius of the Emmets of New York; or the fighting pluck of "Bucky" O'Neil, who was killed with the Rough Riders at Santiago; or the sagacity of John Mitchell, who is the leader of a hundred and fifty thousand miners—whether it is the sheer brain-force and inventiveness of a Fulton, a Morse, or a McCormick, or the quaint and witty wisdom of "Mr. Dooley," there have always been qualities of the Irish head and the Irish heart that brought honor to the little homeland of the Celt.

"There is nothing negative about the Irish," said Patrick Ford—which is exactly what any one who knows the rugged old journalist would have expected him to say. They may be on the wrong side of the quarrel, but one thing is always certain—they are never on the fence. They care little or nothing for obstacles and adverse circumstances. They are the best of friends and the best of enemies—the quickest with either the open hand or the fist—the most loyal to a cause and the most rebellious against a tyranny. They live closest to hope and farthest from despair.

"Why," said Maurice Healy, an Alaskan fur-trader, "I'm only seven hundred miles from a bank!"

You can bend and twist an Irishman, but you can seldom break him—the records of insanity and suicide prove this. For "works hard in time of peace and fights hard in time of war," as President Roosevelt has said. Impulsive, daring, constructive, indomitable, the Irishman has done indispensable work in this land of his choice.

"May his shadow never grow less!"—so say we all.

"THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA"—Next month's article in this series will deal with the Americans of English birth or of English blood, describing their contribution to our history and our national life.

OLEANDER

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH MANY DOORS," "THE LAW OF LIFE," ETC.

THE communication began abruptly:

At the ball on the night of the 14th of January, to which we understand you are invited, you are to deliver the enclosed note to a lady whom you will recognize by the perfume of oleander. We can give you no more definite clue, because, though a revolutionist and a member of our society, she is of high rank, and neither her name nor a record of her personal appearance can be safely put upon paper.

Paul Trouboff gave a gesture of dismay.

"What was Stefan thinking of to entrust me with such a commission? I don't know rose from violet—and he is in Moscow, and to-morrow is the 14th!"

Paul began to pace the floor of his room. His apprehension of failure amounted to terror. What was the odor of oleander, and how was he to recognize it in a crowded ballroom banked with flowers of heavy scent?

Every woman wears a different perfume—rose, lilac, stephanotis, gardenia—and I do not know one from the other. Well, it is impossible, but it must be done!

Unconsciously Paul had quoted the motto of his organization, which had never hesitated to assign to its members labors that seemed to call for the powers of the alchemist or the magician. They were asked to pass through walls like spirits, and to hear the whispers of courtiers a thousand miles away. Now in the petals of a flower must be found a state secret.

His search that afternoon for the extract of oleander proved fruitless. At the shops they told him that they did not keep the perfume in stock, as it was not a favorite. Should they send to Paris for it?

On the night of the ball, his bewilderment became despair. For two hours he had gone in and out among the

throng in the ballroom, enveloped in a tantalizing atmosphere of sweetness. From the laces, from the fans, from the ribbons of the women floated subtle suggestions of a great garden of flowers, a fairy place where all the blossoms of the world were gathered together.

Suddenly he had an inspiration—the conservatories! He knew that they were famous for their collection of flowers and plants, the grand duke's passion being to imprison the flora of all zones under the glass roofs over which swept the wild snows of the north.

"And you are sure—you say this is oleander?"

The gardener, in whose hand a gold piece glittered, looked with some curiosity at the young noble whose interest in plants had led him up and down the dim, warm avenues of the great glass houses in a remote wing of the palace.

"Oleander, or rose-laurel—yes, sir. Will you not put a blossom in your buttonhole, sir? Do you like the perfume?"

"Exceedingly. It is sweet, yet bitter. It suggests the Orient. Thank you, my man, for your trouble."

He made his way back to the ballroom, bending his head from time to time to catch the sweet, sharp, subtle odor of the flower. He thought it best to wear the blossom boldly.

His gallantries were widely distributed. Young, good-looking, and universally known, he had little difficulty in meeting whom he would; but he found that the flower which he wore was, after all, of little use to him. He could not distinguish its perfume from the mingled scents about him.

He withdrew at last a little from the throng, careful that his anxiety should not appear in his face.

As he stood in a doorway, perplexed,

irresolute, a woman came towards him, whom he recognized as one of the ladies-in-waiting of the court. Though he knew her but slightly, he had always been conscious of a kindness and sincerity in her manner which inspired his trust.

"Why are you not dancing, count?"

"Ah, *madame*, I am here as a spectator."

"Have you graver work to do?"

She spoke lightly, but in her beautiful eyes was an earnest, searching look. At that moment it seemed to him that he became conscious of the perfume of oleander. He hesitated, then with a quick gesture slipped the note into her hand.

Trained as she had been in courts, she gave no sign of surprise, but opened the note at once. As she read it her expression changed. For an instant her fear showed in her eyes, and in that instant Trouboff knew that he had made a blunder.

Folding the little note carefully, she handed it to him, saying:

"Do you not know, count, that oleander is the favorite perfume of the Princess Marie?"

The Princess Marie! The color left his face, and for a moment the brilliant scene was blotted out by a tender vision. The woman he adored, the woman who had rejected his suit, was then a fellow-conspirator!

But this thought was followed at once by another that wrung his heart. He had placed Marie and himself in the power of this woman who stood before him, gazing at him with a little smile on her lips and a question in her eyes. Would she betray them both to the emperor? Prison and exile for himself he could bear, but for Marie! He must avert this with his death if necessary.

"You can trust me, count."

The sweet voice that came in direct answer to his tumultuous questioning almost unnerved him. He bowed low to hide the sudden tears in his eyes.

"*Madame*, command me at any time and for anything. I would come to you from the ends of the earth."

"You exaggerate a mere act of courtesy. One does not reveal the contents of a letter one has opened accidentally.

It was addressed to the lady wearing oleander. Did you think you perceived that odor about me? I am wearing jasmine. Only one woman in our circle favors oleander. Why did you not know it?"

A note of delicate raillery was in her voice. Paul Trouboff's passion for the Princess Marie was an open secret.

"I am chagrined, *madame*."

"They say love is blind. Is it possible that the poor little god has lost his other four senses?"

"It would seem so, *madame*."

"But I must not detain you. I wish you both great happiness."

She dismissed him with a smile. Trouboff, now seeking to keep the joy from his face, as before he had sought to conceal his anxiety, made his way lightly through the throng. How should he approach her? Suddenly timidity and doubt chilled him. She had not answered his last letter. She had rebuffed him just when she had seemed about to bestow her hand upon him—rebuffed him without explanation. How could he approach her?

But if the courage of the lover failed him, the courage of the patriot was still his. In the name of the great cause for which he was daily imperiling his life, he would deliver the note into her hands.

When he caught sight of her, she was conversing with her host. How fair and young she looked, as if meant only for love and joy! How little must the gay assemblage suspect that her hand was on the pulse of her distracted country, that under the girlish brow deep ideas were maturing!

Paul waited until the grand duke had passed to another guest; then, approaching her, he said:

"I am commissioned, princess, to give this note into your hands."

She took it from him, at the same time inclining her head. Her manner, cold and impersonal, put him at once at an incalculable distance from her. He turned away that she might not see the suffering in his face. Even through his misery, the thought came to him that it was better for her protection that he should appear what he really was, a dejected lover. So he stood apart, looking

on at the dancers, and seeing nothing but her lovely face with its mask of a bitter strangeness. What destiny had led her to join a society whose members ran such deadly risks? Ah, could they but work together, would they not remove mountains?

Just then a hand touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Pardon, count, but may I ask you to withdraw with me to a near-by room?"

He turned, and with a dreadful sinking of the heart recognized the narrow face and peering eyes of a member of the secret police force—a man who climbed to his goal on the shoulders of his victims—a man who had more victims to his murky credit than any other official in the empire.

"I do not know why I am indebted to you for this attention," Trouboff replied, "but I will gladly accompany you."

He followed his guide to a door, which opened mysteriously at their approach. In the center of a small room stood the Princess Marie, pale as a marble image. Beside her was a man whom Trouboff knew as active in tracking the members of secret societies. When the door was closed, there was a moment of deep silence; then the chief official spoke.

"If, as we suspect, Count Trouboff, you are carrying on a plot against the government, you have been most indiscreet this evening. In these troublous times a man does not give a gold piece for an oleander, and then slip a note into the hands of the lady whose favorite flower it is, without coming under suspicion."

Trouboff was silent.

"Have you nothing to say for yourself?"

Still he made no reply.

"If you do not tell us the contents of this note, we shall be obliged to ask the princess to deliver it into our hands."

"As you will probably force the princess to give it up in any case, any information that I could furnish would be superfluous," Paul replied, coolly.

For a moment there was silence. Then the chief official turned to the woman, whose eyes were fixed in an inscrutable gaze upon Trouboff.

"*Mademoiselle*, I must appeal to you."

She raised her head haughtily.

"Will you oblige me to disclose my private affairs in order to quiet your insulting suspicions? *Monsieur le comte* does me the honor of desiring to be betrothed to me. Is it not conceivable that he might send me some message through the medium of this note?"

The official smiled.

"It is hardly conceivable when he had the opportunity of conversing with you."

"You oblige me to speak more intimately. It may perhaps be known to you, however, that I had rejected the count's suit, having been prejudiced against him by a story which only this evening I learned to be false—an invention of his enemies. Being a brave man, he is not without enemies," she added, while a delicate flush overspread her face.

Trouboff turned to the official.

"Have you not insulted the princess sufficiently? I beg that she be not detained. Do what you will with me."

"You are gallant, count, but the princess holds the note, not you. I fear that only the document itself can bear trustworthy witness in this matter. *Mademoiselle*, we have already delayed too long. I must ask you for the note."

She hesitated, looked at Paul with a strange expression of mingled tenderness and pride, then drew a note from her corsage and handed it to the official. Standing just behind him, Trouboff saw with amazement, with a sudden wild joy, that it was not the missive from the society, but his own last love-letter to the princess.

The official glanced over it; then an expression of dismay and disappointment replaced his late exultant look.

"You see that it is possible even for a spy to be mistaken," the princess said quietly. "This blunder may lose you your place!"

"*Mademoiselle*, I crave your clemency—the times are troubled—I obey orders—I beg a thousand——"

"Ten thousand pardons would not suffice. Go now. Your intrusion has lasted all too long."

Pale, stammering, discomfited, the

man retired, followed by his underling. Trouboff and the princess were left alone. She put a warning finger to her lips; then, drawing the other note from her bodice she held it in the flame of one of the candles until it was consumed.

"Now," she said, with a little smile, "there remains only your letter!"

He could not trust himself to speak. From his coat he took the oleander flower and handed it to her. She pinned it above her heart.

THE ART OF COURTESY

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

IS IT TRUE THAT MANNERS HAVE DECAYED AND FINE BREEDING HAS DISAPPEARED SINCE THE PASSING OF THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY?

COURTESY—true courtesy in its perfection—is something which every human being recognizes and admires, but which only a comparatively few attain. For courtesy is in reality an art. Like every other art it requires natural aptitude—the inner gift—and it requires also cultivation; while each without the other is imperfect.

The inner gift lies in a correct feeling for what is due to others and to one's self as well. It is a blending of kindness, deference, and self-respect. One may possess the instinctive attributes of courtesy without a mastery of the means for its expression; or one may be trained to the expression of a courtesy which is not felt. The untrained courtesy is often awkward; the unfelt courtesy is always insincere. Only when the instinctive feeling and the external grace are united does courtesy become an art.

Ours is a bold-eyed generation, seeking its own ends, and hurried overmuch; not very reverent or reticent, and cultivating in its manners, as in its literature and conversation, the sort of intimacy which does not make for decorous reserve. Many look back with a real regret to that elaborate and formal courtesy which was known and practised before an easy-fitting modern garb displaced the lace and ruffles, the powdered wig, the knee-breeches, and the small sword, and when

the minuet was danced and the two-step was unknown. But so, no doubt, did the gentry feel when the knight in armor became obsolete, when the courts of love were no longer held, and when the formal usages of chivalry were laid aside to be forgotten. Some hold that manners have grown worse with every age, that fine breeding is less often seen, and that it is only in romances and old pictures, and upon the stage, that one can now enjoy the gracious courtesy which is reminiscent of what seems a nobler past.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

A good deal might be said in support of this thesis, but it is, on the whole, too sweeping. Of course, the whole structure of ceremonial courtesy in the past centuries was infinitely more complicated than in later years. Our remote ancestors had a genius for display, for pomp, for stateliness, which modern Englishmen have well-nigh lost and which Americans have never yet acquired. But two points are to be noted here. The first is this—that the class which possessed the gifts and graces of manner was an extremely small one. Beyond its pale—beyond the immediate influence of the court—there were practically no manners whatsoever; the country gentlemen were of the boorish type of *Squire Western* or *Sir Pitt Crawley*.

A second point is the circumstance that the exquisite courtesy which we ascribe to the Elizabethan nobles, or to the cavaliers of the Restoration, was after all a thing to be put off and on, to be used for ceremonious occasions, and at times to alternate with frank brutality. Elizabeth herself may have been a fascinating figure as she moved amid the pageantry of Kenilworth or Hampton. Her subjects thus viewed her as the gracious lady of the realm, the fountain of honor, the pearl of chivalry, a mirror of dignity and charm. But in the council-room her ministers saw another side of this paragon, when she swore at them like a fishwife, and with foul words cuffed the ears of Burleigh.

No queen of our time could manifest the supreme grace and stateliness of Elizabeth in the moments of her sovereign apotheosis; yet, on the other hand, she could very well descend to vulgarity and violence. Read the comedies of the Restoration and find how purely superficial was the breeding of the time.

The time of Queen Anne—most artificial of all periods—was one when mere manner was exalted to a cult. And yet, if we turn to Swift's biting satire on "The Mode of Polite Conversation as Used in the Best Companies of England," it is plain that all the charges brought against the tone of twentieth-century life are the same charges that Swift brought against the society of his time—flippancy, rudeness, and an underlying note of indecorous suggestion.

A century ago, and the Prince Regent, as "the first gentleman of Europe," was imitating the sublimated refinements of Beau Brummel, while at the same time he was himself making drunkenness and gluttony the fashion, consorting with grooms, jockeys, and prize-fighters. It is always so. An exaggeration of refinement leads inevitably to a reaction of brutality. Therefore, in the past, the courtesy which we now so much admire was too often the courtesy of external form, the acquired courtesy, the courtesy that belongs to artifice and not to art.

FAMOUS TALES OF CHIVALRY

A great impression is made upon modern minds by those spectacular and memorable instances of chivalric courtesy

which have become historic. They seem typical of an exalted standard, more nobly generous than that of life to-day. One reads of the Admirable Crichton, for example, attacked at night by three masked swordsmen. Crichton, by his own superb sword-play, slays two of his assailants and disarms the third, to find that it is the son of the Duke of Mantua, who has been Crichton's patron. Thereupon Crichton drops upon one knee and presents his sword to the young prince. There is the story of Sir Philip Sidney, about to lead his troops into the battle of Zutphen. At that moment he hears that the opposing commander wears no armor, and at once he divests himself of his own. And there is the story of Fontenoy, where the British guards advance in battle line upon the royal guards of France, and the French officer calls out, removing his laced hat:

"Messieurs des gardes, tirez les premiers!"

These incidents, and many like them, lead one, perhaps, to think that the whole tone of life in other days was finer, and the breeding higher, than in the generation that we know.

And yet it is the very rarity and fancifulness of these incidents which have caused them to be remembered. They were as exceptional in their time as they would be in ours. Nor, when they are analyzed, do they justify the conclusion which has been drawn from them. Crichton, to be sure, knelt and gave his weapon to the young nobleman. This was a fine instance of chivalrous devotion, the acme of courtesy. But the duke's son took the sword, so magnanimously offered, and with it ran Crichton through the heart. The one example offsets the other as a commentary on the manners of the age. Sir Philip Sidney's putting off of his armor may have been an instance of fine courtesy, but it was beyond question a bit of very clever leadership; for his soldiers would be nerved by his display of daring to fight all the harder. And as for Fontenoy, military critics have shown that if the English fired first, it would give the French a very real tactical advantage.

And so in many ways what one may call the mechanics of courtesy were doubtless more conspicuous in other

days, and played a part in the life of a small class; but it cannot be truly said that the art of courtesy was better known, or known to half so many. Contrary to what many think, the atmosphere of aristocracy is inimical to the finest manners, because it restricts those manners to a class, and gives that class the sole enjoyment of them. But courtesy, if it be supreme, is neither the possession of a class nor to be manifested to a class. It is of the essence of democracy—not the democracy which jostles and elbows, and of which the formula is the strident assertion, "I'm as good as you!" but the true democracy, which gladly says, "You are as good as I."

THE TRUE ESSENCE OF COURTESY

The soul of courtesy lies in three things—simplicity, sincerity, and self-control. The defect of the old courtesy lay in the fact that it was not simple; that it needed, so to speak, the apparatus of externals. It was not sincere, because it was too often put aside, and was, therefore, not a part of the very nature of those who practised it. To-day, when we criticize the multitude for its bad manners, we are paying quite unconsciously a tribute to the growth of courtesy among us. For, only a century ago, who would have expected the multitude to have any manners whatsoever? But now, that which before was nearly universal jars on our nerves when we find it other than exceptional.

In no age can the very finest and most exquisite courtesy be anything but rare—since the union of heart and mind and sensitive feeling which makes it perfect is itself so rare. Yet the slowly broaching recognition of the rights of all humanity, the sympathy of man for man, which are the fruits of democratic teaching, diffuse the spirit which fosters courtesy and makes men reckon it among the virtues. Without the pomp and trappings which accompanied it in days gone by, it is, if anything, more real; and there are few of us who have not given spontaneous homage to some of our own acquaintances whose breeding would do honor to a Sidney, as their gracious bearing would become a Bayard.

Courtesy, because it has in it the element of self-control, is akin to courage, and it sometimes excites the admiration

which is given to courage. When Charles II in his last hour apologized to the gentlemen about his bedside for being so unconscionably long in dying, this was not, as some regard it, a whimsical or flippant speech. It was the saying of a brave man and of a high-bred man—one who had so mastered his elemental instincts as to be able, even in the face of death, to remember what was due to others. And in literature, the more fascinating heroes are not those who by sheer force and with monstrous physical strivings subdue and conquer; but rather those who meet danger calmly and with a smile upon their lips; who are imperturbable and always self-possessed; and who, even when they cross swords with a foe, do so with polished words of easy courtesy. This is the type of *Beaucaire* and *Rudolph Rassendyll*, and it is the type that wins an intellectual admiration such as is never given to him who depends on force alone.

The courtesy that knows no flaw is, indeed, alike a weapon and a sure protection. Whoever weaves about him this magical defense is impervious, invulnerable. Meeting all men with a tranquillity that cannot be ruffled, keeping one's self above the level of bluster, impatience, and ill-nature, one's adversary is always in the wrong. Insults cannot pierce the shield of courtesy, but fly back upon those who hurl them. Unfairness, meanness, spite, malice, and brutality are all disarmed and made to seem contemptible when they are met by the quiet look, the impersonal tone, the graceful indifference, and the high-bred air of perfect courtesy, which disdains to stoop to the level of what is low. And in the end, courtesy breeds courtesy; for often, when it meets boorishness, the subtle influence prevails, until unconsciously the loud, harsh voice is lowered, the whole mental attitude is slowly changed, and at last the one who has thus felt the charm of courtesy departs with something of its spell still working in his veins.

And so not merely as one of the graces of our life is courtesy to be cherished. It is that which dowers its full possessor with a gift that makes him at once a gracious figure among his friends, and among his foes a knight without fear and without reproach.



In a Garden

By Douglas Hemingway

 **KNOW** a nook of trellised blooms,
Where from the vine-clad arbor's glooms
Wistaria hangs its purple plumes—
That is the place I love!

 **KNOW** an hour when morning smiles
Adown the garden's flowery aisles,
When springtime joy the heart beguiles—
That is the hour I love!

 **KNOW** a maiden tall and fair,
Who walks among the blossoms there—
Fain would I tell her, did I dare,
She is the maid I love!



LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM THE ROOF OF THE NEW YORK PRODUCE EXCHANGE, WITH THE SKYSCRAPERS OF LOWER BROADWAY ON THE LEFT AND THOSE OF BROAD AND WALL STREETS ON THE RIGHT

THE MOST VALUABLE TEN-ACRE LOT IN THE WORLD

BY EUGENE SANDS WILLARD

THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT OF NEW YORK, PART OF THE TRACT WHICH PETER MINUIT BOUGHT FOR TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS THREE CENTURIES AGO—THE TREMENDOUS PRICES NOW PAID FOR LAND IN THIS REGION OF COSTLY SKYSCRAPERS

PROBABLY the best real estate investment on record was made by Peter Minuit in 1626, when that sturdy Dutch burgher bought the whole of Manhattan Island—estimated to contain some twenty-two thousand acres—for a few beads, baubles, and some rum, to the value of twenty-four dollars. Minuit has often been criticized for driving a sharp bargain, but we must remember that in his day the purchasing power of

gold was five times as great as it is now, so that he really gave the equivalent of one hundred and twenty dollars. He could hardly have been expected to pay the present valuation of the island, and no doubt the Indians were better satisfied with the toys and the firewater than they would have been with money. At the present time, just two hundred and eighty years after Minuit's purchase, the island is worth, as real estate, at least

four billion dollars—which may be called a nice profit for a shrewd investor.

It has been calculated that this same

time, would now amount to about fifteen million dollars. It seems safe to infer that it is more profitable, on the whole,



LOOKING DOWN WALL STREET FROM BROADWAY—THE PROPERTY AT THE CORNER, NOW OCCUPIED BY A ONE-STORY CIGAR-STORE, RECENTLY CHANGED HANDS AT A PRICE EQUAL TO NEARLY SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS PER SQUARE FOOT

twenty-four dollars, put out at compound interest at the various rates prevailing between 1626 and the present

to invest money in New York land than to put it into a savings-bank.

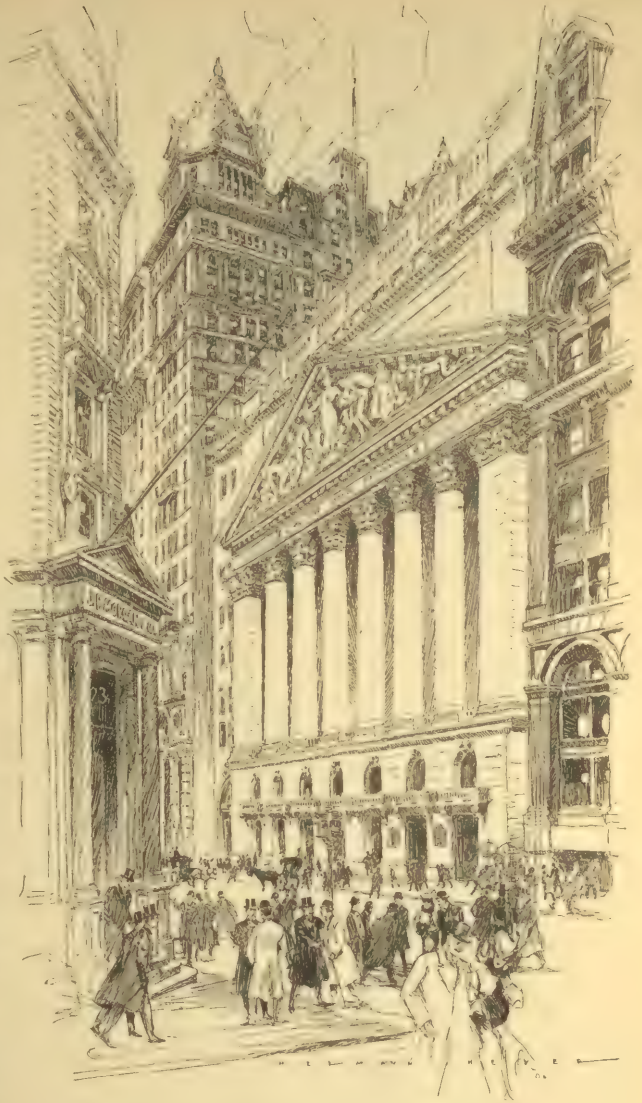
To-day, twenty-four dollars would

buy only one twenty-fifth of a square foot—less than six square inches—of land at the southeast corner of Wall Street and Broadway, at the rate of six hundred dollars a square foot, which was the published price of the recent sale of the property. The building that stood there, an old four-story structure numbered as 86 Broadway, was not counted as of any value, and was promptly torn down. Plans have been completed for a tall building to go on the site, and the ground floor is offered for rent, in advance, for thirty-five thousand dollars a year.

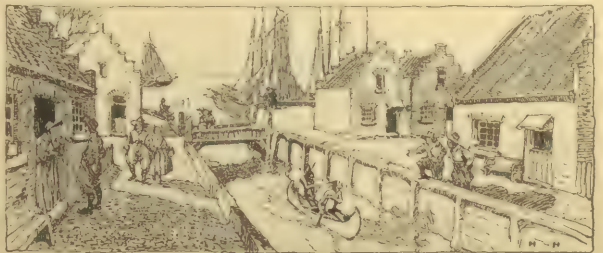
We publish with this article a sketch map of the district where real estate has soared higher than anywhere else in the world. Whatever its future may be, its record of advancement in value will probably never be surpassed, in America or Europe. Three centuries ago it lay in the outskirts of an isolated trading-post; to-day it is the financial center of America. It will, beyond peradventure, remain for generations the commercial barometer of a vast, teeming land whose terrific, restless energy it but reflects.

Let us glance at the various buildings which challenge attention here, and pay some slight attention to their history.

The most valuable single holding in America, of its size, is undoubtedly the Equitable Life Building, comprising the block bounded by Broadway, Nassau, Pine, and Cedar Streets. In 1721, two lots on this part of Broadway, measuring fifty by a hundred and sixty feet, brought a little less than three hundred dollars. The latest assessed value of the



BROAD STREET, FROM THE CORNER OF WALL, WITH THE MAIN FRONT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON THE RIGHT AND THE OFFICE OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN & COMPANY ON THE LEFT



BROAD STREET TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO



LOOKING DOWN BROAD STREET FROM THE
ROOF OF THE SUB-TREASURY—THE DARK
MASS IN THE STREET IS THE CROWD
OF CURBSTONE BROKERS

Equitable Building is eleven millions, the land alone being worth more than eight millions. The most interesting of its historical associations is the fact that Aaron Burr's law-office was on the Nassau Street side, where is now the entrance to the famous Belmont banking-house.

Across Broadway stands the Trinity Building, with its twenty-two stories, the topmost of which is higher than Old Trinity's spire. Adjoining, on the north, a large site has recently been cleared of its "encumbrance"—a good eight-story structure, taxed by the city at three hundred thousand dollars, but mowed down to make way for a huge addition to the Trinity Building. The land for this addition was bought by the first John Jacob Astor in 1828 for about one hundred and

twenty thousand dollars, and given by him to his daughter as a marriage-portion in 1842. Its last transfer was in 1902, at the rate of two hundred dollars a square foot.

Next to this is Trinity Church—the grand old Gothic edifice which has done so much to uplift and ennoble New York, both architecturally and morally. Its steeple rises to-day amidst all the noise and bustle, like a finger pointing to things above money and stocks and mere commercial enterprise. Its quiet church-yard is worth many millions to-day, though its first seven years' lease was for the nominal rental of fifty bushels of wheat a year. Later, under good Queen Anne, Trinity succeeded to the ownership of the King's Farm, which made it the wealthiest parish in America.



THE TWENTY-STORY EMPIRE BUILDING TOWER-
ING ABOVE THE GRAVE OF ALEXANDER
HAMILTON, THE FATHER OF
AMERICAN FINANCE



TRINITY CHURCHYARD, WITH THE TRINITY BUILDING ON THE LEFT AND THE AMERICAN SURETY BUILDING ON THE RIGHT—THE COMPARATIVELY LOW STRUCTURE BETWEEN THE TWO SKYSCRAPERS IS THE EQUITABLE BUILDING

The big Empire Building, twin sister to the Trinity, and sharing its watch over the old graveyard, houses the executive offices of the United States Steel Corporation and other interests with estimated assets of four billions of dollars. The

land it covers is valued at more than two million dollars.

Let us stop a moment to look at that ridiculous little lane called at different times by all sorts of names, from Flatten Barrick Alley to Tin Pot Alley and its



LOOKING UP BROADWAY FROM THE BOWLING GREEN—ON THE LEFT IS THE BOWLING GREEN BUILDING, THE THIRD LARGEST OFFICE-BUILDING IN NEW YORK

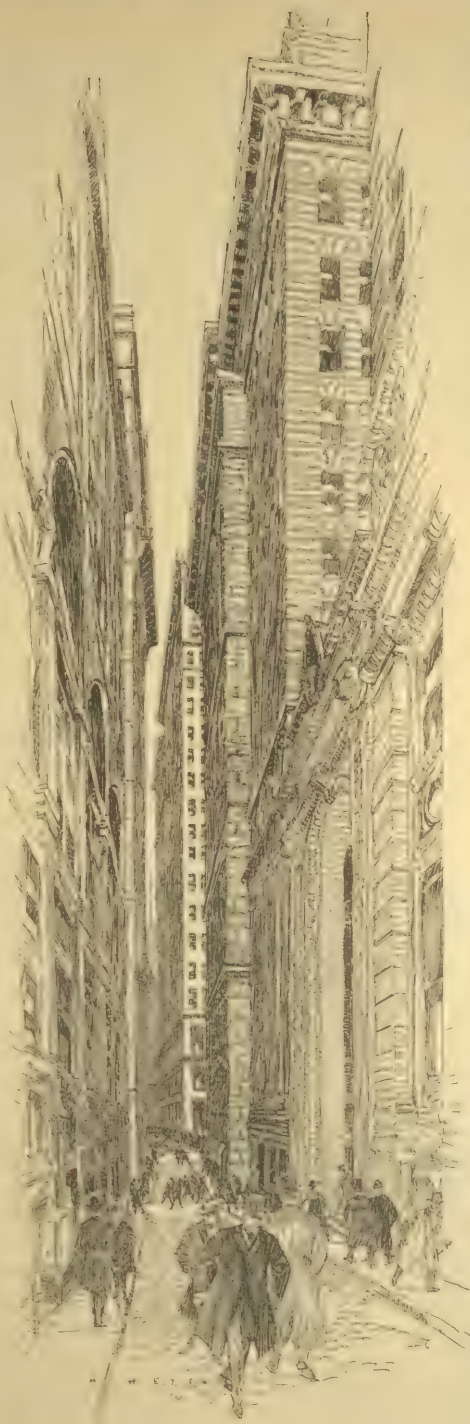
present title of Exchange Alley. It had its origin in a little path leading to the old Dutch battery on the bank of the North River. On the north side of it is the home of the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency, while across the way is the fine Astor Court Building. Property here is now worth a hundred and fifty dollars a square foot, while in 1737 a lot on this same corner brought eighteen cents a square foot.

Below, on the west side of Broadway, is Aldrich Court. Four little huts, the first habitations of white men on Manhattan Island, were built on this spot by Adriaen Block, the Dutch navigator, who stopped here in 1612. On the other side of the famous street towers the enormous cliff dwelling at 42 Broadway. This is New York's second largest office-building, with more than a quarter of a million square feet of floor space.

A few doors farther down Broadway—passing No. 34, where Commodore Vanderbilt had his steamboat office—we reach the home of the Standard Oil Company and its multitude of affiliated enterprises, at No. 26. It stands upon the site of an old burying-ground, and the remains of the old Dutch burghers were relentlessly dug up to make way for the headquarters of the modern financial magnates. Next, on our way southward, we pass by the old Stevens House, and the crouching lions of stone which still mark the site of Delmonico's original restaurant and of Daniel Webster's one-time residence. The last two structures on Broadway are the massive Bowling Green Building, the third largest office-building in New York, and the Washington Building, built by the late Cyrus Field of Atlantic cable fame.

These overlook the Bowling Green, the drill-ground, battle-ground, playground, and business-ground of Dutch, English, and American colonists. On the other side of the tiny open space is the great red-brick Produce Exchange, which covers an area of forty-six thousand feet, and which cost more than three million dollars to build, in 1884. Its elevators carry nearly thirty thousand passengers a day, or more than three times the city's population two centuries ago.

Here let us turn and find our way northward to the Broad Exchange Building, at the southeast corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place. The former thoroughfare owes its width, and consequently its name, to the canal—the Heere Graft, or chief channel—which in Dutch days extended along its middle and ended at this same corner. The great office-building that stands there now is the largest in New York, with a total floor space of nearly five hundred thousand square feet, or ten acres. Its assessed value to-day is five and a quarter millions. A



A STEEL-RIBBED NEW YORK CAÑON—LOOKING DOWN EXCHANGE PLACE FROM BROADWAY

little farther north, on the other side of Broad Street, is the imposing white marble façade of the Stock Exchange, the institution that rules supreme in the world of American finance.

Wall Street took its name from the early stockade—the chief landward defense of the little Dutch settlement—which ran along its length. In 1653, when the wall was built, it was but a common pasture; later, the north side became Abraham De Peyster's garden. In 1718 De Peyster and a citizen named Bayard divided the whole of the street into lots, and sold them. The former gave to the city the site of the present Sub-Treasury, facing Broad Street. This building has been the scene of many stirring events in New York's history, including the reading of the Declaration of Independence and Washington's inaugural and farewell addresses. To-day it stands the solid guardian of the Federal government's gold, while Washington's statue on the steps reminds us of its early association with the First President.

The visitor, after strolling through this teeming and

wonderful district, may very well be struck by two extraordinary facts in connection with it. First, why are its values and rents so high? Second, why are its buildings so tall?

The first phenomenon is due to various causes, the principal reason being that the center of American finance is the New York Stock Exchange. Bankers and financial institutions of all sorts do their utmost to secure offices close to the Exchange and the Clearing-House, and competition among these wealthy bidders has driven prices up to enormous figures. The skyscraper is a natural consequence. If land is exceedingly costly, a landlord who erects a building must figure on receiving a correspondingly large return for his money. With a limited floor space or rental area—let us say four or five stories—it would be impossible for him to do this, unless he charged a rate so exorbitant that few people would care to rent from him. If, however, he puts up a twenty-story building, his floor space is at once quadrupled or quintupled.

Such structures, however, have only recently become possible. Fifty years

ago the average height of buildings in New York was three or four stories, with six as the practical limit. The city authorities required that the thickness of the sustaining walls should be in proportion to their height; so that if a building was to be of more than half a dozen stories the lower floors would be obstructed with vast masses of masonry, limiting the floor space, restricting the light, and rendering the question of a foundation increasingly difficult. The invention of the steel frame construction and the development of the swift passenger elevator changed all this; and now the practicable height of an office-building is only limited by the question of a sufficient elevator service. If the structure rises much above twenty-five floors, the "lifts" needed by its tenants and their visitors use up as much valuable space as was formerly occupied by the heavy sustaining walls.

The Broad Exchange Building, for instance, with twenty floors, has eighteen elevators, each of which is calculated to "feed" twenty-six thousand square feet of floor area. In the Park Row Building each elevator feeds thirty-one thousand



THE CURBSTONE BROKERS IN BROAD STREET—ON THE RIGHT IS THE BROAD EXCHANGE BUILDING, THE LARGEST OFFICE-BUILDING IN THE WORLD

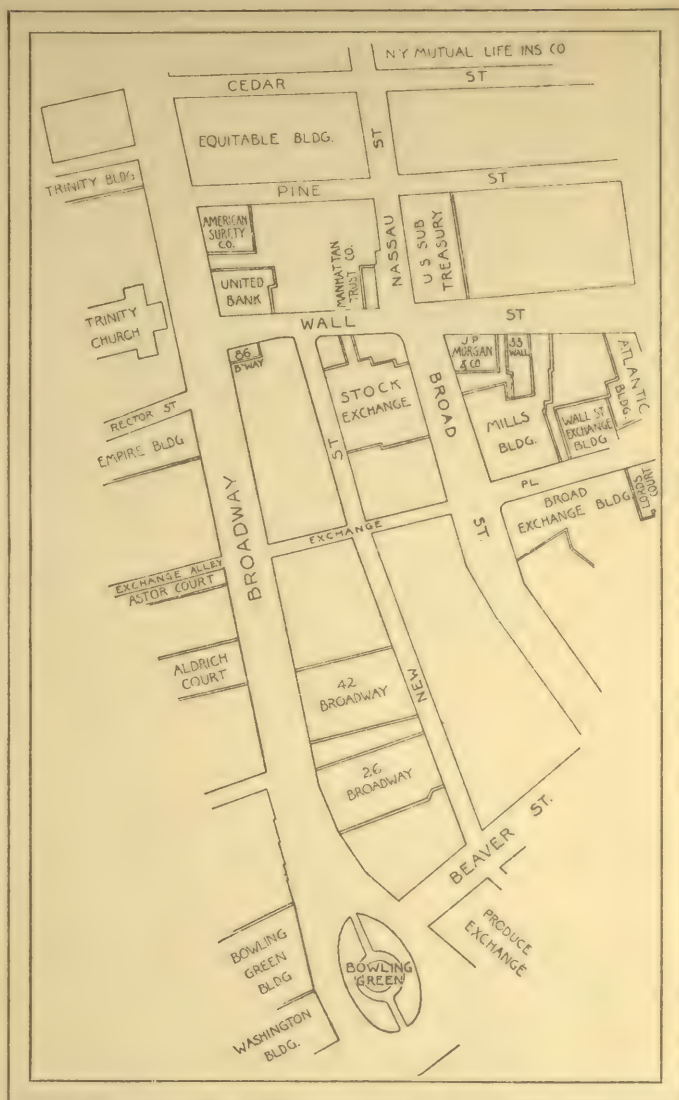
square feet. As the service is now no more than sufficient, it is obvious that if the buildings were twice as tall, twice as many elevators would be needed; so that the added area of the top floors would be offset by the wasted space given to extra elevators.

Notwithstanding this, the Singer Company is about to build on Broadway an office tower taller than the Washington Monument, and the tallest building in America. The plans are already filed, and soon New York will boast of a business structure five hundred and eighty feet high.

It seems hard to believe that the high steel building is only twenty years old. In spite of its critics, it is now a demonstrated success, and has come to stay. In the upper portions the offices are light; they are cool in summer and easily heated in winter; they usually command fresh, pure air and a fine view; there is little dust or dirt, and practically no noise from the street.

In Boston and Chicago, where the height of buildings has been limited, the values in the financial districts are greatest at about eighty or ninety dollars per square foot. If we wish to find any real estate as valuable as that of the Wall Street district of New York, we must turn to London, where land at certain points fetches almost as much as in New York. In one instance the Bank of England paid three hundred and seventy-five

dollars a square foot for a small parcel of land—the highest recorded price for land in England. On the whole, however, New York leads the world in real estate values, and this is all the more surprising when we remember that the present year rounds out just three centuries since a white man's eye first beheld Manhattan Island, while London has two thousand years of history to back her prestige as the metropolis of the British Empire and the largest city in the world.



A SKETCH MAP OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT OF NEW YORK, WHICH MAY BE CALLED THE MOST VALUABLE TEN-ACRE LOT IN THE WORLD

STORIETTES

Corporal Bob

CORPORAL BOB MARSTON, Northwest Mounted Police, shuffled the greasy cards wearily, and laid them perfunctorily in little piles on the table before him. Then he swept them petulantly into a confused heap. He had played solitaire for two weeks, and the diversion had lost its attraction. The strain of the situation was getting on his nerves.

He pushed back his chair and walked to the single window that the hut boasted. From the lean-to behind the little shanty came the mournful whine of the sledge dogs. He gazed drearily out on the endless plain of white. As far as his eye could reach there was nothing to vary the monotonous miles of snow, save here and there a cluster of gaunt, naked trees.

"Bob!"

Marston turned from the window to the corner where Jack Evans lay tossing restlessly on his bunk. He raised the sufferer's head awkwardly, and poured a few drops between the parched lips.

"Well, old chap?" he asked.

Evans' eyes opened to rest curiously for a moment on Bob's face, then he whispered feebly:

"Been pretty bad, ain't I?"

Bob nodded.

"Yep," he said tersely. "Better now, though."

Evans closed his eyes an instant; the light hurt them.

"How's the grub?" he asked suddenly.

"Grub? Grub's all right—lots of it," replied Bob shortly, turning his back to Evans under pretense of lighting his pipe. Conscious that the sick man's eyes were on him, Bob crossed the room and began to poke the pitifully inadequate fire into a cheerier blaze.

"That," said Evans, slowly and deliberately, "is a darned lie!"

The stick in Bob's hand dropped with a crash to the floor.

"It ain't no use," continued Evans,

"tryin' ter bluff me. Ye're a good feller, Bob, an' white clean through; but I ain't been so sick but what I know it's two week er more I been on this here bunk, an' the day afore I was taken down we was plannin' ter strike fer the fort. 'Cause why? 'Cause thar warn't only a week's grub left. Thet's why!"

Corporal Marston squinted at him a minute through the immense puffs of smoke he was emitting.

"You know too blamed much for your own good, you do," he growled.

"Thet ain't all neither," resumed the sick man, nervously plucking the fluffs of the coarse blanket. "The heavy storms air a-comin' on, wuss'n the one thet ketched us. 'Twouldn't hev been no easy job ter make the fort a week ago. Every day makes it wuss, dogs gettin' weaker an' weaker, an'——"

"Shut up!" snarled Bob. Every nerve in his body seemed to jangle discordantly. He passed his hands over his eyes in an effort to still the violent throbbing in his head. Desperately he pulled himself together, knocked the ashes from his pipe, placed it carefully in his pocket, and marched over to the bed. "You shut up!" he repeated peremptorily, his hands stuck deep in his trousers pockets. "I'm in command of this expedition. All you've got to do is obey orders."

A little red flush of resentment tingled the pale, drawn features.

"I'm no chicken at this business," said Evans querulously. "Ten years I've been on duty in this God-forsaken country. Yer talk's jest baby talk, so it is. Don't ye think I know," he cried, his voice rising stronger in emotion, "thet it's sure death ter stay another day? I can't go, so I got ter cash in; but yer stayin' don't help none. You hike out fer the fort while you got the strength left. What's the use uv yer goin' down an' out jest 'cause I hev ter?"

Bob's lips twitched nervously.

"I ought to feel like smashing you for that," he said with painful slowness,

"only you're sick—and—somehow, I guess I'm kind of out of sorts."

Neither of the men spoke for a time that seemed ages to them both. Finally, Evans raised himself painfully on his elbow.

"I'm in dead earnest, Bob, an' I'm goin' ter hev my say. I seen you kiss that photergraph last night when you thought I was asleep. I ain't got a soul in all the world what cares a cuss about me. I ain't sayin' but it's my own fault; thet's neither 'ere ner thar. 'Tain't fittin' fer you ter stay. It's murder, thet's what it is—jest murder! An' I ain't a-goin' ter hev it on my conscience. An', so help me God," he finished solemnly, "ye're a-goin' ter make tracks!"

Bob moistened his lips with his tongue as he leaned over the bunk.

"There'll be a search party after us in a day or so," he said thickly.

"Search party nothin'——"

But Bob's hand closed over the other's mouth. He turned Evans over with his face to the wall, and drew the coverings up around him.

"Go to sleep," he commanded sharply. "Maybe I'll go out by and by and try for a shot."

He took his gun from the corner, drew the chair up to the table, and began to polish an already spotless barrel. After a time his exertions relaxed, and the gun was allowed to slip gradually to the ground. He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, his chin resting in his hands, his eyes staring hard before him.

Once or twice he moved, shifting his position restlessly. He groaned aloud in anguish, then started with a guilty glance toward the corner. The figure on the bed was motionless.

Bob hitched his chair around until he faced the door with his back to the bunk. His hand stole into his pocket. He took out a photograph and laid it reverently on his knee. The eyes that looked into his seemed pleading with him to come back. He shook his head sadly as he lifted the picture to his lips.

"Oh, Mary!" The words welled up from the heart of the man with its immensity of yearning; the lips that scarcely moved to form them trembled piteously. His head sank down again between bowed shoulders. "My Mary!"

Suddenly he straightened up, his hands clenched tight in fierce resentment. What was this sick thing on the bed that it should stand between them? What claim had it to interpose? What jibing mockery was this that held him back from the craving that racked his very soul? Duty! The thought loomed up unbidden. What was duty to him? A morbid sentiment—and how chimerical! Everything was chimerical!

He drew his hand peevishly over his face; the photograph fell unheeded to the floor. His bloodshot eyes fastened themselves on the fur mat that hung before the little doorway leading to the dogs' quarters. Slowly he rose to his feet, and on tiptoe began to cross the room toward it, his hands stretched out before him like one groping in the dark. His face, sullenly averted from the sick man's corner, was drawn and haggard, ashy white with the workings of his reeling brain. Trembling as with the ague, he pushed aside the mat and let it fall behind him; then he paused to wipe the great beads of sweat from his forehead.

"What's wrong with me?" he muttered plaintively. "It's a square deal. The fool suggested it himself; I'd never have thought of it if he hadn't. Lie down, confound you!" he snarled, with a vicious kick at the dogs that whined around him.

They huddled back into the corner, crouching in fear before this new master whom they did not know. Bob stooped and hauled the sled into the middle of the shed. He began to fumble with the gear.

"There's more harness than I want," he babbled, with a curious chuckle. "Didn't bring any spare ones either; there must be more dogs somewhere." He commenced to count them. "One—two—three—four; where's the others? Dead. Of course they're dead! Knew it before, only I must have forgotten."

He sat down on the sled and began to tell off the details on his fingers.

"Four dogs—two hundred miles—no rations—Mary?"

There was a note of interrogation in the last word. Who was Mary? Yes, he remembered now—there had been a picture, hadn't there? He felt in his pockets. Well, it didn't matter, he must have lost

it. Nothing mattered! He was going away from this hell of torment, away from——

He bounded to his feet, shivering in every limb. What was that? Stealthily he edged toward the doorway, and cautiously lifted a corner of the rug to peer through into the room beyond. His eyes mechanically followed Evans' movements, as from the floor, where he had fallen in an effort to leave his bunk, the sick man slowly and painfully pulled himself to his knees, swaying to and fro as he clutched desperately for support.

There was a moment's quiet as Evans steadied himself; then Bob started nervously. The slow, faltering words seemed to reach him from some great distance.

"I ain't never prayed afore, God," was the piteous confession, "an' I ain't no kind uv right ter now; but seems 's if I'd orter. You know how 'tis, God, an' how on account uv me Bob's figurin' ter stick it out. 'Taint't fit ner proper fer me what has nary chick ner child ter stand atween him an' her. Oh, God! I don't know how ter pray, but thar ain't no call fer Bob ter die!"

Evans' voice broke with a half sob as he fumbled for his words. Bob stirred uneasily. A faint glimmer of reason had come to him, and he understood that Evans was praying—praying that he, Bob, shouldn't die. Well, he wasn't going to die. He was going away. He'd almost forgotten that. He was going away.

Evans' voice was firmer as he continued:

"An' so, God, thar ain't no other thing fer me ter do." His hand groped beneath the blanket. "Jest make me man enough ter——"

Like a flash Bob's awakening came in all its bitterness. With a cry he dashed across the room and knocked up Evans' hand. The bullet buried itself harmlessly in the rafters above their heads.

Evans staggered slowly to his feet. Between them, on the floor, lay the still smoking revolver. The sick man's glance, half defiant, half wistful, rested for an instant on Bob's face; then he pitched forward in a deathlike swoon.

Bob caught him as he fell, and lifted him tenderly back into the bunk. The room seemed stifling hot. He staggered

blindly to the door, wrenched it open, and sank bareheaded upon his knees in the snow.

For a moment he stayed there motionless; then, sobbing like a little child, he poured forth the bitter weight of shame that bowed him down. And as he prayed, in the distance, faintly borne to him by the wind, came the yelping of a pack of dogs—the crack of whips—the sound of a human voice.

Frank L. Packard

Von Blumer Invests

"I WAS talking with Whittler to-day," said Von Blumer, "and he told me he had just made ten thousand in Wall Street."

"You never do anything like that," said Mrs. Von Blumer.

Von Blumer elevated his eyebrows, and leaned back in his chair with an expression of supreme disdain.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "If that isn't just like a woman! Just because I grub along in my slow, industrious, painstaking way; just because I'm not a gambler, a spendthrift, and am not taking the bread out of the mouths of widows and orphans, why, you turn on me—you chide me with my incompetence!"

"Nonsense! I haven't said anything of the sort. I don't know anything about it. What did you mention the matter for?"

Von Blumer ignored her question. He was absorbed in a philosophic reflection. Suddenly he turned to his wife, his face shining with the beatitude felt by a man who is suddenly elevated to the sermon level.

"Perhaps," he said, "you don't realize what this Wall Street business means. Well, it's death and destruction! It's sapping the life blood of the nation. A whole gang of desirable young men, the bulwark of our country, are going to ruin. I see it about me all the time. It's fearful!"

"Mr. Whittler evidently doesn't feel that way about it," said Mrs. Von Blumer. "He's a church-member, too, isn't he?"

"Whittler," said Von Blumer earnestly, "is exceptionally situated. You see he is on the inside. He never does

anything big; but he knows some of the big ones. He is right next to them. He simply takes advantage of a few things he hears. Besides, he is old enough not to have his head turned. Then, he never mentions the matter—that is, except to his intimate friends."

"Why don't you try your hand at it?" asked Mrs. Von Blumer. "You are as old as he is. There's no chance of losing, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, not in Whittler's case. You see, you buy when they are low. Then the boys get together and give things a boost. Oh, it's dead easy—a sure thing. Perhaps I will. I don't know that there would be any harm—in my case. I'm too level-headed to get caught. All you need in the game is a little judgment, a little nerve."

The next day, when Von Blumer came home, his step was a trifle more elastic than usual. There was a subdued gleam in his eye as he kissed his wife. He had not been so good-natured for months.

After dinner was over he took her into the library and closed the door carefully. He patted her confidentially on the shoulder.

"Can you keep a secret?"

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him reproachfully. As if she—being the woman he knew her to be—couldn't keep a secret!

"My dear girl, prepare yourself for a shock. I'm making a fortune!"

"A fortune?"

"Well, of course, in a limited way. I'm conservative. I'm not rushing into a thing with my eyes shut. But when you have a dead sure thing, play it hard! That's my motto."

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him suspiciously.

"My dear, you haven't been—speculating?"

In reply her husband slapped his hand on his knee. He laughed heartily.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "that's good! Me speculating! At my time of life! I say nay. Not much!"

"What have you been doing?"

"Now, my pet, just sit down and listen. And above all things, don't jump to any conclusions. Yesterday I went in with the boys on a little—investment."

"I hope it wasn't a gold mine. I'm

afraid of gold mines. You know father——"

"Ha! That shows how little you know. Perhaps you don't know it, but there's been more good solid hard cash made in gold mines than in anything else. But never mind. You wouldn't understand the details if I talked for a century."

Mrs. Von Blumer's face blanched.

"Have you bought a gold mine?" she faltered.

"Certainly not. All you've got to do is to remember the word 'Acacia'—that's all. Yesterday it was selling at twenty-four. To-day it has moved up to thirty; and there's absolutely no telling where it will stop. Whittler put me on. There's just a few of us, but we are 'way, 'way inside.'"

"Acacia!" said Mrs. Von Blumer. "Why, I heard some men talking about it on the train. One of them said it was good for something—par, I think he said."

"Exactly."

"How did they know about it?"

Von Blumer leaned forward mysteriously.

"It's known," he whispered, "to a few, a select few. Of course in a week or so—when it's too late, everybody will know it. Nothing like getting in on the ground floor, eh?"

"But suppose it should go down?"

Von Blumer chuckled.

"Acacia go down—with me and the rest of the insides back of it? Huh!"

"Have you bought much of it?"

Von Blumer's voice lowered.

"No," he whispered. "Don't mention it. I'm almost ashamed to say how little I've got. A mere nothing—a couple of hundred shares. Oh, if I had only had my nerve with me yesterday!"

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him keenly.

"I don't know anything about it," she said anxiously. "I suppose it's all right, if you say so. But what do they mean by margin? Buying on a margin— isn't that it? They say it's wrong to do it—I hope you didn't."

Von Blumer's face grew solemn and earnest.

"Nothing worse!" he cried. "That's what ruins 'em. There's only one safe thing to do, as Whittler says—buy it out—"

right, put it away in your pill-box, and forget it. Then you can't lose. A little cool judgment, and steady nerve, a clear head in buying, and—well, maybe millions will result."

"And you did that, did you?"

"In my case it wasn't necessary. You must remember, my dear, that I am strictly on the inside. We don't wait for a thing to happen—we create it. It's a terrible thing for these poor duffers who don't know, isn't it? But for us—well, we play the cards. I can't wait until tomorrow."

The next day Von Blumer slipped into the house so noiselessly that his wife scarcely heard him come up to her. He was calm—unnaturally calm. He was also pleasant—unnaturally pleasant. They talked of many things.

"I thought," said Mrs. Von Blumer, at last, "that I would get a new hat."

Her husband's face burst into a smile.

"That's great!" he cried. "A hat—I like that! But I don't believe it."

"What do you mean?"

"The idea of your getting a new hat is a great joke. It amuses me immensely. I don't believe it. You'd rather wear your old one. I know you. When you get new things you don't wear 'em. You stick to the old until I'm positively ashamed of you."

"But——"

"All I can say is that I hope you will get a good hat. And for heaven's sake, get a decent one. Get two or three. Every well-dressed woman ought to have at least half a dozen hats. And I want you to buy some clothes. Go to a half respectable place. Have something that looks well. It's your duty to be well dressed. I demand it of you." He put his hand on her shoulder. "My dear girl, we've been living in a rut. Now, let's broaden out. I've been looking at autos all the afternoon—ever since three o'clock. I suppose I'll have to come to a French car. I understand they are the best. And we must go to Europe—a leisurely stroll, mind you—no hurried trips for me!" He turned and looked around. "Do you know, my dear," he observed critically, "that everything in this house looks shabby? It's positively disreputable."

Mrs. Von Blumer understood. She

looked at him beseechingly. There was a strange glint in his eye that she didn't like.

"Don't you think, dear," she said, "that you'd better sell out?"

"Sell out? Why, what do you mean?" said Von Blumer, as if the subject she had broached was the last thing in the world he was thinking of. "Oh, you refer to Acacia?" He waved his arm. "Oh, that little matter! I think not. *I think not!* You see I know more about those things than you. I don't think I shall sell out quite yet—not while I'm making a thousand a day. Of course, that isn't much; still, it's better than nothing. If I hadn't been such an infernal ass I'd have gotten more. It makes me sick when I think of it. I might have known. But I might as well be philosophical."

During the next few days Mrs. Von Blumer learned to gage the stock-market by her husband's actions. When he was sentimental, verging on peevishness, it was going down. When he was haughty and distant, it was going up. His spirits soared and dropped with Acacia.

Little by little, however, he seemed to grow more serious. One day he spoke of "those devilish crop reports"; on another of "tight" money, and on another of "distant war rumors" which for some unknown reason appeared to be doing damage to home industries. On the seventh afternoon, as she was engaged in a little shopping, she heard a boy calling an extra. She caught the word Wall Street, and hastily bought the paper. Her worst fears were confirmed as she read the fatal head-line: "A Crash in the Street."

She waited to learn no more—indeed, the most intimate perusal of the financial column would have left her no wiser—but hurried homeward. It was growing dark as she entered the house and made her way up-stairs. Suddenly she heard her husband's voice at the telephone. She waited outside the door until he had finished, and then entered the room.

"You did it!" he cried.

"Did what?"

"Never mind! You're responsible for it all right. I might have known, when I took your advice, that I'd be wiped out. I knew some time or other that you'd get me in a box like this!"

"What have I done?"

"You've done everything. You enticed me into Wall Street, didn't you, with its bloodthirsty gang of thieves and cut-throats? Didn't you persuade me a week or so ago, against my better judgment, to go in and gamble?"

"But, my dear, I didn't want you to—I begged you not to."

"Begged nothing! Didn't you taunt me with the fact that I never made any money? What would any decent man do under such circumstances? It's the same old story—ruined by a woman! And I'll bet you've been throwing away money shopping all day."

Mrs. Von Blumer's love for her erring husband rose in a mighty wave. She went over and put her arms about him.

"Don't you care a bit, dear," she whispered. "It doesn't make any difference if you've lost every cent. We can get along."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that," said Von Blumer, slightly recovering under the dynamics of her caresses. "It's only a couple of thousand. I suppose I can stand it. But I wouldn't have believed it possible the thing could have dropped like that. I was so sure!"

"Well, I'm glad it happened. Money gained in that way never does any good, and it will teach us both a lesson. But Mr. Whittler, didn't he really know?"

Von Blumer turned around angrily.

"Know!" he exclaimed. "Why, the scoundrel just told me over the telephone that he sold out the day after I bought. But I'll be hanged if I don't believe that he lied!"

Tom Masson

Author and Editor

THE author straightened up with a long sigh of relief. The neatly typed manuscript, with the regulation stamped envelope for return, was slipped into another envelope addressed to "The Editor of *The Planet*, Astor Building, City," and marked in the upper left-hand corner, "Return to H. E. Langley, 128 Porter Street."

Sealing and stamping the package—with a thud of the fist for each act as if that would insure acceptance—the author carried it away down to the letter-box in the lower hall of the boarding-

house, to climb up again to the third-floor hall bedroom to wait—wait—wait.

It isn't at all essential to the progress of this brief tale to describe how the author passed the ensuing days until the self-addressed envelope was found in the letter-box. That spelled failure, even before its insultingly fat sides came into view. Fingers that shook with writer's chill drew out the familiar sheets and opened the editor's letter, which was an aggressively big white sheet to contain so little:

H. E. LANGLEY, 128 Porter Street, City:
Too long.

Very truly yours,

EDITOR.

After staring for a long time at the curt message, which was typewritten in a bold character, the author seized a pen and wrote beneath it, in script as bold and insolent:

Editor of THE PLANET:

Shorter.

Yours very truly,

H. E. LANGLEY.

The editor's note had not said "Rejected" and H. E. Langley was desperate. "Click, click, clickity-click!" went the old second-hand typewriter for several hours. Then the author enclosed the diminished bulk, with the editor's letter-head and another return envelope, and again toiled down several flights of stairs to the letter-box—to be headed off on the first landing and dunned by a determined-looking landlady, and to creep back to the hall bedroom feeling like a thief.

Like a cat or a homesick boy, the addressed envelope came back again without undue waste of time. The second day after its departure, it was found reposing, contented and unabashed, in the letter-box.

The author's gray eyes flashed at the editor's second reply. In plain terms, the author was mad. A dash of the pen on the big white letter-head—there was still room and to spare—a furious clickity-clicking for more tiresome hours, then another trip, swift and stealthy, to the lower hall. The landlady had sharp ears, and was becoming offensively rude in her references to unpaid bills.

The manuscript came back—clickity-click—and went out again. If that edi-

tor thought to have a little sport at the author's expense, the author would see him through with it! That manuscript should return to the *Planet* office until the editor was man enough to write "Unavailable," even if H. E. Langley had to pawn the—well, the typewriter was the only pawnable article left—for stamps.

Once more it came back—clickity-click—and once more it went out. At the end of two weeks its final out-going found it shockingly attenuated from its strenuous courses of antifat, while on the big white sheet, besides the two first inscriptions, the following appeared, alternately typewritten and in the author's script:

H. E. LANGLEY:
Still too long.
Truly yours,
EDITOR.

Editor THE PLANET:
Still shorter.
Yours truly,
H. E. LANGLEY.

H. E. LANGLEY:
Boil it down.
Yours, etc.,
EDITOR.
(OVER)

Editor PLANET:
Boiled.
Yours, etc.,
H. E. LANGLEY.

H. E. LANGLEY:
Cut it.
Yours,
EDITOR.

Ed. PLANET:
Cut.
Yours,
H. E. L.

To H. E. L.:
At last! And here's the golden egg—if not a goose's. Come up and have a smoke!

Very truly yours,
EDITOR.

The author, who really had a keen sense of humor, though so far there had been no indication of it, laughed and laughed, and for a moment forgot to look at the golden egg, which proved to be a check for fifteen dollars. Then the author frowned. What? Only fifteen dollars for all that work? Not even enough to pay the back rent.

Melancholy brooded for ten minutes, at the end of which the author took a fresh sheet of paper—that letter-head

was too precious, or too valuable, rather, as it turned out—and this is what the editor read a few hours later:

Editor THE PLANET, Astor Building, City:

DEAR SIR: Many thanks for the check—and the invitation; but propriety and personal habits forbid.

Yours very truly,
HELEN ELOISE LANGLEY.

The editor's chagrin gave way to a hearty laugh, just as the author's scowl at the smallness of the check gave way to a smile that ended in a gurgle of delight.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" she exclaimed.

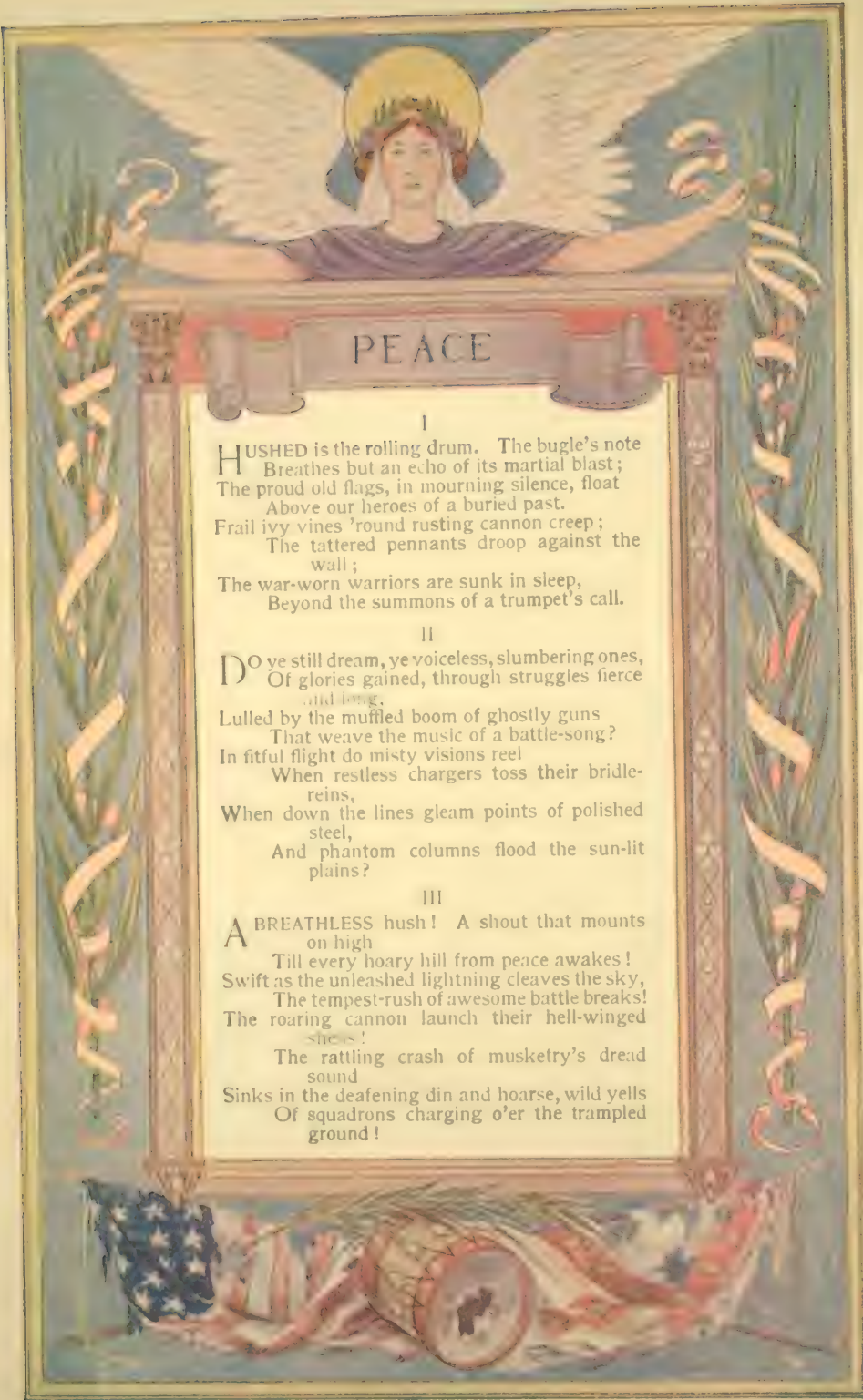
A few strokes of the pen, a thin disguise of names, and the much-bewritten letter-head, with a copy of her last letter, went to the editor of *Hope*, the leading humorous publication of the city. All is grist that comes to the author's mill.

A few days later, Helen Eloise Langley received a check for twenty-five dollars from the editor of *Hope*, with a request for more "stuff." The author donned her hat and jacket and sailed down those long flights of stairs, down the front steps, and down the street to a bank where she cashed her check. Once more she proudly faced the world and her landlady.

Not many days thereafter—in fact, the next day after the next issue of *Hope*—the author was called down-stairs to the shabby reception-room. There she had to face a tall, broad-shouldered man with a pair of humorous brown eyes—or eyes that would have been humorous had they not been so angry just then—and a shock of brown hair with a touch of gray in it. Her cheeks flushed as she glanced at his card; then, to her dismay, she began to laugh. The more her caller reddened and scowled, the wilder grew her mirth.

Philip Arlington Reeves, editor of the *Planet*, fought for his dignity for a few moments, then joined in. After that—but this is the story of the author's story, not the story of the author; so I will merely record the fact that H. E. Langley became a satellite of the *Planet* and the editor a satellite of H. E. Langley.

Laura Alton Payne



PEACE

I

HUSHED is the rolling drum. The bugle's note
Breathes but an echo of its martial blast;
The proud old flags, in mourning silence, float
Above our heroes of a buried past.
Frail ivy vines 'round rusting cannon creep;
The tattered pennants droop against the
wall;
The war-worn warriors are sunk in sleep,
Beyond the summons of a trumpet's call.

II

DO ye still dream, ye voiceless, slumbering ones,
Of glories gained, through struggles fierce
and long,
Lulled by the muffled boom of ghostly guns
That weave the music of a battle-song?
In fitful flight do misty visions reel
When restless chargers toss their bridle-
reins,
When down the lines gleam points of polished
steel,
And phantom columns flood the sun-lit
plains?

III

ABREATHLESS hush! A shout that mounts
on high
Till every hoary hill from peace awakes!
Swift as the unleashed lightning cleaves the sky,
The tempest-rush of awesome battle breaks!
The roaring cannon launch their hell-winged
shells!
The rattling crash of musketry's dread
sound
Sinks in the deafening din and hoarse, wild yells
Of squadrons charging o'er the trampled
ground!

IV

DOWN, down they rush—the cursing
riders reel
'Neath tearing shot and savage bayo-
net-thrust;
The plunging charger stamps with iron
heel
His dying master in the battle's
dust.
The shrill-tongued notes of victory
awake;
The black guns thunder back the shout
again;

In crimson-crested waves the columns break,
Like shattered foam, across the shell-
swept plain.

V

A COLD form lies upon the death-crowned
hill,
With sightless eyes, gray lips that may
not speak;
His dead hand clasps his shot-torn banner
still—
Its proud folds pressed against his blood-
stained cheek.





VI

O H, slumbering heroes, cease to dream of war!
Old hatreds die behind the march of years.
Forget the past, like some long-vanished scar
Whose smart is healed by drops of falling tears.
Keep, keep your glory, but forget the strife!
Roll up your battle-flags so stained and torn!
Teach, teach our hearts, that still dream on in life,
To let the dead past sleep with those we mourn!

VII

FROM pitying Heaven a radiant angel came;
Smiling, she bade all sounds of conflict cease.
Her wide wings fanned away the smoke and flame;
Hushed the red battle's roar—God called her Peace.
She sheathed the dripping sword; her soft hands pressed
Grim foes apart, who scowled in anger deep.
She laid two grand old standards down to rest,
And on her breast rocked weary War to sleep.

VIII

FROM land and sea she swept mad passion's glow,
Yet left a laurel for the hero's fame;
She whispered hope to hearts in grief bowed low,
And taught our lips, in love, to shape her name.
Peace spreads her pinions wide from South to North;
Black enmity within the grave is laid.
The church-towers chime their holy anthems forth,
To still the thunders of the cannonade!

Edward Peple



MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxv.

May, 1906

Number II

A PAINTER OF FAIR WOMEN

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

JAMES J. SHANNON, AN AMERICAN PAINTER WHOSE REMARKABLE PORTRAITS OF FEMININE BEAUTY HAVE REVIVED THE TRADITIONS OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH ART

IT is in portraiture, in the definite transcription of feature and of form, that the artist is presumably more faithful to fact than to the allurements of fancy. Yet the great portrait-painters have from the outset been supreme fan-



MRS. HERBERT M. SEARS AND HER DAUGHTERS
From the portrait by J. J. Shannon, painted recently in Boston

tasists. The subdued mystery of Leonardo's Gioconda, the luminous gloom that shrouds the heads of Rembrandt's Vandyke's Charles, are the sheer magic of creative genius. From the days when the Greeks colored their marbles and



LADY REVELSTOKE (FORMERLY LADY ULRICA DUNCOMBE), A FAMOUS ENGLISH BEAUTY,
DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF FEVERSHAM

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon

burghers, the incomparable tonal unity of Velasquez' Philip, and the silver sheen that plays about the brow of

studded them with jewels to the hour Sargent painted Mrs. Hamersley reclining among brocade cushion, the artist has



LADY MARJORIE MANNERS, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY, AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon, considered to be one of the artist's masterpieces



LADY HENRY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon, painted in the artist's garden in London

striven to lift personality beyond the realm of mere reality.

The part that man has been called upon to play in portraiture is a distinctly obvious one. In pietistic days he knelt before a shrine; in martial times he pranced upon a charger; and in the hour of peace he mused by the window or paused in a sunlit doorway. As occasion demanded, he wore robes of state or the white ruff of a simple townsman. His rôle has always remained literal and documentary.

With woman, matters have been different; and it is because of her evasiveness, her psychic and emotional flexibility, that she embodies and reflects the subtler essence of portraiture. Whatever man has wished her to be she has become; whatever mantle he has cast about her shoulders she has worn. In the age of allegory she was radiantly allegorical, in the days of romance she was obediently romantic, while to-day she is as restless and fastidious as man's own exacting vision. By a curious contradiction this sensitive, fluid being typifies the enduring element in life and in art—the element of ideality.

With all her complexity, it can hardly be held that the modern woman is as complex and diverse as the painter portrays her. It is rather that he sees her in this guise or that, and paints her not as she is, but as he would have her. The modish dexterity of Sargent, the impalpable emphasis of



MRS. ROBERT J. GAMMELL

*From the portrait by J. J. Shannon, painted recently in
Providence, Rhode Island*

Whistler, and the vaporous delicacy of Alexander are the specific qualities each artist brings to the delineation of character and personality; and it is these

American sunlight, the woman of to-day bears the impress of her interpreter. About her cling not the facts of life, but the finer tissues of feeling and as-



PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, RECENTLY MARRIED TO PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon, painted in London shortly before the princess' marriage

qualities which, after all, constitute the final impression.

There is, of course, a broad identity of treatment in contemporary portraiture; yet, whether she gently emerges from the fogs of London, the opal haze of Paris, or stands in our shimmering

piration. She impersonates an ideal, a creed, or—to the irreverent and unsentimental—a convention.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH ART

English art, during its richest period—that of the later eighteenth century—



"ON THE STAIRS"

From a portrait study painted by J. J. Shannon



MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

*From the portrait by J. J. Shannon, painted recently
in New York*

was preeminently dedicated to portraiture. The first president of the Royal Academy, the worthy Sir Joshua Reynolds, was almost exclusively a painter of portraits, and though Gainsborough's landscapes were justly approved, his fame, as well as that of Romney, Hoppner, and others, rests upon a spirited version of the gracious women and gallant men of their day and generation.

It was chiefly, indeed, the arch allure of English womanhood and the wild-rose bloom of the English girl that these men most loved to transfer upon canvas. No school of painting, and no period of artistic activity, has left behind a more engaging record of feminine beauty. While Vandyke, of course, brought with him from the continent a certain needed poise and worldly stateliness, it was from the winding lanes and green hedgerows of rural England that was wafted the true morning glory of British art. From Plympton, in Devon, where Reynolds was born; from Gainsborough's smiling Suffolk, and the Lancashire, long neglected but never forgotten, of Romney, there came to painting a new beauty, a fresh fragrance. No matter whether they passed most of their time immortalizing great folk, living in houses in Leicester or Cavendish Square, and mixing with the world of fashion, neither these men nor their colleagues, Lawrence and Raeburn, quite lost that touch of wholesome Saxon charm which radiates alike from "The Parson's Daughter," Nelly O'Brien, or "Perdita" Robinson seated before her screen of springtime foliage.

While this ideal of beauty, this creed, or, if you will, this convention, was never wholly lost, it languished sadly during succeeding years. Now it degenerated into a mere milkmaid buxomness, and again it became mystic and listless as with the pre-Raphaelites. It was fully a century before the true spirit of this art, with its innate distinction and its frank worship of fair, fresh countenances, again came into vogue. Odd as it may seem, it was not an Englishman, but a young painter from over seas, who in large measure revived the pictorial felicity of former days.

The facts of Mr. Shannon's life and career are too well known to call for ex-

tended enumeration. Of Irish descent, and born in Auburn, New York, he passed his boyhood mainly in Canada. On showing marked promise as a painter, the lad was early sent to London, where he studied at the South Kensington Schools under Mr., now Sir Edward, Poynter. So rapid was his progress that at the close of his first season's work he received the silver medal, and a year later captured the gold medal in the national competition.

SHANNON'S CULT OF BEAUTY

From the outset he devoted himself wholly to portraiture, his initial order being a commission to paint Miss Horatia Stopford, one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor. He was but eighteen at the time, and since that day fortune has continuously smiled upon him. Among the first women of title to discover Mr. Shannon was the Marchioness of Granby, whose own artistic accomplishments are noted, and of whom he has painted several exquisite portraits. Following the success of his first full length of Lady Granby, commissions poured in upon the young artist. Within a few short years the unknown youth from across the water had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and had taken a house in Holland Park Road next door to the famous home of Sir Frederick Leighton.

Only an industrious specialist or an indefatigable exponent of the eyes and nose school of criticism would feel disposed to trace from canvas to canvas the development of Mr. Shannon's career as a painter. A mere enumeration of his portraits would fill defenseless souls with dismay. It is sufficient to say that he has been represented season after season at Burlington House, the New Gallery, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the Grafton Gallery in London, and in various British and continental exhibitions. At the Chicago, Buffalo, and St. Louis expositions, and at the Carnegie Institute, he has carried off leading prizes; for although few men are more productive, fewer still maintain so consistent an average of merit.

To the casual seeker after felicity of statement or vigor of analysis, this vast succession of canvases drops naturally

into three groups—portraits wherein beauty predominates; portraits wherein characterization is the chief motive; and compositions revealing a less formal play of esthetic fancy. While he has achieved manifest success in the other fields, it should not be difficult to divine that most of Mr. Shannon's art has been dedicated to the cult of beauty, the first group hence being the most important.

It is little short of astonishing that the lad whose early attempts were as cautious as those of his first master, the estimable Wright of St. Catherines, should, within a few years, have perfected a manner so free and flowing in its expression and imbued with such suavity and distinction. The sagacious amateur generally decides that Mr. Shannon continues the Carolus-Duran tradition. In point of fact, he never studied in Paris, and what he really does is to unite to the gracious heritage of Anglo-Saxon art a personality and handling wholly his own. From that first sweeping portrait of Lady Granby to the delicate, ethereal version of his sister finished but a few weeks since, Mr. Shannon has moved steadily toward a more definite realization of his pictorial aim. Year by year the vision has grown clearer and ampler until, through increasing fertility in color, composition, and arrangement, his art has taken on its individual accent. Whatever there is of beauty in the sitter springs spontaneously to the eye of the painter and flows freely from the swift, broad stroke of his brush.

SHANNON'S WORK IN AMERICA

For several months during the past two winters Mr. Shannon has been living and painting in New York, Boston, and other American cities. Although he had previously exhibited but rarely here, and while he was actually known only to those who saw the yearly exhibitions in London, his success on this side has been a repetition of the triumphs achieved in his adopted home. Just as in London, beauty, wealth, and fashion have flocked to his studio, and have in turn been painted dexterously and sincerely by the genial, modest man whose one preoccupation is his art.

The types he encounters here are of

course other than those with which he has so long been familiar, for while our prelates, our captains of industry, and our women of the *beau monde* bear a general family resemblance to their cousins across the sea, in essence they express qualities that are different. There is little doubt, however, that Mr. Shannon is recording that difference, for he is by instinct keenly sensitive. In addition to the natural zest which comes with new conditions and new surroundings, our clear atmosphere and vigorous climate have also proved a distinct stimulus to him. Moreover, he frankly likes Americans, being himself but a slight remove from one.

There is no better way to appreciate the spirit of Mr. Shannon's art than to spend an afternoon in his New York studio overlooking Bryant Park. Dimly from below rises the ceaseless throb of traffic, while in the air and on the green-tipped trees rests the caress of early spring. About the room, which is simple, restrained, and full of quiet tonality, are grouped numerous portraits in various stages of completion. Here stands a bishop, imposing and full of dignity both academic and ecclesiastical; over there is seated the wife of a distinguished lawyer, delicate and coral-like in tint, and crowned by a wealth of white hair. There are in all a half dozen or more, ranging from Mrs. Rockefeller in cream satin to Master Pyne with his favorite collie by his side.

Across the room are the Sears children and their mother, while in the opposite corner a psychic blonde in an expansive picture hat is confronted by a lustrous brunette with centuries of breeding behind her, and a vague, engaging smile flitting about her sensitive mouth. Dressed in tweeds, quite jovial and wholesome, and painting away with subconscious ease and fluency, is the artist who, month by month, is transferring to canvas the flower of American culture and civilization.

For a painter who has achieved such a large measure of success, Mr. Shannon is refreshingly modest of speech and manner. Having been something of an athlete in his youth—a youth not so far distant, for he has merely turned forty—he moves alertly to and from his sitter

with his ample, iridescent palette and big, effective brushes. Mr. Shannon's ideas on art and life are those of a normal being who professes few fads and no erratic theories whatsoever. A brilliant, rapid workman, he is nevertheless conscientious to the point of caprice, having frequently refrained from exhibiting portraits that might have seemed to him in the minutest degree unsatisfactory.

While he enjoys painting men, he has an instinctive predilection for feminine beauty, and it is unquestionably Mr. Shannon's gallery of fair women which constitutes his chief claim to recognition. Despite such a distinguished procession of sitters it is, however, his wife and his daughter, Miss Kitty Shannon, whom he most loves to put upon canvas, either as definite portraits or in some delightfully fanciful or decorative vein.

A PLEA FOR ANGLO-SAXON ART

There is something eminently just and appropriate in the fact that Mr. Shannon should be here among us painting our men and women, our youths and misses. The art which he represents with such singular felicity and distinction is Anglo-Saxon art at its very best. It is, moreover, our own esthetic heritage, a heritage of which for various reasons we have long been defrauded. During several decades it has been the foreigner, not the Englishman nor the American, who has had the field of local portraiture substantially in his own hands. Most of these men have been utterly out of sympathy with our race spirit and social ideals, and many have not hesitated to display an open contempt for those whose portraits they have condescended to paint at exalted prices. With the coming of Mr. Shannon a reaction has fortunately set in against certain of these cynical exploiters, whose only title to consideration has been a wholly mis-

leading and usually misplaced technical virtuosity.

Though the art of Mr. Shannon is broad, eclectic, and in no degree insular, there is little question that its specific charm and allure descend direct from those eighteenth-century masters who painted the belles, beaux, and sober statesmen of Georgian days. It is clearly to that superb row of "Windsor Beauties" in Hampton Court, to Holland House, the Wallace collection, the National Gallery, and various great private collections that this particular—shall we say convention, creed, or ideal?—of beauty can be traced. There will of course always be an uncertainty as to just how much the later men owed to Vandyke, the aristocratic, nonchalant painter of the Stuarts; but it seems that this Saxon love of fair faces, artless elegance, and the added grace of outdoor setting is not an accidental, or foreign, but rather an inherent possession.

The best things alike in English art and English verse appear to spring from this same appealing source. The tender magic of *Miranda*, the romantic languor of divine *Saccharissa*, the seductive revelations of lovely *Julia*, and the comely wiles of *Highland Mary*, each reflects something of that radiance which lies at the heart of natural things, that frank happiness which is the chief light of beauty. While it need not be inferred that British poets or painters hold in any degree a monopoly of these engaging qualities, they have surely crystallized them into visions typical of purely English loveliness. That it should be the mission of the artist to increase and to extend this heritage there is small doubt. And yet no one knows better than he how difficult it is to add to this dream of fair women—a dream born not alone of fact but of the mingled fancy and illusive yearning of generations.

THE TOUCH OF A HAND

At times when the world seems dead,
And the heart is bound in frost,
When every bird or blossom
Forgotten is, or lost;

A hand is laid in ours—
Ah, the world is not so wrong,
And for every bud that blooms
The heart leaps up in song!

Margaret Ridgely Schott

WOMAN TO WOMAN

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

AUTHOR OF "BERTHA'S MR. WENTWORTH," "OVER SUNDAY," ETC.

AND then came the king's carriage. Edward was bowing right and left; Alexandra, beside him, graciously inclining her head. I leaned forward from the window, so. I had on my gray silk and the gray velvet bonnet with violets—you know, I wore it at Minnie's wedding. My dear, at that moment Alexandra looked up, and she gave me a lovely bow! Quite to myself! I inclined deeply, like this, and then she passed on. A number of people in the crowd turned to see who was so honored. Indeed, there was one woman stared up at me the whole time: I could see her out of the corner of my eye. And I shouldn't wonder if she had something to do with the disappearance of my wrist-bag later.

You know Alexandra's face, of course—so regal, yet so refined. May-ry, bring that picture of Queen Alexandra of England from mama's bureau, to show to Miss Hastings. Of course, in repose—but well, I wish you could see her smile. Not one of her pictures looks the least like what she does when you're close to her; they show the queen, but not the woman.

Our eyes met as she bowed; and it was very strange. There was she, the Queen of England, in her chariot, and there was I, Mrs. Henry Pocock, of Newbury Center, in a window that cost Henry forty guineas—yes, my dear, just that, for one day. And yet there was a something passed between us. We had both been wives and mothers, we met on the common ground of our womanhood. It was like a signal between two passing ships. Of course, it might easily have meant little or nothing to her; but what happened afterward—well, I'll leave you to judge.

She certainly did give me a lovely bow. And I said to Henry:

"Henry, no matter when or where I come face to face with her majesty again, no matter how disguised she might be, I should know her; and though she might not know me at once, I would only have to say, 'The one in the window!' and she would remember. This isn't something I can argue about: *I know it.*"

Henry always gives in at once when I say that.

It was in the crowd afterward that I lost my bag—such a handsome bag! Of course our window was a conspicuous one, and I will say, my dear, that I looked my best that day, so I suppose we were put down for nabobs of some kind. At any rate, when we tried to get to our cab—the crush was something awful—the bag was slipped right off my wrist, and I never knew it till we had driven away. Twenty pounds in good money, and worse yet, a gold purse Henry had just given me for my birthday! Such a rare thing! The clerk told us they had made one exactly like it for a member of the royal family, so you can imagine how I felt at losing it. If I could just once have got my hands on the wretch that took it! We reported to the police, and I made their lives a burden about it, but it wasn't recovered, of course. Such a beauty of a bag, too—I declare it makes me mad yet to think of it!

Now, my dear, you're not a married woman, and I'd be the last to forget that; but you must have heard a rumor now and then that Edward—May-ry, I want you to run out in the garden and play. Yes, darling, mind mama. Oh, Miss Hastings isn't going yet—you'll see her again.

Well, my dear, I don't suppose you can expect a prince or a king to be the sort of husband my Henry is, for instance; but there never is one word

against Alexandra, and I don't want you to misconstrue what I am going to tell you, or to think that there was anything fast or loud about it. Everybody knows that royalty likes to run away sometimes and go about the streets just like the rest of us; and it's no wonder, with the exalted formal lives they lead. We have all read in the papers how even our dear President slips away from the secret service men once in a while and enjoys himself like a schoolboy. And the temptation must be much greater to a born crowned head—if only to see how back breadths are being cut; for you know a queen never lays eyes on a human back, unless it's in a picture.

Somehow, I kept thinking of this when I was in London again, a few months later. I couldn't help a feeling that some time or other, in those crowds, veiled and plainly garbed, I should come face to face with Alexandra. The idea took such a hold that I never went into a shop—especially toward dusk—without my heart starting up and my knees getting shaky. I used to go till I was ready to drop, and Henry joked me about my passion for buying things, but I didn't tell him what I was after. It was just a feeling: I couldn't argue about it.

Well, it was a Tuesday—a dark, sloppy, muggy Tuesday, and I'd been poking about the shops all the afternoon, picking up a little something here and there, but all the time watching every face; and I declare to you, my hands were unsteady, and I had a gone feeling right here, like you have when you think you smell smoke in a theater. It was nearly five, and I knew I ought not to loiter, for Henry would be expecting me; yet I had to stay on—it was a feeling. So I went slower and slower, and my heart kept getting into my throat at every regal, veiled woman I saw—you'd be surprised how many of them there are in a London crowd. And then, all at once, I went cold from head to foot.

Yes, it was. She was standing by a counter piled full of gorgeous silks, and something in the way the clerk was watching her—sort of close and curious—made me turn for a good look. There she stood—plainly dressed in black, and veiled, and no fringe, but in a flash I saw that face and the crowd and me in the

window. I knew her as plain as though "Queen of England" had been written in diamonds on her breast. Oh, my dear, it was the most wonderful moment of my life—so terrible, yet so uplifting. I just stood near her and waited, with my knees giving way under me and my eyes on her face. She glanced up presently, a royal, indifferent sort of a glance, until her eyes met mine.

Know me? That was the marvelous part of it. Not one word did I say, not even "Window!" But her eyes widened and her lips parted, and she went dead white under her—well, you know the dear queen does make up a little, and it is quite fitting and becoming, in royalty; not in the least like that dreadful Saunders girl. She glanced over her shoulder, as if her first thought was to slip away, and when she saw the crowd shutting us in, she gave a little gasp that made me want to cry. She looked so startled that I forgot all my reverence and awe and came right up close to her with a hand on her arm, so—I truly did, my dear. Wasn't it awful of me? But she was too upset to notice; or else her royal tact passed it over.

"I knew you at once," I blurted out.

She gave a little queer nod to her head. Then she spoke, sort of dry-mouthed and swallowing, and her hand shaking so you could see it:

"You saw me from the window?"

Well, if I had had any doubts before, that would have settled them.

"Yes; and I've been watching for you. I knew we'd come face to face yet," I said, as quiet and direct as I am speaking to you.

I declare, I don't see how I ever had the courage, for, in spite of her plain clothes, she was every inch a queen. Oh, it stood out, I tell you!

She laughed in a funny, choked way, without any sound.

"Well, what do you propose to do?" she said.

And then I saw why the poor dear was so nervous; she thought I was going to tell people and make a big public scandal.

"I'm going to be your friend, if you'll let me," said I earnestly. "And I'm not going to tell one soul here in England. You can trust me," I said. Well, with that, if you please, her eyes filled right up. "Come away from here, for

"I think the clerk is recognizing you," I went on in a whisper, and we passed out together, the Queen of England and I—it was for all the world like a dream.

At the door of the shop she turned to me suddenly.

"Why are you doing it?" she asked, sort of fierce. Poor Alexandra, I don't suppose she often meets real, disinterested, human fellow-feeling!

"My dear," I said, just as I might to you, "my dear, we have both been mothers."

It touched her deeply; I felt her arm give a little shiver, but I wouldn't look in her face. And then I had an inspiration. You may think it was conceited, but it just came to me that a chance for a real cozy talk, woman to woman, would mean as much to her as visiting with a crowned head would to me. We were standing in a gray drizzle, with the crowd slopping past in mackintoshes and the lights all yellow and blurry.

"Now," said I, "we both know who and what you are, but nothing shall be said about it; and if you will trust me enough to come to a little place I know and have a cup of good hot tea, it will be an honor for which I shall be grateful all my life," I said. She stood staring at me—she's got a sort of bewildered look in her eyes that goes to your heart, though you don't notice it in the pictures; they don't look much like her, anyway. "You will be perfectly safe there," I reassured her: "we'll just chat, woman to woman; then we'll go home."

She hesitated a little; then she spoke in a touched, hushed kind of a voice that made me feel like a mother to her:

"You are a good, kind woman. I trust you, and I will come gladly."

So we found one of those little tea-stalls to ourselves, and I sat opposite the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, asking her what kind of tea she preferred, and no more scared than if it had been you. She hardly said a word, but I just chatted on about home and Henry and the children, and how we had come over—I didn't say for the coronation, for it wouldn't seem quite nice to refer to it; and how grand a time we'd had, seeing it all for the first time, with not a thought for expense; and how we'd been poor all those years, and so had

learned ways to help people now that we were rich; and how good home would seem again, and all that. She drank in every word, with her eyes on her cup the whole time. And then it struck me that perhaps it made her sad to hear about such a happy home as ours, when her own—well, you know, royalty can't have things nice and cozy, like plain people; so I stopped, sort of sudden.

And then came the most wonderful part of it; for Alexandra opened her heart to me. It is almost too sacred to tell—but I know you won't repeat it. Her voice was real trembly, and she never once looked up.

"No woman ever treated me like this in my life," she said, sort of quick and husky. "I—I didn't know any one could be so kind." I just reached out and patted her hand, and she went on: "I haven't always lived—this life. That day—the day I saw you at the window—was the beginning, and I was half desperate——"

"I know, dear, I know," I said. "For all the glitter and grandeur, it must have seemed a little like going into prison."

She gave me a scared glance.

"Yes, it was; but I had to," she said; and of course she did, for the king's wife has to be crowned queen, whether she likes it or not.

"I suppose you hadn't believed that you'd ever really come to it," I said, not liking to refer any more directly to her mother-in-law's holding out like she did.

Her face all lit up at that.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "And I did want to live—like other good women." Her voice dropped away down; then she pulled herself up, sort of defiant. "Oh, I am weak, weak," she said—think of that, from that noble queen! "But I am grateful to you for—finding me to-day. You were just in time, like a good angel."

"That clerk did look as if he had his suspicions," I admitted. "It's dangerous, dear lady. If you should be caught——"

She shivered at that and jumped up.

"I will give it up—I promise you," she said, so low I could hardly hear. Then she stood watching me as I paid the check out of a little old leather purse I'd been carrying since that wretch took my good one. "I am going home—"

to stay with my children," she went on. "You're a good woman; I shall never forget you." And then she was gone, and, I declare, it would all have seemed like a dream if it wasn't for the two empty cups on the table.

When I got back to the hotel and told Henry, he thought I was crazy, and he almost made me think so before we got through. Men hate to believe anything romantic if they can help it. But the next morning he had to change his tune; for what do you think happened?

No, you'd never guess. I hadn't a suspicion when I took the package from the messenger—I'll show it to you just as it was. Oh, May-ry dear, you there? Mama didn't know you had come back. Get the little box out of the left-hand drawer, there's a good girl. Plain white paper, you see, and the address printed, and inside—there! Isn't it a beauty? The strange part is, my dear, that it is the very image of the gold purse that that wretch stole with my bag. And do

you remember what I told you about that—that one just like it had been made for a member of the royal family? Well, there it is—a present from Alexandra to me. Even Henry had to give in at that, though he still pretends there's a joke somewhere. And I value it above everything I've got in the world, except my husband and children. Of course I don't carry it, a real heirloom like that. If we had caught the mean scalliwag that stole my bag, I'd have had one for show and one for blow, as you might say—and twenty pounds of good money as well. It makes me mad still when I think of it! Still, that forty-guinea window paid, don't you think?

We are going abroad again in a year or two, and some day, when the queen goes out in her carriage, I will be standing close to the curb. I will make a deep obeisance, like this, and Alexandra will gravely incline her head, and not a word will be said on either side; but we'll both *know*!

THE LOVE POTION

LITTLE brass kettle so simply wrought,
What magic charm in your texture's caught,
That potions brewed in your glowing bowl
Subdue the heart and enchant the soul?

The floating clouds of your curling steam
Recall the shades of an ancient dream,
Wherein I can see the winsome grace
And dimpling smiles of my lady's face.

In your blue-green flame that darts and dies
I catch the lights of my lady's eyes,
Which her drooping lids would hide from me
As she sits demurely pouring tea.

With alluring smile she bids me sup
The fatal draft from the charmed cup;
Though none with impunity partakes
Of the fragrant tea my lady makes!

The maids of old at the midnight hour
Ne'er gathered herbs of such potent power,
Wherewith to mix, through an occult rite,
A draft of love for some luckless knight.

The modern maid at her five-o'clock,
Arrayed in a marvelous tea-green frock,
Beside her enchanted samovar,
Compounds a mixture more deadly far.

Wo to the careless youths who think
They may taste untouched this magic drink!
And bliss to him that doth understand
To seize with the cup my lady's hand!

Stuart Dunlap

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

II—THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT ORE RANGES

The Small Beginnings of the Iron Industry in America—How Its Marvelous
Modern Expansion Was Made Possible by the Discovery of the
Vast Ore Ranges of Lake Superior—The Story of a
Billion-Dollar Wilderness

FEW Americans realize that in the development of the iron and steel business, we took our place in the kindergarten class with the oldest nations of Europe and Asia.

We, too, carried iron ore in baskets and made steel by the spoonful. We began at the bottom. No furnace that you may find in darkest Africa can be more primitive than many that were in operation in the thirteen colonies. What wandering tribe on the Congo could produce a cruder iron-works than the hollow stump furnaces of the first Arkansas settlers? What houses have ever been more destitute of iron than the log cabins that led the way for the westward march of the American people? What outfit could be more primitive and flimsy than the early American forges, which were tied to trees to save them from freshets, or the spring-pole hammers that struck upon stump anvils?

Six centuries ago there was not a blast furnace in the world that would be looked upon as anything more than a toy by an iron-maker of to-day. At the time

when our Lynn Puritans were making fourteen thousand pounds of iron a week, Sheffield, the chief steel city of England, was no more than a village, though its cutlery had been famous for three hundred years. Merthyr Tydvil, the first iron metropolis of Wales, was a bleak and unproductive waste. And as for Essen, the home of Krupp, it was a farming hamlet until after the Presidency of Jefferson. The simple slitting-mill, by which sheets of iron were cut into strips, was not used in England until a hundred years after the discovery of America; and the ink on the Declaration of Independence was seven years dry before the first rolling-mill in the world was in operation.

The early American iron-makers had little to do with millions. There was more of love and excitement than of money in the trade. In fact, iron was first discovered in this country through a royal romance. Ninety years after the voyage of Columbus, Queen Elizabeth of England fell in love with Sir Walter Raleigh and gave him a grant of land on the coast of

This series of articles began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

North Carolina. Sir Walter sent an expedition to explore his new possessions, and a learned historian named Harriot, who was one of the party, reported on his return that "iron is found in many places of the country."

This was the earliest discovery of iron in the New World. In 1608 a ship arrived at London with a load of ore—the first tiny pinch from the vast ore-fields of America—which, when smelted, produced seventeen tons of iron, worth twenty dollars a ton. The total value of the first year's business was three hundred and forty dollars.

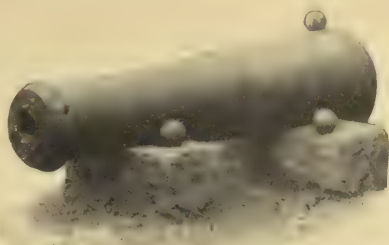
THE FALLING CREEK MASSACRE

Stimulated by this little pile of iron, a company was formed, and John Berkeley

town, and there, in the dense forest, a little settlement called Falling Creek was built. Iron was made, and the prospects of the company were bright.

Then, in less than a year after their arrival, came the terrible Indian uprising of 1622. The friendly Powhatans suddenly became fiends. Whole communities were destroyed. In Falling Creek no one escaped except the young son of John Berkeley, and the iron-works was burned down.

To-day Falling Creek swirls down to the James River, and on its bank you can still find small pieces of furnace cinder. Two miles up the creek are the ore-pits, still five or six feet deep. Half a mile southward from the site of the furnace there is a low tract of ground which the



CANNON AND CANNON-BALLS CAST AT THE CORNWALL IRON-WORKS, NEAR LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA, FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY



THE OLD CORNWALL IRON-WORKS, NEAR LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA, WHICH SENT THREE COLONELS TO THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY

was sent, with twenty-two skilled iron-workers, to build the first iron-works in the new continent. Berkeley was "a gentleman of honorable family," whose home was Beverstone Castle, Gloucestershire. The company gave him a free hand, with permission to spend as much as two hundred thousand dollars. He chose a site near the James River, in Virginia, sixty-six miles above James-

farmers call Iron Bottom, because of the bog ore that it contains. This is the only name that survives in our day to commemorate the story of the first martyrs of American industry.

THE HEROIC PERIOD OF IRON

For five generations after the Falling Creek massacre, the Indians were the most dreaded enemies of the iron-

workers. In that "heroic period," as it may be called, the guns stood always beside the furnace and the anvil. Those who travel to-day through the secluded valleys of Virginia will still see the ruins of historic furnaces. In fact, there are few States of the original thirteen in which you will not find, always by the side of a river, the crumbled wreck of a furnace that made iron before this republic was born.

The first colonial iron-works of any importance was established at Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1642. Eleven "English gentlemen," mostly military officers, supplied the capital, which was only five thousand dollars; and a son of Governor Winthrop furnished the political "pull." The latter was the company's chief asset. Every special privilege young Winthrop could suggest seems to have been promptly granted, the most important being:

A monopoly of iron-making in Lynn for twenty-one years.

Exemption from taxation for twenty years, and from all military service.

A free gift of three square miles of land for every furnace built, and of all necessary ponds and waterways.

Permission to sell to Indians and to enemies of the British government.

The granting of so many special privileges angered the Lynn Puritans, and they began a series of persecutions that finally harried the iron men out of business. They declared that the company was in league with the pirates, and raged because it destroyed the forests. Several farmers brought suit on the ground that its dam had flooded their fields; and a mob went by night and cut away the

flood-gates. The wife of John Gifford, the unpopular agent of the company, was next charged with being a witch, and narrowly escaped the penalty.

Three of the chief iron-makers—Joseph Jenks, Richard Leader, and Thomas Dexter—were constantly in hot water

because of their sturdy independence and outspoken opinions. Jenks was arrested and plagued until he fled to Rhode Island, where Roger Williams had established a more tolerant form of faith. Leader was fined fifty pounds for speaking too frankly of the officials of the colony; and as for Dexter, his whole career was a struggle against Puritanic disfavor. He was fined eight pounds for "speaking seditious words," deprived of his vote, put in the stocks, bound over to keep the peace, arrested for drunkenness,

for assaulting Captain John Endicott, and for sleeping in church, and at last deprived of the greater part of his hard-earned property.

Joseph Jenks was the most notable of the Lynn iron-workers. He it was who made the first American saw-mill, the first fire-engine, the first wire, and the dies for the famous "pine-tree money," the earliest coinage minted in the colonies. One of his achievements alone entitles him to fame—the invention of the scythe. Before his day all the grain in the world was cut by the little hand-sickle. No iron-worker or farmer had thought of any quicker way. "Why not make the blade straight and twice as long, and swing it with a two-handed handle?" This was the question asked and answered by Jenks. Simple enough, perhaps, but since the first blade of



MRS. REBECCA LUKENS, OF COATESVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, THE FIRST AMERICAN IRON-MAKER TO ROLL BOILER-PLATES SUCCESSFULLY



THE MASSACRE AT FALLING CREEK, VIRGINIA. THE FALLING CREEK IRON-WORKS, THE FIRST ESTABLISHED IN AMERICA, WAS ATTACKED AND DESTROYED BY HOSTILE INDIANS IN 1622, AND ONLY ONE OF THE SETTLERS ESCAPED ALIVE.



FALLING CREEK AS IT IS TO-DAY—THE SITE OF THE FIRST AMERICAN IRON-WORKS, BUILT BY JOHN BERKELEY IN 1621

wheat was grown no one had suggested such an idea before.

THE ARISTOCRATIC PERIOD OF IRON

Following the heroic period came what we may term the aristocratic period, when iron was made in the American colonies by King Louis XV, Queen Anne, the Comte de Frontenac, Baron de Graffenried, Baron Stiegel, Baron Hasenclever, Sir William Keith, and "Lord" Stirling. For the seventy years previous to the American Revolution iron-making was an aristocratic hobby, not only in America but in several European countries as well. Peter the Great had set the fashion by building furnaces in the Ural Mountains, and the great need of iron for military purposes led others to imitate his example.

Queen Anne financed an iron-works at Fredericksville, Virginia, at the request of Governor Spotswood, who hoped that the profits would help to pay the expenses of the government. With the exception of the small plant now being run in connection with the Rusk Penitentiary, in Texas, the Fredericksville furnace was the only instance of state socialism that has occurred in the American iron and steel trade. Unfortunately for the advocates of the socialistic theory, the enterprise was a failure from the first. It flickered along for several years and became extinct.

Louis XV of France began unwisely by investing a large sum of money in a bankrupt plant at Three Rivers, Quebec. For seventeen years his iron-works manufactured pots, kettles, stoves, and cannon—more for his amusement, very likely, than as a business enterprise, as his rascally agents pocketed all the profits. It became the property of the British crown in 1760, after Wolfe's capture of Quebec, and remained so for ninety years.

But the iron-masters who deserve most notice during the aristocratic period were four "highly well-born" Germans—Barons Graffenried, Stiegel, and Hasenclever, and Squire Faesch. These men were not merely investors in the industry, but men of force, practical ability, and great enterprise. Baron Stiegel, especially, was an inventive genius, and one of the most picturesque figures of colonial times.

Graffenried was an idealist. Bringing with him thirty-two iron-workers, he landed in North Carolina and founded the village of New Berne. He was a man of peace, and hoped by emigration to escape the perils and brutalities of war; but unfortunately, like John Berkeley, he had not taken the Indians into account. The little settlement, after several contented and more or less prosperous years, was attacked by the Powhatans and destroyed. The baron saved



THE PURITAN PERSECUTION OF THE COLONIAL IRON-MAKERS—THOMAS DEXTER, OF LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS, PUT IN THE STOCKS AS AN EVIL-DOER

his life, but, as Governor Spotswood wrote, "he was much discouraged."

BARONS STIEGEL AND HASENCLEVER

Baron Stiegel, also, was a dreamer of dreams and a builder of ideal towns. In 1750 he sold his share of an estate in

the skilled handiwork of the Middle Ages and the modern American iron trade. The medieval art of the Rhine crossed the Atlantic Ocean and flourished, for one brief generation only, in the Pennsylvania backwoods.

The third of the German barons was a personality of entirely different type. Baron Hasenclever was a thorough man of business—the Andrew Carnegie of colonial days. Ten years after Stiegel's arrival, Hasenclever went to England and organized a company to produce iron in America. Taking two hundred workmen, he came to New York, bought fifty thousand acres in northern New Jersey, and went to work with the most astonishing enterprise. In two years he had built four furnaces, seven forges, ten bridges, thirteen dams, and more than two hundred buildings. His iron was pronounced to be the best that had been produced in this country, and he was manager of a plant worth nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Then he was swept off his feet by an avalanche of trouble. Some of his partners proved to be incompetent or dishonest, and by 1769 he was declared bankrupt and forced to leave the country.



PHILIP M. EVERETT, WHO IN 1845 DISCOVERED THE FIRST OF THE GREAT IRON ORE RANGES OF LAKE SUPERIOR

From a photograph by Studio, Marquette

TWO GREAT AMERICAN NAMES

There were in this period two humbler iron-workers who deserve special attention, not because of their achievements as ironmasters, but because they carried the two names that have been most highly honored in American history. They were Captain Augustine Washington, father of George Washington, and Mordecai Lincoln, the great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln.

George Washington, when a boy, played under the sparks of Accokeek furnace, which belonged to the Principio Iron Company, of Maryland, but which was located on his father's land across the Potomac from Mount Vernon. Captain Augustine Washington owned one-sixth of the furnace, and received, in addition, five dollars for every ton of iron

Germany for two hundred thousand dollars and came to Pennsylvania. Falling in love with Elizabeth Huber, the pretty daughter of an iron-maker, he married her and bought her father's furnace. Several hundred German workmen gathered around him, and the town of Manheim was founded. Here all kinds of artistic iron-work and glassware were manufactured. The Stiegel stove-plates are among the most interesting relics of early American history, many of them representing such Biblical pictures as "Cain and Abel," "Adam and Eve," "David and Goliath," and so forth. The work of Baron Stiegel, in short, forms a link between



LEONIDAS ("LON") MERRITT, ONE OF THE
DISCOVERERS OF THE MESABA ORE RANGE

From a photograph by Thiel, Duluth



ALFRED MERRITT, ONE OF THE DISCOVERERS
OF THE MESABA ORE RANGE

From an engraving by the Manhattan Company, Chicago

it produced. He was much more than a holder of stock. Twice he visited England on business connected with the furnace, and on his last visit was per-

suaded to become the active manager of the business.

As for Mordecai Lincoln, he was the master of a forge in Bound Brook, New



PETER WHITE, OF MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN, ONE
OF THE PIONEERS OF THE LAKE SUPERIOR
ORE REGION

From a photograph by Childs, Ishpeming, Michigan



CAPTAIN CRAWFORD LARGE, WHO BROUGHT THE
FIRST CARGO OF LAKE SUPERIOR IRON ORE
TO A LAKE ERIE PORT

From a photograph by Johnson, Harbor, Ohio

Jersey, in 1703, from whence his son John pushed westward to the heart of the Kentucky forests.

MEN WHO FOUGHT WITH WASHINGTON

Coming down to Revolutionary times, we have next the "patriotic period" of the iron trade. As might have been ex-

Lewis; Colonel Isaac Meeson; Colonel Mathiot; General Daniel Morgan; General Rufus Putnam; Colonel Paul Revere; Major Samuel M. Reynolds; Captain William Richards; General Arthur St. Clair; General William Alexander, the self-styled Lord Stirling; Colonel Joseph Vaughn; Colonel Wil-



THE GRAVE OF ROBERT ERSKINE, AT RINGWOOD, NEW JERSEY—ERSKINE WAS AN IRONMASTER WHO ACTED AS SURVEYOR-GENERAL TO THE REVOLUTIONARY FORCES—THE OLD TREE BESIDE HIS GRAVE WAS PLANTED THERE BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

pected, the British government's persistent hostility to the industry in the American colonies drove practically all of the iron men into the ranks of the Revolutionists. Among the signers of the Declaration were four ironmasters—George Taylor, Stephen Hopkins, James Smith, and George Ross. And of the leading officers of Washington's army, the following twenty-four were from the furnace and the forge:

Colonel Ethan Allen; General Philip Benner; Colonel James Chambers; Captain Robert Coleman; Colonel Persifor Frazer; Major-General Nathanael Greene; Colonel Christopher Greenup; Colonel Curtis Grubb; Colonel Peter Grubb; General James Irvin; General Thomas Johnson; General William

liam D. Waples; Colonel Gardiner H. Wright.

George Washington clearly set a special value upon the friendship of ironmasters, and upon their bluff, outspoken honesty. Among his generals no one was more trusted and beloved by him than Nathanael Greene, the Quaker forgerman; and during that winter of desperation at Valley Forge, the commander-in-chief and his wife lived as the guests of a cheerful, witty, philosophical ironmaster named Isaac Potts. Robert Erskine, too—the manager of a New Jersey furnace, who became the surveyor-general and geographer-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces—was one of Washington's most intimate friends. At Ringwood, in Passaic County, New Jersey, any one who

wishes may still see Erskine's grave, and above it the broken stump of a tree that was planted by President Washington himself.

THE GREAT CHAIN AT WEST POINT

From an iron-maker's point of view, the greatest achievement during the patriotic period was the making of the great West Point chain. This massive chain, which has probably never had an equal since the first hammer struck upon the first anvil, was stretched across the Hudson River at West Point, to prevent the British fleet from making a second attack upon Kingston and Albany. It was nearly a mile in length, and weighed almost two hundred tons, many single links being as heavy as an ordinary-sized man. To complete it in six weeks, sixty men hammered day and night at seventeen forges, and the cost of it was placed at four hundred thousand dollars.

"The great chain is buoyed up," writes Dr. Thacher, "by very large logs, about sixteen feet long, pointed at the ends to lessen their opposition to the force of the current. The logs are placed at short distances from each other, the chain carried over them and made fast to each by staples. There are also a number of anchors dropped at proper distances, with cables made fast to the chain, to give it greater stability."

No British ship passed this iron barrier. With its aid, West Point became the strongest military post in America—so strong that treachery was tried where force of arms had failed. When Benedict Arnold was plotting the surrender of West Point, he wrote André and said: "I have ordered that a link be removed from the great chain and taken to the smith for repair." The chain, however, remained in place till the end of the war, and links of it are still to be seen in the museums of Albany, West Point, Newburgh, and New York.

"PROTECTION" AGAINST AMERICAN IRON

In a very emphatic sense it may be said that the first blow of the Revolution was struck, not by the swords of Bunker Hill, but by the tilting-hammers of the colonial ironmasters. Before George Washington was born, the iron men had hammered out a Declaration of Inde-

pendence—so far as their trade was concerned, at least. It was as early as 1719 that the ominous news reached England that there were six furnaces and nineteen forges in America. Six furnaces and nineteen forges! As Bancroft says, "they were a terror to England, and their specters haunted the public imagination for a quarter of a century."

The British ironmasters clamored for protection against this competition, and an act of outlawry and confiscation was passed against every English-born skilled worker in the American colonies. This did more to irritate the colonial iron men than to suppress their business, and in a few years England was frightened again. A Pennsylvania storekeeper was on a visit to Liverpool to replenish his stock, and, on being told the price of nails, said:

"Why, I can buy better nails for less money from John Taylor, of Sarum, Pennsylvania."

A loud outcry arose against "John Taylor's nails," and made itself heard even in Parliament. Lord Chatham, too, speaking in the House of Lords, declared that he "would not allow the colonists to make even a hobnail for themselves."

Finally, in 1750, the British Parliament took the most drastic action against the enterprising men who were making the colonies industrially independent, and issued what was practically an injunction against the iron trade of America. The five points of this injunction were as follows:

No more rolling-mills to be built in America.

No more slitting-mills.

No more tilt-hammer forges.

No more steel furnaces.

American pig iron to be taken into England duty free, but at the port of London only.

This injunction had a different effect from what the British Parliament intended. It was so brutally frank that it opened the eyes of the colonists to the real nature of the government's colonial policy. And as for the ironmasters, the last spark of loyalty in their hearts was extinguished. It had been bad enough to be classed with pirates and outlaws, but now Parliament had called every one of their forges and furnaces a "common nuisance" that must be "abated." This

was too much. Henceforth every forge and furnace became a storm-center of discontent, and the iron-workers were ready for the Revolution a quarter of a century before it came.

MRS. LUKENS' BOILER-PLATES

After the Revolution, the first notable iron-maker was a woman—Mrs. Rebecca Lukens, of Coatesville, Pennsylvania. She was the first in America to roll boiler-plates successfully, and she laid the foundation of a business which is still flourishing. Mrs. Lukens was far more than a mere owner. She was an inventive, practical woman, who drove the business toward success in the face of tremendous difficulties. Her boiler-plates became so famous that George Stephenson used them in the building of his first locomotives.

Then, in 1840, David Thomas came from Wales and taught us to build large furnaces and to use the hot blast. The invention of Bessemer steel followed quickly afterward, as we saw in the last chapter. At the close of the Civil War we had enough capital, enough machinery, enough skill. What was needed, if the business was to expand, was cheaper ore. Before the Age of Steel could begin, there had to be more ore—hundreds of millions of tons of it. Where it was to be found, none of the steel-makers could tell.

THE SECRET OF OUR SUPREMACY IN STEEL

If the claim that steel has made a thousand millionaires seems incredible, what shall we say to the fact that in the Lake Superior region alone the value of the known deposits of iron ore is more than a thousand millions? As it lies in the ground, iron ore is cheaper than sawdust. You can buy twenty pounds for a cent. But in the dense wilderness that girdles Lake Superior there are mountains of it, prairies of it, lying red and heavy underneath the forest soil. How this billion-dollar wilderness was discovered in the nick of time to give us the supremacy of the world in steel—how scores of vast fortunes were made and lost and made again—we shall see in the following pages.

It is impossible to understand why our American steel-makers hold their present

dominant position without first knowing the story of this wonderful deposit of ore. It is the secret of cheap steel and American supremacy. Other countries can use the same skill and the same machinery. Their furnaces may be as large, and their coal as handy. But it is in the United States, and nowhere else, that iron ore is found, not in deep mines, but in vast pockets, in heaps, in ranges, on the surface of the earth, ready to be scooped up and carried away.

As to what iron ore is, nobody knows.

It is part of the universal mystery. "A grand piano is a very simple mechanism compared with an atom of iron," said a famous scientist. It is found more or less in all parts of the earth. By means of the spectroscope, we have found it in the stars. The meteorites that fly through space—perhaps the cinders of exploded planets—are often found to be boulders of iron ore. The forty-ton meteorite which Peary brought from the Arctic nine years ago, and which lies to-day in front of the New York Museum of Natural History, is composed chiefly of iron. Henry M. Howe goes so far as to say that "the earth may be an enormous iron meteor, covered with a thin coating of rock." Taking this as true—that our earth is a round iron nugget—we can figure that its cash value to any Carnegie of the Milky Way would be about six and a half septillions of dollars.

Pure iron is as white as silver. Expose it to air or water, and it tans with rust, as the oxygen burns it up. There is iron in plants, in animals, in human beings. In every hundred people, on an average, there is a pound of iron. It is the iron in the blood that imparts strength to a man's arm and the blush to a maiden's cheek. With too little iron, we sicken; without any, we die. For some reason which is still unknown to science, iron is as much of a necessity to man's brain and body as steel is to his civilization.

High-grade iron ore contains as much as sixty per cent of iron. It is one of the most timid of metals. It hates to be alone. Nothing but the fiercest of furnace fires will compel it to let go the atoms of sulphur and phosphorus which are its favorite companions. As Mr. Carnegie said to me jestingly on one occasion:

"Sulphur and phosphorus are the little yellow devils which, strangely enough, we are able to drive out by means of fire."

Until fifty years ago, our iron ore came from the Eastern States, mainly from Pennsylvania and New York. The famous Cornwall mines, near Lebanon, Pennsylvania, were the richest in America. They remained in the Grubb and Coleman families for more than a hundred and fifty years, and yielded nineteen million tons. The best New York mines were at Port Henry, on Lake Champlain, turning out fifteen million tons in the last hundred years. Until the Civil War, there was enough ore to supply the demand. Then the output of iron almost doubled in three years, prices were trebled, the tariff was raised, and the railroad boom began.

THE SEARCH FOR IRON ORE

"We must have more ore," cried the excited iron-makers, confused by this unforeseen rush of prosperity.

The answer to the cry came from the far western end of Lake Superior—from a roadless, houseless wilderness, inhabited only by the bear, the moose, the wolf, and a few wandering tribes of the Dakotas. Strictly speaking, the answer came nearly twenty years before the question, but as usual the iron-makers at first did not hear it, or did not believe it. It came, as always, from an unexpected quarter and not from the regular authorities on the subject. "Impossible!" said the men of technical knowledge. "Absurd!" said the men of money. But the halloo of the few pathfinders persisted, until one by one the suspicious men of iron and steel began to follow the rough trail that led to boundless wealth. To-day that halloo has become a "Te Deum," chanted at every gathering of the American Iron and Steel Association.

The Christopher Columbus of the Lake Superior ore region was Philo M. Everett, an adventurous citizen of Jackson, Michigan. The following story of his memorable journey, which deserves to be ranked with the ride of Paul Revere, has been gleaned from manuscripts loaned by Peter White, of Marquette, the only survivor of those heroic days.

In the spring of 1845 Mr. Everett became friendly with a couple of Indians—a half-breed named Louis Nolan and an old chief, Manjikijik, who offered to guide him to "a great mountain of solid iron." At first the proposed trip was laughed at by the citizens of Jackson, but Everett persevered and organized a company of thirteen subscribers to supply the necessary funds. In spite of the unfortunate reputation of this particular number, there has never been a trip that was luckier, either for them or for the nation.

Taking four men and his Indian guides, Everett traveled north to Lake Superior, bought a small sailing skiff, and coasted westward.

"I was most of the time with Indians of the wildest nature," he says. "We incurred much danger and hardship. Sometimes our sails would not flop, and in fifteen minutes we would have a gale, the seas running as high as a house. We were often wet for days together."

After six weeks' travel by water and land, the Indians suddenly stopped and pointed to a distant black hill, very conspicuous from the trail.

"Iron mountain! Indian not go near! White men go!" said the Indians, who were prevented by a tribal superstition from venturing near the spot.

EVERETT'S WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

The white men went, and found "a mountain a hundred and fifty feet high, of solid ore, which looked as bright as a bar of iron just broken." Mr. Everett had seven permits from the Secretary of War, each one giving him authority to lay claim to one square mile of ore land. He located his claims, and with pockets full of nuggets the little party made its perilous way home.

"It is creating a great excitement here and in Detroit," he writes. "We have had several letters from the brokers in Wall Street, applying for shares in our company. I have two hundred shares at fifty dollars each, but I am not anxious to sell."

Everett and his twelve partners thought that they had discovered a mountain of solid iron, enough to supply the whole world to the end of time.

"We'll pay five dollars apiece for every stone that can be found on our iron

mountain," said one of the enthusiastic shareholders.

In 1849 Peter White and others founded Marquette, on Lake Superior, as a shipping-point for their ore-field. They were destined to make more money out of iron than most of the prospectors who went in that year to California for gold. At least, in 1891, there were more than twice as many millions paid for the iron ore of the Lake Superior region as for the gold of California. Soon two other ports, Escanaba and Ashland, began to ship the precious brown cargoes. Three vast ore-fields, greater in extent than the State of Massachusetts, were opened up in Michigan and Wisconsin—the Marquette, Gogebic, and Menominee ranges.

From these three ranges alone, since Philo Everett trudged through the wilderness with his Indian guides, there have been taken seven hundred million dollars' worth of iron ore. And the capital that began to build up this stupendous business was enough to stock a fishing-boat for a three months' cruise—nothing more. As for Everett himself, he had the usual fate of the pioneer. His discovery made him at once a wealthy man, but the Marquette fire, in 1868, swept away all his property and left him to struggle for the remainder of his life with the rank and file, as before.

THE FINDING OF VERMILION RANGE

One romantic story follows close upon another in the history of the Lake Superior ore regions. Next comes the tale, incredible if it appeared in a work of fiction, of Charlemagne Tower and his extraordinary financial adventure in the wilds of Minnesota.

There is a certain compound of iron ore and sulphur which is known among mining experts by the name of "fool's gold." It has deceived hundreds of prospectors. Even Philo M. Everett imagined for a while that part of his iron mountain was gold, and had a breast-pin made of a little yellow nugget. Until the close of the Civil War, a number of "cruisers"—woodsmen who located timber limits—had been arriving in Duluth with stories of gold mines in the north country. An enterprising sur-

vveyor, George R. Stuntz, determined to investigate. When he returned to Duluth, he said:

"There is no gold, but there is iron, and plenty of it, on the Vermilion Range."

This was the first announcement of the existence of iron on the northern side of Lake Superior.

The ore which Stuntz had found was tested and found to be of high grade. A large body of woodsmen at once scattered through the Vermilion Range, and spent, so it is commonly stated in Duluth, about a hundred thousand dollars in the pursuit of claims. They found provisions so dear and roads so hard to cut that they met one Sunday, held a conference, and decided to abandon the search. For ten years afterward the great Vermilion Range was an unpeopled solitude, with no sound to jar its silence except the drumming of the partridge and the howl of the timber wolf.

The story told by Stuntz had made a deep impression upon a Duluth banker named George C. Stone. Stone was a man of wealth and influence until the panic of 1873, when nearly every financier in the city was bowled over. Duluth had a "fish and potato" year, and lay for months scarcely beyond the reach of famine. Finding himself suddenly idle and moneyless, Mr. Stone became, in the most creditable sense, a company promoter, and endeavored to interest capitalists in the mineral wealth of the Vermilion.

He went first to Captain Ward, of Detroit; then to Orrin W. Potter, of Chicago; then to Amasa Stone, of Cleveland. All refused to undertake the work, on the ground that docks and railroads would cost too much. In 1875, accidentally, Stone met an elderly millionaire from Pottsville, Pennsylvania, named Charlemagne Tower. It was not probable that Tower, who had gained his wealth in coal lands and railroads, and who knew nothing whatever of iron, would be easier to convert than Captain Ward. But at this point a love story helps out the plot. The world of romance is everywhere very close to the world of business. Miss Tower had given her heart and hand to a mining engineer named R. H. Lee.

"Why not build this sixty-six mile railroad from the lake to the rich ore-fields and put your son-in-law, Lee, in charge of the whole undertaking?" asked Stone.

Charlemagne Tower consented, and twenty-two men were sent to the range to locate claims. After six weeks in the dreary waste, the men became discouraged and returned. The general opinion in Duluth and among iron men was that the Vermilion Range was an "exploded bubble." "All the iron ore is on the south side of the lake," they said. No one dared to defy the popular clamor except Stuntz and Stone, whose persistence finally persuaded Tower to make a second attempt, and he began to build a railroad from Two Harbors back to the iron lands.

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER'S RAILROAD

The work was more expensive than Tower had expected. Every mile cost a small fortune. By the time it was half finished he had signed checks for a million dollars. The second half of the line cost a second million, and the task was only half done. Before ore could be shipped the mines had to be opened up and machinery and rolling stock purchased. Neither Stone nor Lee had any property. Every bill had to be paid by Tower.

For four years he sank his millions in a northern wilderness which he had never seen to find iron which was generally believed to exist only in the brain of "that rainbow-chaser, Stone." Then came the stringency of 1884, when more than a hundred banks collapsed and alarmed all investors. Tower had spent three and a half millions, and had little more than a million left; yet Stone said, "We must have half a million more."

Tower reproached Stone bitterly. "You have ruined me," he said.

Stone had only one more card to play. If it failed, their railroad would become a streak of rust and their mines wolf-dens. He appealed to the Minnesota Legislature for help.

"Give us the Duluth and Winnipeg land grant, which has been forfeited," he said, "and we can finish our undertaking."

The lawmakers received his request

with indifference or hostility, but Stone persevered until a few were persuaded to assist him. When the proposition came fairly before the House, there was a long and strongly contested debate. One opponent spoke for five hours without intermission. On both sides there were tricks of the lobby. At three o'clock in the morning a vote was taken, and the bill was passed.

This success persuaded Tower to play out the desperate game. He sacrificed his gilt-edged securities, and threw half a million more into the Minnesota sink-hole. In a few months the first ore-train wriggled down the crooked track to the dock at Two Harbors. The ore was high-grade, and easily mined. Stone's golden dream was coming true. For two years the mines were operated with great profit, attracting the attention of John D. Rockefeller, H. H. Porter, of Chicago, and others. An offer was made to Mr. Tower of eight million dollars, exactly twice what he had invested. He accepted the offer, giving Mr. Stone four hundred thousand as his share in the profits.

Thus was laid the foundation of the Tower fortune, now controlled by Charlemagne Tower's son and namesake, formerly American ambassador at St. Petersburg, and at present holding the same post at Berlin. Thus, too, the vast wealth of the Vermilion Range was given to the nation, the total output up to the present year having amounted to over eighty-five million dollars' worth of ore. Two busy little towns, Tower and Ely, make the wilderness cheerful; while at Two Harbors are the best equipped ore-docks in the world. The property has been twice sold since 1886—to the Federal Steel Company, and by it to the United States Steel Corporation, both times at an advance in price.

THE MOST WONDERFUL RANGE OF ALL

And now comes the story of Mesaba—there are at least five ways of spelling the name—the last and greatest of the world's iron ranges. This range lies mainly in St. Louis County, Minnesota, north of Duluth, and farther west than the others. It extends over a huge tract at least twice as large as the State of Rhode Island.

A few years before the Civil War a hardy woodsman named Lewis H. Merritt emigrated from Chautauqua County, New York, to Duluth, with his wife and family of four small boys. When the "fool's gold" excitement began, he was one of those who followed the yellow will-o'-the-wisp through the northern wilderness. He found no gold; but he brought home a small paper parcel of red iron ore, and showed it to his sons, now in their teens. He taught them its value, and told them of a new unexplored range which in his opinion was a storehouse of mineral wealth.

Soon afterward, the four brothers, Leonidas, Alfred, Andrus, and Cassius, plunged into the forest and became expert and daring woodsmen. To and fro in the whole north region they ventured, until they became the Leatherstockings of Minnesota. Although their abilities fitted them for woodcraft and not for business, within twenty years their knowledge of timber lands made them fairly wealthy men. As soon as they had accumulated sufficient capital they withdrew from the timber business, and in 1885 located their first iron mine.

Three other Merritts, their nephews, joined them, and for several years the Merritt brothers, as the seven were usually called, traveled up and down the entire length of the Mesaba range, until it was thoroughly surveyed, cross-sectioned, and mapped. All supplies had to be carried from eighty to a hundred and fifty miles upon their backs. In so dense a wilderness horses would have been useless. If hardships be the price of success, the Merritts paid it in full. Many a time their hunger-belts were pulled to the last hole.

But more obstructive than the opposition of trees, swamps, and rivers, was the influence of the coterie at Duluth who cried: "Absurd! Impossible! What do these Merritt farmers know about mineral deposits? One lesson in geology would teach them that there can be no iron on the Mesaba. Beware of the Merritts! They are trying to dupe the public into buying worthless stock."

Duluth listened to the "knockers," and when the Merritts began to build a railroad they could not obtain permission to make Duluth their lake termi-

nus. The nearest existing line ran between Duluth and Winnipeg, fifty miles distant from the Mesaba. Lon Merritt succeeded in making a traffic contract with this railroad, and in two years the Merritt line was built to connect with it.

How the Merritts managed to build that fifty-mile ore railroad is still a Minnesota mystery. But by sacrificing every dollar's worth of property in their possession, by selling shares in the enterprise to a few friends, and by the most heroic persistence, they succeeded. Ore docks were built on the lake front at Allouez, mines were opened, rolling-stock was purchased, and in 1892 their first trainload was hauled out and sold. The Merritts were at this time out of debt, and the majority owners of a property worth many millions.

Then came the financial smash of 1893. The Merritts had launched out too freely, and went down with the wreckage of that disastrous year. John D. Rockefeller acquired the property, and he, together with James J. Hill, who soon afterward built a competing line, developed the Mesaba Range by a large investment of capital. It is generally believed in Duluth that Rockefeller paid too much for his ore holdings, with the exception of what he took from the Merritts. One speculator bought a tract of land for fifty thousand dollars, and in a few days turned it over to a Rockefeller agent for eight hundred thousand.

THE TREASURE-PITS OF THE MESABA

A Mesaba iron mine is one of the world's wonders. The ore is not buried deep in the earth, but lies just underneath the surface in heaps and hills, as though a tribe of friendly gnomes had mined it. There are no sunken shafts, no sunless caverns and subways, no burrowing miners turning their tireless drills by the light of a flaring torch. A Mesaba mine is as open to the daylight as a brickyard. Some, with terraced sides, resemble vast amphitheaters; others, wide and shallow, are not unlike the switching-yard of a railroad; and a few suggest extinct volcanoes, which in their last gasp had exploded and torn open their red sides.

In some places the ore is barely hidden by a foot of loose soil, but usually about

fifty feet of earth covers the food for which four hundred furnaces are always hungry. One body of ore is two and a half miles long, half a mile wide, and from one hundred to four hundred feet thick. The thickest mass is four hundred and forty feet through, dwarfing the tallest of our skyscrapers. There are five of these immense treasure-pits whose total product is eighteen million dollars' worth of ore each year.

The Mesaba ore is not hard and rock-like. Instead of blasting it loose, as is done in other iron ranges, the Mesaba "miner" is merely a man who operates a steam-shovel. Eight workmen can handle one shovel, and under favorable conditions they can load more ore in one hour than five hundred delving miners can bring up in a day from the average rock mine. At every swing of the steam-shovel's powerful arm, five tons of ore drop into a big steel car. The arm swings twice a minute. In five minutes the car is heaped and another is pushed into its place. When twenty cars are full, the ponderous hundred-and-thirty-ton engine pulls them out of the mine, and eighty miles through the dense forest to Lake Superior. From the high trestle-work of an ore-dock the ore is dropped quickly into large bins, and the empty train returns to the mine for another thousand-ton load. Such is "mining" on the Mesaba.

Until eleven years ago, there was not an iron mine in the world that had produced half a million tons in a single year. To-day there are fifteen mines on Lake Superior that produce from one to three times as much. The Oriskany Mine, in Virginia, was thought to be a record-breaker when its output was a thousand tons a day; but a Mesaba mine will turn out fifteen thousand tons a day for weeks together. Seventy steam-shovels are now tearing at the earth and ore of the Mesaba, and new records will probably be made before these words are printed.

The cost of mining has been beaten down to as little as twelve cents a ton—a minimum unimaginable even among the underpaid miners of Greece or Spain.

ONE SIXTH OF THE WORLD'S ORE SUPPLY

At first the Mesaba ore made trouble in the furnaces. Being so fine, it caked

and exploded, or went up like smoke. But furnaces were soon built in a way to prevent these mishaps, and to-day more than half of the steel made in Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Wheeling, and Joliet, is made from Mesaba ore. Thirteen million tons come down the Great Lakes every year from the deposits that the Merritt boys discovered—one third of all the iron ore mined in the United States, and one sixth of all mined in the world. Young as the range is, it has already added more than a quarter of a billion dollars to the wealth of the nation.

In the busy summer season more than seven thousand men, principally Finns and Italians, are employed in the mines of the Mesaba alone. Three little towns—Hibbing, Virginia, and Evelyn—have sprung up in hothouse haste. Hibbing, the largest, has a population of six thousand, and boasts a department store, three banks, two newspapers, electric lights, and a hotel with six-course dinners and menus printed daily. More wonderful still, it has a theater which can seat twelve hundred—a palace of pleasure which is "a dream of sparkling lights and mellow tints charmingly blended," to quote a proud editorial from the *Mesaba Ore*. A dozen mines, including the Burt and the Mahoning, are within walking distance of the depot, and the Stevenson is seven miles distant.

There is no industry on the Mesaba except mining. The wooded wilderness encircles every town and mining village, and at night the howl of the wolf is heard as he slinks across the railroad track or starts at the light in a log-cabin window.

"I shot a bear here last January," says my driver as we approach the Stevenson Mine.

Here and there, among the mines, are drilling parties, hunting for new locations or measuring ore-bodies that are about to be sold. About two hundred and fifty drills are now in operation on the Mesaba. This one item of drilling illustrates how elaborate and costly the mechanism of the iron and steel business has become—how far removed from the cheap and simple days of Ethan Allen. A common "churn" drill costs usually about fifteen hundred dollars, and a diamond drill is worth from twenty-five

hundred to four thousand. Three men are required to a drill, wages ranging from two to four dollars a day. Thus the cost of one first-class drill is almost equal to the total capital of the Lynn iron-works in 1645, and eighty times greater than the price paid by Richard Leader, its manager, for a slitting-mill.

The discovery of Lake Superior ore has changed the industrial map of the United States. It has opened up a new territory as large as France. It has shifted the center of the iron and steel trade from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes. It has built up eight railroads, more than a dozen busy towns, and the largest commercial fleet in the world. It feeds our furnaces with the best and the cheapest ore, and does more than any other one factor to give America the supremacy in iron and steel. All this in less than fifty years!

CARRYING ORE DOWN THE LAKES

The old captain who brought down the first cargo of ore from Marquette to Lake Erie in 1853 is still hale and hearty, and may be seen any fine afternoon on the streets of Ashtabula. Until 1861 very little ore was carried down the lakes. The largest vessels in the trade were four-hundred-ton schooners, and the freight charge was three dollars a ton, nearly four times more than the present rate. About that time a captain named Winslow made himself ridiculous among his mates by saying:

"There are men now alive who will live to see the day when these wooden sailing vessels will be replaced by steam-boats made of iron and steel."

Twenty-five years ago steamers began to replace sailing vessels, and ten years afterward came the first steel ore-ships. At first the latter were disastrous failures. Two of them came apart in a storm, just as the builders of wooden ships had prophesied. But the steel-men persevered, found out how to strengthen them, and gradually drove the wooden ships off the water. The cigar-shaped "whale-back" was introduced into the ore-carrying trade by John D. Rockefeller, who owned a fleet of seventy ore-ships in 1890. To-day the "whaleback" is out of date, as its hatches are too narrow for the unloading machinery.

At present the average large steel ore-boat carries seven thousand tons or more, at a speed of twelve miles an hour. She is manned by a crew of twenty-four, most of whom receive more than was paid to a captain fifty years ago. The captain's salary is nineteen hundred and eighty dollars. Two years ago a Duluth company built the immense ore-steamer *Augustus B. Wolvin*, carrying twelve thousand five hundred tons and having thirty-two hatches. For swift loading and unloading, this remarkable vessel has never been equaled. Its records are incredible in Europe and startling to the steamship men of the United States. For instance, a load of ten thousand two hundred and forty-five tons of ore was placed on board her in ninety minutes, and unloaded to the last pound in four and a half hours. Forty years ago a load of five hundred tons was put aboard, by a crowd of men with shovels and wheelbarrows, in not less than three days. To-day the *Wolvin* takes on five hundred tons in five minutes, and unloads it in fifteen.

The *Wolvin* has set a new standard for ore-ships, to which the United States Steel Corporation has been obliged to conform. Last year, feeling that its ore-fleet was dwarfed by this great independent vessel, the Steel Trust launched four new boats, each nine feet longer than the *Wolvin*, and built on similar lines. These gigantic boats represent an outlay of seventeen hundred thousand dollars apiece, and will carry eight hundred thousand tons of ore down the lakes in a single season—enough to keep an old-time furnace busy for four hundred years.

The famous Suez Canal, the highway between Europe and the East, has only one-third the freight tonnage of our young "Soo" canal, which connects Minnesota with Pennsylvania and New York; and two thirds of the traffic through the "Soo" is the carrying of iron ore. To put the total tonnage into figures is to be unintelligible. Who can realize the magnitude of three hundred million tons—the output of the Lake Superior mines in less than fifty years? Could even the "rainbow-chasers"—Philo M. Everett, George C. Stone, and Lon Merritt—have foreseen that their

pioneering would lead the way literally to a billion-dollar wilderness?

THE BUILDING OF A GREAT ORE-PORT

This imposing ore-fleet of four hundred vessels also calls for new harbors, new docks, new railroads. At the loading end there are now seven excellent harbors, with more than six miles of docks. At the unloading end, there are three ore-harbors on Lake Michigan and nine on Lake Erie. Conneaut, the port built up by Mr. Carnegie, and now belonging entirely to the Steel Trust, won the leadership in 1904 for the first time from Cleveland and Ashtabula. None of the ports, however, received as much as in 1902, which was the year of greatest production in all lines of the industry.

Less than six years ago Mr. Carnegie stuck a pin in the map of Ohio, and said:

"We will build a harbor of our own here, as the point where our ore-ships and our ore-railroad meet." The spot indicated by the pin was no more than a swampy village. To-day it is the foremost harbor on the Great Lakes in point of tonnage, and in dock equipment it has no equal in any country. Half a day after an ore-steamer arrives, its cargo has been transferred into freight-cars and is trundling southward on its journey to Pittsburgh. Four miles of cars can be loaded and hauled out in one day.

The unloading machines are the wonder of all visiting European engineers. Here you can see a fifty-ton car of coal picked up as if it were a box of candy and tipped sideways into a wide hopper, which conveys the coal to a vessel's hold. With the guidance of four men, two hundred cars are emptied between sunup and sundown. Here you have the largest bridge-crane ever erected, which can pick up or put down anything from a coal-scuttle to a locomotive, at any spot within an area of seven and a half acres. To use a New York illustration, it could pick up an electric car at Twenty-Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue, and swing it to Thirtieth Street and Seventh Avenue in a few seconds.

Here you may see the marvelous Hulett automatic unloaders, which are nothing less than gigantic steel arms that thrust themselves into a vessel's depths and grasp a ten-ton handful of ore

apiece. Each arm has not only a hand, but a wrist as well. The operator, standing on the wrist like an obstinate insect, goes up and down with the powerful arm, which he can guide in any necessary direction. The towering machine weighs more than an army of five thousand men, yet it obeys the slightest touch of its human master's hand as readily as if it were a bicycle. Six workmen and one machine can do the work that formerly required ninety shovelers. When the great hand of the machine is open, it covers eighteen feet of ore, and closes with a grip that is irresistible. Several times, in the holds of ore-vessels, the writer has seen steel girders that were bent and wrenched away by the grip of this mighty giant.

THE RAILROADS OF THE ORE RANGES

Of the eight railroads that earn their dividends by carrying Lake Superior ore, four are the property of the United States Steel Corporation. To haul the ore to the lake requires the use of about two hundred and fifty locomotives and eighteen thousand cars. Those who hope to visit the great treasure-land of Minnesota need have no fear that they will be obliged to make the journey sitting on top of a loaded coal-car or lumber-truck. The ore-railroads are first class in almost every respect. The tracks are straight and smooth, laid with ninety-pound rails. If it were not for the groups of miners and lumbermen, dressed picturesquely in gay blanket coats, fur caps, leggings, and shoepacks, and for a general spirit of unconventionality and good-fellowship, it would be easy to imagine oneself on the way from Boston to New York.

One conductor of a Duluth and Hibbing train, dissatisfied with his salary in this region of millions, spends his time between stations selling sixty-cent suspenders to the passengers. He has sold seven hundred pairs, he says, as they are the most wonderful, non-button suspenders the world has ever seen. Another conductor lends fifteen dollars to a passenger who has forgotten to call for his pay-envelope. At one station a drunken recruiting sergeant, with a "kick me" sign on his back, is being ping-ponged from one group of hilarious miners to another. Such little events serve to remind the traveler that he is far

from Massachusetts; but so far as the luxurious chair-car and the smooth road-bed are concerned, there is no difference between the train that runs up to the Mesaba and the one that winds along the Hudson.

Ore-railroads are found to be highly profitable. They carry no perishable freight, need no expensive depots or terminals, carry a slight burden of taxation, and cost comparatively little to build. The main drawback is in having a busy season of only seven months. The first ore-line—between Catasauqua and Fogelsville, in Pennsylvania—built by David Thomas fifty years ago, has paid dividends without missing a year since its first train was run. Since the discovery of the surface mines of the Mesaba, the problem of rapid mining has become largely a matter of railroading. As James J. Hill said, "the question of ore production has now become a question of the proper switching of trains." This remarkable statement is true of American iron mines only, and would be entirely incomprehensible to an untraveled mine-owner in Sweden or Spain.

MILLIONS MADE FROM IRON ORE

For ten years the "ore pool" has averted the evils of competition and fixed prices to its own satisfaction. Two years ago Alabama lowered prices and demoralized the trust; but last year, by means of "informal conferences," the ore men came to a fairly general agreement as to prices and amount of output. The grading of ore has been done for the last two years by chemical experts, who analyze the samples and fix values to the one-hundredth part of a cent. Cleveland is the nerve-center from which the independent mines and ore-fleets are managed; and if it were not for its inconvenient harbor, it would easily be the first of the ore-ports.

Three consecutive groups of millionaires have been created by the natural wealth of the Lake Superior wilderness. First came the fur-traders, who scattered their trading-posts along the lake shore and laid the foundation of great fortunes by trafficking with the Indians. It is an interesting fact that John Jacob Astor established trading-posts in the Lake Superior ore regions as long ago as 1816.

He had his headquarters at La Pointe, and was protected by a fort at Fond du Lac. Had he obtained possession of the region through which he traded, he would have bequeathed to his descendants a far more valuable property than that which they possess to-day, even though the latter may be the most coveted and costly real estate in the United States.

Next came the lumbermen, who made millions out of the Lake Superior forests. The iron ore, in fact, may be called a by-product of the exhausted timber lands. When ore was found, part of the land belonged to the State, part to the public school fund, and part to lumbermen. The latter were at once enriched, making more from the royalties on the ore than they had obtained from the sale of the timber. The average royalty is twenty-five cents a ton. Many lumbermen who had lost their fortunes suddenly became wealthy again.

Tales are told of worthless old deeds and leases which were rummaged out of desks and found to be the titles to fortune. One woman, the penniless widow of a Duluth lumberman, accidentally found an old lease in a drawer and has been receiving forty thousand dollars a year out of the ore business ever since. The Yawkey, Fowler, Palms, Flinn, Murphy, and Stephens fortunes in Detroit were mainly dug out of the Lake Superior mines. W. R. Burt, C. N. Nelson, and many other Michigan multimillionaires, became so by the mere holding of acres in the billion-dollar wilderness.

The public school system of Minnesota has to-day more than sixteen million dollars in its treasury, accumulated by the leasing of its ore and timber lands. Fifteen mines are now paying a royalty of twenty-five cents a ton to the schools. Every swing of the steam-shovel's five-ton bucket puts a dollar and a quarter into the service of education. This arrangement is not due to the astute statesmanship of the Minnesota legislators. Quite the reverse. The story runs that away back in 1857 the school authorities, being in great need of money, clamored for a share of the public lands.

"Certainly," replied the Assemblymen. "We'll give you ten sections."

When the school authorities received the official paper, they found to their disgust that the school lands were located in the remote, uninhabited wilderness, in the extreme northeastern part of the State. The land was as worthless, they thought, as if it had been at the bottom of Lake Superior. For more than twenty years this fooling of the school authorities was one of the standing jokes of the Minnesota politicians. Was there ever before a practical joke which had such a golden ending for its victims?

Many a lawyer, also, laid the foundation of his fortune when the ore regions were discovered. There was constant difficulty in securing clear titles to the locations, and the Minnesota courts were overworked trying to cope with the problem. One lawsuit—the famous Section Thirty case—lasted for twenty years, and was finally decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. The contest raged over a small tract of ore land, three hundred and twenty acres, claimed both by Lon Merritt and by the Minnesota Iron Company. A million dollars was spent

in litigation before the suit was finally won by Merritt.

The Lake Superior ore mines are the last and most wonderful of the world's mineral discoveries. The experts say that they are practically all taken up, and that at the present rate of consumption their best deposits will be exhausted in fifty years—the Mesaba, the richest of them all, in less than twenty-five. But who can tell? The same was said in 1845, until Philo M. Everett succeeded. It was said in 1882, until Stone and Tower opened the way to new deposits. It was said in 1892, until Lon Merritt uncovered the richest range of them all.

The immense recent finds in Alabama and British Columbia show that there may yet be many new ore worlds to conquer. The "ore famine," so freely predicted, is not likely to trouble us or our children. On the contrary, every sign indicates that our iron and steel business is about to enter a period of world-wide activity which will make the golden age of Carnegie seem no more than the rosy flush of the dawn.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Next month's article, the third of the present series, will deal with "The Rise of Andrew Carnegie." It will tell of the early career of the great Scottish-American iron-master, of the friends who helped him, how he came to make steel, and what became of his thirteen original partners. It will give the inside history of the Carnegie Company, of its small beginnings, and of its wonderful expansion.

CONSOLATION

WE sigh for days that are no more,
We mourn the loss of passions dead;
We sing the threnodies of yore,
And weep the tear of pleasures fled.

Yet o'er the pathways of to-day
Some lingering roses still may lean,
And where our doleful footsteps stray
Sweet flowers be springing, all unseen.

Alert, the ear may catch the trill
Of bird-song caroled in the tree,
And voices from the air to fill
The soul with present ecstasy.

Above the dreaming, did we hear
The sterner tone of duty's call
To sympathy with things anear
That wait our joyance more than all—

Soon would we breathe the purer thought
That sets the stagnant pulse amove,
And to our lifted hands, unsought,
Will come the answering touch of love!

John Troland

THE LAST MESSAGE

THE STORY OF A BRAVE MAN AND A COWARD

BY E. MIRRILIES

WHILE the twilight lasted, Eproth's eyes were busy with the whirling winter landscape. Its placid monotony fitted his mood, for on it he could superimpose without hindrance the brilliant pictures of his fancy. Again and again, so actually that his lips curved in greeting, the form of the girl toward whom he was traveling rose before him. Now only her shy, flushed face and slender shoulders showed through a rift in the underbrush; now the whole delicate, poised body swaying toward him from some bit of wind-swept road.

He had not seen the girl since he had written her of his love. She would be at the station to meet him—he was sure of that. He could see her there quite clearly in the darkening window-pane, could see himself shouldering his way toward her; but from the final moment when he should stand before her, should take her hand, his imagination veered to lose itself in the repetition of detail.

The moment—that crucial moment—was still unpictured when, with a shrug, he roused himself and rang for the porter to make up his berth. As he gathered together his hand-bag and magazines, the man in the section opposite his own beckoned to him, and Eproth, with a murmured word of thanks, dropped into the proffered seat.

The stranger leaned forward and pulled his suit-cases out of the way of Eproth's feet, answering the word effusively. He was a little man, over-blond and over-rosy, with the eager cordiality of manner which marks the traveling salesman.

"Yes, I stay on till noon to-morrow," he acknowledged to the other's question. "Bad way to spend Christmas. You going home?"

The stranger nodded. "I always go. Get home in the morning. Mrs. Clark—my wife, you know——"

His hand went to his watch-chain; but the porter had finished, and Eproth rose. Through the curtains of his berth he could see the drummer pull out his watch, open it, and stare long and steadily at that which fitted inside its case.

"And she makes a hero out of *him*!" he marveled. "Well, my little girl——" There was satisfaction in the thought. She idealized him; she made him better than he was—no doubt of that; but after all she was not cheated. Always Eproth had loomed large in his own mind and in the minds of others. Always he had played the man; had played it, perhaps, a thought too consciously, but still with this reward—that now in the grip of a supreme happiness he could face his love unashamed, assuring himself that the girl had done well to trust him.

He was still sitting on the edge of his berth when there came a prolonged, side-long shiver as if the train had shuddered; then a crash, a violent propulsion forward, and utter blackness shutting in. Eproth was conscious of being flung from his place. He felt the floor of the car tilt beneath his feet; his hands pressed on the woodwork at its end. Then ragged earth, stone-set, opposed his further progress, and he lay clutching at it, huddled small, while all around him, shaking the very earth to which he clung, a hideous grinding and girding bespoke the progress of the wreck.

When the jar and movement were a little abated, Eproth ventured to attempt to rise. He sat up without difficulty, but when he raised his groping hands preparatory to finding room for stand-

ing, they pressed against a packed, roof-like mass of beams and timbers. He drew them along its surface, and, finding no break, writhed cautiously around to try the wall at his back. This was of metal—a car-wheel by its shape, the interstices laid solidly with bits of wreckage. Eproth felt slowly around its whole circumferences. Everywhere the steel edge was met by timbers firm as steel.

"Guess I'll try the other side," he commented aloud.

As if his voice were a signal, another voice answered him in a clamor of shrill ejaculation.

"Who's there? Who is it?" The sound seemed within arm's reach. "Who's there? Oh, my God, can't you answer? Who——"

Eproth groped forward, and his outspread arms met about the shoulders of a man. For an instant the stranger struggled against his hold; then he dropped, trembling as if from an ague.

"What's wrong? Are you hurt?" Eproth questioned. He slightly shook the unresponsive body. "Are you hurt, I say?"

The man seemed dazed.

"I guess not. I'm cut some. But we're wrecked! We're shut in; and if the thing takes fire——"

"Cheerful!" Eproth commented. His own courage was the higher for an audience even of one. "Let's be men about it, anyhow. We haven't tried to get out yet. Here, we'll have some light on the subject."

He drew a match from his pocket and struck it cautiously. As its blue flame sputtered up, he laughed to find that the high, shuddering voice belonged to Clark, the little, over-blond, over-rosy drummer—not over-rosy now, but chalk white in the light.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Eproth questioned. "Well, this isn't much of a way of spending Christmas. If we're going to get free of this place——"

He held the match out at arm's length, so that it cast a faint illumination across their prison. The space was perhaps ten feet long and six in width. At one end a man could sit erect; at the other, earth and wreckage pressed hard together. A car floor formed the roof in part, and by its sagging beams one could

guess the tons of wreckage piled above. The match burned at Eproth's fingers, and he let it fall.

"I'd light another, but I've only three," he explained. "I guess we'll have to feel for it. Careful, though! Something might jar loose."

One on either side, the two started along the walls of their prison, exploring it with halting hands. Everywhere a solid surface met their touch—wheels, rails, and timbers close-packed, so that scarcely a hand could slide between them.

"We'll have to dig for it," Eproth announced when they had twice made the circuit.

He drew out his penknife and set to work, whistling. The ground was frozen and sewn thick with stones. It needed only an effort to show the impossibility of escape by such means, but he kept on, rejoicing aloud over each displaced pebble. He had been perhaps ten minutes at his task when Clark clutched at his arm.

"Look!" he gasped. "Look!"

Across the upper end of the chamber had dawned a slow flicker of light, now visible, now withdrawn, as if a curtain fluttered between the place and day. Watching it, the penknife dropped from Eproth's grasp and his clasped hands pressed at his throat.

"Fire!" he breathed through locked teeth.

At the word, the drummer flung himself upon the ground, sobbing with the abandon of a child. Eproth tugged at his shoulder.

"Get up!" he shouted. "Get up, I tell you! We've got to find a way out now!"

But this time the collapse was complete. The man was limp in his grasp, and would only raise his head from time to time to watch the telltale light. Eproth left him after a moment. There was no time for caution now. Desperately he flung his strength against walls and roof. Not a tremor in the close-set frame of wood and steel rewarded him. Again and again he made the round, and all the while the light within the place grew steadily from dim to bright. No noise accompanied the change. There was something uncanny in the quietness

of its growth. The sobbing breath of the drummer was the only sound audible. Eproth drew farther away from him in utter scorn.

"You might die like a man," he urged savagely. "It's no worse for you than for me."

Clark stirred a little. They could see each other's faces now, and he looked up.

"But to burn!" he muttered. "And my wife——"

"She'd be proud of you!" cried Eproth brutally. It hurt intolerably, this renewed thought of the girl. "See here, how old are you?"

"How old? Thirty."

"Thirty! I'm thirty-three. And you are married. She's carried your name, and borne a child to you, while I—oh, I'm not going to end up here!"

He seized the open knife and struck it deep into the earth. The blade snapped under his hand, and he flung the haft from him with a sort of laugh.

"Hold hard now! No good in that!" he admonished himself. "But if I could even let her know I played the man——"

The chamber had become as bright as day. At its narrower western end every chink and cranny gave forth a light like sunshine, and a heavy, rushing sound like the noise of a strong wind filled the place. Clark had drawn himself to a sitting posture, his head upon his knees, both hands shutting out the light; but for Eproth action was imperative. He crawled to the wider end of the trap, seeking not egress so much as the relief of movement. Wherever a shadow suggested opening, wherever a timber slanted as if force might drive it back, he tried his strength.

When at last his hand slipped between two rails, to find a freer space beyond them, his breath drew in with a joy like the joy of rescue. He wrenched his arm free and placed his face at the opening. Far down, a sheer drop to its surface, the stars glittered dizzily in running water. More than this he could not see, nor could he stir for even an inch the rails which limited his view.

He had just made sure of this latter fact when the use of the opening dawned upon him. It was not escape—from that he was as far as ever—but at least it

was opportunity. God willing—the phrase came reverently in his peril—God willing, she should have one final message from him; she should hold her hero-worship to the end.

He drew out his flask and emptied it, tapping it gently on the ground till it was quite dry. Then, on a blank leaf of his note-book, he set about the composition of his letter. The superscription was easy: "Whoever finds this, forward it to Alice M. Howard, Rocca City, Pennsylvania." He hesitated a moment before adding: "For the love of God."

But for the letter itself! "My dear Alice"—no, he had written her so for years. "Dear girl"—but that was commonplace; this must be supreme, must embody the whole circumference of their love. He was a long time at the work, and when it was finished read over what he had written, only half content.

"Beloved"—that had been his final choice—"this is the last time I shall call you so. I shall think it to the end. There has been a wreck, and we are trapped under the ruins. The fire is coming toward us. Only God—the God who must comfort you, sweetheart—can save us from a horrible death. There is another man in the trap, but he, poor fellow, is crazed with fear, and can only moan and call upon his wife and babble of the torture that is before us. I keep silence, for death by fire means only death from you. I shall think of you to the end, I shall love you to the end, and by that fact I claim you. No other man can come into your life, for no other man can ever prove his love as I have proved it. Remember me, Alice! From death itself I call to you. From death itself I thank you and bless you, dear, for all you have been to me."

He read the last sentence several times, ill-satisfied. When finally he had folded his letter in narrow creases and dropped it through the neck of the bottle, he looked across to his companion. After all, the coward had a wife. He thrust note-book and pencil toward the other at the length of an outstretched arm.

"Here, if you want to send any mes-

sage. I have found a place where I can drop it through. Quick, though."

Clark looked at him dully, but when he had grasped the meaning of the words he seized the proffered pencil with feverish eagerness. Eproth noticed that he wrote fast, only pausing once or twice to dash his hand across his eyes. When the sheet was full he passed it back unfolded, and buried his face upon his knees.

Eproth tore the written page from the book. His eyes dropped to the heading, "My dear wife." If after all he had used the chance to torture her——

He glanced across at the writer. The man was oblivious, wrapped in his own suffering. Deliberately Eproth raised the paper. As his eyes caught the first sentence he started, and again looked hurriedly at his companion, but he did not cease to read.

"There has been a wreck, but I am not hurt"—that was the beginning. "Another man and I are shut under some of the cars. I write you this in case I don't get out. You'll find my life insurance papers in my trunk. Sterrett will see about your getting the money. Write to J. J. Cooms at the company's address, and he will do something about damages. I made him promise when the boy came. I leave everything to you, and make you executrix and guardian for the boy. This will do for a will if there is any trouble. God

knows I wish there was more, but Sterrett will help you look after it. And, Annie, if he should come to feel to you the way he did before we married, and if you could be in any way happy, don't let me stand in the way. He'd be good to you, and I want you shouldn't have a struggle to bring Harry up. I'd never let trouble come near you if it hadn't been for this. Take it as easy as you can. God's not going to keep us apart after just the few years of this life are over. Hold to that. And don't think I suffered any. If death comes, it will be the cars falling, and we shall never even know what it was. Remember that I'm not hurt and I'm not afraid.

There was a line below, a line of blessing and invocation. Eproth covered it with his hand as he folded the paper. He hesitated a moment when the folding was done; then he drew his own letter out of the bottle and placed the drummer's there in its stead. It fell open as he shook it out and he saw the words, "No other man can come into your life," and above them, "a horrible death."

Very carefully Eproth screwed the top on the flask and pushed it through the aperture. He watched till by the widening rings upon the water he was sure that it had struck. Then he crawled back to Clark's side.

"It's safe out. And the waiting won't be long!" he said.

SHOULD WE FORGET

I WONDER if the sky would be so blue
Or grass so kindly green as 'twas of old;
Or would there be such freshness in the dew
When purple mornings blossom into gold;

I wonder would the sudden song of birds,
Thrilling the storm-hushed bowers dripping wet
After a June shower, be as idle words,
Should we forget!

I wonder should we feel the charm of night,
Divinely lonesome with the glow of moons;
Or should we prize the intermittent light
Burning the zenith with its transient noons;

I wonder if the twilight would avail
To charm us as of old when suns had set,
If all these many dream-sweet days should fail,
And we forget.

John G. Neihardt

JOHN BIGELOW AT EIGHTY-EIGHT

BY CLIFFORD SMYTH

THE VETERAN AMERICAN JOURNALIST AND DIPLOMAT WHO, THOUGH LONG PAST HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR, HAS TAKEN A LEADING PART IN ORGANIZING THE GREAT NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, OF WHOSE BOARD OF TRUSTEES HE IS PRESIDENT

LAST November, when John Bigelow celebrated his eighty-eighth anniversary, it was as the "first gentleman of New York" that the press of the American metropolis greeted him. The title was happily chosen. The life of dignified retirement, occupied in scholarly or benevolent pursuits, that this former minister to the court of Napoleon III has led during the past twenty years makes the oft misused term "gentleman" appropriate in its fullest sense.

Amid the eager pursuit of wealth, pleasure, or power that is to most Americans the sole object of life, we seldom find this type of the public man—one who voluntarily retires from the activities that brought him gain and fame, and becomes instead the quiet *littérateur*, philanthropist, and gentleman of leisure. It would be misleading, however, in the case of John Bigelow, to suppose that retirement implies a life of inactivity. At eighty-eight, indeed, one might well feel entitled to a rest from work; but Mr. Bigelow's last book, published within the year, is a glorification of labor for the sake of labor—"The Useful Life a Crown to the Simple Life." It is in this attitude that one comes nearest to touching the secret of this young-old man's strength and joyousness in the art of living.

"That which gives the fullest satisfaction of life," he declares, in the volume that sums up the impressions of his long career, "lies in work. The end may prove unsatisfactory, even if attained; but whether attained or not, some of the good of work is realized in

the very doing of it. In the joy of labor one is unconsciously entering into the joy of his Lord."

Such is the stirring outlook on life taken by this nonagenarian; and it is the view, one finds, that has dominated and harmonized the different phases of his life.

Mr. Bigelow gave up the practise of law, for which he was educated, early in life and became a writer for the press. Although his subsequent career has been essentially that of a diplomat and statesman, it has been marked by the habits and methods of the journalist—the man who relies on the power of the printed page to gain his ends. When he entered public life, the political questions that culminated in the Civil War were pressing to the front; and his first contributions to the great controversy were contained in a series of articles on "Constitutional Reform."

At the same time he received his first appointment as a public official, the position of prison inspector for New York State—a sufficiently unresponsive rôle, apparently, for a young man to take as his starting-point. Nevertheless, according to the annual reports issued during his incumbency of the office, Mr. Bigelow found in it an opportunity to make a practical test of one of his guiding principles—his belief in the efficacy of labor as a means to spiritual betterment. It was largely through his efforts that Sing Sing prison became more of a reformatory, while it ceased to be a burden to the State. Its earnings in the last year of his control were within



JOHN BIGELOW, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO FRANCE, AND NOW, IN HIS EIGHTY-
NINTH YEAR, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

From a photograph by Alman, New York

a few hundred dollars of defraying its entire expenses.

It was due to Mr. Bigelow's effective and zealous support of Martin Van Buren, Presidential candidate of the so-called Free-Soil Democracy, that he received an invitation from William Cullen Bryant to take a partner's interest in the New York *Evening Post*. Sixty years ago American journalism was occupied in the propagation of opinion. It was the editorial, not the news article, that commanded the attention of the public. Those were days when the discussion of political platforms assumed an importance that involved the very existence of the republic, and when the pamphleteer with a new theory of government was always sure of a hearing. Into this inspiring kind of journalism, offering a theater of action so well suited to his tastes as a reformer, Mr. Bigelow entered with his accustomed earnestness.

Slavery was then a question of most vital moment. Sixteen years before, it had been abolished in Jamaica, and the new editor of the *Post* made a trip to the West Indian island in order to study on the ground the conditions resulting from enfranchisement. Later he passed part of a winter in Hayti to learn how a republic of negroes was solving the question of self-government. As a corroboration of his opinions his inquiries were not altogether reassuring. The state of affairs in Jamaica was deplorable enough, although, to Mr. Bigelow's mind, this was not due to the enfranchisement of the slaves; while of Hayti there was not much to record beyond a collection of something like a hundred popular sayings and proverbs which this industrious journalist found to be the peculiar product of the island, and which he published years afterward in a quaint little volume.

It was under the management of Messrs. Bigelow and Bryant that the *Evening Post* became a newspaper with a commanding influence throughout the country. Its opinions were shared by the great majority of the nation, while its annual income rose from ten thousand dollars to seventy thousand—a splendid showing for those early days of journalism. As a factor in the great impending struggle between the North and the

South it took a leading part. Indeed, its two editors were held responsible by many for the ominous direction in which popular opinion was hastening.

It was during the Lincoln campaign that this relation of the *Post* to the approaching crisis was most plainly discernible. Samuel J. Tilden—ever the warm personal friend of Mr. Bigelow, although at that time of a different political faith—bitterly opposed Lincoln's election, and expostulated with the editors for the course their paper was taking. It is said that after a heated argument in the *Post* editorial rooms, a few days before the close of the Presidential contest, he declared:

"I would not have the responsibility of William Cullen Bryant and John Bigelow for all the wealth in the Sub-Treasury. If you have your way, civil war will divide the country, and you will see blood running like water in the streets of this city!"

With the outbreak of the Civil War, the need for the most careful and patriotic diplomacy in the conduct of the American missions in Europe was apparent. Foreign infringement of the rules of neutrality might have imperiled the Union cause, and there was constant menace in the fact that some of the European governments were strongly inclined to favor the Confederacy. Never before or since, probably, has so much depended on the tact and ability of our foreign representatives.

One of President Lincoln's first acts was the selection of Mr. Bigelow to take the Paris consulate, from which he was subsequently transferred to the post of minister to France. In the light of subsequent events the choice was an admirable one. Arrived in France, the new representative found Napoleon III in friendly communication with the emissaries of the Confederacy, while among the French people generally there was an altogether wrong estimate of the situation on the other side of the Atlantic. An educational campaign was needed to correct the popular misapprehension and ceaseless vigilance and diplomacy to face the political danger. Following his journalistic instincts, Mr. Bigelow published "*Les Etats Unis*

d'Amérique en 1863," a work that did much to discourage French officialdom's zeal for the dismemberment of the Union. It also had an indirect but undoubted influence in shaping the events that led to the overthrow of the Napoleonic dynasty and to the establishment of the present republican régime in France.

There was more to be done, however, than could be accomplished by the publication of a book. Not long after he became minister, Mr. Bigelow discovered that four iron steamers under construction in French shipyards, ostensibly designed for packet service between San Francisco, China, and Japan, were really cruisers for the Confederate navy. When armed and equipped, these vessels promised to be more formidable than any war-ships then flying the United States flag. Should they reach the American coast, such cities as New York would be in grave danger. Yet, with court influences secretly favoring the Confederacy, it was difficult to avert the impending catastrophe through ordinary diplomatic channels.

Again Mr. Bigelow resorted to journalism. After one attempt, which was frustrated by the suppression of an anti-governmental newspaper, he succeeded in securing the publication of an article denouncing the building of the suspected steamers. The result was that the government became alarmed, and three of the ships were sold to foreign powers, only the fourth falling into the hands of the Confederates. This vessel, the *Stonewall*, owing to various delays that Mr. Bigelow succeeded in causing, did not reach the United States until peace had been concluded.

Another lasting service rendered by Mr. Bigelow before resigning his post was his successful conduct of the negotiations resulting in the expulsion of the French imperial army from Mexico. In regard to his entire official tenure in Paris, it is noteworthy that in spite of the emperor's more or less hostile attitude to this country, and the effectiveness with which Mr. Bigelow thwarted the unfriendly designs of the French government, he was never anything but a *persona grata* at the imperial court.

Mr. Bigelow did not return to active journalism after leaving France. Aside

from two years' service as secretary of state at Albany, he has since been occupied almost entirely in literary pursuits. Much of his work has been autobiographical, but he has also written lives of his old associates, William Cullen Bryant and Samuel J. Tilden; he has edited the writings of Benjamin Franklin, and has published some careful studies of the theological teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Twenty-years ago he was sent to the Isthmus of Panama by the New York Chamber of Commerce to investigate the canal that M. de Lesseps was constructing. The result of this mission is contained in a report which gives a complete analysis of the conditions surrounding the greatest of modern engineering problems.

Next to his services as a diplomat, the best monument to John Bigelow's memory will be the work he has done during the last twelve years in bringing about the consolidation of interests that has created the New York Public Library. As one of Tilden's trustees, he succeeded, through a tactful compromise, in saving a portion of the millions that his lifelong friend had intended to devote to the library; and it was largely due to his suggestive appeals through the press that the city was finally induced to give the noble building now nearing completion in Bryant Park. Ever since its formation, Mr. Bigelow has been the executive head of the library, and has specially directed his energies to enlarging its practical usefulness. At the ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone of its future headquarters, he was able to announce:

"Before an anniversary of to-day can arrive, no one residing within the settled limits of this metropolis will have to walk or send more than half a mile, at the farthest, to secure and take to his or her home any book he or she can be known or supposed to want."

The prediction, as shown by subsequent events, did not give too optimistic an estimate of the development of New York's great library system. The value of that system as an educational force in the American metropolis is a lasting tribute to the aged diplomat whose best work has been done through a steadfast reliance on the power of the press.

THE AMERICAN PERIL

BY VANCE THOMPSON

HOW THE OLDER COUNTRIES VIEW THE RISE OF THE UNITED STATES TO A POSITION OF COMMANDING POWER IN INTERNATIONAL POLITICS AND IN THE TRADE OF THE WORLD

ONLY a few years have passed since the United States took a seat in the council where the destinies of the world are decided. It was a notable event at the time, and the cannon of Manila and Santiago dinned it into the Old World's ears. But Europe is lethargic; it would have smoothed its pillow, turned on the other side, and slept again, had not our statesmen crowed so menacingly loud. President Roosevelt's theory that Uncle Sam should be the policeman of the Western Hemisphere was in itself disquieting, but lesser statesmen were much more aspiring. In open Senate, on January 7, 1901, Senator Lodge declared:

The struggle with Europe has already begun, and it can end only in the commercial and economic supremacy of the United States.

These were amazing words; if they meant anything they meant that the gulf stream of trade, which now washes the shores of old Europe, was to be diverted to America; and that financial preponderance was to follow commerce to the New World.

In England a Cassandra-voice was heard; W. T. Stead crying out against "the Americanization of the world." Senator Lodge's prophecy—or was it a threat?—was echoed and reechoed through the continental press. Statesmen and merchants took up the question. Was commercial Europe to pass under the yoke? Was there, indeed, an American peril?

The most thorough investigation was made by Germany. A realization of the peril crept to her through multiple con-

sular reports from all points of the globe. It crept in between the black files of figures—a cold, dim menace of defeat. A similar warning was read in the wonderful consular reports of England and France; for the Old World has an extremely effective consular service. It is not made up, like our own, of idle boys and superannuated politicians, but of keen scouts of industry, highly trained economic agents.

Europe began to study the young nation over sea, its fertile lands and infinite wealth of metals and coals. Messengers came back, reporting that America was organizing its formidable power of production for the conquest of the economic world. They had seen factories, shops, works, regimented in compact, militant trusts—veritable four-square legions, ready to march round the civilized earth. They told of cotton-fields covering an area one-fourth as large as all France; of grain lying ready for export sufficient to submerge the European markets. Lastly they spoke of the men behind the commerce. No workingman, they declared, brings in so much as the American workingman; and who can fight against a people where even the millionaires, grown old and white, refuse to leave the economic battlefield and take their ease, but fight away as lustily as penniless youth?

SOME SIGNIFICANT FIGURES

In 1900 Europe bought from the United States goods worth eleven hundred millions of dollars, and in return managed to sell to the value of four hundred and forty millions only. Since then

the disproportion between import and export has varied somewhat, but each year it has reached far into the hundreds of millions. Plainly enough, it points to a shifting of the trade center. European markets are inundated with our goods—our cottons and chemicals, our agricultural implements and electric apparatus, our cereals, meats, and tobacco, our manufactures of steel, brass, wood, and leather. Within the last few years this American tide rose in France from forty million dollars to one hundred millions; in Germany, from one hundred and nine millions to nearly three hundred millions; in Britain, from three hundred and sixty-two millions to nearly six hundred millions.

Already American coal comes into Genoa and Marseilles. French locomotives and cruisers are driven by it; in a little while the war-ships may come from Yankee yards and the engines from Philadelphia shops. Are these facts eloquent?

Nothing counts but trade. In all the world's history nothing else has had any lasting importance. All wars have been economic, no matter what casual significance they may have gained from race-passion or religion. The only supremacy is that which Senator Lodge described as commercial and economic. Pitt said it long ago:

"British rule is British trade."

Chamberlain has repeated it:

"The empire is commerce."

And old Europe, studying the tides of trade, has wakened to the fact that they are carrying away her supremacy to the shores of the New World. Unquestionably a great commercial duel is being fought for the economic supremacy of the world. It is a little like the triangular duel in "Midshipman Easy," for the United States is engaged at the same time with Great Britain and the Zollverein. You have but to read German books, English books, to see how the battle goes; above all, those illuminative consular reports.

Is old Europe right in believing that she is menaced by an American peril? Just such a peril confronted Venice at one time; the gulf stream of trade deserted her weedy quays for the Dutch shore, and, thence, in good time, swerved

toward England; and if to-day it has struck across the Atlantic, no conjuring can bring it back.

EUROPE AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The theory—derived by Mr. Roosevelt from the Monroe Doctrine—that the United States should be at once the policeman and debt-collector of the Western Hemisphere has been keenly discussed wherever thinking men get together in Europe. Long ago the Germans realized that one thing only stood in the way of the German America they dreamed of in Brazil—"the lamentable Monroe Doctrine"; but the "big stick" theory meant a great deal more. It was a blunt claim to rule the two Americas.

Now Europe has many possessions there. England, with cousinly good faith, has shown no signs of distrusting the future of Trinidad and Jamaica and her pin-head islands of the Lesser Antilles; but France is disquieted for Guadeloupe and Martinique. A former minister, M. Pierre Baudin, in a discussion of the American peril had these words to say:

The United States is growing each day in power and influence; certainly the time is approaching when upon it will depend the peace of the world. Nor do the Americans take any pains to conceal their intentions.

A few weeks before, the United States had sent a delegate to the Interparliamentary Congress at Brussels. The peace-lovers of the world had gathered there to discuss the moral beauty of arbitration and to construct a basis for international amity. Up stood the American delegate (Congressman Bartholdt) and declared that the United States was going to compel the European nations to keep the peace, even if, to do it, she had to fight and beat them all.

Faith, here was a peppery fellow to come trailing his coat through the Donnybrook Fair of the world! Was it any wonder the European press thundered against "American ambition"? Or that they looked behind the threat to see if the swaggering fellow went armed? The German press pointed out the growing power of the American fleet; it called attention to the mighty naval budget which in the first two years of Mr. Roose-

velt's presidency was increased by thirty-five millions of dollars.

Other signs were discovered that Uncle Sam had assumed the duty of policing more than his own hemisphere. He had threatened the Sultan, and his war-ships had entered the sacred Dardanelles. He had taken more than his share of the international police-work in China. So the Old World, once again, began to whisper darkly of the "American peril."

No one believes that the United States is going to hack out its world-destiny with a sword; but the responsible statesmen of Europe recognize that a new power has entered the council-chamber of nations; and that it is elbowing its way to the head of the table. And this may be for good or for ill; the Europeans—who love a smart phrase—have dubbed it the "American peril." Perhaps they are not wholly wrong. American commerce is crowding down all the highways of the world; and always the flag has followed commerce; and always—history repeats it—behind the flag the guns.

THE PANAMA TRADE HIGHWAY

But at present, so far as Europe is concerned, her danger is purely economic. None of the great powers makes a pretense of ignoring it. All foresee that the cutting of the Panama Canal is to influence greatly the commercial destinies of the Old World. An English economist said some time ago:

The opening of the Suez Canal changed our whole commerce and diminished our profits. It robbed us of the monopoly we formerly had. The world would have been better and happier without this canal.

Now the Panama Canal will complete the water route round the world, leaving England far to the north of it. It will bring the Australian colonies thousands of miles nearer to New York than to Plymouth.

Oh, for those whose interests lie in the Old World, the American peril—though it may not be clearly seen—lurks in every blind alley and dark doorway of the future!

Any broad-thinking European will tell you that the growth of the United States is so marvelous a thing that the older states—the slower civilizations—may

well look upon it with a sort of fearful expectancy. I do not think any home-staying American realizes how big his country bulks, and how wide a shadow it flings over the world. Going busily about his affairs of town or country, he sees only a little fragment of the huge force which the European calls Americanism.

It would be absurd for European statesmen to blink the facts. Their old institutions, their old methods of production and exchange, their old markets, even their old ideals, are threatened. Andrew Carnegie wrote recently for a French newspaper an article in which he tried to reassure the French manufacturers who have seen American machine-made goods crowd out of the markets their hand-made articles—who have seen their olive oil superseded by a cotton-seed preparation—who have seen their export trade yearly beaten down. The consolation he offered was that "France, the land of beauty," need fear no competition—in art. It was a meager consolation; and prophets foretold the day when France would be virtually stripped of its great artistic possessions. Already the American millionaires take all that is best, new and old. Palaces and châteaux and churches have been rifled for the benefit of the rich collectors of New York, Chicago, Boston. Almost all the great art-treasures which have come into the market in recent years have been bought up for America.

No, look at it as he will, the man of the Old World—of what nation I care not—sees a peril in the immense new empire of democracy. And there is something almost pathetic in his attempt to meet it.

"What is this Americanism?" he asks himself. "Upon what food has this Yankee fed that he has grown so great?"

And he studies American books. Last Christmas I do not believe there was a business man's son in Germany who was not presented with the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son"—a textbook, an incentive, a hope. And with the beginning of the New Year the municipal council of Paris placed a copy of Mr. Roosevelt's book, "The Strenuous Life," in every public school, that young France might study "the valiant, energetic American soul." If this attempt to Americanize the young generation suc-

ceeds, perhaps the industries of France may not be limited to the meager field Mr. Carnegie assigned them.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN THE LEVANT

I had word the other day with a bey. For many years he was an adjunct of the governor of Jerusalem; more heedfully than any one he had studied the steady growth of American power in the Near East. It came in the train of schools, colleges, hospitals, orphan asylums, missionary efforts of one sort and another. Thousands of Arab, Armenian, and Syrian subjects of the Sultan, educated in these schools, went to the United States, and were naturalized. The United States compelled the Sultan—by grim menace of war-ships—to recognize all these returned emigrants as American citizens. The result is that America has acquired a new territory in the Orient. And my friend the Arab said:

To-day there is a sort of American protectorate over all the Asiatic empire of the Sultan. We, who are Arabs, hail with enthusiasm the generous rôle of the great republic. We know it has only begun its task, and that it will go energetically to the very end. Already we have your moral and diplomatic support in our effort to overthrow Turkish misrule; and each of your thousands of missionaries and teachers is an active agent in the great work. What England has done for Egypt you are doing for us; and just as the English flag flies there, your flag will wave over Asiatic Turkey. Take this for the accurate truth—in Syria you have already created a state; and it is, in hope and theory, American.

The American peril?

Might not Abdul Hamid, as he broods over these things, be permitted to believe in its reality? For the United States, as for England, the missionaries have always been the scouts and outposts of empire.

When a tree grows tall and great in the forest, sending deep its roots and throwing wide its branches, the lesser trees about it dwindle away.

AN ITALIAN THINKER'S FORECAST

Is the great American nation one of those mighty empires which have risen in the world now and then, dwarfing all other organizations of society?

This question is of immense import to Europe, as we have seen. Within the

last few years an enormous literature has grown up around the subject. Among modern sociologists none speaks with greater authority than Guglielmo Ferrero. Long and scientifically he has studied our country; his opinion of the present, his forecast of the future, represent the best European thought upon the destinies of the United States. To many it will seem an exaggeration of our greatness; to others it will show an undue distrust of democracy; but, in any case, it is the word of a scientific historian—of a man who is looking for the truth. Neither wealth nor science can change the laws that govern the growth of nations. For Signor Ferrero the United States stands to-day in the position of the Roman Empire in the days of Augustus. Twenty centuries ago they were struggling, in Rome, to preserve the old republican simplicity—oscillating between pacificism and imperialism; and always wealth grew and commerce spread, trailing after it the battle-flags.

Thus Mr. Roosevelt to-day finds himself between two contradictory conceptions of what the state should be. The one is the political theory of government, which subordinates all the activities of the state to the establishment of empire; the other theory looks mainly to wealth, the progress of instruction, of science, of letters, of art, as the true ends of life and of the state.

In trying to reconcile them Mr. Roosevelt has repeated not only the thoughts but the very discourses of his far-off prototype. He has deplored the sterility of marriages, the frequency of divorce, the vices and dangers of too rich a civilization, in almost the words Augustus used. He has tried to bring back the simple life, to awaken the old and noble American traditions; so did Augustus, but he sent his legions out and exploited every vein of commercial wealth. And so, too, the apostle of the simple, wholesome life will all the same cut the Panama Canal, which will double American commerce, double the riches of the cities, double the profusion of the upper classes, and pour a flood of gold over the noble American traditions, so dear to the President's heart.

Ferrero pictures an America which is bound to go the Roman way; increasing in power; draining incalculable wealth from that Orient which enriched Rome; forced, in spite of hereditary democratic ideals, to make itself strong by land and sea in order to hold its own and guard its world-wide trading-flag; overshadow-

ing the huge modern world as Rome did the little civilization of the Mediterranean.

After calm reflection, and in a cold, scientific way, the thinkers and statesmen of old Europe predict for the New World this visionary future; and brooding over it, they seem to be in the very shadow of the peril. The practical American, as he drops from the tail-end

of a cable-car and goes about his business, may not realize that Europe sees in him the terrible fellow who is to go swaggering down the way of the world, taking the wall of every one, in the good old Roman fashion; but so it is. He is—even when he wheels the baby abroad—an eighty-millionth part of the great American peril; in which fact he may find a certain measure of satisfaction.

A PHILANTHROPIC HONEYMOON

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

IT was entirely natural that Henry Peabody of Massachusetts, brought up in the most reasonable and well-regulated of New England households, should fall in love with a tenderly irrational girl of Southern parentage. It was entirely natural that he should tell himself that he loved her all the more for her sweet lack of logic and utter impracticality. But it was also entirely natural that at the first active manifestation, after their marriage, of this generous ignoring of possibilities, he should stand somewhat aghast.

He had smiled tenderly at her kindly interest in the dumb, awkward stewardess whose ineptness he had remarked with a competent man's dislike of inefficiency.

"What a little angel Agatha is!" he thought to himself afterward, as he paced the deck for a solitary cigar.

The phrase recalled a conversation with Agatha's brother on the day before his wedding. By a reaction as natural as Henry's, Percy had married a plain, practical girl, of whose commonplace virtues he was never tired of talking. Before his sister's wedding he had invited Henry to his comfortable, well-kept home in East Orange, close to his father's, and not far from the house which

Henry and Agatha were to occupy. There he had regarded his future brother-in-law with eyes full of a sympathy which Henry had vaguely resented. He had given cloudy hints about Agatha's visionary ideas, and had even, it seemed to the chivalrously alert Henry, been on the point of warning him not to be surprised at any manifestation of them. Henry was indignant.

"As if I didn't know darling Agatha a thousand times better than he! As if I were marrying her to get a housekeeper like his ugly, uninteresting wife!"

The day before the wedding Percy had lingered long over the breakfast-table alone with Henry, evidently trying to say something without offending him. Several times he began.

"You know, Harry, Agatha—well, Agatha is——"

Henry interrupted him firmly, and issued an ultimatum.

"Agatha is an angel, no less!"

For a moment Percy had looked at his future brother-in-law with unfathomable eyes; then he had repeated slowly and enigmatically:

"Yes, Agatha is an angel—no mistake about it!" To which speech he had added incongruously the formula of sym-

pathy between Americans—"Shake, old man!"

Henry had felt instinctively that it would not be loyal to Agatha to take the proffered hand, and Percy had passed over this refusal with a pitying smile.

The little scene came up before Henry, pacing the deck, an infinite expanse of darkness lying about him and an infinite tenderness for his pretty, unworldly Agatha swelling his heart.

"A good thing to get her away from her family—they can't appreciate her," he thought proudly to himself; although Agatha's father was so blindly devoted to her as to make the practical Percy groan.

When his cigar was finished he went into his cabin, to find his bride still up, a vision of blond braids, blue silk, and soft white laces. His bachelor eyes were for a moment dazzled by the pretty show, and he did not notice that Agatha's cheeks were unusually pink and her eyes very shining.

"Oh, Harry darling!" she cried, as he came in. "I've been talking to Greta—she's the stewardess, you know—and she has such a sad history! It makes my heart ache. She just hates this work, indoors in this smelly ship; she says she's always worked out in the fields in one of those lovely Dutch gardens, and she's so unhappy here! She loves outdoors, and growing things. It's her cruel brother who made her take this position as stewardess because she could earn more money for him. She learned a little English from an English family when she was a child, so she got the place; but she's half seasick all the time, and so homesick for her vegetables and flowers, poor thing! She cried and cried when she was talking about it."

Agatha's own lovely eyes were suffused with tears of pity as she spoke, and her husband felt as if he were looking at a being too good for this world; but in spite of himself he could not repress an exclamation of dismay as Agatha went on confidently:

"So I just told her that she needn't worry a bit more—that we'd take care of her. I said she could go and tell the captain right now that she'd leave the ship at the end of this journey!"

Henry's head whirled.

"Good heavens, Agatha! What in the world can we do with an ignorant Dutch market-garden woman? Surely you're not thinking of pensioning her for life, are you?"

Agatha closed his mouth with a pretty gesture.

"Hush, practical business man! Wait until I tell you my plan. I suppose you think I haven't one, don't you? Well, now I'll show you what a common-sense wife you have. I've thought it all out. We're going to be abroad just eight weeks, aren't we? Well, Greta says she can live well for three dollars a week. That's twenty-four dollars, isn't it? Then a second-class passage back to America on this line costs forty-four dollars. That makes sixty-eight in all—call it seventy for a margin, as Percy would say. Now, dearest, I know you were planning to buy me something in Paris that would cost as much as that, weren't you? Instead, I'll just take Greta's rescue from unhappiness." She put her white arms around the neck of the astonished young man, and laid her head on his shoulder. Instinctively his arm went about her for an embrace which she took to be assent to her plan. "Oh, aren't you good, dear, dear Harry!"

Dear, dear Harry had, however, as he told himself, not quite lost his head. He sat down on the camp-chair, the only furniture of the cabin, and, taking his wife on his knee, endeavored to reason with her.

"Agatha darling, that is a sweet, lovely thought, but it is quite impossible. It's not the money, though that is quite a sum to throw away, but what under the sun could we do with Greta when she landed in New York? It really wouldn't be for her best interests. She could find nothing for herself, so hopelessly awkward and incompetent as she is."

Agatha interrupted again.

"Do you suppose I haven't thought that all out? I'm not a child. Just think of all the vegetables and flowers that are used in New York! It stands to reason that there must be any number of market-gardens to grow them, and any number of people needed to work in the gardens; and any one with as much influence as you have can surely find a place for one more, just one!"



"I'VE BEEN TALKING TO GRETA—SHE'S THE STEWARDESS, YOU KNOW—AND SHE HAS SUCH A SAD HISTORY!"

Harry gave a despairing gesture.
 "Why, dearest, it's just perfectly wild!
 I don't know any market-gardeners—how

should I? And you don't know if a
 word that this woman has been telling
 you is true. She may be a consummate



THE LITTLE SOLDIER SOBBED OUT SOME LONG STORY, TO WHICH AGATHA LISTENED

liar. You don't know a thing about her."

Agatha rose, went to the mirror, and began combing her hair in a silence which alarmed the young husband.

"Agatha, darling, you can't really mean that you want to do this crazy thing?"

There was a pause, during which he grew more and more apprehensive, and

then from the depths of shining hair came a half sob that went to his heart.

"Oh, Aggie!" he cried, taking her in his arms.

"It's the very first thing I've asked of you since we were married," she said in a sorrowful voice.

Harry had a sudden revulsion. He felt that he was as bad as Percy.

"You shall have it, dearest! It's a



"FO' DE LAWD'S SAKE, IS YOU AMERICANS?"

noble thing for you to ask, and we will do just what you say."

There was a sudden flash of a rosy face and a pair of moist blue eyes from

him while they took care of a sickly and not too clean baby on the train to The Hague. They had no time to look out of the windows, so absorbed were they



"A DUTCH EXPERT—A WOMAN, ODDLY ENOUGH,
WHOM MY WIFE BROUGHT HOME
FROM HOLLAND"

the golden glory on his shoulder, and he exclaimed again as he had to Percy:

"My Agatha is an angel!"

Even the sight of the squat, ugly Greta, and the thought of how she had imposed on Agatha's unworldliness, could not dash the fervor of his devotion. "What Agatha wanted she should have!" became his motto. It upheld him through the ordeal of leaving the vessel amid the golden rain of tips that Agatha insisted upon showering about them. It sustained

in their task. The tired mother had relapsed into a sleep of exhaustion.

"Just look at the country and enjoy yourself, dearest," Agatha told Harry; but his anxious eyes saw the strain on his wife's slender frame as she handled the child, and in a passion of tender care he insisted on taking charge of it himself.

II

AT The Hague the mother and child disappeared in the crowd, for which the

young husband gave devout thanks. Agatha was very tired, but now he had her to himself. At the hotel he inquired anxiously if the chambermaid spoke either English or French, and heaved a sigh of relief to learn that whatever woes she might have were impenetrably hidden from Agatha's sympathetic eyes in a thick cloud of Dutch. However, his sweet saint discovered, by some feminine free-masonry, that the girl suffered from sick headaches, and insisted on giving away all her own stock of headache powders, brought from East Orange to ward off the terrible attacks which overcame her from time to time.

Harry did not discover this loss until a week later, in Brussels, when Agatha, pale and racked with suffering, confessed her gentle crime of kindness.

"My dear!" he protested. "Why couldn't you have given her a few of the powders and kept some for yourself?"

"Why, Harry, I shall never see her again. It was my last chance to help her!"

She closed her eyes with an air of resigned endurance which drove the tender-hearted Harry mad with impatient sympathy. None of the medicines he procured from the pharmacists of Brussels helped her, and the long day wore on in a slow agony to him, as he helplessly watched his wife grow paler and paler, and saw lines of pain etch themselves in her forehead. The women of his own family never had headaches, or, if they did, took some medicine that at once relieved them; and he had never seen the luxury of woe that is presented by a woman enjoying a "splitting headache."

He walked up and down the balcony outside their rooms, smoking furiously, cursing the chambermaid in The Hague, and—no, he couldn't blame his wife for being too much of an angel for this world. His feelings were not soothed by the thought that the American consul, a great friend of his, had arranged a garden fête for them that afternoon, where he was to meet some business men with whom he hoped to enter into relations. Not for his own sake did he regret missing this affair; he was quite honest in his feeling about that, but he knew Agatha would have enjoyed it, and his heart swelled to think what a sensation

her blond beauty and pretty, vivacious ways would have made.

Toward evening, however, when he stepped into the bedroom and found his wife asleep, all other emotions were swept away in his flood of tender rejoicing that the ordeal of pain was past. As he stood looking at her, lying like a lily in the huge hotel bed, he said to himself that he had never loved her more. The next day the pain had gone, but she was still pale and weak. Harry took her out for a drive, watching with a loving rapture as the color came back to her cheeks.

At a turn of the road they came suddenly upon a singular sight. One of the little Belgian soldiers sat on the edge of the ditch beside the highway, weeping loudly and openly, his thin, dark face twisted into the shamelessly grotesque contortions of a child. "Oh, oh! What can be the matter?" cried Agatha.

Harry's heart went down with an apprehensive plunge, but he obeyed his wife's signal and stopped the carriage beside the absurd and pitiable figure. In the conversation which followed he was totally at a loss, speaking no French, and being unable to follow what seemed to be a most amazing dialogue. The little soldier, a boy as he now appeared, sobbed out some long story, to which Agatha listened, her sweet face glowing with sympathy and pity. When he finished, she seemed to take a sudden resolution. With a guilty look at her husband, which roused his liveliest fears, she entered upon a long and animated speech that left the little soldier quite breathless. He stared at her in incredulity, and then, with a childlike change to elation, he nodded his head a great many times.

"Harry, dear, please give me your purse," Agatha said; and then, in an eager rush, she went on: "Don't say a word to me now. I'll explain later!"

In a profound silence, incredulous on the part of the soldier, exalted on the part of Agatha, and filled with the darkest premonitions on the part of Harry, she counted out six golden napoleons, and with a flood of directions and instructions gave them to her beneficiary, who crossed himself half timorously, as at a miracle.

"I don't wonder he doesn't think it's real!" exclaimed Harry to himself with a grim irony.

The carriage drove on, and Agatha turned to her husband and "explained." It was a bizarre story, bearing on the face of it, to Harry's experienced eyes, the most patent signs of imposture. The fellow's name was Alphonse; he was an orphan, French by parentage, and he had been serving his time of military duty. On his return to his native village, he found a series of dreadful changes. His aunt, with whom he had lived, was dead; the house was sold to strangers; there was no one to welcome him; and, worst and most crushing of all, his sweetheart, his adored Fifi, had deserted him for a wealthy farmer of the neighborhood.

Harry listened to the tale in silence. He was waiting for the sequel, which was quite as bad as he had feared. Agatha had been overcome with sympathy for the lonely, love-sick lad, had been seized with a desire to punish the inconstant Fifi, and had told him that they would take him back to America with them—Harry groaned aloud—and would get him something to do there.

"Why, Harry, he can go steerage, and that doesn't cost *anything*! And you always say that any able-bodied man can earn his living in America—that's the beauty of our dear country; and oh, think what Fifi will feel when he goes back and shows her all that money and tells her he's going to America. You know that's the promised land to them here!"

Harry broke in impatiently.

"You don't suppose for a moment you will ever see him again, do you? You stop on the highway, give money to a total stranger, and imagine he will turn up at a rendezvous six weeks from now! Really, Agatha, I'm sorry to have to speak so decidedly, but we have no money to throw away like that!"

His wife took his hand tenderly in hers.

"You dear, soft-hearted fellow! You talk so sternly and look so fierce I'm almost afraid of you, but all the time I know just as *well*"—this with an infinitely caressing accent—"that you're as pleased to do a good action as I. Just think how you would have felt if you'd come out to East Orange some day and found I was going to be married to somebody else! Why, you're as sorry for poor little Alphonse as I. You dear! Sometimes, Harry darling"—with a soft, pa-

thetic sigh—"I'd almost lose my faith in human nature if it weren't for your kindness and goodness."

III

HARRY'S mouth was effectually closed by this, but his heart burned with wrath as he thought of the shameless Alphonse. That evening they left for Paris, Harry engaging a whole compartment so as to shut Agatha away from the European population, which he felt to be a constant menace to his purse and his peace of mind. In Paris he had a fevered, restless time, trying to keep track of Agatha's spasmodic charities. Their hotel was surrounded by a constantly increasing throng of beneficiaries, and all the money he gave his wife for shopping went to one or another of the barefaced cheats who swarmed about them with threadbare stories of poverty and sorrow.

He rejoiced when Agatha was finally willing to leave the city and go down to a little nook in the Pyrenees, which he had heard was entirely out of the route of general tourist travel. He remembered the words of the man who told them of it:

"A quiet little village, three hundred years behind the times. The only trouble is that they don't talk anything but Basque."

It was the last sentence which decided him in his eager suggestion that he and Agatha should spend the last two weeks of their honeymoon there.

Birogue was all he hoped—quiet, cool, with beautiful walks and bridle-paths, and the only person at their hotel who spoke French was the proprietor. He was a happy, elderly man with a large family, whose round and rosy prosperity repelled all of Agatha's searching shafts of sympathy, persistently as she leveled them at him.

For ten days all went well, and in peace and content without alloy the young American enjoyed his wife's charm and beauty. He had reasoned himself into thinking that he was safe—"quite safe," as he vaguely put it. Out of loyalty to Agatha he was not willing to formulate his meaning more clearly, even to himself. But no retreat is too remote for the hand of Providence. The interruption to their tranquillity came in a grotesquely

unexpected way, but the young man had had enough experience to know his fate when he saw it.

They were riding along a little bridle-path in the foothills near the village, the harsh rattle of the foreign-sounding Basque of a group of river washerwomen still in their ears, when the thunderclap came. To them arrived, breathless and excited, a woman in the garb of the Basque mountaineers, but with the face of an American negro.

"Fo' the Lawd's sake, is you Americans?" she cried in an ecstasy of hope. "After all dis long time has de good Gawd done sent me a deliv'rance from de hands of dese yer heathen?"

Agatha drew rein at once. In her face was surprise unbounded, together with the look of sympathetic interest her husband knew so fatally well. He gave a despairing exclamation, reached for his purse, pressed it into Agatha's hand, and spurred off down the road. He did not need to stay; he knew what would happen. He was scarcely even surprised at the story which Agatha poured out to him on her return to the hotel.

Nancy—her name was Nancy—had been living here for four mortal years, not speaking the language, marooned in desolate isolation among these strange mountaineers. She was a Virginia negro, a lady's-maid, who had come to Europe with an American family. Being obliged to return suddenly to Chicago, they had secured her a position with some Russians; but her new employers had turned out to be frauds and adventurers. They had paid Nancy no wages, and when she grew troublesome they had managed to give her the slip in this out-of-the-way spot, far from the railroad, leaving her penniless and helpless.

"She's earned her living washing! Think, Harry, and she says she can hair-dress beautifully, and manicure, and fix over dresses."

Of course they were to take her back with them to America. Harry received the news in an unsurprised and gloomy silence, only making a rapid mental calculation as to the amount of money he had with him, and reflecting that at least he would not have to pay the fare of that whimpering cry-baby Alphonse, nor that clumsy, lying farmer Greta.

However, when they arrived at the wharf, there were the two unwelcome figures, their faces lighted up with a serene confidence in Agatha. Harry borrowed some money of an acquaintance and bought tickets for them in an exasperation which was terminated by the sight of Agatha's radiant and protecting joy in her absurd charges.

IV

THE passage home was rough, and the young wife kept her cabin. Harry rejoiced to have her quite to himself, and also, half guiltily, to have her out of harm's way. Sometimes he felt the relief one has at knowing that a lunatic is protected from his own vagaries, even though it were a gentle and adored lunatic.

The family met them on the wharf, and after the first outcry of salutations was over, Agatha's brother drew her husband on one side.

"Well?" he said expectantly.

Harry made no answer.

"What did you bring home?" asked the persistent Percy.

Harry looked him straight in the eye, and answered in clear, distinct tones:

"We have brought home one Dutch market-garden woman, one lovesick Belgian soldier, and one lost and strayed American negress from the Pyrenees."

Percy looked immovably grave. He was very fond of Agatha himself, and he would not smile, but once more he said, as he had in the spring:

"Shake, old man!"

There were many times in after years when Harry was proud to remember that he had refused the proffered hand, and had said with an emphasis as unfaltering as before:

"My Agatha is an angel, no less!"

One of these occasions was when he and Percy were joined in a New York restaurant by a mutual friend who had recently dined at the Peabodys' home in East Orange.

"I say, Harry," the other man exclaimed, "I never ate such a dinner as you gave us. Where, in all this mad outcry about the impossibility of keeping servants in the suburbs, did you get such a cook, and how do you keep her?"

"It's not a woman," Harry answered carelessly. "It's a man—a Frenchman

we picked up abroad; comes of a long line of cooks. As for his leaving us, you couldn't drive him away. He worships the ground my wife walks on—just devotes his life to pleasing her."

Again, a year or two later, the president of his company came out to East Orange to visit them. He was an ardent gardener, and was overcome with astonished envy over the Peabodys' small but exquisitely kept grounds.

"Great Scotland, man! How can you afford to pay a gardener to keep things looking so? You must have a professional!"

"Yes," returned Harry gravely; "a Dutch expert—a woman, oddly enough, whom my wife brought home from Holland. She's so fond of Agatha that it's pathetic to see—just follows her around like a dog, and absolutely refuses to take decent wages. Everybody's fond of Agatha, though!"

From the open door he heard his wife explaining:

"Oh, I'm awfully spoiled about house-

servants. My second girl, Nancy, always dresses my hair and does my small sewing. She was a lady's-maid before she came to us, and she massages as beautifully as she waits on the table."

Mrs. Percy's voice said wistfully:

"Yes, it's perfectly shameful how she coddles Agatha. She keeps her wrapped up in cotton-wool. And although everybody in East Orange has tried to get her away by every possible inducement, she won't stir. She thinks she belongs to Aggie—doesn't think of anything but new ways to make the household run smoothly."

Harry, listening, smiled and turned to Percy. He thought of his brother-in-law's dreary hours spent in dirty intelligence offices; he thought of the inevitable domestic upheavals which overwhelmed the other couple at irregular intervals; he thought of their hopeless struggle against incompetence and exorbitant demands, and he smiled sympathetically at Agatha's brother.

"Shake, old man!" he said.

WHEN YOU CAME KNOCKING AT MY HEART

WHEN you came knocking at my heart
With this soft, fairy hand,
Why you should seek its narrow walls
I did not understand.

So drear it was and littered up
With selfishness and pride,
Until you drew the hangings back
And threw the windows wide.

And then the sun came streaming in—
Or was it but your eyes
That lighted it, your magic touch
That caused the glad surprise?

Its dinginess a palace grown,
And dear beyond compare
The smiling face and loving kiss
That meet me everywhere.

I could not deem it all for me,
Nor dream that you would stay—
But, oh, the double darkness now,
If you should go away!

And so I hold the white hands close,
When wander-spirits ride
The whispering night-winds, lest they come
And steal you from my side;

And pray to God, who led your steps
That dreary day to me,
To bless me with your comradeship
Through love's eternity!

Charles Coleman Stoddard

HENRY IRVING'S SUCCESSOR

BY CLAY M. GREENE

WHAT ACTOR ON THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING STAGE CAN BE REGARDED AS RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE PLACE HELD BY THE LATE SIR HENRY IRVING?—THE CLAIMS OF THE LEADING CANDIDATES, BRITISH AND AMERICAN

“WHO is the rightful heir to the mantle of Henry Irving?”

Since the ashes of the latest-chosen candidate for England's greatest mortuary honor were niched in Westminster Abbey, none of those minds best qualified for the task has dared to venture a specific reply to this oft-propounded question. It is a problem which theory cannot argue, precedent establish, or personal prejudice decide, without provoking a small babel of better theories, older precedents, and stronger expressions of personal regard or experience.

The subject is one with which the point of view has little to do; for there never yet was view-point so unerring that the humblest established fact might not cover it with the mist of doubt. So at the very outset it may as well be stated that no universally accepted heir to any splendid inheritance of theatric greatness has yet been found, since the earliest genius in the realm of dramatic art strutted his brief hour upon the stage.

Who, for instance, wore Betterton's mantle? Who Garrick's or Macready's? Where was the admirer of the elder Kean who would concede one jot of that actor's genius to his son Charles? And upon the latter's death, where the enthusiast so rash as to select the shoulders upon which the younger Kean's mantle might fittingly be said to rest.

NO THEATRICAL DYNASTIES

With the one exception of Edwin Booth, who may be said to have inherited the talent of his eccentric father—and

even this case has furnished material for adverse discussion—the dramatic history of America is no more prolific than that of England with instances of direct artistic succession. John McCullough, whom long association had schooled in the methods of the mighty Forrest, failed to justify his managers' claim that he continued the traditions of his great mentor and friend, just as all the aspirants to the place left vacant by McCullough fell short of their promise and ambition. No one who knew Lawrence Barrett's forceful and scholarly art but will deny that any worthy successor has appeared above the dramatic horizon. No adequate attempt has ever been made to fill the void made by the taking of Charles R. Thorne from the school of modern romanticism.

Following this line of argument—and the writer confesses his inability to formulate any other—there never yet was known the mantle of dramatic greatness that was not created in warp, woof, and fold by its wearer, and was unfitted for other shoulders.

“But,” persists an insatiable public, “Henry Irving is dead; he gave us precisely what we wanted, and surely there must be some one qualified to fill his place.”

Now what the public wants is what the manager, whether commercial or esthetic, feels bound to supply; so let us consult the dramatic constellations, and find if there indeed be any rising star worthy to take the place of the brilliant luminary who passed into eternity a few months ago.

Jingle, Mathias, Duboscq, Vanderdecken, Ravenswood, Louis XI, Hamlet, Richelieu, Eugene Aram, Shylock, Benedict, Richard III, Mephistopheles, Wolsey, Charles I, Malvolio, à Becket, Robespierre! Surely the genius whom two worlds have hailed as being next to invincible in all these creations can scarcely find its recognizable counterpart in any star yet discovered. Let us see, however; let us consult some of the stars that recent years have disclosed to us.

THE CLAIMS OF BEERBOHM TREE

First among the possible English aspirants to the most coveted position the drama of this generation has known must be mentioned the name of Beerbohm Tree. Mr. Tree's versatility is remarkable, and he would seem to be capable of adequately expressing all the emotions known to burlesque, farce, comedy, or tragedy, excepting those requiring great depth of thought or the refined portrayal of pathos. On the other hand, some critics declare emphatically that his aspirations in any other lines than those of comedy or strong character work are not justified from any point of view except that of calm self-reliance in what he has conceived his destiny to be.

It may be worth while to repeat a remark ascribed to the caustic and cynical W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert's absence of several days from his favorite club had been noted, and on his return he was received by a fellow member with:

"Hello, Gilbert, where have you been?"

"I went down to Sheffield to see Tree's *Hamlet*," he replied.

"Well, how was it?"

"Very funny indeed, and not at all vulgar."

The more ambitious efforts of Mr. Tree are handicapped by a marked lisp and an almost effeminate mannerism of speech. These peculiarities grate upon the ears of those who hold that good elocution and sonorous voice are inseparable from the successful portrayal of serious characters. At the same time, no reviewer of his successful career can make light of his candidacy for the distinction that is the subject of this paper.

His delightful performance of the unfortunate clergyman in "The Private

Secretary" can never be forgotten by any one who enjoyed that excellent comedy creation. In the antithetical character of *Maccari* in "Called Back" he effected a portrayal of subtle villainy and genteel cruelty that had not been equaled, at least in his generation. The jump from this to the dissolute but fascinating nobleman in "The Dancing Girl," broad as it was in a histrionic sense, proved none the less successful. At this point Beerbohm Tree had become so strong a factor on the London stage that his invasion of the field of lavish productions made him a dangerous antagonist to the hitherto invincible Irving.

TREE'S SUCCESS AS A PRODUCER

Then the unexpected happened to the public idol of many years—that indefinable unexpected which is blindly unforeseen, but which is inevitable when genius opposes satiety, true art crosses swords with commercialism, and the public maw hungers for something new. Henry Irving was compelled to discontinue his tenancy of the Lyceum Theater, while Beerbohm Tree gained almost undisputed sway in his chosen field. The achievements of the newcomer with regard to scenic embellishment, costume, and perfection of detail and *mise-en-scène*, excelled those of the great master of stagecraft whom he had supplanted. And yet there was always an undeniable absence of the great dramatic entity, the dominant unit of genius. His productions were numerous, princely, and strikingly varied, but essentially commercial. When one of them proved to be what the public did not want, it was immediately supplanted by something more palatable to that singular appetite, whose taste no one knows until it has been tempted by all manner of tid-bits.

Mr. Tree's record at His Majesty's Theater has been almost titanic in its volume of activity, and his display of personal versatility has been remarkable. But old observers can recall dozens of cases where versatility so conspicuous as to conceal the magnetism of the artist's personality has failed to win permanent success, and Mr. Tree must be ranked with these. From *Svengali* to *Mark Antony*, from *Falstaff* to *Ulysses*, and in rapid succession *Caliban*, *Bottom*, *Fagin*,

and *Nero*—such a series of characters is a dangerous one to the actor who seeks lasting greatness. Mr. Tree's most ardent admirers have not claimed that his success in these utterly different parts has been equal to the opportunities they offer. It seems tolerably certain that when his vogue has waned, as sooner or later it must, his name will be recorded among those whom Fortune has coquetted with for a time, and then jilted for others, while that of Henry Irving will never lose its luster in the dust of the ages.

E. S. WILLARD AND FORBES ROBERTSON

If success both before and behind the curtain be considered—and each is an equally necessary concomitant of greatness—the English stage can offer but few candidates for the revered mantle, which up to the present time would seem to have gone a begging. In the humble opinion of the writer, Mr. E. S. Willard is both artistically and ethically equipped for the coveted honor. We have seen him in a long line of characters, and in none of them has he been weak, while in many he has closely approached the narrow line between excellence and greatness. But we are told that Mr. Willard is not physically or temperamentally suited to the toil and turmoil inseparable from the management of a great theatrical enterprise; that he is quite content to pursue the even tenor of his way as an acknowledged star of lesser magnitude, leaving the more ambitious luminaries to struggle for the unfilled orbit.

With Willard out of the running, the claims of the admirers of Forbes Robertson might safely be entered upon the lists. This artist—for artist he is to his finger-tips—was long the favored associate and chief support of Irving, and in many respects seems qualified to wear the dead master's mantle. But there must be a deficiency—undefinable, perhaps, but yet real—in his intellectual make-up, or he would surely be nearer to-day to the pinnacle reached by Irving fifteen years ago. Robertson's *Henry VIII* is superb, his *Romeo* delightful, and his *Hamlet* rises to poetical heights not reached by any other recent exponent of the character. In "The Light That Failed" his achievement as the blind hero was deli-

ciously tender and convincing to the smallest degree, in spite of the demerits of the play. But, to use a contemporary vulgarity, he has never managed to "get there," and, partly on account of his lack of robust health, it seems unlikely that he will ever do so.

OTHER BRITISH ASPIRANTS

Martin Harvey has his cohort of adherents; but, sterling actor though he may be, we on this side of the water can sing his praises only in the single character of *Sidney Carton* in "The Only Way." We must regretfully pass his candidacy by, and consider the claims of others—the few others who are still left to consider.

Lewis Waller is an excellent actor—vigorous, scholarly, comparatively young, and decidedly interesting. In the Tree production of "Henry IV" his *Hotspur* was quite equal in prominence to the admirable *Falstaff* of his star-manager. In the superb dramatic pageant effected in "Julius Cæsar," his scholarly interpretation of *Brutus* overshadowed Tree's *Mark Antony* to a degree that left no doubt in the minds of his auditors as to who was the better artist of the two. On his own account Mr. Waller has produced "Henry V" with much success; far greater, by the way, than that of George Rignold, of cherished *matinée* memory, at Booth's Theater in New York. He also made a favorable impression in "Beaucaire," although the play failed to score, and in "Ruy Blas" he not only gave a notable and forceful enactment of the exacting title part, but proved himself a capable master of ensemble, and a producer of whom great things might be expected, with the proper financial backing, and the environment of success that always comes with public vogue. Yet it would be premature to claim for him any sort of right to the mantle of Irving.

George Alexander has his coterie of followers, as has also Arthur Bouchier, sometime leading man for Augustin Daly. But Alexander seems to have scored principally in the more modern romantic rôles, while Bouchier has but lately tasted the bitter-sweet of his first London experience with the purely legitimate drama, in a presentment of

"The Merchant of Venice," which by no means received the unanimous stamp of popular approval.

THE SCARCITY OF POSSIBLE CANDIDATES

We have considered the most prominent British candidates for that enviable inheritance which personal ambition cannot command nor will and testament bequeath. While each in his own way is worthy, as difference of opinion may prescribe, none of them is Henry Irving, nor ever will be, if history and precedent do not lie, and destiny still remains inflexible in its bestowal of laurels that time cannot fade nor the cavil of ages destroy.

If, however, the public appetite is still unappeased; if it continues to demand a successor to the incomparable Irving—what then? Our only hope lies in the blessed concession that art is universal, and we must extend our campaign to the American stage. But here, too, we must go warily. There having been no generally recognized successors to our own masters in the higher spheres of dramatic art, how can we hope to find any shoulders fit to bear the precious prize which the key of destiny is almost upon the point of locking away with other jewels of hallowed memory?

The American stage—alas, for the progressive debauchery of our higher ideals in the blare of machine-made librettos and music!—offers but small encouragement to the few stalwarts who still cling to the better traditions. Yet the names of Richard Mansfield and of Edward H. Sothorn are offered for serious consideration, since these two players are in every sense the equals, and in many the superiors, of the most promising candidates from across the Atlantic.

THE CAREER OF E. H. SOTHERN

Mr. Sothorn has been a capable, earnest, and successful exponent of the higher drama for a number of years, and his growing popularity indicates that he will so continue for many years to come. He is virile and forceful; what he lacks in physical power being more than supplied by a musical and expressive voice, a fine grace of diction, and the energy of a resourceful vitality. In romantic rôles, such as were furnished in "An

Enemy to the King" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," he held undisputed sway on our boards until a more ripened mentality inspired him to attempt the more ambitious rôles of Shakespeare.

In these, too, he was successful. Some of his heavier portrayals lacked the studied finesse and supreme dignity of Irving, but others were undeniably superior. While *Hamlet* was not among the greatest of the English actor's creations—perhaps because he was temperamentally unsuited to it—it was Sothorn's best, and he may safely be recorded as having given us the finest American *Hamlet* since Booth. His *Romeo* was no worse than Irving's, and his *Petruchio* quite as good, though he must of necessity suffer in comparison with the elder player's almost perfect rendition of the crafty and revengeful *Shylock*. At the same time, for many reasons, Mr. Sothorn can scarcely be advanced as the leading American candidate for the highest dramatic and managerial honors.

Before passing on to Richard Mansfield, it may be worth while to mention another actor for whom many claim a place in the foremost rank of his profession. But if Otis Skinner can be regarded as a possible inheritor of any glittering robe of departed greatness, it is the mantle of Edwin Booth rather than that of Henry Irving that might fit his shoulders. Booth's splendid fame was unique in American theatrical history; yet there are those who think that Skinner possesses the temperament, the finesse, and the imperishable spark of genius that should place him in line for so enviable a succession. Lack of adequate opportunity, however, or perhaps of that moving force of commercialism which seems inseparable from lasting success, seems to have left this hope as yet unfulfilled.

THE GENIUS OF RICHARD MANSFIELD

Finally, therefore, it is upon Richard Mansfield, if upon any one, that we must depend for that combination of power, vigor, scholarly attainment, and resourceful energy necessary to the actor who is his own producer and manager.

Neither history nor memory is able to establish that the repertoires of even the greatest actors were artistically "even,"

either in conception or portrayal; and Mr. Mansfield is no exception to what may almost be set down as an inflexible rule. But it may be said, with small fear of thoughtful contradiction, that fewer of his characterizations are open to adverse critical analysis than of Henry Irving's, and very much fewer than of Beerbohm Tree's. In fact, it is difficult to record any rendition of Mansfield's, with the one exception of *Brutus* in his brilliant production of "Julius Cæsar," when the exponent of another character excelled him both in physical power and conception.

The writer believes Mansfield to be the best living exponent of *Richard III*, and will venture to put his *Shylock* in second place. There are many who disparage his *Cyrano de Bergerac* in comparison with Coquelin's, but the present reviewer is not one of them, and his *Beaucaire* was better than Waller's in spite of the latter's physical superiority. His *Don Juan* and *Henry V* are admirable, and have succeeded without that beauty of figure and visage which to the caviling auditor might seem to be inseparable from these largely pictorial characters.

It may also be declared, with small fear of convincing contradiction, that Mansfield's versatility is not equaled by any actor of this or the last generation.

It should be noted that of late, in obedience to the sound principle that too much versatility is a drawback to lasting greatness, he has added no new comic character to his delicious portraiture of the volatile *Prince Karl*. He has wisely confined his efforts to his more serious rôles, except when he returns for a night or two to the lighter one in order to secure temporary relaxation from the wear and tear of tragedy.

None of us has ever seen a more startling enactment of blood-curdling melodrama than is Mansfield's portrayal of *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*. In mentioning these dual characters we seem to have accorded to him the full gamut of theatric and dramatic possibility, thereby stamping him as one of the best actors of his time.

Whether he shall eventually succeed to the splendid distinction of becoming the world's most notable producing manager and star is a question for destiny and himself to decide. Whether he is a proper inheritor of the mantle of Henry Irving is purely a matter of personal opinion. Since personal opinions are infinite in number and variety, and since no great actor's mantle has ever fallen upon a second wearer, it may be best after all to place this one with the ashes of its creator in Westminster Abbey, and to write upon them—"Finis."

CUPID'S SPOKESMAN

THE place was just what one would wish—

A park; the season, Maytime;
Near by, a fountain filled with fish;
Above, the birds at playtime;
And then, most opportunely put
Beside the seat we sat in,
Stood Cupid with one tiny foot
Set on a line of Latin.

Of course the words were *à propos*
And few—just "Amor Semper";
But Mabel, when she read them so,
Exhibited some temper,
And, with a pink blush in each cheek,
She said: "A marble Cupid
That never can be taught to speak
Is certainly most stupid!"

Thought I then, as she looked above,
What chance is there to win her
Who contemplates the god of Love
As if he were a sinner?
But try I did—you know the rest,
A lover's taste of glory!
Quoth Mabel: "Well, I like it best
When you tell Cupid's story!"

Felix Carmen

PHOEBE IN POLITICS

BY ANNE O'HAGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOWNFALL OF FOGERTY," "THE MADNESS OF LUIS," ETC.

LONG before the feud between Heronside and Heronside Hills was begun—while yet, indeed, Heronside Hills lay stationless, roadless, nameless, and houseless in the bosom of the future—the whole affair was presaged across Dr. Finley's barberry hedge.

"You," declared Phœbe Symonds, whose summer estate was separated from Jimmy Finley's year-round one by the hedge, and who delivered her opinion from her own side of the division, "you are nothing but a village boy, anyway! A country boy, that's what you are! I am a little city lady!"

Phœbe's cheeks were dyed deep with ire as she retailed this bit of differentiation, which was borrowed from the cook. Her sunbonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, its strings lying in the creases of her fat neck, bare above the untrimmed edge of her blue apron. Rage flashed from her brown eyes, and her bosom heaved with defiance and scorn. She was breathless after she had flung the taunt to stolid Jimmy glaring at her across the hedge.

"And you," he asserted, "are just nobody at all! You don't belong here, and nobody wants you here, but you keep on coming every summer. You haven't any real home, or you'd stay in it. You haven't any right to anything here in Heronside—no, not to one thing, because you don't belong here. And I'll take the telephone I made out of your house."

"You sha'n't! It's mine! I gave the cord!" screamed Phœbe.

"You can have your cord back again," retorted Jimmy magnificently superior. "You could never do anything with it alone, except make cat's-cradles, maybe!"

The patience of Phœbe at nine years was a negligible quantity in the analysis

of her disposition. She gave a fierce yell and made at Jimmy through the barberry hedge, to the detriment of her apron, her face, and her fingers. Jimmy stood his contemptuous ground on the other side, his hands in his pockets.

"Bah!" he said, while the little ter-magant floundered in the midst of the spiky barrier between the two yards. "Bah, who wants to play with girls, anyhow?"

Phœbe's nursery governess brought the battle to an inglorious close by suddenly appearing and snatching the belligerent young lady back to the house; and Jimmy Finley strolled away in search of the masculine society whose high attractions he had vauntingly insinuated.

That was the very season in which Heronside Hills was conceived in the fecund mind of Phœbe Symonds' uncle and guardian. Heronside itself stood compact about its Revolutionary landmarks: its church, its pump, its common, and its cannon. Beyond it, northeast along the broken, rocky coast and thence inland for some distance, lay territory scarcely touched. A few scattered farms, fertile in boulders, dotted its extent, but that was all.

Mr. Symonds, with the imagination of the capitalist, had one day a vision of the bay beyond the shore dotted with gleaming yachts, of the bluffs crowned with lordly "cottages," of straight roads built where paths now wandered, and of all manner of rich equipages, making these brilliant through the long summer. He had always liked the climate. Its fresh, tingling, salty flavor had induced him to buy the square house in the village, next to his old classmate's, quite as much as his uncomprehending affection for that classmate—the affection of a man of material ambitions and restless energies for

a good and gentle dreamer. When his imagination had built up Heronside Hills for him, however, he piously perceived a special Providence in the sentiment which had led to the purchase of the place the other side of the barberry hedge.

Ten days from the time the idea occurred to him, he was enrolled in the county registry as the purchaser, for one dollar and other good and valuable consideration, of a tract of land in Heronside township as large as the village itself. In two weeks architects were looking over the sites. By the next July there stood above one of the bluffs a wonderful structure of wood and stone, with turrets and balconies, conservatories and *portes cochères*, lodges, stables, and what not. Within five years a succession of such dwellings looked insolently across the crags and the foam and the infrequent beaches to the island-dotted bay and on to the other side of the world. Macadamized roads led to the stately houses. The railroad had built a new and cheerfully ornate station, and had called it Heronside Hills. The summer settlement was established, and Jimmy Finley, the doctor's son, no longer fought across the barberry hedge with Phœbe Symonds, the great man's niece.

Their meetings had become social events of painful import to them both. Jimmy hated the two or three afternoons a season when, with his mother, he drove the doctor's ambling mare over the gay roads to Heronside Hills and up to Brierbank, as the Symonds place was called, though Jimmy had not been able to learn why. He was not interested in the starched and curled Phœbe who was led forth on these occasions. He felt his three years' seniority; a man's interests engrossed him. Would he make the freshman football team when he entered college? That was the real question, to answer which the earth revolved, the sun shone. Phœbe found the return visits under the charge of her governess—her uncle was a widower—equally dreary occasions.

"What queer ornaments the Finleys have in their sitting-room, don't they?" she was accustomed to ask in incipient snobbery, after a visit in the plain, old-fashioned house where a sampler hung

upon the wall, pink shells flanked the fireplace, and birchbark frames held family photographs.

Then came the years when Jimmy was at college—where he triumphantly achieved not only the freshman team, but the 'varsity—and then the years when he was in the law school. Meantime Phœbe was being put through all manner of elegant experiences. Like the pussy cat of famous memory she went to London to see the queen; she spoke in divers tongues, and wore silks, furs, and jewels that came from the uttermost parts of the earth. She rode and she fenced and she danced. She was pretty, and she was as imperious as pretty. At an age which the dowagers declared disgracefully early, she swept the last of the governesses from her uncle's house and became herself its social head.

By the time Heronside Hills was sixteen years old, and Phœbe Symonds twenty-five, she was a spoiled, attractive, difficult young woman. She had entirely lost sight of her old companion, Jimmy Finley. Once, riding through the town, and noting the absence of the doctor's sign from the old house, she vaguely remembered that her uncle had told her of his friend's death after one of her European jaunts.

Heronside Hills was also feeling its oats, as one of the mere townspeople somewhat vulgarly put it. Heronside Hills was quite sufficient to itself, and it began to inquire why it should be taxed as part of the dull, plebeian town. Why, when it had not the slightest interest in the Heronside schools, should it be levied upon for their support? Why, when its confines were forever sacred from the vulgar mob, should it pay for a police force to keep the vulgar mob in order? The factories which had been building in Heronside had brought an influx of foreigners to the village; the town was a candidate for cityhood, with all the increased expenses of that condition—more sidewalks, more street lights, sewers, a fire department. Why should Heronside Hills submit to the increased taxation which these things would require?

II

At the earliest dinner party of the season Phœbe Symonds was presiding

when the subject was broached. It enlisted her interest immediately. She had no very settled views on the subject of taxation, but at the time she happened to be without absorbing interests. She had finally rejected Gerald Waterman, and no new aspirant for her hand had appeared. Life was a little stale.

"Why don't we secede at once?" she inquired with animation.

The men laughed, and some of the women smiled with a little acidity.

"Do you know how much we put into their treasury each year, Miss Symonds?" asked one of them. Phœbe shook her charming head and hung upon his enlightenment. "Well, more than all the rest of the citizens put together, even the factory owners. You see, ours is the most improved and the most valuable property in the township."

"What a shame!" said Phœbe. "When we could get along so perfectly without them, too! Why, now that the Colonial Provisioners have established a branch down here at the Hills station, one never needs to go to Heronside for anything."

"Of course they'd make the dickens of a row, the townspeople," said her uncle in a tone of debate.

"Of course. You know it has been rumored that we might try to get such a measure through, and the Heronsiders are watching us like hawks. I believe they've got a native lawyer primed to keep tab on us, and to look out for their interests."

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Symonds.

"A young fellow—Finley is his name, I believe."

Mr. Symonds sighed.

"Poor old Jim Finley's son, I suppose," he said. "He's an impracticable fellow, if he resembles his father."

"I have never heard that of him," said the other man, with a grim little smile. "Quite the contrary."

"I used to know him when we were children," said Phœbe, smiling also. Vividly there ran across her memory the day when the doctor's son had taunted her as a dweller on sufferance in Heronside. "He wasn't any too gentle in those days. If I remember, there used to be fisticuffs—but perhaps that was altogether my part of it."

The more she thought the situation over the more alluring seemed to her the prospect of interfering in a matter as weighty as taxation. She was idle. No real interest had ever absorbed her since her technical education had been finished, years before. Flirtation had palled upon her, and love had not happened to come her way. She was not yet quite old or quite bored enough to think seriously of one of those worthy missions with which idle women sometimes contrive to spice their lives. A little game of politics appealed to her—the more because she had so often been convinced that her ennui arose from her intellectual superiority to her set.

The talk among the men of her uncle's circle grew more and more of the possibility of escaping the duties of residence in Heronside. James Finley's name was constantly mentioned as that of the watchdog of the town's interests, so to speak. Phœbe, consulting her mirror, her wardrobe, and her recollections of young men, decided to save her country by winning over the enemy. She told her uncle to invite James to dinner.

She made herself as charming as ivory lace and pink roses and pearls could render a young woman to whose appearance nature had already been kind. She was waiting in the library beside a fireplace heaped with woodland plunder when her uncle brought the young man in. There were to be no other guests—not this time!

She turned to meet him, and felt suddenly ashamed of the guile with which she had robed herself. For it was her old, determined, good-hearted, bad-tempered playfellow that looked out at her from James Finley's clear, quizzical gray eyes, smiled at her from his firm lips, declared himself unalterable in square jaw, square shoulders, and square forehead.

"Ah," he cried, "I should have known you! You look exactly as you did when you used to spend the summers next door and fight with me across the hedge!"

Phœbe remembered the blue apron and the sunbonnet, but she did not undervalue the compliment, and she found the part of deliberate fascinator, which she had set out so gaily to play, forgotten in

the pleasure of talk with this old comrade.

She decided that affairs of this sort must be managed with due tact and care. One must first obtain a standing in order to appeal to it. She spent most of the summer in establishing a position with Jim. It was not easy, for he was busy and he was proud. Yachts and polo ponies and endless leisure were not his, and he did not care to consort too much with those who possessed them.

He had mapped out rather a serious career for himself, Phœbe learned. His lawyer's shingle hung from the second-story office in Heronside.

On certain afternoons and evenings he was to be found there. His mornings he spent in a Boston office, where he had desk-room. He was busy with local politics; he meant to run for local office. He was full of interest in his profession, and an interest in politics was to him merely an expression of good citizenship. It was amazing how deeply Phœbe was concerned in his career before she reached the point of trying to influence him in favor of the division of Heronside.

When he learned her desires he threw his head back and laughed loudly, boyishly. Phœbe's color mounted beneath her fine skin.

"Why do you laugh?" she asked sharply.

"At your ideas—they're so deliciously naïve," he unwisely explained.

"Do they seem so to you?"

"Seem? They are. My dear young woman, do these rich property owners of yours presume to say to New York that they withdraw from the city because they don't send their children to the public schools, and won't be taxed for them? Do they ask to have Beacon Street set aside from Boston? They own valuable property in a certain place; they spend a large part of their time in that place; and they say that the place may go to the devil for all they care, since they are comfortable, anyway. It's—you'll pardon me—it's the attitude of the trough!"

Jimmy spoke with a fatuous notion that he was instructing Miss Symonds, and that she had only to hear to be convinced. Her reply undeceived him.

"I am sorry, of course, that we seem hoggish—I think you implied hoggish—but I'm pledged to do all that I can for the division."

Jimmy stared at her for a second, his eyes slightly glazed, his jaw heavy. Then he smiled again.

"Are all the young women of the Hills pledged to this effort?"

His voice was a whole volume of satire on woman's influence in politics.

"I speak for myself alone," said Phœbe evenly and angrily.

Again the fatuous Jimmy smiled. It was his smile that fixed Phœbe's resolution to do all that she could to bring about the division. Jimmy, rising to depart, had an illuminating moment when he saw that he had made a mistake. Politics suddenly dropped out of the universe. He looked at an implacably angry face, and realized how much its implacability hurt him. And to realize that was to know how much he cared for Phœbe Symonds.

Back in the city Phœbe worked desperately for the measure. She would show the scoffer what she could do in politics! She sought introductions to members of the Legislature in a way quite incomprehensible to them. She dined the committee on townships, and she called in quarters hitherto quite outside her range. Her uncle had always allowed her her own way; now he merely smiled and shrugged his shoulders. He had done his practical best to assure the division of Heronside and Heronside Hills—he had made a contribution to a lobbyist less theoretical than Phœbe, who would know what use to make of it; for his part he could not inquire. Neither would the other Heronside Hills men who had made similar contributions. Meantime Phœbe was amusing herself. He was sorry that she did not seem to derive more pleasure from the process. Her temper was unpardonably uncertain lately.

She did not see Jimmy often after they went back to the city. She was glad of it. His attitude of tolerant amusement, as at the antics of a kitten, had been insulting; its change to questioning disapproval was harder to bear. But it was noticeable that no other man's attitude stood the test of comparison with his in

her estimation. Sometimes she wanted to give up the whole affair, to drop the legislative dinners and the dinner to legislative wives, and to go to Jimmy and tell him that she was a fool. But Jimmy's increasingly distant look, his increasingly frigid manner, did not invite confession of any sort.

111

FINALLY the day came when the bill to split Heronside township in two was to be reported or to be quashed in the committee-room. When the cheerful voice of one of her State House satellites saluted her over the telephone to say that the bill had been recommended, she thought impatiently that his manner was almost dapper—she hated it. Then she had her moment of elation. Perhaps Jimmy would admit, now, that she could do things! Phœbe did not know of the practical work of the practical lobbyist.

But the moment of triumph was brief. She sat down and considered the defeat of Jimmy Finley, and that thought was bitter to her. Why, why had she meddled? Why had she interfered between Jimmy Finley and his work?

She could see him when that decision was reported to him. About his firm lips a tiny rim of white would show—she had seen it there sometimes when he was putting restraints upon himself. He would shake those broad shoulders of his, and square them to the burden of defeat. Then he would go quietly from the State House back to his office; some idiot would punctuate his going with a "Better luck next time, Finley," and he would nod and force a smile.

At the office where he hired desk-room they would have heard; they would utter a sympathetic banality or two, and he would put some books and papers into his queer green bag—why did he carry that?—and he would walk to the station. Heronside, gray, dingy, busy, with the smoke from its factories thickening the thick air, would receive him. He would go to that busy town, not rich, save in its summer settlement, grappling with many new problems born of its new industries and citizens. And they—the self-satisfied group of the penurious wealthy—had been un-

willing to help. Ah, it was disgusting, as Jimmy had said!

He would go to his little office, he would see his friends and clients. He would tell them that the bill was to be recommended, that he had failed to keep it out of the Legislature, that he couldn't do what he had undertaken to do. And he wanted to run for office out there; he had told her so. And by and by he would go home and up the walk by the barberry hedge—

She forgot that James Finley had laughed at her influence, that he had needed a lesson, that he had smiled superior at her excitements. She only saw him going into his mother's house in the gray gloom of the evening, beaten in an early fight, and by her foolish machinations.

Phœbe was not a consistent person, or a patient. She had a sudden inspiration. She would go down to Heronside and tell him that she was sorry. She would go down on her knees to him for his forgiveness; then she would go down on her knees to the Governor of the State and beg him to veto the measure.

By the time she alighted at the dingy station in Heronside, instead of the ornate one to which she was accustomed, she began to have doubts as to the entire feasibility of her plan. Vain and mistaken in one thing, was she not likely to be vain and mistaken in all? What real warrant had she for believing that he would care to hear her prayers for forgiveness? And certainly Mrs. Finley would be surprised to see her!

She dawdled about the station. It was late afternoon; the factories, stark and ugly on the low lands near by, blazed at a thousand windows in the gloom. She could see figures at the machines; some of them were girls and boys. And Jimmy fought for them, while she opposed.

Finally she took the station carriage, and, mumbling something about having mistaken her station, ordered the driver to take her to Brierbank.

The feminine passion to heal the hurt she had caused consumed her. She could scarcely wait to reach the telephone in the gloomy house; she paid no attention to the voluble regrets of the farmer's wife that no notice had been

given of her arrival. She wanted to make it up to Jimmy.

He answered the telephone from his house. He was full of alarm at her unexpected presence at Brierbank. She reassured him as to her health and the family fortunes. Then she paced the room, on the hearth of which a fire had finally been kindled, until he came.

"What is it, Phœbe? What is it, dear girl?" he cried, forgetful of their estrangement, and indifferent to the conventional horror of the farmer's wife, who admitted him. "What can have brought you? What——"

"Oh, Jim, Jim, don't you know? The bill for division is reported—and I did it—and you 'didn't want it done—and I wish——"

An illumination broke across Mr. Finley's mind.

"Because you were sorry for my defeat you came down?" he asked triumphantly.

By a mighty effort of intellect he was able to refrain from pointing out to her how little she had to do with the reporting of the bill. There were more important things to be attended to, and he proceeded to attend to them.

"Yes, that is why. Oh, no, Jim, not yet—not until I tell you what I mean to do to defeat that bill yet——"

Nevertheless Jim's ideas on the respective order of conversation and events ruled, and it was not for some minutes that the discussion of the bill was resumed. Then almost as much amusement as tenderness shone in Jim's eyes.

"And how are you going to save me now, little briber and corrupter?" he inquired.

"Briber?"

"Well, your side has been bribing. No, no, of course, I never really believed that you knew, but it did make me sick to have you mixed up with the thing. Anyway, how is it that you propose to save me?"

"The Governor shall veto it!" declared Phœbe superbly. "I will beg him to—he likes me."

Jim laughed again.

"You won't have to, dearest," he said. "The Governor has already seen a petition from the voting factory hands, and their unions have declared themselves on the effort to deprive the workingman of the benefits of equal taxation. The Governor wants reelection. He's pledged to veto that bill if it reaches him. That's what I've been doing while you played with your committees. Oh, I'm something of a politician myself!"

A SONG TO LYDIA

I KNEW that you were coming back!
Shall I tell you how?
To-day a wild bird swung and sung
On a blossomed bough;
Far and high his greeting rose
'Gainst the sunrise flame,
And all the notes of all his song
Tangled in your name.

I knew that you were coming back!
Shall I tell you why?
To-day a new rose broke in bloom
'Neath the noon-blue sky;
Rare and red it beckoned me,
Bending as I came,
And all the sweet of all its bloom
Only breathed your name.

I knew that you were coming back!
This is how I knew—
Bird and rose and earth and air
Gave me news of you;
Green leaves merry in the wood,
Glad waves on the sea,
And all the winds of all the world
Sang your name to me!

Theodosia Garrison

THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

MUCH AS OTHER RACES HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE MAKING OF THE UNITED STATES, ENGLAND IS THE MOTHERLAND THAT GAVE US OUR LANGUAGE AND THAT FOUNDED OUR LAW, OUR LITERATURE, AND OUR HISTORICAL TRADITIONS—FAMOUS ANGLO-AMERICANS OF PAST AND PRESENT

AS all the world knows, the English have been the dominant factor in the making of the United States. They have given us their language, their law, their literature, and to a large extent their traditions and habit of mind.

To describe America as an Anglo-Saxon country is, of course, not correct. As we shall see, in the last article of this series, America has developed a national type of its own to which no European name can properly be given. But the fact remains that it was the English who shaped the molds into which the life of this nation was first poured. For more than a hundred and fifty years the majority of the colonists regarded themselves as Englishmen; and it was during this period that the Indians were subdued, that towns and roads were built in the wilderness, and that the thirteen colonies prepared to become a self-governing republic.

It is not only true that George Washington was the great-grandson of a Yorkshireman, but also that nearly two thirds of our Presidents and Vice-Presidents have been wholly or partially of English blood. Every chapter of American history reveals the predomi-

nance of English names. It was from England that we got our first iron-works, cotton-mills, and railroads. English capital—hundreds of millions of it—has been invested in our industries. English books still occupy the shelves of highest honor in our libraries. English skilled labor laid the foundation for most of our trades, as English learning did for our professions. And from Captain Miles Standish to Mayor John Weaver, the sturdy Englishman has been on hand and always ready to put his shoulder to the wheel, in every undertaking that was of practical importance.

RECENT ENGLISH IMMIGRATION

In number, there are not very many people of English birth now living in the United States—probably not more than a million. New York State contains most of them, Pennsylvania comes next, and Illinois third. Out of every sixteen, four are in some manufacturing business, two are farmers, and one is a miner.

For some time England has sent us a comparatively small number of immigrants. Last year only one family out of twenty that came over was English. There were no more than fifty thousand

OUR SERIES OF RACE ARTICLES—Great interest has been aroused by the series of articles of which this is the fifth—dealing with the leading racial elements of the population of the United States. The first paper, on "The Jew in America," appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for January; the second, on "The Sons of Old Scotland," in the February number; the third, on "The Germans in America," in the March number; and the fourth, on "The Irish in America," in the April number.

Next month's article will be on "The French in America," and other important nationalities will be treated later, including the Canadians, the Welsh, the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Italians, and, finally, the Americans.

arrivals all told, and a third of them had been in the United States before. There were fewer English than Slovaks, half as many as the Poles, and one quarter as many as the Italians. Seven foreign countries did more than England to augment our population.

But in quality the English newcomers ranked first, if we may judge by the fact

Who in America"—and which, by the way, was compiled by an Englishman, John W. Leonard—England stands first among foreign countries in the production of genius. Out of a little more than sixteen thousand celebrities, three hundred and forty-eight took their first steps toward fame on English soil. There are only ten States, in fact, out of the forty-



JOHN WEAVER, THE REFORM MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA

Drawn from a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

that they contained the highest proportion of skilled and professional people. Among the fifty thousand there were nearly thirty-three hundred members of professions, the most numerous being clergymen, actors, and engineers. About twenty-five hundred were miners, and the total number of unskilled laborers was less than three thousand. The rate of illiteracy was low—only one per cent.

According to that census of famous Americans which is known as "Who's

five which have produced more great Americans than England.

In looking down this list of three hundred and forty-eight famous English-Americans, the first thing we notice is its diversity. There is no predominance of judges and clergy, as among the Irish; of professors and musicians, as among the Germans; or of business men, as among the Scots. It is a well-balanced list. Twenty-six professors—men of books—are offset by twenty-four capitalists—

single trade, that does not bear somewhere the hallmark of Old England.

OUR ENGLISH-BORN EDUCATORS

Beginning with the subject of education, we find that fully a score of our ablest professors are English. Oldest and greatest of them all is Goldwin Smith, whom we shall continue to count as an American, even if he does live in Canada. Was he not for three years at Cornell, and did he not present to Cornell his magnificent library? In view of his defense of the Union during the Civil War, and his continuous interest in American affairs, it would be a sin of omission to pass him by.

The highest official position among our English-born educators is held by President Matthew H. Buckham, of the University of Vermont. He is, however, a thorough Vermonter in everything but birth. The most unique position is that of Professor F. C. de Sumichrast, of Harvard, who unites the English and the French in Boston by being president both of the Victorian Club and of the Alliance Française.

One veteran educator who may be mentioned at this point is Francis Landey Patton, president of Princeton



EDWARD F. DARRELL, PRESIDENT OF THE
ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY

*Drawn from a photograph by the London
Globe.*

men of action. There are twenty each of engineers and actors. A dozen artists, whose mission is to express the ideal, are interspersed among eighteen journalists, whose duty is to describe things as they are.

The truth seems to be that the English are versatile as a nation, but not as individuals. Each separate Englishman can, as a rule, do one thing and no more. He is single-minded. He follows the Carnegian rule of putting all his eggs in one basket and watching that basket. If he is a manufacturer, he cannot write; if he is a preacher, he cannot plow. Yet England has produced, and still produces, more varieties of genius than any other country. Was it not the home of Darwin and Shakespeare, of Bacon and Cromwell, of Marlborough and Milton, of Stephenson and Shelley, of Newton and Nelson, of John Locke and John Wesley?

It is, therefore, no simple matter to point out the influence of the English upon the United States. They have been leaders in every sort of enterprise, from the Erie Railroad to the Salvation Army, from ranching to ethical culture. We have no profession, and scarcely a



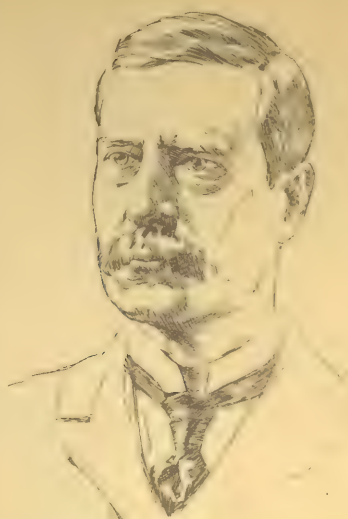
EDWARD C. DUBOIS, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME
COURT OF RHODE ISLAND

Drawn from a photograph by Chickering, Boston



ROBERT BAKER, OF NEW YORK, SINGLE TAX
ADVOCATE AND FORMERLY MEMBER
OF CONGRESS

Drawn from a photograph by Pach, New York



JOHN J. JENKINS, NOW SERVING HIS SIXTH
TERM AS MEMBER OF CONGRESS
FROM WISCONSIN

Drawn from a photograph by Curtiss, Madison

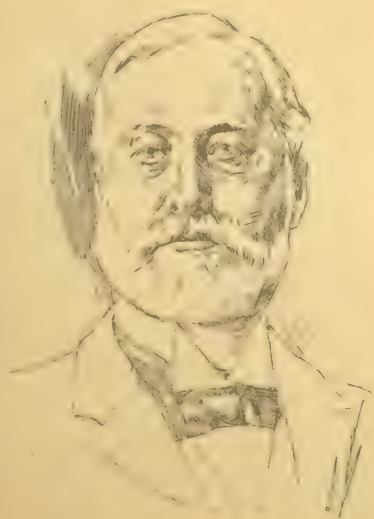
University for fourteen years. Dr. Patton is generally classed among the English-born, although his native island is Bermuda, to which his ancestors emigrated two hundred years ago.

The professor who has perhaps had the greatest amount of publicity is James Woodrow, of Columbia, South Carolina, who was deposed from the presidency of a religious college because of his views upon geology. The one who is master of the strangest lore is Professor John Fryer, of the University of California, who has written more than a hundred books in the Chinese lan-

guage, and has been decorated with the Order of the Double Dragon. The

best known among the Methodists is Professor Jabez Brooks, of Minneapolis; and one of the most distinguished of our men of letters is Professor Richard Green Moulton, of the University of Chicago.

Glancing back to earlier days, the two men of English birth to whom our educational system owes most were John Harvard, the founder of our oldest university, and James Smithson, that mysterious benefactor of ours, who, without ever having seen America, bequeathed to us



JOSEPH J. LITTLE, OF NEW YORK, COMMANDER
OF LAFAYETTE POST, GRAND ARMY OF THE
REPUBLIC, AND FORMERLY MEMBER OF
CONGRESS FROM NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Barreda, New York



BALLINGTON BOOTH, FOUNDER AND HEAD OF
THE VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA

the fortune and the idea from which our Smithsonian Institution sprang.

OUR ENGLISH-BORN AUTHORS

American authors of English birth are not as numerous as might be expected. There are Ernest Thompson Seton, friend and biographer of wild animals; Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, who in spite of his French name was born and bred in Liverpool; Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose charming stories and plays have been so highly appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic; and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who has earned a double fame as mother of fifteen children and author of thirty well-read novels. There is Archibald Clavering Gunter, a prolific author of popular dramas and romances. There is a daughter of an English admiral who has Americanized herself and become known as a writer of historical books—Katherine Prescott Wormeley, of Jackson, New Hampshire. The oldest of our English authors is a man of international fame—Benn Pitman, dean of the stenographers of the world. He is still the active president of the Phonographic Institute, in Cincinnati, which he founded more than half a century ago.

Passing on to journalists, we notice that

four London boys have risen to fame, fortune, or both, in the United States—Samuel T. Clover, of the *Los Angeles Express*; James Keeley, of the *Chicago Tribune*; A. Maurice Low, a well-known Washington correspondent; and James E. Scripps, the veteran publisher who has established at least four newspapers, and whose generosity has helped to make Detroit one of our most beautiful cities. There is also James Elverton, who began his business career as a messenger boy, and who is now the proprietor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

A further study of the list of English-Americans exposes two of our most common mistakes concerning English character. "The English," we say, "have neither humor nor imagination." With regard to humor, it is a fact that during the boom of made-to-order newspaper humor which was at its height about a dozen years ago, the majority of the jokesmiths were Englishmen. There were, among others, William H. Siviter, Oliver Herford, and Richard K. Munkittrick. And as for imagination, a people who have given us a score or more of our ablest actors, and who have pro-



THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER, THE WELL-KNOWN
UNITARIAN CLERGYMAN, PASTOR EMERITUS
OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH,
NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Bradley, New York

duced most of the imaginative books in our libraries, can scarcely be denied the possession of temperament and fancy.

An Englishman does not wear his heart on his sleeve. He is not the plaything of his passions. Centuries of self-respect have given him a Spartan reserve which enables him to know more than he tells and to feel more than he shows. To use an English phrase, he

expression have only to call to mind the many-sided genius of Richard Mansfield, the delicacy of Edward S. Willard, the magnetism of William Faversham, the thoroughness of Henry Miller, the versatility of Edward H. Sothorn, the vivacity of Mary Mannering, the winsomeness of Annie Russell, the classic charm of Julia Marlowe, and the graceful intensity of Eleanor Robson.



JOHN G. MILBURN, THE WELL-KNOWN LAWYER, PRESIDENT OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION OF 1901 IN BUFFALO, NOW PRACTISING IN NEW YORK

Drawn from a photograph by Hall, New York

never puts all his goods in the shop-window. His best thoughts are not flung out before any chance acquaintance. In fact, whoever would really know him must first spend a year or so in securing his confidence and esteem.

ACTORS, PAINTERS, AND SCULPTORS

But those who suppose that the English are therefore lacking in the power of

The English rise to the heights of art not only on the stage, but in the studio as well. They are to be found among our painters and sculptors. Indeed, the man who stands to-day as in a certain sense our umpire in the world of art is an English newcomer, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, now at the head of the New York Metropolitan Art Museum. Three of our oldest artists made their first pic-

tures in England—Seymour J. Guy, of New York, who was born when George IV was king; Thomas Hill, the Californian, who is a descendant of the famous Sir Rowland Hill, originator of penny postage; and J. G. Brown, of New York, who has attained fame by painting the newsboys and other little waifs of the city streets. It was a music-hall song that made an American of J. G. Brown. One night, fifty years ago, he heard a London street minstrel sing the "Song of the Emigrant," and the sentiment of the ballad moved the young artist so forcibly that he at once took passage for the United States. Since then he has made many friends. He has been a National Academician here since 1863, and for seventeen years he was president of the American Water Color Society. Water-color is a field of art in which, ever since Turner's day, England has led the way; and we are not at all surprised to find that the New York Water Color Club has also an Englishman for its president, Henry Bayley Snaell.

Of the others who compel attention, William F. Halsall, Boston's marine painter, learned the first lessons of his art in the United States navy during the Civil War; Louis J. Rhead is known as a "poster" specialist; and a woman artist, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, also of New York, has won medals and honors in a dozen countries. Two of our leading sculptors—Samuel J. Kitson, designer of the Sheridan monument at Arlington, and his brother Henry H. Kitson were born in Yorkshire. And the president of the American Ceramic Society, Charles F. Binns, had risen to be one of

the foremost English authorities on decorative art before he determined to become an American.

IN LAW, FINANCE, AND BUSINESS

In law, we find very few of English birth—possibly because they are not by nature inclined to be disputatious, and are less prone to eloquence than men of some other races. The most famous is John G. Milburn, who was president of the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition,

and at whose home President McKinley died. As to the others, Charles H. Joyce is one of the best known public men in Vermont, as Charles Crowley is in Lowell and Thomas Canty in Minneapolis. Mrs. Mary A. Ahrens, who is both doctor and lawyer, has been prominent in Chicago for a dozen years or more.

In business there are so many that only those of national importance can be named in so short a sketch as this. To begin with the Wall Street hurly-burly,

there are few more conspicuous veterans in its scimmages than James R. Keene and Henry Clews. Brokers and speculators come and go, but Keene and Clews, so it seems, are destined to go on forever.

The story of Keene is one of those tales of sudden riches which are regarded as mythical by Londoners who stay at home. Fifty years ago he was a poor London boy, counting his pennies and halfpennies. Twenty years later he was worth a hundred times his own weight in yellow gold. As for Henry Clews, it was his patriotic activity during the Civil War which first placed him among our conspicuous



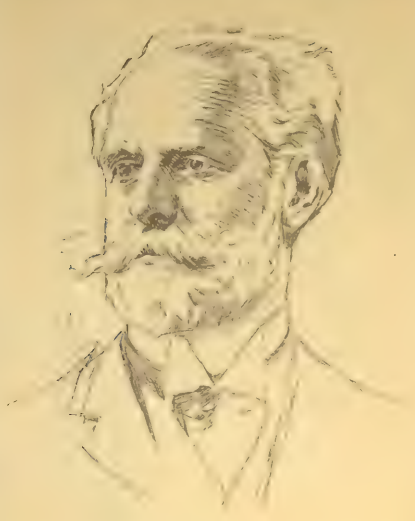
A. MAURICE LOW, JOURNALIST AND AUTHOR,
FOR TWENTY YEARS A WELL-KNOWN
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Portrait painted by the artist for the Times, Washington



RICHARD GREEN MOULTON, PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Drawn from a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia



FREDERICK C. DE SUMICHRAST, PROFESSOR OF FRENCH AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Drawn from a photograph by Purdy, Boston

Americans. Since then he has won the reputation of being the historian of Wall Street and its most interesting figure.

Among our solid manufacturers of national renown are Titus Sheard, D. Willis James, and Robert A. Chesebrough, all of New York. Henry W. Eaton presides over the vast American interests of the Liverpool & London & Globe Company, whose prestige in this country dates back to the great Chicago fire, when it coolly paid three and a half millions of fire-insurance claims within sixty days. It has paid many a million since then.

To look far back for a minute, there

were four mighty men of business who must never be forgotten. Their work has been enriching America for a hundred years.

Samuel Slater, the first of these, was the founder of our cotton-mill industry. At the close of the Revolution, when the selling of British machinery to America was forbidden by law, this extraordinary man studied the intricate machinery of a cotton-mill and actually carried it to this country in his mind. It was the most profitable feat of memory that we know of, not only for Slater himself but for the whole of New England.

Next came William Colgate, foun-



GEORGE GUNTON, JOURNALIST AND AUTHOR OF MANY BOOKS ON INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC SUBJECTS

Drawn from a photograph by Young, New York

der of a soap business which now employs five thousand people, and which celebrated its centennial this year. Arriving at about the same time as Colgate there was a green young lad from Leicester, who tramped up from Castle Garden with no more property than he could easily carry. He knew nobody, and nobody knew Bob Hoe; but he soon set

railway charter. Eleven years later, in his seventy-eighth year but still unconquerable, John Stevens built our first steam railway. It was only a tiny belt-line affair in Hoboken; but it was the beginning of an American railway system which is now equal in mileage to all those of foreign countries combined.

Such men as these—Slater, Colgate,



HENRY CLEWS. THE VETERAN NEW YORK BANKER AND BROKER, AND THE HISTORIAN OF WALL STREET

Drawn from a photograph

to work making printing-presses of a new sort—wonderful machines that have since made our great penny newspapers possible. A Hoe press of to-day is one of the world's wonders, rolling out four or five miles of newspaper, cut and folded, in half an hour.

Then came John Stevens, grandson of an English immigrant, and father of our American railroads. In 1815, after a three-year fight with a sneering Legislature in New Jersey, he got the first

Hoe, and Stevens—were typically English. They were useful men of dogged perseverance, who kept pegging away at one thing through success and through failure; and our American prosperity owes them an incalculable debt.

MEN OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION

In the field of engineering and electrical work, our English fellow-citizens make a strong showing. George Davidson, of San Francisco, who has served

the United States government for fifty years, is the oldest; and Walter Katte, who built the New York Elevated Railroad, is a close second. The most inventive is Elihu Thomson, of the well-known Thomson-Houston Electric Company, in Lynn, Massachusetts—now part of the great General Electric corporation. The most political is T. W.

Ingleston, of Cleveland; and William H. Smyth, of California.

Of all the peoples who come here, the English are the slowest to become citizens. Only one of the noted Englishmen on our list proclaims himself to be an American citizen—Professor John C. Hutchinson, of the University of Minnesota, and he, so it appears,



JAMES R. KEENE, FOR ALMOST THIRTY YEARS ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN
FIGURES OF WALL STREET

Drawn from a photograph by Alman, New York

Hugo, who has been twice mayor of Duluth. Mayor Hugo is one of three eminent Cornish engineers, the others being Richard Pearse, of Denver, and Frederick Sargent, of Chicago.

To mention all the English-born engineers would clutter this page with names. Several who have been highly honored by their fellows are Thomas C. Martin, Edmund G. Spilsbury, and the late John Stanton, all of New York; Edward Weston, of Newark; Robert G.

could not make up his mind to take the leap until sixteen years after his arrival in this country. Many of the others, no doubt, are also naturalized; but, with few exceptions, the English cherish the dream of going back, some happy day, to the old land.

The fact is that they are all more Americanized than they will admit. They grumble at American customs and conveniences, but when they return to England for a visit they are disil-



BENN PITMAN, AUTHOR OF MANY WORKS ON
PHONOGRAPHY

lusioned. It seems as if everything had magically become slow, uncomfortable, and conventional. They are transformed into vigorous partisans of the United States, and find that they had become thorough Americans without being conscious of the change.

One reason, perhaps the main one, why the English are not quick to become naturalized, is that they do not really feel as if they were in a foreign country. They do not huddle together in an "English quarter." They are not clannish. They would sooner vote for an Irishman or a German in their own ward than for an Englishman somewhere else. In fact, there is no such thing in the United States as an "English vote."

ENGLISHMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE

The redoubtable John Weaver, the revolutionary mayor of Philadelphia, did not receive any special support from naturalized English voters because of his English birth. Neither did Robert Baker, of Brooklyn; Joseph P. Newsham, of Louisiana; John J. Jenkins, of Wisconsin; J. J. Little, of New York; Samuel Pasco, of Florida; nor William Lorimer, the Chicago contractor, when

they were sent to Congress. These men owe none of their political honors to nationality, but all to their own high standing in public and private life. Utah has sent the greatest proportionate number of Englishmen to Congress; not because of an English vote, but because Utah has always had a larger proportion



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, AUTHOR OF
"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

of English immigrants, Mormon and non-Mormon, than her sister States. John Taylor, successor of Brigham Young, was an Englishman. So are Senator Sutherland and ex-Congressman John T. Caine, of Salt Lake City.

During the Civil War, they fought, as other Americans did, on both sides. Whether they were full-fledged citizens or not, they were ready for the duties and dangers of citizenship. Two of the commanders-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic have been Englishmen—Captain Samuel S. Burdett, of Washington, and Colonel Thomas G. Lawler, of Rockford, Illinois. There are also two very active generals who have not rested upon their laurels—E. L. Molineaux, a paint manufacturer of Newark, and John W. Fuller, a widely known public man of Toledo.

The order of the Sons of St. George,

which deserves much more than a paragraph, contains so many veterans of the Civil War that they have been organized into a department of their own. This important order, which originated in 1881 among the English miners of Pennsylvania, has dispensed more than two million dollars in benefits, and contains at the present time about twenty-five thousand members.

OTHER PROMINENT ANGLO-AMERICANS

A link between the army and the clergy is the Rev. John W. Kaye, the "fighting parson" of the Civil War, who is now a resident of Philadelphia. And the dean of our English-born clergy, eighty-three years young, is Robert Collyer, the genial Yorkshire orator who has spoken his message of hope and helpfulness in every State in the Union.



AMELIA E. BARR, AUTHOR OF "THE BOW OF ORANGE RIBBON"

Drawn from a photograph by Dana, New York

It should be remembered that we are indebted to England not only for the Protestant Episcopal Church but also for the larger body of Methodists. This country came near to being the birthplace of Methodism, as John Wesley began his evangelistic career by a visit to Georgia in 1735. He did not remain long, but he always retained a friendly

feeling for America. He sided with the thirteen colonies during the Revolution—as did a large minority of his countrymen—and in 1784 founded the Methodist Church of America by ordaining Thomas Coke as its first bishop.

Other Englishmen, of various professions, who stand among our national leaders, are Samuel Gompers, who has been for more than twenty years president of the American Federation of Labor; Robert W. Gibson, president of the New York Architectural League; Frederick N. Innes, the well-known bandmaster; Julian Edwards, the New York composer of operas; Henry Edward Pellew, the Washington philanthropist; and John Martin, a former member of the London County Council who has become a prominent public man in New York.

To boil down a whole library into a few paragraphs, 'England has bequeathed to us those sterling qualities which made her great before the discovery of America. She has taught us to be self-reliant, persevering, and patient, with a passion for self-government. That instinct of fair play, which now seems so thoroughly part of the



ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, AUTHOR OF "WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN"

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston



WALTER RATTE, FORMERLY CHIEF ENGINEER
OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAIL-
ROAD SYSTEM

American character, came to us with our English blood. It was Emerson who said:

"The English hate craft and subtlety. They neither poison, waylay, nor assassinate. The English game is main force to main force, the planting of foot to foot, fair play and open field—a rough tug without trick or dodging, till one or both come to pieces."

From the earliest times, the English have had a steadying influence upon our swift American life. They have been less dazzled by the display of wealth than the rest of us. They know that money is a means to an end, and not the end itself. They are seldom frenzied, and they have not cut the word "enough" out of their dictionaries.

They are never revolutionists of the red flag and guillotine sort. For social theories, or any other kind of theories, they would not pay a penny per thousand. They hold up the social structure as if each man were one of its pillars. They dislike change and reform, and hold back as long as possible; but as soon as they find that the facts are on the side of change, they make way. Progress through compromise—that is the English plan.

They have a superior air which often irritates us, just as our cool self-assurance is irritating to Europeans. But why should not an Englishman feel superior? For a thousand years his country has been at the forefront both in war and in peace. It has been the haven of the oppressed—the land of free speech and a free press—the United States of Europe. He has overcome a thousand obstacles. With few of the raw materials of manufacture, and with a climate in which, as a witty Frenchman once said, "nothing ripens but baked apples," he made his island both the workshop and the garden-spot of the world. He has built up a civilization which has changed the geography and the history of every continent. He is master of half the shipping that floats upon all the oceans, and the flag of his tiny island flies over an empire that is twelve times larger than the United States. Why should not he feel superior?

ENGLISH EXPLORERS AND PIONEERS

The glory of discovering America was denied to the English. This was not altogether their fault, but—so the story



SAMUEL GOMPERS, FOR MORE THAN TWENTY
YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN
FEDERATION OF LABOR

*Portrait from a copyrighted photograph by
Harris & Ewing, Washington*

goes—because of a rascally band of pirates who captured the messenger sent by Columbus to the English king. Before the message was delivered, Columbus had struck a bargain with Ferdinand and Isabella, and was obliged to refuse the invitation sent to him by Henry VII of England. Five years later, Henry sent out John Cabot, an Italian by birth,

lings, and pence; and as the English were a practical people, they stayed at home and let Spain enjoy her apparently profitless possessions in peace.

But about the year 1570 those two famous sea-kings of Devonshire—John Hawkins and Francis Drake—began to sail into English ports with the richest loot that had ever been seen in the king-



ELIHU THOMSON, ELECTRICIAN TO THE THOMSON-HOUSTON AND GENERAL
ELECTRIC COMPANIES

Drawn from a photograph by Gessford, New York

but a naturalized Englishman; and the English flag—it was not the British flag in those days—was planted for the first time on the mysterious new continent.

As a matter of fact, however, the English took little interest in America for seventy years or more. The discoverers had all come back empty-handed, with nothing to show for their trouble except strange plants and tales of naked savages. In the new land there were no customers, no banks, no pounds, shil-

dom. One after another, the little English pinnaces came in, laden with gold, silver, and precious stones, the spoils of the ponderous galleons of Spain. At once England awoke. Every shipyard became a scene of frenzied activity. The little nation of islanders took to the sea. Spain became the national enemy; and the first thought of a world-wide empire stamped itself indelibly upon the English mind. All England became aquiver with new energy and



HENRY MILLER, A SUCCESSFUL MANAGER AND
STAR, AND A MOST PAINSTAKING
PLAYER

*Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Dufont,
New York*



EDWARD H. SOTHERN, ONE OF OUR MOST
POPULAR ACTORS OF SHAKESPEARE
AND MODERN COMEDY

*Drawn from a photograph by Sarony,
New York*

ambition. The golden age of her greatness was at hand; and the magic word that had wrought the miracle was "America."

It was Sir Walter Raleigh who first set on foot the English colonization of this country. His royal sweetheart, Elizabeth, had given him a large tract of land on the coast, which he named Virginia in her honor; and he proceeded to start the earliest boom in American real estate. In 1584 he sent out a party of explorers who brought back the first good report of the new country as a place to colonize. The soil, they said, was fertile; the Indians were friend-

ly; and there was plenty of wood and iron ore. Some settlers who went out the next year, however, soon returned to England in discouragement.

THE JAMESTOWN COLONY, 1607

Soon afterward Captain John Smith, who was the most romantic figure in those days, arrived in London with vivid stories of his adventures among the Indians. John Brereton, next, told of a trip to Massachusetts, and how the first wheat, barley, oats, and peas had been planted in the great land of mystery. And finally, after four or five heroic failures, the first English colony was per-



ELEANOR ROBSON, THE MOST PROMISING OF
OUR YOUNGER ACTRESSES

Drawn from a photograph by Stanford, San Francisco

manently planted at Jamestown. The State of Virginia, by the way, has invited the world to hede in fitly celebrating its three hundredth anniversary next year.

Henry Hudson, who was a thorough Englishman, born and bred in Bristol, persuaded the Dutch East India Company to employ him, and came sailing into New York Harbor in 1609. He was not the first to discover the Hudson River, but he followed its course farther than any of the Spanish captains had done. America owes much to Hudson.

the first Europeans who came to America, not for wealth nor adventure, but because they were determined to have more liberty. In that word they struck the keynote of the future republic.

THE COMING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The Mayflower was the first ship of many; and in a short time the Puritans were scattered up and down New England. William Coddington went southward and founded Rhode Island; and Sir Ferdinando Gorges added Maine to



RICHARD MANSFIELD, THE MOST VERSATILE
AND ACCOMPLISHED ACTOR ON THE
AMERICAN STAGE

Drawn from a photograph by Marceau, New York



ANNIE RUSSELL, AN ACTRESS FAMOUS FOR
HER WORK IN SUCH RÔLES AS
ESMERALDA AND SUE

Drawn from a photograph by Sarony, New York

He was absolutely indifferent to the perils of the northern seas, and sailed into unknown waters again and again, until his sailors cast him adrift in Hudson Bay. How and where he died, no one knows.

For nine years after Hudson's death in 1611, nothing of importance happened. Then came a little party of English immigrants whom America will never forget. They were neither rich nor titled. There were only seventy-three men and twenty-nine women, in a shabby little vessel called the Mayflower. But they have been honored, and always will be, because they were

the map. They were not a pleasant people, those Puritans—so say some of the perfumed writers of to-day, who sit in their steam-heated libraries and dictate their opinions to stenographers; but as pioneer nation-builders they have never been surpassed in any period of history. For personal profit they cared little. For personal comfort they cared less. This was their purpose—to do right, to serve their God in their own way, and to leave to their children a moral and prosperous civilization.

Two generations after the persecuted Puritans arrived, the persecuted Quakers, led by William Penn, founded the



SAMUEL J. KITSON, THE SCULPTOR, DESIGNER
OF THE SHERIDAN MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON

Drawn from a photograph by Foss, Boston

little community of Philadelphia. They, too, were not in search of gold, but of peace and freedom of conscience. And so it was the English Puritans and the English Quakers who first gave a moral fiber to the young colonies. They made a mark on American character which has never been erased.

As to the American Revolution, we have long since thrown away the notion that it was an anti-English affair. If it was English stubbornness that levied the obnoxious taxes, it was also English stubbornness on this side of the water that refused to pay them. The colonists—those of them who were English—were descendants of the men who had won from their kings the Magna Charta and the liberty of Parliament. When they remembered King John and Charles I, they were not apt to be overawed by George III.

ENGLISHMEN IN THE REVOLUTION

Strictly speaking, the Revolution was mainly a matter of heredity—like father, like son. The thirteen colonies were "chips of the old block," and when they went on strike for fair play, they only did what the old block had taught them. To cut out the warp and leave the woof

would be no more impossible than to take away the men of English birth or descent from the American Revolution.

Two of the Signers were English-born. Robert Morris, who placed his entire fortune at the service of his adopted country, and Button Gwinnett. Three others were born in America, but educated in England—Arthur Middleton, Thomas Heyward, Jr., and Richard Henry Lee. And six were the sons of English fathers—Elbridge Gerry, Benjamin Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, George Clymer, Samuel Chase, and Francis Lightfoot Lee. Several of these, as we shall see in a later article, were half English and half Welsh.

There was also a forceful Englishman named Thomas Paine who did as much for American independence with his pen as any other individual did with his sword. His "Common Sense" pamphlets were the tonic of the Revolution. New York has recently made a tardy recognition of his great services by publicly taking over the statue that has stood for many years above the site of his grave. His bones were carried to England in 1819 by William Cobbett.

For several generations after the Rev-



JOHN G. BROWN, THE PAINTER OF STREET-BOY
LIFE, FORMERLY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

Drawn from a photograph by Almon, New York

olution, there was a great deal of anti-English oratory at American elections and Fourth of July celebrations; but no lasting race-hatred sprang up between the mother country and her independent offspring. English immigration increased year by year; American merchants continued to buy goods from English manufacturers; and the New York St. George's Society, which has to-day five hundred members and a hundred thousand dollars in its treasury, was established in less than five years after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"

And so the story of England and her thirteen American colonies has finally ended like the fairy tales in which all live happily together ever afterwards. Great Britain is no longer "our hereditary enemy," and those antique libels on the United States, set agoing by Charles Dickens and others, have become pretty nearly extinct. English readers know that Dickens was a caricaturist and not a historian; and American readers have long ago forgiven "Martin Chuzzlewit" for the sake of "David Copperfield."

Instead of regarding the United States as a land of material prosperity mainly, English writers are now holding up our educational system as an example to follow. "In no country in the

world," Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge said recently, "is mental culture more highly valued or more diligently sought than in the United States." The two sons of Alfred Mosely are now attending Yale, while there is a colony of young Americans at Oxford, thanks to the splendid generosity of Cecil Rhodes.

No two countries are less foreign to each other than England and the United States. Every week the London *Times* classifies its review of the world's news under three heads—"The Empire," "The United States," and "Foreign Intelligence." In their deepest sorrows and in their noblest ambitions the two nations are one. London was draped in black for the death of President McKinley, as New York had been a few years previously for the death of Queen Victoria. Both countries are the sincerest partisans of human progress. Both prefer the peaceful victories of commerce to the costly glory of war.

It is scarcely possible that Andrew Carnegie's dream of a British-American union will ever come true; but whether it does or not, there is no doubt that we shall continue to live on the best of terms with our English cousins across the sea, and to appreciate the solid workmanship of those English-born Americans who have been so great a factor in the making of our republic.

"THE FRENCH IN AMERICA"—Next month's article in this series will deal with our fellow citizens of French birth or French blood, and with the many famous Frenchmen who have played a part in American history.

GOING HOME

I TREAD each mountain waste austere,
I pass dark pinelands, hill by hill;
Each tardy sunrise brings me near,
Each lonely sunset nearer still.

Sing low, my heart, of other lands
And suns we may have loved or known;
This silent North, it understands,
And asks but little of its own!

So where the homeland twilight broods
Above the slopes of dusky pine,
Teach me your silence, solitudes;
Your reticence, gray hills, be mine!

Whether all loveliness it lies,
Or but a lone waste scarred and torn,
How shall I know? For 'neath these skies
And in these valleys I was born!

Arthur Stringer

THE ABDUCTION OF RED KELLY

BY H. R. DURANT

AUTHOR OF "HURRICANE HARRY"

IT was close to midnight, and yet from within Foley's saloon came sounds which indicated that somebody's evening had only just begun. Siren tenors and coal-chute bassos groped vainly for harmony, and then in wild abandon rose to the ceiling in ear-splitting roars and discordant wails, as they lingeringly questioned:

Should auld acquaintance be-e-e-e forgot?

They finished with a terrifying chorus of yowls and whoops, accompanied by the banging of glass on wood, and then came a sudden silence, as a voice said thickly:

"Foley, yer big harp, ye're th' king 'f fat-heads, but I loves yer. I'd like t' stay till the sun peeps over th' ferry-house roof, but I'm due t' keep a date at twelve—she wants a dash through th' park in me choo-choo. So bust a basket 'f th' good old grape fer me friends, an' then shake a day-day."

More yowls and whoops followed this exhilarating order, and then the short swinging doors burst open as the owner of the voice half fell through them and wavered unsteadily on the sidewalk for a moment.

"Where's me pea-soup shoffer?" he muttered, as he gazed about vacantly.

Fifty feet away stood a huge touring-car, with its brilliant lights throwing a glare on the pavement at his very feet. Its proximity gradually dawned upon him, and he zigzagged toward the lights. Within a few feet of the car he suddenly tripped and plunged forward on his stomach with a grunt. As he did so, three men jumped out from a doorway and threw themselves upon him. The fall had evidently stunned him, for he made no outcry or resistance when they pommelled him.

They soon ceased this treatment and raised him to his feet, just as another man sprang from the automobile and landed beside him.

"Pardon—I am asleep on ze back seat," he explained with a bow. "I hear not when you have come."

The three men exchanged sullen glances, and then one circled around slowly, as if to come upon the chauffeur from behind.

"I see why you arrive," continued the driver amiably. "*Monsieur* has—what you call 'em—ah, yes, a fierce shag. It ees nothing. I have many times seen."

"Well, yer see, it's dis way, cull," broke in one of the trio hoarsely. "Yer boss wants t' take a sail. Th' briny deep fer his, see? We comes back t' put yer wise. Are yer on?"

"Ah, *monsieur* would on ze wataire go—*oui?*"

"Surest thing yer know," chorused the others.

The driver shrugged his shoulders and turned his hands palms out.

"I cannot pree-vent," he answered. "Where shall I wait *monsieur?*"

"If ye're on Pier No. 10, in Boston, one week from dis afternoon, he'll be dere," replied the spokesman, indicating the inert figure held up between them.

"Zee one wick?"

"Sure! He's goin' t' chase th' booze out 'f him. Take him a week t' git rid o' dis load. He soitanly is soshed!"

"Ver-ee well. I go to a-wait *monsieur*. He will shur-lee come? Ees't not so?"

"We're handin' it t' yer straight. So long!"

Turning, they carried and dragged the unconscious man across the street, and then along the other side until they came to an open doorway under a dock shed. Through this they disappeared.

As the driver turned to his car, his foot pressed some soft object. Stooping over, he picked up a large roll of bills. A quick glance at the yellow wrapper disclosed the figure one and three ciphers on a corner of the bill. For just an instant he paused with indecision, then thrust the money in his pocket.

"No-o-o," he said. "It ees *monsieur's*—I will keep for heem."

II

WILLIAM WALLACE, second mate of the three-masted schooner Mary Ann Skinner, better known to his shipmates as Groggy Wallace, threw the rays of his lantern on the figure lying sprawled upon the deck at his feet, and then stepped back with a snort of disgust.

"And you call this here an able seaman?" he demanded of the three men who stood beside him. "Why, he ain't half a man. Where'd you find that dwarf floating?"

"Oh, no matter," was the answer. "Just picked him up 'long shore. His name's Monsoor. We shook him down, but dey ain't nothin' in his clothes but a pack 'f cig'rettes. He ain't no joiant, but I guess yer'll make him work his passage, all right, all right. An' say, what d' ye tink?—we tells a friend o' his'n dat dis guy wid de jag 'll be at Pier No. 10, in Boston, a week from to-day, an' be sure fer ter meet him. How's dat fer a peach 'f a frame-up, eh?" The speaker doubled over with laughter. "An auty-mobile 'll be waitin' fer him dere—tink of it!" And he punched at his nearest companion to further express his wild mirth.

Suddenly there came the sound of a heavy fall, followed by deep curses from the cabin.

"Scud out of this, quick!" commanded the second mate. "It's Eat-'em-up Goggins. He's first officer this passage, and he's many seas over to-night."

The clink of oars in the departing boat was still audible from the darkness as the chief officer stamped his way heavily along the deck and halted beside Wallace. In the light of the ship's lantern he seemed a veritable giant, looming head and neck above the second mate, his huge shoulders sloping into long, ape-like arms, and his dissipated, bestial face leer-

ing in the light, seemingly half human, half animal.

Goggins' eyebrows, which joined completely over his bulbous nose, rose a trifle, and his beady eyes took on a new glitter as his gaze fell on the man prone upon the deck. Then a smile—and such a smile!—spread over his repulsive face as he realized the reason for the stranger's presence. Balancing himself, he drove a heavy boot against the body of the prostrate man, who drew up his legs and groaned.

"Get up!" he growled. "D'ye hear me?"

Receiving no answer, he grasped the insensible man by the collar, and, holding him up, shook him as a terrier would a rat. The victim's head wobbled and his legs flopped about in a sickening manner, yet the vigorous treatment brought forth no response.

"What's wrong with him—knock-out drops?" Goggins inquired with a coarse oath, as he dropped the unconscious man to the deck, where he lay still in a huddled heap.

"They said 'twas just booze," answered Wallace. "He'll round to in the mornin'."

"Oh, he will, hey? Well, if he don't——"

And the first mate, turning abruptly, sent his huge fist against a belaying-pin, breaking the hard oak handle clean off, with a crack like the report of a pistol.

In spite of the evident youth of the new hand on the Mary Ann Skinner, and the cherubic expression of his freckled face, there had not infrequently been times when the dawn which followed a hilarious evening failed most miserably of its rosy prospects. There had been times when the night before was illumined with a sunset of exquisite coloring, but the following sunrise was of a hideous, bilious perspective. So the thump, thump, thump in his head, and the flannel lining in his mouth, were no new sensations to him on this particular morning; but he did find it hard to understand how and why his pillow and bed had grown to adamant in a night.

With eyes still closed, he stretched out one hand for the trustworthy push-button and—grasped a rope. He sat up abruptly, and then for a moment blinked

in wonderment, as he vainly tried to connect his exit from Foley's saloon with his present inexplicable position on the forward deck of a schooner. The sudden transition was little short of miraculous. Where had he been meanwhile?"

"Ah—h!"

He drew in his breath sharply. The vessel was dipping down, down, down, and then up again, just like the big merry-go-rounds at Coney Island. The result was as distressing as it was certain. Hastily scrambling to his feet, he lurched dizzily to the bulwarks and held on desperately, while the big ship dived a mile downward and then soared up high into the blue of the sky. When he turned around and collapsed on the deck, he felt somewhat relieved, albeit the ship was still turning endless somersaults.

"Well, this is a great horse on me," he mused. "Me old pals has jobbed me fer fair! Mebbe they ain't spielin' 'long the Bowery fer joy, just about this time!" He had been running his hands through his pockets in a half-abstracted manner, and now he sat up with a jerk. "This ain't no joke," he muttered. "I've been touched fer me roll. Some gun has pinched it!"

This startling and unpleasant discovery cleared his brain and gave him renewed strength. The deadly dizziness in his head grew gradually less. For a moment or two he sat in deep thought, then from his pocket he complacently drew a box of cigarettes and a match. He had taken but one or two puffs when, without warning, the cigarette went sailing through space and a heavy blow on the head knocked him over flat. Before he could gather his scattered senses he was yanked to his feet and dragged along the deck amidship.

"Smoke a cigarette, will you?" roared the first mate. "You miserable little red-headed pup, I'll show you what discipline means aboard this vessel!"

The buffeting and mauling continued, but Goggins, in his blind fury, did not notice that the object of his attack was attempting no resistance, and made absolutely no sound through it all.

From his position farther aft the second officer watched the scene with growing resentment. Eat-'em-up Goggins was certainly more of an inhuman brute than

his unsavory reputation had ever accused him of being. The spectacle of a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound man abusing a mere boy was nauseating, even to this hardened sailor.

Desisting finally through sheer weariness, Goggins watched his victim with an ugly grin, as he rose slowly to his feet and wavered there weakly. The face of the little chap was colorless as death, but in his small blue eyes, which now surveyed his persecutor fixedly, there was the glint of highly polished steel.

"D'y'e see me?" demanded the first mate. "Well, in case you might forget me next time," he added, "here's my card;" and bringing up one huge arm he dealt the other man a fearful blow with his open hand full in the face.

III

THE second officer moved toward the spot where Goggins' victim lay on the deck. He noticed that the little man's eyes were open and that he was watching him intently. Above the red welt which marked the mate's last cruel blow, two clear eyes gazed at him fearlessly, and then—Wallace almost gasped—one lid fell and opened. It was unmistakably a wink! The little man sat up.

"I'm sorry for you, my boy. This ain't goin' to happen again," said Wallace.

"Bet yer sweet life it ain't!" declared the other, as he briskly blew the blood from his nose and then stood upon his feet. "What am I up against?" he demanded.

He proceeded to tell Wallace that his name was Kelly, and that the last thing he remembered was leaving Foley's saloon. When he had learned, in turn, that the Mary Ann Skinner was bound for Portland, Maine, and that he had shipped as an able seaman, all that he said was:

"I'm a sucker if I ain't shanghaied!"

Kelly was further informed that the captain was ill, and that Goggins, as first mate, was in full charge of the schooner.

"The only thing to do," cautioned Wallace, "is to mind everything he says. He's apt to knock your brains out any minute. I'm sorry for you."

"What for?"

"Because you're the under dog."

"Well, yer needn't be, an', besides, th' under dog is 'most always th' one what begins th' fight. Anyway, yer can't tell yet how this thing's goin' t' end."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, in th' scrappin' game now'-days yer can't tell much 'bout th' first fight till yer see how th' second one ends—ketch on?"

"Now, look here," declared Wallace with rising wrath, "don't have no fool notions 'bout gettin' even with the first mate. If you should tackle him with a club, why, we'll be sweepin' your freckles off the deck for a week afterward!"

Kelly learned much in the next twenty-four hours, the strict observance of which was conducive to his own bodily safety. He entered upon his tasks uncomplainingly, and the stimulating sea air was soon productive of a most ravenous appetite and exuberant spirits. For three days they were forced to beat against stiff head winds, and during all his spare moments Kelly was busily engaged in jumping a rope around the deck, climbing up ropes hand over hand, or pushing a couple of old belaying-pins out from his body in every conceivable angle. The first mate did not molest him to any extent except for an occasional kick, but on the third day out he noticed Kelly sitting on the deck by the galley, with his hands in a bucket. When he looked again half an hour later, and saw that the little man had not changed his position, his curiosity was aroused. Crossing to him, he snarled:

"What's that for, hey, you miserable wharf rat?"

"Well, yer see," replied Kelly coolly, "me hands gits sore in this business, an' brine makes 'em tough. It pickles 'em so's I kin use 'em fer 'most anything without hurtin' 'em."

"Oh, does it?" sneered Goggins. "Well, you ain't paid for this, so get out!"

A kick from his boot sent the bucket and its contents flying, and then he swung his great arm viciously at the fiery-crowned head beneath him. The next instant he was picking himself up from the deck, and Kelly stood thirty feet away, smiling at him.

"'Scuse me," said the latter; "'scuse me, boss, fer duckin'!"

That night when Kelly had told Wallace of the incident, the second mate became exasperated.

"You're goin' to get your little neck broke, sure," he said.

"Mebbe I am," replied Kelly with a peculiar smile; "but yer kin gamble that feller don't ketch me again with a hold-over."

"You talk like a lunatic," cried Wallace. "He's six feet two and weighs more than two hundred pounds. You're just about five feet high, and weigh—how much?"

"Oh, 'bout one twenty-six, but I kin make one twenty-two ring—I mean I've weighed less 'n that. I'm sore on Goggins, 'cause he swiped me bank roll. Yer see, 'bout a month ago I got a hot tip on a skate at Sheepshead. I plays him 'cross th' board at twenty to one, an' say, on th' dead, he just wins by a snoot! The next day I buys a choo-choo car an' a frog-eater to steer it. I has eight t'ousand five hundred dollars cold in me jeans. I'm a winner, see? Then I fall fer th' booze, git tapped fer me wad, an' here I am! Kin yer beat it?"

"I see!" exclaimed Wallace. "Then there *was* an automobile? Those fellows said they told the Frenchman you would be at Pier No. 10, in Boston, on Saturday of this week, and he's to meet you there."

"But we're goin' to Portland, ain't we?" demanded Kelly.

"Of course we are. They fooled the Frenchman, and Goggins has been laughin' 'bout it ever since."

"He has, has he? Then he's in cahoots with those crooks, an' it's a pipe they've split me dough with him. How far are we from Boston?"

"Oh, about fifty miles."

"See here," suddenly declared Kelly, "no matter what happens on this barge after to-day, jest keep off an' let me alone. I ain't goin' t' git hurted."

During the night the breeze died out entirely, and morning found the schooner becalmed, lying on the lazy swell almost as quietly as if she were resting on the surface of a mill-pond. As the first mate made his way forward, roundly cursing the delay, he stopped quickly, as the figure of a man emerged from the fore-castle and paused for an instant at the

rail. The figure was Kelly, who was innocent of clothing save for a breech-clout. Here was an inviting target for the first mate's ill temper.

"Hey, you carrot-headed whelp!" he yelled savagely. "Where d'ye think you're goin'?"

"Swimmin'". Where did yer 'spose, yer pig-headed slob?" was the calm answer. "Do I look like I was goin' horseback ridin'?"

The oaths which would have sprung from Goggins' lips were choked back by the wild burst of rage which welled up and stifled all speech.

"Come here!" he finally managed to roar, and Kelly sauntered toward him leisurely.

The little man's deliberate insubordination had roused the mate into an uncontrollable fury and obliterated every sense save one mad desire—to take that small body in his grasp and crush it to a pulp. Otherwise he might have noticed Kelly's cat-like tread, and might have observed that every short, red hair on his head was standing out straight, that beneath his skin of almost snowy whiteness there were cords and layers of long, supple muscles, which played easily with every movement of his limbs. Moreover, he might have observed that Kelly's eyelids were brought down until two mere slits showed beneath them, and that his white lips were parted in a smile which was akin to cruelty.

Goggins' convulsive clutch at Kelly was an empty effort, because just then something happened. Kelly's right arm shot out like a flash of light, and the first mate went staggering back on his heels, with one hand clapped to his eye.

"Thought I'd give yer my card, too!" said Kelly.

Then, as Goggins made a wild rush at him, he seemed suddenly changed into a bunch of steel springs and live wires. He met the fierce onslaught with a straight punch full on the other eye, which stopped Goggins as if he had run against a mast. When the swearing officer made a wild swing with one ponderous fist, his agile opponent easily slipped out of harm's way, and then bounded back with another vicious blow on the damaged eye. A yell escaped Goggins at this.

"Ah, hah!" cried Kelly exultantly.

"I knowed yer was a mongrel. I'll make yer squeal louder, yer big stiff!"

Then followed a scene which, but for the mate's evident intention of killing his little antagonist could be only catch him, would have been ludicrous. It was a pigmy steadily beating a giant, with the unerring precision of an automatic machine, and with the calmness and deliberation of cold retaliation. It was like a cooper going around a barrel, hammering incessantly. Kelly was skipping back and forth, here and there, untiringly, easily avoiding the fierce rushes of a now thoroughly crazed man.

Occasionally Goggins would cease his awful swings to kick at his elusive enemy, and then would continue his frightful curses and frenzied punches, as Kelly again resumed the steady tattoo on his swollen countenance. Goggins' eyes were almost closed when Kelly began to intersperse his stinging blows with remarks:

"I pickled me dukes so's I could land on that big jaw o' yours an' not hurt 'em," he said, as he sent a right-hand swing to the chin with a sound like the crack of a whip. Again, after side-stepping a bull-like rush, he exclaimed: "Take back that rap in the snoot yer give me," as he stood upon tiptoe and shot a straight left to Goggins' nose, drawing the blood therefrom in a stream.

A queer pallor came slowly spreading over the mate's face. Kelly noticed it, and cut loose mercilessly. From every direction came those relentless blows, as blinding as a hail-storm, beating Goggins' face out of all human shape, until at last he dropped his great arms and stood still—panting, helpless, and bewildered. For an instant Kelly paused.

"Where's me money?" he asked grimly.

"I don't know. I ain't never seen a cent of it. S'help me God, I ain't!"

"All right—put yer hands!"

"No more! I'm licked," the mate whined.

Kelly lowered his hands with an exclamation of disgust.

"Yer big yellin' cur!" he said. "Just one thing 'll let yer by. Do I get off in Boston?"

"Yes, Kelly—Mr. Kelly," Goggins sobbed. "I'll put back to New York if ye say so!"

"Nope—me automobile is waitin' fer me in Boston. Now take a little nap!"

Kelly half turned his body away from his enemy, then back again, and as he did so his right arm moved with his body and landed with fearful force flush on the point of the big man's jaw.

Goggins stiffened, slowly bent backward, and then crashed his full length upon the deck, where he lay with his barrel-like chest rising and falling in mighty heaves—unconscious.

IV

THE next morning, before descending the rope ladder to enter the small boat, Kelly paused and looked around him. Tugs were puffing about, the bay was full of small craft, and on Pier No. 10, in the distance, stood an automobile.

Kelly took a cigarette from his pocket and fumbled for a match. Out from the crowd of sailors on deck came a man whose face was a mass of bruises. He scratched a match, carefully shielded it from the wind, and then held it to the cigarette in Kelly's mouth. They watched silently as the little man was rowed ashore.

"Say, Wallace," finally groaned Goggins, "who was that—that devil?"

"His name is Red Kelly, and they do say he's something of a fighter," the second mate replied.

The world's champion featherweight leaned back in the car with a sigh of contentment.

"Open her up, my dear Alphonse," he said, "an' don't stop till yer hit the Bowery!"

THE CAMP—THREE PICTURES

I

BLEAK and desolate, cold and bare,
'Neath the gray of the shifting sky;
Menace of storm in the upper air,
And the buzzards drifting by.

A famished man by a fallen beast;
The sunset's failing ray;
The wolves' long call for the coming feast—
Theirs by the break of day.

One last look at the barren sands,
Ere he shall droop and die;
Something he holds in his eager hands,
Then echoes his lusty cry!

In the face of death he hurls his jest,
And scoffs at the biting cold,
As a shaft of light from the curtained west
Haloes the glinting gold.

II

THE clash of commerce, the whirl of wheels,
Where the money-changers go;
In the drift the wearied miner reels,
A thousand feet below.

Plot and struggle where cares corrode
And strong men strive for gain;
The tramp of to-day may be king of the lode,
Ere another moon shall wane.

Lust and laughter, wine and song,
Where the midnight wassails flow;
And throbbing music leads the throng
To the tread of the passing show.

III

A CITY rotting to swift decay;
Below, the deserted mines;
Throttle and lever have ceased their sway,
Mantled with creeping vines.

The buzzards circle the upper air,
The coyote whelps its young;
The beasts of the desert make their lair
Where the queens of mirth have sung.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

AN ACTRESS OF WHOM IT IS COMMONLY SAID THAT SHE BECAME A STAR AT A BOUND, WITHOUT TRAINING OR EXPERIENCE—AS A MATTER OF FACT, SHE GAINED HER PRESENT POSITION BY MUCH STUDY AND HARD WORK

MRS. CARTER'S position on the American stage is altogether unique. Generally ranked as the foremost of our emotional actresses, she has apparently reached this pinnacle at a bound. The public thinks of her as having always been a leading woman. There are her half-dozen rôles, people will tell you, to speak for themselves—in "The Ugly Duckling," "Miss Hel-yett," "The Heart of Maryland," "Zaza," "Du Barry," and "Adrea." In all of them she stood in a blaze of glory, the central figure in a brilliant production. She has never had to fight her way to the front through the hardships and the discouragements that most aspirants have to face.

But there is misconception here, not to say ignorance. Mrs. Carter has a stage history that bristles with incident, is packed with tireless effort, and saturated through and through with study. Glance back with me into the past of this remarkable woman and read the signs along the way.

Her maiden name was Caroline Louise Dudley, and she was born on a plantation not far from Lexington, Kentucky. Her father was an Englishman, her mother a Southern woman who claimed kinship with the Carrolls of Maryland. None of her people had had any professional connection with the theater. The girl's first knowledge of the drama came from a governess who was intensely fond of Shakespeare, and used to read aloud from his plays. The governess had also chanced to meet Edwin Booth, and she often told her charge all that she knew

of the great tragedian. It was a great event when Booth came to Lexington, and little Miss Dudley made her first visit to the theater to see him.

She was not sixteen when her father died. His death was speedily followed by the serious illness of her mother, and it looked for a time as though the young girl—who knew nothing of the world, and had never even been sent to school—would be left without a protector. Partly to save her from so perilous a situation, it was arranged that she should marry Leslie Carter, a wealthy friend of the family from Chicago.

Mrs. Dudley did not die, and the daughter's marriage, as was not particularly surprising, turned out unhappily. A separation followed, and then a divorce, capped by Mrs. Carter's collapse in health and the loss of her private fortune, leaving her and her mother in actual need of a livelihood. In this emergency she took stock of her accomplishments, and thought that she might possibly find employment on the stage. The idea, once conceived, took complete possession of her, and with it a conviction that there was one man, and one alone, who could fit her for a theatrical career. This was David Belasco, whose play "The Wife" had just founded the fortunes of the old Lyceum Theater on Fourth Avenue in New York. She had been reading how he rose from call-boy in a San Francisco playhouse to stage director at the Lyceum, and she determined to consult him.

She came to New York to secure an interview with Belasco. First, she ap-



MRS. LESLIE CARTER

From her latest photograph—copyright, 1905, by B. J. Fulk, New York

proached him by letter; but he, a busy man, with plays to write and companies to rehearse, paid but scant attention to his unknown correspondent.

"Some stage-struck girl," he said to himself, and either left her notes unanswered or directed some one about the theater to reply with the regular form, stating that he was too hurried just then to grant any interviews.

HOW MRS. CARTER MET BELASCO

This method of attack having failed, Mrs. Carter began to haunt the stage door of the Lyceum, in the hope of encountering the object of her quest on his way in or out of the theater. And it was here, on the sidewalk in East Twenty-Fourth Street, that the first meeting between the future star and her manager took place. Mr. Belasco related it to me in these words:

"I was on my way to the theater one morning, deep in thought over 'Lord Chumley' or 'The Charity Ball,' two plays I had in hand for Mr. Dan Frohman. I was about to turn up the steps of the old dwelling-house which served as the stage entrance to the Lyceum, when a colored maid suddenly appeared in front of me.

"'Excuse me, Mr. Belasco,' she said, 'but wouldn't you please, sir, speak to Mrs. Carter?'

"'Eh, what's that?' I exclaimed, only half roused from my absorption in my plots. Then I looked about me in the attempt to find out of whom she was talking, for there was no one else to be seen.

"'Mrs. Carter, sir,' the girl repeated. 'If you would only see her for a minute, sir! She is right here, in the carriage.'

"I turned and noticed that a cab had drawn close up to the curb opposite the stage door, and that a head was thrust out from it. I saw a face wonderfully mobile in its response to the emotions within, with an eager light in an expressive pair of eyes which convinced me instantly that here was no common individuality.

"'You wished to see me?' I said, stepping up to the carriage.

"I shall never forget that moment. In the excitement of having realized her

purpose, tears and laughter fought for the mastery in the woman before me, and when she spoke I knew that there were the possibilities of genius in that voice. What she said I do not now recall; very likely I paid but little attention to her words. The flexibility of her tones arrested my attention, and I lost no time in inviting her into the theater."

From that moment Belasco realized that he had at his hand the plastic material out of which a great actress could be wrought; but time and study and infinite toil were necessary. Mrs. Carter put herself unreservedly in his hands. She had absolutely no stage experience. Self-possession before an audience, what to do with her hands, how to acquire repose of carriage and expression—all this had to be taught her. The voice, the type of countenance, inviting as a slate on which to convey emotions—these might be heaven-sent gifts, but the rest must be the outcome of incessant effort, unremitting practise.

THE MAKING OF AN EMOTIONAL ACTRESS

Few know now, the public never has known, in which companies Mr. Belasco placed his "find" wherever there was need of an extra figure to fill in a stage picture. No chorus girl ever began nearer the foot of the ladder than did this woman who Belasco felt convinced would one day stand at the top.

Meanwhile he was casting about for some vehicle in which to bring her before the public when she should be prepared for more important work. He had no time to write a play for her. He was bound down by contracts with the Frohmans and the Mallorys. In this emergency he recalled an old friend of his in San Francisco—Paul Potter, who afterwards dramatized "Trilby." Belasco wrote to Potter, giving the playwright some idea of what he wanted, and in due course a play, "The Ugly Duckling," was ready for presentation. It was announced that a new actress was to appear in the leading part; and in this unusual way Mrs. Leslie Carter made her debut at the Broadway Theater, New York, on November 10, 1890—three years after Belasco's first meeting with her on the sidewalk in Twenty-Fourth Street.

Her reception was a doubtful one. By

some of the critics she was hailed as a player of rare promise, by others she was stigmatized as not above mediocrity. As a matter of fact, her vehicle was a poor one, and did not long remain in view.

Her next venture was made on entirely different lines—in the field of musical comedy; not the sort we have come to associate with a grotesquely weak and impossible story and a row of "show girls," but a real comedy with good French music. The piece was "Miss Helyett," by Audran, the composer of "Olivette," and it had run for nearly two years in Paris when Belasco captured the American rights. Mrs. Carter appeared as its Quaker heroine at the old Star Theater (formerly Wallack's) in November, 1891. The critics were still at loggerheads over her merits as an actress, but the public was indisputably pleased. The production ran for more than a hundred nights in New York, and was kept on tour until March, 1893, when Belasco, with larger plans in view for his star, decided to withdraw her for a time from public view.

Now began for Mrs. Carter the real storm-and-stress period of her career, out of which was to come the finished artist. "The Ugly Duckling" and "Miss Helyett," with their widely different calls upon her abilities, were merely the preliminary canter, as it were, of the training this promising pupil was to receive from her stage teacher. A company was gathered together, perhaps the strangest that was ever assembled, for although it was rehearsed indefatigably, there was no thought of letting the public see its work. It was a troupe intended solely as a training-school for Mrs. Carter.

It was not difficult to recruit members for this peculiar organization. Plenty of actors were eager for an opportunity to benefit by Belasco's instruction; and so for two years these theatricals, private in a new sense of the term, were carried on, imparting an education such as perhaps no other actress has ever had. In that period Mrs. Carter rehearsed all the chief feminine rôles in Shakespeare. Such are her memory and her power of concentration, that now, with a day's notice, she can be ready to give a finished performance of any one of thirty parts, ranging all the way from *Constance* in "King

John" to *Electra* in a translation of Sophocles' famous tragedy.

Meantime Belasco was preparing for her a play of his own writing. "The Heart of Maryland" was ready in the autumn of 1895, and was brought out in Washington—where all of Mrs. Carter's premières have since been held. This time there was no doubt as to her success. Coming to New York, the piece remained at the Herald Square throughout the season, and a year later it had a run in London.

MRS. CARTER'S FIRST REAL TRIUMPH

But it was not until "Zaza" was put forth, in the latter part of 1898, that Mrs. Carter reaped the full fruits of her training. "Maryland," with its sensational swing from the bell-clapper, verged far into the realm of melodrama. With "Zaza" she stepped wholly into the field of emotional acting, with no accessories to aid her except her voice and her empty hands. Her triumph at the Garrick, in New York, on the night of January 9, 1899, has but few parallels in our stage history; it was only equaled, two years later, when she came forward at the Criterion as the heroine in "Du Barry."

Possibly in no other character is there so wide a gamut of the emotions to be run as in this unfortunate creature who is seen first as the milliner's saucy shop-girl, later as the plaything of a French king, and finally as the broken woman on her way to the guillotine. The sheer physical effort of acting so lengthy and so trying a part is enough to tax the powers of the strongest, but such is Mrs. Carter's love for her art, so complete is her absorption in the rôle, that when the curtain falls, well on toward midnight, she is ready to play it all over again.

In "Adrea," her latest creation, presented at the Belasco Theater in January of last year, she scales the real heights of tragedy against a classic background. In many respects her portrayal of the unhappy queen is the finest thing she has done. She shows an insight into the heart of a suffering woman that moved the dean of the New York critics, William Winter, to write of her performance:

It has taken a long time for Mrs. Carter

to gain a really great victory, but she has gained it in "Adrea."

Mr. Belasco is now engaged in the preparation of his star's next vehicle, the nature of which, according to the clever manager's custom, will not be revealed until shortly before its production next winter. Whatever it may call upon the star to do, there is no doubt of her response.

In conclusion, without undertaking an

analytical disquisition upon Mrs. Carter's histrionic abilities, one secret of her power may be briefly mentioned—the wonderful charm of her voice. That marvelously flexible organ never seems to tire, never grows hoarse, meets every strain, rises to a storm of execration or sinks to a sob of joy with the same realism of touch, and through every passage leaves on the listener's ear the impress of melody.

MAGGIE DONAHUE

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE CATTLEMEN AND THE SHEEP-HERDERS

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

"OH, Mr. Eaton! You're joking! Do I look like a girl who'd marry a sheep-herder? I'm a cow-girl!"

Maggie Donahue's blue eyes sparkled archly. She put up a strong, slender hand and tucked into place a wisp of brown hair.

"I can't say about that," parleyed Eaton doggedly; "but you look like a girl a sheep-herder would be mighty glad to marry!"

He was leaning upon the outside of the fence in front of the ranch-house. She was just across, inside. By the road cropped his horse.

"You don't mean it!" she mocked. "Why do you herd sheep, anyway?" she asked abruptly.

"It's just as respectable as punching cows," he retorted. "And, besides, they're talking of running the sheep and us herders out of the country, and I won't quit till they quit. I don't like to be bluffed."

"Well," she said, demurely, "I'm much obliged for your proposal, Mr. Eaton; but I sha'n't marry a sheep-herder. Sheep-herders have no business with a wife—out on the range day and night, as they have to be."

"Humph!" grunted Eaton, despondent. "That settles me, then."

He turned away and walked toward his horse, which had been slowly traveling down the road from bunch to bunch of grass. Maggie kept pace with him, along her side of the fence.

"You'd better change," she told him mischievously. "They'd know you weren't being bluffed."

But Eaton only threw the lines back over upon his horse's mane, and, with a twist of the stirrup, mounted.

"Adios," he said, lifting his hat with a rueful smile.

"Adios," she responded gaily.

Sitting straight, he cantered away into the west; she went into the house.

The region was one of sage-brush, sky, and mesa. The sage was silvery green, therefore silvery green were slope and level. The sky was deep blue, flawless and serene. Out of the sage into the blue rose the mesas, purple, yellow, and maroon, flat-topped and flat-faced. Mile after mile, but with the miles curiously foreshortened, stretched the range country, undulating, peaceful, lonely, fenceless, clean-cut in the perfectly transpar-

ent atmosphere, and basking in the generous favor of the kingly sun.

Upon the side of a little rise, half lying, with the sage surrounding higher than his head, Eaton blinked and dozed, and watched his excitable herd. In the shade of a sage-clump, near him, slept Kitty, his black sheep-dog. Below and before, in the swale, or draw, where a group of emerald willows denoted water, and extending almost to the crest of the bouldered hill opposite, three thousand sheep and young lambs of the Jackson outfit munched and meandered, placidly chewed their cuds, or scampered to and fro.

Eaton's morning work was over. His "bunch" was finally established for the day. He had only to oversee casually and turn back stragglers, until evening impelled him to move his charges to their bedding-ground for the night.

It was very pleasant, lounging here amid the pungent sage, with the sun warm and the distant baas of the herd floating upward in a pastoral hymn. Flies buzzed, bees and hornets hummed, and Kitty snored and gurgled. Winging athwart the draw, five hundred feet aloft, flapped a buzzard, black save for an edging of white. Eaton lazily observed the great bird; then, suddenly, his gaze sprang to two horsemen, still far up the draw, but approaching, specks upon the sea of sage.

He sat up. His eyes narrowed, and a frown wrinkled between them, as he noted that the men were riding straight into the herd. To right and left, as they trotted through, darted frightened lambs and protesting ewes. Now Eaton stood, and waved his arm, and shouted angrily. Kitty awoke, and also stood, bewildered.

Her master sat down again and waited, while the horsemen emerged from the herd and drew near, diagonally mounting the gentle slope. Their fast-footed ponies, their sheepskin chaps, their easy seat, their slouch brims, their loose neckerchiefs, proclaimed them cow-punchers. They came on sedately, but with covert roguishness, as if inwardly tickled over a deed well done.

In his sombrero, checked blouse, overalls, and brogans, Eaton arose and confronted them. Kitty growled.

"What in blazes do you fellows mean

by cutting through the sheep that way?" he demanded. "Can't yer see where you're going?"

The cow-punchers reined up.

"Are them your sheep?" inquired one—the elder of the two—with mock solicitude. "We thought they was a bunch of strays, sure."

"We didn't see 'em; honest we didn't, till we got right into 'em," asserted the other—the younger, boyish-featured, with round, smooth cheeks and innocent gray eyes.

"You ought to know better than to cut through sheep in the lambing season. That's a fine thing to do!" said Eaton.

"Sure; it's a shame," commiserated the elder of the riders. "Ain't it, Pete?" he appealed, with a wink. "But we didn't run over any, did we?"

"Jus' a couple, 's all," answered his companion. "Jus' enough for mutton."

"Oh, I'm not afraid that you ran over any," retorted Eaton, grimly; "but they're plenty wild without being scattered all over creation by horses."

"Do you good to stretch your legs. You darned sheep-herders get too lazy," drawled the elder cow-puncher, as they rode away.

"Yes; and the country'd be a heap fitter for a white man if a few lobsters like you had your necks stretched!" called Eaton, hotly.

The two men rode on for a hundred yards, then halted, turned, and came back. They stopped close to Eaton.

"Say," spoke the elder, leaning forward from his saddle, "you"—and the epithet that he applied to sheep-herders in general was highly colored—"are gettin' too blamed numerous around here. We don't want you, or your sheep, either. This is cattle country. The place for you and your darned woollies is t'other side the Little Bear; an' the sooner you hit the trail back there, the better for you—savvy? You tell old man Jackson what I say, too!"

"An' lookee here," supplemented the other, also leaning forward impressively, "I don't intend to have any low-down sheep-herder sneakin' around Maggie Donahue, either. I've sorter filed on that range myself. I seen you yesterday, all right, talkin' with her across the fence. You jus' choose some other road, an' keep

away from the Donahue ranch, if you don't want somethin' sudden to happen to you!"

"That's what," indorsed his companion, as both rode away again. "This country's for cattle and men, not for sheep an' herders."

"You can't run me out, or the sheep, either!" shouted Eaton, furiously, after them. "We've got as much right here as you have, and we're here to stay. And I'll go to the Donahue place just as much as I please; it'll take more than you to stop me!" he continued, raising his voice to reach them.

They answered not as they spurred onward through the sage.

Eaton strode down into the draw on a mechanical tour of inspection. Kitty walked soberly at his heels.

Murder burned in his heart. The arrogance of the cowboys, amid whom he was one in an alien vanguard slowly forcing way into this jealously preserved land, galled him mightily. 'Twas free range. There weren't enough cattle on it, anyway, to supply a first-class barbecue. The range would no longer support cattle. The day of cattle and the cattlemen was past. Sheep were inevitable. Why didn't the cattlemen take to sheep themselves?

"They don't run *me* out!" muttered Eaton, reiterating his obstinate declaration, as he trudged savagely across the draw and up again on the other side.

Stubborn as he was, had it not been for Maggie Donahue he long ago would have "chucked his job" and gone elsewhere. It is not comfortable to be unpopular, especially in the farther West, where candor and outspokenness are still the prevailing mode. He would not have returned East—no; for he had breathed the open of the sage and the pine, and the East was for him no more. Moreover, he had looked into Maggie's merry blue eyes, and had worshiped the suppleness of her lithe, fearless figure—and this was the only spot for him.

The day waxed, and then waned until by the sun it was five o'clock—time to begin bunching in the herd and heading them toward their bedding-ground. Assisted by Kitty, he made his circuit; and down the draw at last trailed every sheep and every lamb, bleating, browsing, paus-

ing anon for an extra mouthful of some particularly tender bit, or to quench a youngster's thirst. Athwart the three thousand woolly backs the setting sun slanted long, mellow rays, while the dust hung above in a thin cloud.

Steadily sank the red sun into the mesas to the west; and amid the golden twilight the sheep reached the bedding-ground and proceeded about their uneasy, querulous preparations for the night.

At his tent, by the bedding-ground, Eaton also proceeded about his preparations. By the time that he had finished supper, darkness had descended. He threw out some scraps for Kitty, and stood a moment, in the flaps, listening and looking. Sheep and lambs had quieted. The air was damp, and heavy with the scent of the moist sage. Overhead, the Milky Way was clearly outlined. Low in the east glimmered promise of a half moon. Velvety stillness reigned, far and near.

Suddenly Kitty, gnawing mutton-bones, ceased operations and growled.

"What is it, Kitty?" asked Eaton, holding his breath for an instant, to harken. "Smell an old coyote?"

Again Kitty growled. Eaton, straining his ears, caught the rasp of sage-brush along some moving body; and immediately thereafter distinguished the dull thud of a horse's hoofs as the animal stumbled and recovered. Kitty continued to growl. He waited. The horse was approaching.

"Coo-ee!" A cautious hail reached him. "Are you there, Mr. Eaton?"

It was a woman's voice, and Eaton gasped with the unexpectedness of it. He stepped hastily outside of the tent.

"Why, sure," he said. "Shut up, Kitty!"

The horse and rider loomed before him, and halted.

"It's me—Maggie Donahue."

"But what in the name of goodness are you doing 'way out in the sage-brush this time of night?" he exclaimed. "Who's with you?"

"Nobody; but that don't matter. I'm not afraid. 'Tisn't the first time I've been out after dark alone. Oh, Mr. Eaton," she burst forth, "they're coming to-night to drive off your sheep and pile them up, or else shoot them!"

"How do you know?"

"They tried to get dad to help. I heard them talking. But he won't join. He told them so. We aren't running many cattle, you know."

"Who's in the gang?"

"Pete Nix and Bob Sunday and Harry Bosch—and that new man who's riding for Harley, and some others."

"When are they coming?"

"As soon as the moon is up, they said. They must be started now."

"The cowardly brutes!" muttered Eaton. "I'm much obliged, Miss Donahue," he said. "I reckon I can fix 'em. They don't run my sheep off; but if they want shooting, they can have it, all right!" He hesitated. "Say," he went on, "you ought not to have done this. It's liable to get you in lots of trouble. Does anybody know you're here?"

"No; dad thinks I'm up-stairs asleep, I guess. I saddled Bird in the dark, and came out to the pasture way."

The herd, always fidgety in the lambing season, began to emit spasmodic, inquiring baas.

"You must be getting back," urged Eaton. "See, there's the moon. They're due any time now. I can't go back with you. It seems a shame to let you ride alone, but I can't leave my sheep. I'll send Kitty with you, though—she'll be company."

"Oh, I don't mind such a little night ride. I'm used to it," asserted the girl.

"It's eight miles," he objected.

Through the dusky glamour he could descry her face above the white star of her horse's forehead.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Me? Oh, I'll do whatever the rest do. Maybe a little shooting, maybe a little palavering, maybe nothing—if they don't come."

"But you mustn't shoot!" she declared. "They'll kill you if they get mad. They're so reckless, and——"

"And I'm only a sheep-herder? Well, they'll find I'm not any Mexican, and I won't take to the brush either, I've got buckshot enough to go around. They don't pile my sheep up without paying for the privilege!"

She slipped from her horse, and with a little quaver of alarm ran to him. She

caught his arm, and he could hear her quick breathing.

"No, no!" she implored. "You mustn't shoot! That will make them mad. They—or another crowd just like them—killed a herder over in the Trout Forks country, only last week. They claim he was shot by accident, but he wasn't."

"Then what would you have me do?" he inquired quizzically, his hand gently closing over hers. "Dig a hole?"

"I don't know," she faltered. "I thought maybe you'd get out in the brush in time, now that I've told you. You'd be safe there. They're likely to put a few holes in the tent. You'd better not be in it."

"Don't you know me better than to suppose I'd go and lie in the brush and let 'em do their dirty work, Maggie?" he said, the reproach in his voice tempered by the tenderness with which he spoke the name. "I'd be ashamed to look you, or even a sheep, in the face!"

"Y—yes, I know," she murmured. She had not withdrawn her hand from beneath his, and his grasp tightened upon it. "But—just to please me! I don't want you killed. I don't want anybody killed."

"Nobody'll get killed. I'll shoot high."

"But you!"

"Oh, me? I thought maybe it was Pete Nix. He and Bob Sunday rode past this morning, and he told me to keep away from you, because he had filed on you himself."

"Pete Nix!" repudiated Maggie indignantly.

"Was it for me, then, or for the sheep that you came out?" he queried, half banteringly.

She did not reply, but he could feel her tremble. Passing his arm about her, he drew her to him. She leaned against him, unresisting.

"You're a trump, girlie," he whispered rapturously, his cheek upon her damp hair, for she was bare-headed. "You're a trump to do this for me, after I wouldn't quit herding!"

She sighed happily.

"I wanted you to have another chance," she said.

The moonlight was enveloping them.

She looked up at him, half proudly, half beseechingly. He bent his head; her arm stole around his neck, and their lips met.

Kitty growled.

"There!" whispered the girl. She released herself. "Listen!" she said.

The clank of bridles and the scraping of twigs along leather could be faintly heard, coming from below and to the right, where lay a shallow gulch yet untouched by the moonbeams.

With an exclamation Eaton darted into the tent, and seized his shotgun and some cartridges. The girl sprang into her saddle and rode forward, toward the sounds. Eaton bolted from the tent and, seeing her, followed. The breech of his gun snapped, as he closed it decisively after shoving in the two shells.

Climbing the hither side of the gulch, a little cavalcade of men emerged from shadow into moonlight. Seeing them, Maggie, above, halted and waited. Seeing her, and also seeing Eaton and the glint of the gun-barrels, they likewise halted.

"Hello, boys," called Maggie clearly, across the intervening space.

"Why, hello, Maggie! What you doin' here?"

"Oh, just riding through."

"Well, keep on. We won't hender you. It's kinder late. Take your friend along; that's him, ain't it, behind there? We'll look after his woollies. He needn't come back."

"Don't let the coyotes get him! Pore little boy! You'll protect him, won't you, Maggie?"

"Is that you, Pete? Turned sheep-killer, have you? That's fine. Mutton's about the only thing you can kill, isn't it?"

Beneath their broad brims the raiders violently sniggered.

"We're goin' to clean the sheep out of this country, an' we've started in right here. We don't want no sheep this side the Little Bear," declared a voice from among them.

"What do you want in this country, then, Billy Bowers?" replied the girl, derisively. "If you want cattle, you'll want them a long time. All you've got so far is three old cows!"

High titters, and one or two guffaws, further demoralized the cavalcade.

"S'pose your old man sent you, didn't he?" suggested somebody.

"No, he didn't. He doesn't know a thing about it."

"Well, shall we go ahead regardless?" ventured another member of the band, impatiently.

"Yes; go ahead. Some of you just escort Miss Donahue out of range, and the rest of you proceed. Don't hesitate on my account," called Eaton. He squatted in the sage, and the gun lay across his knees. "But the first one of you that monkeys with a sheep in that herd I'll fill so full of buckshot that he'll rattle!"

"Nice place to find a girl—out in the sage-brush at this time of night, with a sheep-herder!" sneered a horseman.

"Shut up!" rebuked a chorus.

"I guess that must be the new man at Harley's," averred Maggie, scornfully. "He isn't used to my kind. Boys, I came out to tell Ned, and I'd a right to come. He and I are engaged to be married. Wouldn't you want your girl to do that much for you?"

"Sure! That's the girl for me!"

"Take him away, then. We aren't after him; we're after his sheep."

"She don't take me away, and you don't get these sheep, either!" declared Eaton stubbornly.

"Oh, thunder! Come on, boys! Let's go home. It's all right, Maggie. You're plumb O. K. We won't touch the woollies. Better ride along with us, an' we'll leave you at the ranch."

"You promise not to hurt the sheep?"

"Sure. Do you think we'd lie to a lady?"

"Don't stop short to oblige Maggie," challenged Eaton. "If you'd like to hear some popping, mix in with that herd."

"Guess we've heard all the poppin' we care to. Come on, Mag."

"Good night, Ned."

"Aw, why don't you kiss him?"

"I will, if you give me time." Riding back to him, she stooped in the saddle, and he rose to meet her. "There! Good night, Ned."

"Good night, Maggie."

"Too good for a sheep-herder," blurted a voice.

"He's going to turn rancher. He

and dad have fixed up a deal to enclose more land," announced Maggie quickly.

"That's the first I've heard of it," avowed Eaton shamelessly.

The horsemen laughed loudly, and one emitted a shrill, cow-puncher yelp.

"Don't!" warned several, now solicitous. "You'll scare his sheep."

"But it's so—or as good as so," affirmed the girl, riding down the slope to join them.

"Thought mebbe you was goin' to herd sheep with him," they bantered. "So long, Eaton!" they called back, as they rode away, Maggie in the forefront. "You're all right. We'll dance at your weddin'."

Eaton stood and watched. From their midst a white handkerchief fluttered at him; hats were flourished; he waved response—not to the hats but to the handkerchief.

The cavalcade rounded a shoulder,

and disappeared. Through the moonlight he retraced his steps to the tent. Kitty, still muttering loyal little growls, followed close. Before the tent he halted, and gazing up at the moon drew a deep, exultant breath. Kitty, waiting, whined and shivered. He stooped and patted her.

"Lonesome, ain't it, Kitty?" he said. "We pity anybody who has to herd sheep in this place now, don't we? Come on, little dog; we'll stick our heads under the blankets and make to-morrow get here. To-morrow Jackson'll have to be finding another camp-crew; we're going to quit!"

He entered. Kitty followed. The flaps closed, leaving without the eerie sage, the enchanted mesas, a fitfully slumbering flock, and the moon, benign guardian of herder's canvas and maiden's chamber—both soon to be thronged with the mingling messages of dreams.

CALIFORNIA LAUREL

FROM San Diego far, far north to fair Sonoma,
The censers of the *padres* wafted their aroma;

From San Rafael far south to San Juan Capistrano
Rang out the Glorias—strong bass and sweet soprano;

Soft chimed those silver charmers of the air so golden—
The mission bells, with melodies calm, clear, and olden;

The Angelus across the valleys faintly falling—
E'en as I write, the Santa Clara bells are calling!

The flocks and herds with olive grove and vineyard vying
In holy psalm, a canticle of peace undying.

A spell lay on the land, and long it seemed to linger
As if upon the arm of strife was laid God's finger,

Then came the cry of "Gold! Gold! Gold!" and swift and certain
There fell upon those quiet days a final curtain.

Year after year the poppies wake to tell the story—
The dreamy tale so hallowed with its crown of glory;

Day after day the redwoods lift their hands in token
Of splendid deeds whose fame remains unsung, unspoken.

In valleys Eden-fair, God-blessed, and wondrous fertile,
Old haciendas gleam through veils of rose and myrtle;

In dusty lanes of San Miguel or Pescadero
One yet may meet grave don or dashing *caballero*;

Still by the gay Presidio the lupines cluster,
In amethystine praise of old Franciscan luster.

The *padres* sleep in vales beside the sunset ocean,
While crumble fast the shrines that mark their long devotion;

And I, their brother troubadour, in requiem choral
Lay on their tomb this wreath of California laurel!

Clarence Urmey



MAXWELTON HOUSE, THE HOME OF ANNIE LAURIE'S CHILDHOOD

THE REAL ANNIE LAURIE

BY KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS

THE SCOTTISH LASSIE OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO WHO
 WAS THE HEROINE OF ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL
 LOVE-SONGS — HER HOME AT MAXWELTON AS IT IS TO-DAY

And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gave me her promise true!

MAXWELTON braes are just as
 bonnie to-day as they were two
 hundred years ago when William Doug-
 las, the young laird of Fingland, wrote
 the song that has made his name immor-
 tal, and that is likely to hold its place in
 the heart of the English-speaking races
 as long as our language shall last.

Of Douglas himself and his love story
 history gives us but meager information.
 We know little except that he loved
 Annie Laurie of Maxwellton, who gave

him her "promise true," but who, alas!
 married not him but his wealthier rival,
 Fergusson of Craigdarroch. Local tra-
 dition adds that he was a hot-tempered
 fellow, ready to pick a quarrel and to
 pursue it to the sword's point—for he
 fought a number of duels. Fingland, his
 property, was only a little Dumfries-
 shire farm, but he was a member of the
 historic house of Douglas, the proudest
 family of Scotland. When he lost his
 betrothed, he left the country and sought
 service in the great war that had rent
 Europe in twain at the time—the war

in which Marlborough won his victories over the generals of Louis XIV. Later—so the story goes—he came home again and married Bettie Clark of Glenboig, who bore him many children; but no living descendant of his line is known, and his modest patrimony has long since passed into the hands of strangers.

about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by the minister of Glencairn.

Her girlhood was mainly spent at Maxwellton House, which even then was a mansion of some age. It had once been called Glencairn Castle, and had belonged to the Earls of Glencairn, whose title dated back to 1488.. In 1640 it was



ANNIE LAURIE OF MAXWELTON, THE HEROINE OF THE FAMOUS
OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS OF FINGLAND

*From the portrait at Maxwellton House, by permission of
the Rev. Sir Emilius Laurie*

Of Annie Laurie we have much ampler chronicles. She was born at Barjag Tower, a few miles from Maxwellton, the residence of the Riddles, her mother's people. Her father recorded the event in a manuscript note still extant at Barjag:

At the pleasure of Almighty God, my daughter Annie Laurie was born upon the sixteenth day of December, 1682 years,

purchased by Stephen Laurie, a merchant of Dumfries, who had prospered in his business, and whose wife was the heiress of Provost Corsane.

A FINE OLD SCOTTISH MANSION

An interesting feature of the building is a series of "marriage stones" let into its outer walls. The first of these, set above a quaint square window in the

southwest tower, bears the family arms and crest, the date 1641, and the letters "J. L.—A. G."—the initials of John Laurie and Agnes Grierson, grandparents of Annie Laurie. Beneath, in Latin, is the motto: "Unless the Lord build the house, the labor is lost of them that build it." The second stone, form-

after the fashion of long ago. The mansion itself forms three sides of a quadrangle, with its entrance facing the terraced garden. Its stone walls are stuccoed and whitewashed, and a heavy growth of ancient ivy throws a dark green mantle over the round tower at the southwest corner. At this point the masonry



FERGUSSON OF CRAIGDARROCH, THE YOUNG DUMFRIESSHIRE LAIRD
WHO MARRIED ANNIE LAURIE OF MAXWELTON

*From the portrait at Maxwellton House, by permission of
the Rev. Sir Emilius Laurie*

ing the capstone of the main entrance, is that of the heroine's father and mother, Robert Laurie and Jean Riddle.

Maxwelton house stands on an eminence from which the ground slopes gently away on all sides. Below it, on the south, is a double terrace laid out in a stately old-world garden, ablaze with every hue of bloom, and primly marked off into circles and squares and diamonds

is five feet thick—suggestive of the days when every border laird built his house to stand a siege.

To most pilgrims to Maxwellton, however, the most attractive part of the mansion is the eastern tower, the interior of which is known as Annie Laurie's Boudoir. In her day this quaint old apartment could be reached only by an outside stairway. One of its arched sides has



CRAIGDARROCH, THE HOME OF ANNIE LAURIE'S MARRIED LIFE

since been cut through, making it a part of the spacious, old-fashioned drawing-room. Tradition insists that it was the scene of William Douglas' wooing of the fair maid of Maxwelton. It looks as if it might have been built for an oratory, with its Early English arches springing from the four low stone pillars set in the four corners.

THE PORTRAIT OF ANNIE LAURIE

Until one goes to Maxwelton House, Annie Laurie is the heroine of a lovely ballad, a tender bit of sentiment embodied in unforgettens melody. When one has stepped across the threshold of her childhood home, she takes on the vital personality of a breathing human creature. She looks down from the wall of the old dining-room—a fair and stately woman with ivory skin, haughtily arched lips of scarlet, and hair black as night. With never a jewel to break the perfect lines of her throat and bust, the white satin gown in which she sat for her portrait falls back from her bosom, parted low in simple style. She seems a living embodiment of the courtly grace of a proud young Scottish matron in the days of the Stuarts.

Not far away hangs a companion picture of Fergusson of Craigdarroch, a handsome young fellow who might well have been a fit mate for the brilliant beauty of Maxwelton. There are also portraits of later Lauries—among them one of General Sir Robert Laurie, who was a friend of Robert Burns, and who took part in a famous drinking contest chronicled by the poet in his ballad of "The Whistle." His antagonists were a Fergusson of Craigdarroch and a Riddle of Glen Riddle—the former being Annie Laurie's grandson, the latter a distant cousin. Fergusson was victor in the bout, and the prize he won—the so-called Whistle o' Worth, a silver drinking-cup with a long history—is to this day one of the possessions of Craigdarroch.

Just now, however, it is in the strong room of an Edinburgh bank, together with the autograph will of Annie Laurie and the saddle from which her husband's father fell when he was killed in the disastrous rout of the royal troops at Killiecrankie. These treasured relics are stored away till the present owner of Craigdarroch, the elder of the twin daughters of the late Captain Fergusson, shall come into her inheritance—a date which is a

good many years distant, as the two little girls are still in the schoolroom, and their father's will directed that the property should be held in trust until they are twenty-five.

THE PRESENT LAIRD OF MAXWELTON

The Lauries first acquired their title in 1685, when Robert Laurie—three years after the birth of his famous daughter—was created a baronet "for his

last year he and Lady Laurie celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

The music of "Annie Laurie" is not nearly as old as the words of the ballad. It was written a little more than sixty years ago by Lady John Scott, whose husband was a younger son of one of the Dukes of Buccleuch. She was a musician of genuine talent, and several of her other songs have gained wide popularity, though none of them has sung itself into



MAXWELTON BRAES AND THE LITTLE RIVER CAIRN—A TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN THE ANNIE LAURIE COUNTRY

merits" by James II. Their direct male line became extinct a generation or so back. The present occupant of Maxwellton is a grand-nephew of the last Sir Robert Laurie, and assumed the surname on succeeding to the property. He is a clergyman, and was for many years rector of a London church—St. George's, Bloomsbury—from which he retired owing to the loss of his sight. As he inherited a baronetcy from his father, Sir John Bayley, his proper style and title is the Rev. Sir Emilius Laurie, Baronet. To this venerable gentleman the writer is indebted for some of the information presented here. He passed his eightieth birthday some time ago, and

the heart of the world like the simple and beautiful melody to which she set William Douglas' touching lyric.

The traveler who desires to visit Annie Laurie's country may not find it altogether easy to make his way into this unfrequented corner of Scotland. With Dumfries as a starting-point, he can take a branch railroad to the village of Moniaive—near which, by the way, is Thomas Carlyle's farm of Craigenputtoch, "the loneliest nook in Britain," as the sage called it. From Moniaive one can drive or walk for four miles up the valley of the little river Cairn and through the flowery braes of Maxwellton to the old mansion of the Lauries.

THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK

BY FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

FREDERICK VIII, A KING WHO IS THE SON OF A KING, THE BROTHER OF A KING, AND THE FATHER OF A KING—HIS RICH QUEEN AND HIS SIMPLE COURT AT COPENHAGEN

A ROYAL prince, heir apparent to a throne, pacing up and down on the street corner awaiting his car, and eventually swinging himself aboard amid such a throng that he is thankful to gain even a precarious footing upon the rear platform—such a sight is not a common one in Europe. Royalty, as a rule, does not take to tramways. Yet this is the sort of thing which people who frequent the Gothersgade in Copenhagen used to see at least once a week, when Crown Prince Christian Frederick, now King Frederick VIII, was a student at the old Danish city's famous university.

Most of the people on the car knew perfectly well that the unassuming passenger was the prospective sovereign of Denmark on his way to spend an evening with the royal family at the Amalienborg Palace; but he was obviously a sturdy young fellow whom a little extra physical exertion could not harm, and generally no one thought of offering him a seat. He would cling to the rail and chat to his heart's content with the artisans and workmen who jostled about and trod on his toes and one another's promiscuously.

Such is royalty in Denmark, and such the man who has lately been called upon to assume its most exalted station. Young Theodore Roosevelt would have been profoundly thankful, last autumn, if he could have made his appearance at Harvard, selected his quarters and furnishings, and taken up the life of the collegian, with half the freedom from the

inquisitive, hero-hunting public which Prince Frederick enjoyed in his student days in Copenhagen.

THE TRAINING OF A SOLDIER PRINCE

After the university came the army, and with it a life equally unusual among the scions of monarchy. As long as he wore the scholar's cap, the young prince had insisted upon living at an ordinary students' lodging-house instead of in his father's palace, and had refused to accept any sort of academic recognition which would single him out from his fellows. When he entered upon his military apprenticeship, he left behind none of this native modesty, self-reliance, and thoroughgoing manliness. He is to-day the only man among the sovereigns and heirs apparent of Europe who has served as a simple soldier in the ranks, without the slightest distinction from his humbler comrades. He wore the same clothes as the other privates of his regiment; he ate the same simple, coarse food; he used the same rude utensils—tin plate and cup, iron knife and fork; he shouldered the same heavy rifle, and footed the same long, tiresome marches. It was only after thorough training had taught him the duties and responsibilities of the position that he accepted promotion to the rank of sergeant.

All of these things happened a good many years ago, for Frederick VIII is no longer young, and scarcely even middle-aged. It has been his curious fortune to see not only a younger brother but also a son become full-fledged sovereigns

while he yet stood waiting and growing old as a mere crown prince. But the simplicity and earnestness which marked him as student of twenty and as guards-

Frederick is the second sovereign in the new Schleswig - Holstein - Sonderburg - Glücksburg line, which began with the accession of his father, the late Chris-



FREDERICK VIII, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER, THE LATE CHRISTIAN IX,
AS KING OF DENMARK

From a photograph by Petersen, Copenhagen

man of twenty-five are not a whit less characteristic of him now at sixty-two, and it is by reason of these qualities that he bids fair to win the very real distinction of being the most popular of all European monarchs.

tian IX, in 1863. A peculiar fact is that the highly compounded family from which he springs is, as its name plainly indicates, not Danish but German. The circumstances that brought it to the throne of Denmark, while not unpar-

alleled in the annals of European dynasties, were nevertheless somewhat out of the ordinary.

At the middle of the last century, the

desiring to maintain the existing status of Europe, and to avoid the perils of a disputed throne, formulated an agreement known as the Treaty of London.



LOUISE, QUEEN OF DENMARK, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE
KING CHARLES XV OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

From a photograph by Hansen & Weller, Copenhagen

ancient Oldenburg line, which had provided Denmark with her sovereigns—scrupulously alternating the Christians and the Fredericks, as the law curiously prescribes—since 1448, was about to become extinct through the failure of heirs. In 1852, several of the leading powers,

By this compact the succession was settled upon an obscure subaltern in the Danish cavalry, Prince Christian, who ten years before had married Princess Louise, daughter of Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel and niece of Christian VIII, King of Denmark from 1839 to

1848. A year later, the terms of the treaty were incorporated in an act of the Danish Rigsdag, and in 1863, upon the death of the childless Frederick VII, Prince Christian assumed the crown so unexpectedly put in his way. The long and honorable reign then begun ended only with the death of the aged sovereign a few weeks ago.

When his father became king, Prince Frederick, a youth of twenty, was in the midst of his studies at the university; and these were not interrupted in the least by the change of circumstances. The family continued to live in the simple, unostentatious fashion to which it had grown accustomed in days when its revenues were so scant that the future monarch was obliged to give drawing-lessons in order to pay for groceries and clothing. Indeed, even now there is no money for any great degree of luxury. Denmark is a little country, with a population of not quite two and a half millions, and the income of its sovereign is rather severely limited.

A KING WHO LIVED THE SIMPLE LIFE

By necessity, no less than by consideration for their best interests, King Christian's children were brought up in ways of the strictest economy. Queen Alexandra and the Empress Dowager of Russia used to make their own dresses, and King George of Greece and the new King Frederick of Denmark were accustomed, as boys, to black their own boots. When the six royal children wanted to drive about the streets of the capital, they had to go either in relays or crowded together in the one family carriage. As for the king himself, he walked and rode about entirely unattended, and never seemed so happy as when he happened upon a flock of children who would invite him to take part in their games. The court knew practically no display, and royal audiences were ordinarily as open and simple as the average White House reception.

It was under these idyllic conditions that Prince Frederick lived as a young man. Now that he has stepped into his father's place, it is only natural that they should promise to be perpetuated, in all essential respects, during at least another reign.

Frederick's mother, Queen Louise, was regarded in her day as the most talented woman in Europe—a sort of female Bismarck. Early in her husband's reign she entered upon a match-making campaign which before her death, eight years ago, established Danish princes and princesses in half the capitals of Europe. Denmark is but a petty buffer kingdom, yet the death of her sovereign the other day plunged five leading courts into mourning—a striking testimony to the efficiency of Queen Louise's work.

Her eldest daughter, Princess Alexandra, became the wife of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII of Great Britain and Ireland. The second daughter, Princess Marie Dagmar, married Alexander III of Russia. The third, Princess Thyra, married the Duke of Cumberland, who, though not *persona grata* at Berlin, is nevertheless one of the richest of the minor princes of Germany.

Of her sons, Crown Prince Frederick found a bride at Stockholm, in the person of Princess Louise, daughter of King Charles XV of Sweden and Norway. The second son, Prince Waldemar, allied his family with the dethroned Bourbons of France by marrying Marie d'Orléans, eldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres. The third and youngest was Prince William, who in 1863 became King of the Hellenes under the title of George I.

For many years the finest spectacles that the royalties of Europe have given to the world have been their annual homecomings to the Danish court—the finest not because of pomp or ceremony, for of this there was none, but for an entirely opposite reason. There, as nowhere else, kings and queens have been able to cast national and political distinctions to the winds, and to enjoy themselves like ordinary men and women amid the simple hospitality of the patriarchal Christian's palace.

The origin of the custom lay in the comparative poverty of the Danish crown. King Christian, being unable to visit his numerous kinsfolk in state, simply passed the word around that they would always find a welcome at Copenhagen. Gradually the royal relatives fell into the practise of holding an annual reunion about the time of the aged king's

birthday—April 8—which thus grew to be a veritable holiday for the children of monarchy. The death of King Christian must in a large measure sever the family bond, and the international pilgrimages are scarcely likely to be kept up. One cannot but wonder what the effect may be upon the mutual good-will of the European governments.

FREDERICK VIII AND HIS QUEEN

While every Dane laments the beloved Christian, there is not one who expects the new king to prove in any way inferior to his father. Physically, mentally, and morally, Frederick VIII is a fine specimen of manhood. He bears the weight of his threescore years lightly and is as strong and active as the ordinary man of forty. One needs but a glance to perceive that he is every inch a soldier, though in no sense is he a lover of war. He has never been active in politics, but no one follows public movements more closely. He makes it an unvarying rule to attend all important debates in both houses of the Rigsdag. He is interested in education, being chancellor of the university in which he used to study his mathematics and classics. He is also head of the freemasons in Denmark, and takes an active part in a great variety of philanthropic organizations and movements.

His wife is the richest woman among all Europe's queens. She is also the tallest, and, to be perfectly frank, perhaps the plainest. The large fortunes which she inherited from her father, Charles XV, whose only child she was, and from her mother's father, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, would be abundantly sufficient to put the Danish

court on a new footing of affluence and elegance. It is highly improbable, however, that much of her money—she is said to be worth thirty million dollars—will be devoted to any such purpose, for both king and queen are genuinely attached to the simple life that they have always lived. Both are of a serious turn of mind and sincerely religious. They have visited various foreign courts, but have always been essentially home-stayers, and are likely to be even more so henceforth. The queen cares little for society, but devotes most of her time to the simple duties of wife and mother and to works of piety and charity.

Of their eight children, four are sons and four are daughters; also four are married and four are not. The eldest is Prince Christian, who now becomes the heir apparent. He married Princess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg, and has two children, Princess Frederick and Knut. The second, Prince Charles, married Princess Maud, daughter of King Edward VII, and has lately become King of Norway under the title of Haakon VII. The third, Princess Louise, is the wife of Prince Frederick of Schaumburg-Lippe. The fourth, Prince Harold, is unmarried. The fifth, Princess Ingeborg, is the wife of Prince Charles of Sweden. The other three are Princess Thyra, Prince Gustav, and Princess Dagmar.

With a son already on the throne of Norway, a daughter at the court of Sweden, and other matches yet to be arranged, the family of Frederick VIII may ramify as widely through the royal network of Europe as did that of his father.

THE PATRIOT

Nor he who hears the culverin,
And follows with the dream of fame,
In the embattled lists shall win
The patriot's name.

Not he whose gifts, though high they are—
The statesman's power, the courtier's grace—
If mere ambition be his star,
Shall touch that place;

But rather he whose modest mien
Conceals a heart of sacrifice,
Who walks with duty's light serene
In his clear eyes!

Clinton Scollard

THE LIFE OF A NEIGHBORING WORLD

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

IS THE PLANET MARS INHABITED?—RECENT OBSERVATIONS CONFIRM THE THEORY THAT IT IS PEOPLED BY A RACE OF HIGH INTELLIGENCE AND CAPABLE OF VAST ENGINEERING WORKS

WE may measure the abyss that separates us from Mars to a mile; but the accomplishment of the task would result merely in an array of disheartening millions. We may trace the planet's eccentric path; but the feat would end only in the plotting of bewildering curves. We may pass a mathematical tape around its girth, cast its mass into scales, and chemically analyze the substances of which it is composed; but the problems thus presented would involve no more human interest than the measuring, weighing, and analyzing of a stone. But one supremely vital question can interest the average thinking man and woman; and that question is—have we any trustworthy evidence that Mars is an inhabited world?

In the first place, we must determine whether the conditions necessary to the maintenance of life are present on Mars. If so, we have the right to seek for signs of beings intelligent as ourselves. Terrestrial experience has taught us that life is dependent on two essentials, and that of these essentials the one is air and the other water. What we call life is but a constant succession of chemical changes wrought by both.

HAS MARS AIR AND WATER?

Not even the most carping astronomical skeptic will deny that Mars has an atmosphere composed of gases similar to those which envelop our Earth. Nor will the most sanguine believer in a race of Martians deny that the atmosphere in question is so thin and so rare that we of this world could not breathe it for

any great length of time and live. To dwell in a balloon far above the Himalayas would be the atmospheric equivalent of a residence on Mars, so far as we are concerned. And yet it must not be forgotten that our organisms have been designed for the needs of this Earth alone, and that tenuity of air is no conclusive argument against life adapted to the peculiar conditions of another orb.

Seldom is that subtle atmosphere of Mars disturbed by a storm. There is no need of a weather bureau, no need of rash predictions of the morrow's rains or snows by government officials, for the simple reason that Mars has no weather. The passing of a cloud would be a historical event. The weather is always fine; the sun always shines. In all likelihood the atmosphere is charged with watery vapors, precipitated, perhaps, in the form of dew, but very infrequently in the form of rain. Most probably, too, these watery vapors form a transparent jacket which prevents excessive radiation of heat; for only by this supposition is it possible to account for conditions utterly at variance with those that ought theoretically to prevail. In other words, because it is situated from the sun at a distance that varies from one hundred and twenty-nine to one hundred and fifty-four millions of miles, Mars ought to be a cheerless globe of perpetual ice; yet we know that its actual temperature is not very much lower than that of our Earth.

That water, the second essential of life, is not absent on Mars, we have abundant proof in the regular melting and re-formation of polar caps, com-

posed probably of snow or hoar frost. Indeed, by far the most obvious changes which occur on the planet are the gradual increase and decrease of the white expanses at the poles. Two hundred years of observation have made us so familiar with these expanses that we know more about them than we do about our own arctic and antarctic zones.

In order to justify the inference that the gradual disappearance of the polar caps with the advent of spring and summer is due to the melting of snow, and not to the evaporation of some solidified gas, Professor Percival Lowell directs attention to strange, dark bands which invariably girdle the outer edges of the white areas, which retreat with them to the poles, and which finally vanish with the last white specks. From this he shows that they cannot be composed of carbonic acid, and that the only substance which could appear as they do is water. The bands are blue—the color of water. And that they are water, Professor William H. Pickering, of Harvard, has neatly demonstrated by a physical examination of the light which they reflect. Here we have open polar seas, lasting only during the melting period, but real bodies of water, however ephemeral.

It happens that water is rather unhappily distributed on Mars. Only in the frigid zones is it found in any appreciable amount. That is exactly what should occur on a planet older than the Earth by many million years. As a world ages, its water supply diminishes. Oceans, lakes, and rivers gradually dry up. Life, therefore, slowly disappears, and after millenniums the planet decays into a gigantic dead globe.

Reduce our Earth to the condition of Mars, confront us with the ever imminent water famine that must there prevail, and we should sink all our international disputes in solving the one all-absorbing, economical problem of transporting the water yielded by the melting polar snows to those regions of our temperate and torrid zones which, if properly watered, would still be fertile. Irrigation on a scale that would hopelessly dwarf similar undertakings in the western part of the United States would meet our requirements most satisfactorily. Engineers would interlace the

Earth with ditches to convey the arctic and antarctic water to the thirsty equatorial districts.

A WORLD IN WANT OF WATER

If Mars, therefore, is inhabited—and the two requisites of life are present—it must be conceded that its people are bound to save themselves from certain extinction by some elaborate system of irrigation. The unlocking of the polar seas must be as vitally important to those inhabitants as the annual inundation of the Nile is to the Egyptians.

Even as most astronomers will admit the waxing and waning of the polar snows, so will they grant the existence of greenish and reddish areas on the surface of Mars. But what these contrasting areas really are is only one of the many enigmas of an enigmatic planet. Of all the diverging views that have been advanced to explain the nature of the greens and reds, the most plausible is that of Professor Lowell—most plausible because based on sound geological and physical reasons, and on a series of recorded observations extending over many years. To Professor Lowell the red markings are deserts, unvarying in hue. What are the greenish spots? Not water; for he has seen them not only change in color with kaleidoscopic facility as the seasons succeed one another, but change to the very red tint of the deserts. Not water, according to Professor Pickering, for he has tested their reflected light as he has tested the reflections of the dark polar bands. To account for variations which are evidently seasonal, Professor Pickering has ingeniously suggested that the greenish regions are fertile lands, covered with vegetation, and that this vegetation, verdant in summer, naturally becomes russet in autumn, and eventually withers.

In that theory Professor Lowell concurs. What is more, he has advanced convincing arguments which seem to prove that these greenish stains and the polar caps are laced together by just such an irrigation system as that which, it has been shown, would be necessary to the preservation of Martian life. To Professor Lowell this irrigation system is revealed in an intricate network of lines, or stripes, which were first discovered

by the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli. Schiaparelli called them "canals," and painstakingly christened them with alarmingly pedantic classical names which must be a source of perpetual delight to the student of ancient literatures. Lowell, by far the most assiduous and indefatigable observer of Mars, has succeeded in plotting nearly four hundred of these lines.

For years after Schiaparelli made his famous discovery, astronomers refused to believe in the "canals." They were unhesitatingly relegated to the category of optical illusions. Last year Mr. Lamp-land, of the Lowell Observatory staff, laid all doubts at rest by actually photographing them, thereby performing a most remarkable feat in astronomical photography. The camera, of course, has no optical illusions.

WHAT ARE THE CANALS OF MARS?

The very manner in which the "canals" are distributed proclaims their artificial origin. They proceed from some point on the greenish areas to well-defined centers in the red desert regions. They proceed, moreover, not in a haphazard way, but by the shortest and straightest path. At that well-defined center, they meet other lines similarly direct. So narrow are they that we see them chiefly because of their great length, varying as it does from a few hundred to several thousand miles. Some of them would extend from New York to San Francisco. The meeting of lines in many points is apparently intentional, and certainly unnatural; for nearly all of them run with spoke-like directness to hub-like spots. ♀

You may argue that this precision is one of nature's many sports. That would be true if there were one hub and one or two spokes, but not otherwise. You may prove it to yourself by a simple experiment. Blindfold your eyes. With a piece of chalk draw a line on a blackboard. Walk away. Return to the blackboard and draw another line, with the definite purpose of crossing the first line. Walk away again. Return and draw still a third line, which shall pass through the intersection of the other two lines. Repeat this process four hundred times. Unbandage your eyes. You will

be astonished how disappointingly few of the lines really do manage to intersect at any common point. Indeed, the law of chance is decidedly against your succeeding even once. It is because the Martian canals meet one another in many points that they are so suspiciously artificial, so evidently constructed with wide-open eyes.

MARTIAN CITIES AND OASES

Not less remarkable than the "canals" themselves are the spots toward which they converge—spots which are invariably connected with one another by "canals," so that not one stands isolated; which are uniformly circular in shape; and which apparently grow on the planet shortly after the "canals" are disclosed. The spots are not lakes, although for years they were considered lakes, and although their ponderous classical names imply that they are lakes. In all likelihood they are oases, as Professor Lowell has explained—probably the sites of Martian cities. Lakes should be invariable in color; but the oases deepen in hue in a way that can be accounted for only by vegetation. Then, again, their circular shape is as economic as the straightness of the "canals" themselves, for good mathematical reasons that need not be entered into here.

Both "canals" and spots exhibit the peculiarity of fading away, in part or in entirety, at regular intervals, so that they are lost to view. If the "canals" are really ditches it would, therefore, seem as if the Martian engineers were busily engaged in filling them at certain seasons of the year, only hastily to dig them again with the coming of spring. Here Professor Pickering has come to Professor Lowell's aid by pointing out that even when they are most conspicuous we do not see the "canals" at all, but merely the stripes of green, fertile land lying within the oases, and along the banks of a thread-like stream. The theory is supported by the fact that the "canals" gradually darken as summer ages, that they seemingly creep from the poles to the barren equatorial zone, and that their extension and decay correspond exactly with the rotation of the seasons.

"Canals" and oases are sufficiently remarkable in themselves to startle even the coldest and most phlegmatic scientist. And yet their disappearance and reappearance are not nearly so striking as their puzzling habit of appearing double at certain times. It was Schiaparelli who first saw the "canals" at all. It was Schiaparelli who first discovered their "gemination," as the strange phenomenon is called. Very few astronomers who have not themselves seen the phenomenon are willing to admit the doubling; but Schiaparelli's discoveries have always been confirmed sooner or later. Some of the scientists who have seen a "canal" assume the aspect of a railroad track one thousand miles long look upon the phenomenon as the result of eyestrain. Were this so, all the "canals" would double simultaneously, whereas each "canal" is a law unto itself in this matter. Lowell's latest results show conclusively that the phenomenon is real.

If the "canals" are really artificial channels serving to irrigate the arid central zone of Mars, they represent a truly staggering engineering achievement. Granting that they are all that they seem, there is nothing in the nature of Martian things why they could not be dug. The reasons for this are few, simple, and telling.

THE MARTIANS AS ENGINEERS

We know that the surface of Mars is only one-quarter as extensive as the Earth's, and that seven planets like Mars would be required to make one Earth. Because of its smaller size, the force of gravitation on the surface of Mars must be correspondingly less. In other words, things weigh less on Mars than they do on the Earth; they are not pulled down so relentlessly. Paradoxical as it may seem, the smaller the planet, the larger would be its inhabitants and the more agile, all because of this lesser attraction of gravity. If we could transport ourselves to one of the enormous fixed stars—so enormous that the Earth, in comparison, would seem like a pea placed beside a mountain—we should weigh several tons, and should require the assistance of a steam-crane in moving from place to place. On Mars the opposite condition prevails. A Martian

weighs only about a third as much as he would upon the Earth, for which reason a Martian hippopotamus may be as graceful and lively as an Earthly antelope. The average Martian must be three times as tall, three times as bulky, and a very much more efficient human machine than our strongest man. Because of his greater stature, it can be mathematically demonstrated that his muscles must be twenty-seven times as effective.

Furthermore, when we consider the lesser force of gravity, the amazing possibilities of Martian athletes become apparent. Your Martian sprinter could run with the speed of an automobile; your Martian tennis-player would contemptuously regard our game of tennis as a form of pingpong; your Martian coal-heaver could pick up two and a half tons and toy with it; your Martian ditch-digger could do the work of fifty or sixty laborers of this world, and could throw over his shoulder an amount of earth that would make the performances of a powerful steam-shovel at Panama seem like the playful efforts of an infant delving sand at the seashore with a miniature tin spade.

Apart from their greater muscular development, these supposed inhabitants of Mars very probably have the inestimable advantage over us of greater intellectual power. They started to develop long before man appeared on this Earth. Despite all our boasted intellectual ability and our industrial progress, we are several million years behind the Martian times. For these very good reasons we may suppose that the people of Mars long ago invented mechanical contrivances—among them excavators—compared with which ours must seem ridiculously crude and antiquated.

Because the temperature of Mars is higher than the Earth's, because its atmosphere is more attenuated, because the conditions to which organisms must adapt themselves are very different from those of the Earth, we may well believe that the inhabitants of Mars differ, perhaps unpleasantly, from ourselves. But what manner of beings they may really be, even the wildest fancy can form no accurate conception. Speculation of this kind is romantically futile.

STORIETTES

Without Precedent

YOUNG Beckwith had sworn, the day before, when ordered aboard the destroyer *Lizard*; but now, alone in the tiny ward-room with Lieutenant-Commander J. M. Marker, he felt more like praying. The time was just an hour short of noon. The wine-glasses in the racks, and the deck under foot, quivered with the vibration of the engines; for the long-funnelled, sinister vessel was tearing ahead at sixteen knots.

"You were a fool to come aboard here!" said Marker.

His blood-shot eyes were fixed on his junior, and his thin, clean-shaven face was white as a plaster mask. Beckwith swallowed hard and forced a smile to his lips.

"What else could I do?" he asked. "The admiral does not know that you and I are not on friendly terms, and even if he did, this would hardly be the time for him to remember it."

Marker continued to stare across the narrow table without so much as winking a lid, and it flashed upon Beckwith that the glint of those discolored orbs was the light of insanity. The strain of his long duty aboard the destroyer had proved the undoing of the commander's nervous temperament. The everlasting jangling, tingling, throbbing, and rushing of the narrow craft, and the awful responsibility were surely enough to unbalance any one save a man of wood. There were such cases on record against this class of vessel, even in times of peace; and now, with the anxiety and excitement of war added to the nerve-racking motion and noise, would not the danger be doubled?

"Look here, sir," he said. "Don't you think it would be better for us to forget our private misunderstanding—I assure you it's nothing more—until this war is over? Then, if we're both alive, you can take it out of me all you like, if you still wish to refuse my apologies."

"I prefer to take it out of you now," replied Marker. "You've been on my mind for so long that really I am hardly fit for duty. No doubt, when you insulted me so grossly three weeks ago in Newfoundland, you were building on this war to protect you from my just anger. Now you see your mistake!"

He raised his right hand from below the edge of the table, and displayed a revolver.

"For heaven's sake," cried Beckwith, "don't be a fool! The thing was only a joke; and, on my honor, I didn't mean the punch to go all over your shirt-front."

"Don't squeal!" sneered the commander, lifting his right hand.

At that moment an imperative knock rattled on the door. Quick as a flash the pistol disappeared; and next moment a man, erect in the narrow passage, reported a cruiser to the eastward.

Both officers hurried up to the narrow deck, where they found the officer of the watch, and the engineers off duty, studying the distant craft through their glasses. The lieutenant-commander, apparently as sane as any of his subordinates, took his glasses from his servant's hands and trained them eastward.

"One of our allies!" said he.

"I take her for an enemy, sir," said Mr. Burns. "I'm quite sure she's not one of our own cruisers, and she doesn't look, to me, like anything in Admiral Melville's fleet."

"She's certainly not an American," said Beckwith, who, in the general interest aroused by the strange vessel, had for the moment forgotten the scene in the ward-room.

"You must allow me to decide as to that," retorted the commander, lowering his glasses and glaring at Beckwith with an expression of rage that astonished every member of the little group. Beckwith glanced appealingly at Burns, who was his senior; but that sturdy young officer was helpless. He could remember

no rules in the books to cover a case of one's commanding officer mistaking an enemy for an ally.

The Lizard altered her course, and showed her colors, by the commander's orders. Silent consternation reigned on deck; for, though the cruiser did not fly her ensign, every one save Marker was sure that she was neither British nor American. For a craft of the Lizard's class to head for a hostile cruiser, in open daylight, was nothing short of suicide. And yet Marker seemed perfectly at ease, and cool with the courage of his crazy convictions.

One of the young engineers nudged Lieutenant Burns.

"I'll just slip below and say a word to Mac," he whispered.

Ten seconds later, the speed of the destroyer perceptibly slackened; but Marker did not notice it. All his attention was for the big cruiser, aboard which he already pictured his American friend Walton offering him a couple of subtle American drinks.

And now the cruiser slowed down and swung head on for the Lizard. The hearts of all the watchers save Marker sank like lead. Beckwith, with a look of desperate determination on his face, spoke a word in the ear of Burns. At the same moment the commander turned to them.

"We've made a mistake," said he. "It doesn't matter. Just crack on a bit more, Mr. Burns, an' we'll torpedo her at six hundred."

Now here was madness worse than before, and the best destroyer between New York and Newfoundland as good as sunk already.

"Gentlemen," said Beckwith, "it is my firm conviction that Lieutenant-Commander Marker is mentally unbalanced, and therefore unfit to command this vessel."

With a lightning-quick spring he had his superior officer clasped in his arms. Even while they struggled on the deck, the Lizard swung around, and a spurt of smoke rolled out over the bows of the cruiser.

The shell went over the destroyer as she was boiling around like some fabulous, smoke-belching reptile. Having faced about in her track, she drove her

sharp prow across the circle of torn water under which the futile missile was still dropping from depth to depth. Her speed increased from seventeen knots to eighteen, from eighteen to nineteen, and every inch of her strained and tingled like living muscle and tissue. An inferno of black smoke poured from her funnels and rolled astern to shroud her boiling wake; and under the lurid shadow of the smoke Mr. Beckwith and a midshipman hustled the struggling commander below, and pushed him, unbound, into his cabin. Then they raced back to the deck.

The cruiser astern showed tremendous speed and no mean marksmanship. Shells from the big gun in her forward turret plunged on every side of the scooting destroyer, more than once drenching the decks with fountains of spray. Both Burns and Beckwith stood to their posts, ready to give their best to the protection of their vessel, even though, later, they should be sentenced to death for the measures they had taken to quell their mad commander.

But that gentleman was not to be quelled. Above the racket of throbbing engines and rushing waters, he heard his torpedoes calling. With a well-placed kick he broke open the door of his cabin; and presently, with his own hands, he worked the mechanism that let three of his darlings slip astern, singly, at intervals of five minutes. They were ingenious affairs, nicely geared to lie true to the course on which they were started—and that course was as exactly in the path of the oncoming cruiser as the sane portion of Lieutenant-Commander J. M. Marker's brain could make it.

In blissful ignorance of what was taking place below, Burns and Beckwith kept their eyes on the cruiser and cursed the inopportune lunacy of their superior officer.

"Look there!" cried the midshipman, dragging them to the right-about.

Hope had appeared on the horizon ahead, in the form of a sudden and quickly increasing cloud of black smoke. At that the destroyer kicked another knot into her amazing speed; and a minute later the cruiser astern, also sighting the smoke, redoubled her storm

of shells. But the range was long and the target small—and with every breathless minute the great battle-ship materialized under its crown of black.

"It's the flag-ship!" said Burns, with his glasses fixed. "The old man sees the game, I'll be bound, and is cracking it on for all she's worth! By George," he added, "I believe the whole squadron is behind her!"

He had scarcely finished speaking when a sharp cry from Beckwith and a dull, jarring, thunderous sound from far astern, caused him to twirl on his heels. A fountain of wild waters, silver in the sun, shut the chasing cruiser from his astonished view. Then it fell like a veil—and there, reeling like a stricken monster, and listing heavily to port, was their once terrific enemy. He saw a dozen flashing colors, and staggered with a cry of mingled relief and horror. Beckwith caught him before he fell.

"Steady, old man!" he said. "That was great work! Great idea of yours, those torpedoes! I'd never have thought of them."

"What d'ye mean?" cried Burns. "Lord, man, it was none of my doings."

At that moment the commander rushed on deck, glared astern, and uttered a yell of fiendish exultation. Then, clapping his hands to his head, he fell flat.

The cruiser had been a strong ship, and had received but a glancing blow from the exploding torpedo. She kept above water for more than half an hour after receiving the wound, and boats from the hostile ships put out to rescue such of her crew as were alive. As soon as the torn hulk had sunk to its deep-sea grave, Burns, Beckwith, and two of the Lizard engineers, all looking as if they had suffered defeat rather than gained a victory, paid a call on the admiral. When they returned to the destroyer they were accompanied by the great little man himself and by a surgeon of exalted rank. An hour was spent aboard the Lizard. Then the admiral returned alone to his flag-ship, while the destroyer, with the surgeon aboard, headed straight for Halifax.

Next day, thousands of newspapers in the British Empire and the United States of America printed an account of

that first victory of a vessel of their allied fleets against the enemy—a victory won in broad daylight by a destroyer over a cruiser. Millions of readers uttered such wise comments as "It's the man behind the gun that does the work," and "Blood will tell." And soon, in more important though less remarkable victories, the thing was forgotten.

The great ones of the admiralty, without comment, ordered Lieutenant-Commander J. M. Marker home on sick leave of indefinite duration, with the full rank of commander. They transferred and promoted Lieutenants Burns and Beckwith. And, very quietly, they intimated to every officer of destroyers that nobody was expected to emulate the achievement of Captain Marker, which, as they sagely put it, was largely the result of peculiar circumstances.

Theodore Roberts

Poet and Scullery-Maid

ONCE upon a time there was a little scullery-maid, who, like all scullery-maids, spent most of her time in a kitchen. It was the kitchen of a boarding-house, and you can imagine what a disagreeable place it was—full of unpleasant smells, and usually piled high with dirty dishes which the scullery-maid must wash. It was dark, it was greasy, the cook had a bad temper, and the chimney smoked.

You would have thought the little scullery-maid would have been glad to get out of it the instant her work was done, even though the only place to which she could go was one corner of an attic on the top floor. But, oddly enough, she often left her attic room and slipped back down to the kitchen after every one had gone.

For, much as she hated the kitchen, there was one thing about it she loved. It overhung a rippling little river, which ran down from the mountains above the city, and which was always talking to itself and to any one else who would listen. All day long it talked, but then its voice was drowned in the rattle of pots and pans and the angry commands of the bad-tempered cook. The scullery-maid sometimes went out on a little platform, directly over the water, where she sat and peeled a mountain of potatoes. There

she could hear the river much more plainly; and she was always deeply disappointed when the cook decided to have the potatoes boiled in their jackets, for on those days she had no opportunity to hear even for a moment the singing voice of the clear stream.

But at night—that was the time! The kitchen was quiet then, and although the door to the platform was locked, she could put her head out of the window and see and hear the dear little river almost as if she were floating on its surface in a boat. She came to know every one of its moods, and how it looked and how it sang in fair weather and in foul. Sometimes it was as merry as a child, and went along laughing and chuckling to itself till a smile came on the scullery-maid's dirty face in answer. Sometimes, on dark nights, it whispered something mournful and yet so sweet that she felt her heart swell. On moonlight nights it glided smoothly along like a moonbeam, with only a gentle lapping where it passed the pillars of the platform, and a low, happy murmur from the other bank.

But under the stars it was the best of all. Then it sang so gallant and heartening a song that the little scullery-maid forgot how she hated the kitchen and the greasy dishes, forgot that she had no friends and no sweetheart. She only felt glad that she was alive, and faced bravely a long future of bad-tempered cooks and unpleasant smells.

Now one of the people who lived in the boarding-house was a poet—a really, truly poet, although people did not know it yet, for he was only a young man and looked like any one else, except that he often forgot to shave himself. One evening he was invited out to a fashionable late supper—a great event with him, for he was very poor. When he dressed, he noticed that as usual he had not shaved for two or three days, so that a blond stubble bristled all over his cheeks and chin. It was too late to ring for anything, so he took his little pitcher and went down-stairs to the kitchen to get some warm water.

He had very old slippers on his feet, and they were so worn and soft that they made no noise as he walked; so that the little scullery-maid, leaning out of the window, did not hear him, any more than

he saw her in the dark room. As he dipped his pitcher in the reservoir of water, he caught his sleeve on a pan and it came crashing down on the stove. It was a question which was more startled, the girl or the poet. They stood and stared at each other in the dusk. He saw a very dirty little maid with a plain face and no figure at all, and she saw a very handsome young man, for it was so dark that she could not see that he needed to shave.

"Who in the world are you?" asked the poet.

"I am the scullery-maid," she said.

"Good heavens, do you have to stay in this awful place at night as well as by day?"

The poet was like other poets, and could not bear to think of unpleasant things, although he was glad enough to be benefited by their results.

"No, I don't have to stay here."

"Why under the sun do you come back, then?"

Now the scullery-maid was very ignorant and simple-minded—you can imagine how much so from the fact that she could not think of anything to say but the truth.

"I come back to listen to the river," she said.

The poet stared.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"I do not know exactly why. I—I like it."

There was a long silence, in which the poet heard the gallant song of the little river rushing past under the stars, hurrying along it knew not whither, but still happy and sure that its path was safe. Tears came into his eyes, and he set the pitcher of hot water down on the stove. He had a sudden realization of what the voice of the stream meant to the ugly little scullery-maid. After the manner of poets, he knew at once, much better than she did, what it said to her. He felt a whole poem chanting in his heart.

"You poor child!" he said, and laid his hand on her shoulder. His voice was very soft. Nobody else had ever spoken to her so before. "You poor child! I know why you like to hear it."

And with that he went up-stairs and wrote the loveliest poem you can imagine—all about the little scullery-maid, and how she hated the kitchen, and her ugly,

unhappy life, and yet how sweetly the little river sang to her and told her to be brave. The tears were in his eyes many times as he wrote, and he forgot all about the supper to which he had been invited, for he was a real poet.

The scullery-maid stood still exactly where he had left her. For once she did not hear the voice of the river. She heard some one saying, "You poor child! You poor child!" It seemed to her she must have dreamed it, and yet there was the pot of hot water, glimmering white in the dusk. There it was in the morning, too, although of course the water had grown cold.

The poet sent the poem he had written in the night to a great editor—one who had refused every single thing the poet had written before. The editor was as bad-tempered as he was great, but he wiped his eyes after he had read the poem about the dirty little scullery-maid and the song of the river, and sent for the poet at once, to tell him to write more like it. This the poet was already doing. He had forgotten everything else, and imagined that he too was a maid and lived in a greasy kitchen with only the sound of a river for comfort.

For that is the way with a poet. If he gets interested in somebody's point of view, he steps in and pushes the owner out of the way and lives his life for a while. The scullery-maid below stairs did not know that the blond young man on the fourth floor was washing her dishes, peeling her potatoes, and dreading with her the harsh voice of the cook; but so he was. In the evening he stood beside her as she listened to the song of the river; and he stole her simple, ignorant thoughts, one by one, and carried away on the tip of his pen the love for the little stream which filled her heart.

When he had taken them all, and written them down so beautifully that he made himself cry many times, he put them all in a book. Then he forgot about them and fell to imagining he was some one else. For that is the way with a poet.

But the editor did not forget, nor did any one who read the poems. Everywhere in the city people were moved to tears by the beauty of the river's song and the sadness of the little scullery-maid. Gray-haired business folk, lovely ladies

of society, unhappy young men and old women—all imagined, while they read the poems, that they, too, were scullery-maids and that the river sang to them; and they faced whatever was unhappy or ugly in their own lives with more courage because of what it said. They did not say much in praise of the little book, but they dried their eyes when they had finished it, and went to buy another copy to send to a friend. Most remarkable of all, they treated their own scullery-maids with more kindness, which is a tremendous thing for a poem to have accomplished. The editor who had recognized before any one else how lovely the poems were was surer than ever that he was a great man.

Scullery-maids were quite heroines, and even the ugly little one in the kitchen of the boarding-house seemed so important that the grocer's boy tried to be her sweetheart. He was a good fellow, and wished to be kind to her, but she would have none of him, because he was not blond, and did not put his hand on her shoulder and say in a tender voice, "You poor child!"—in other words, because he was not a poet; whereas, if she had but known it, it was a lucky thing for her that he was not.

She was so ignorant and neglected that she had never learned to read, and she was almost the only one in the city who did not have the joy of the poems about her river. She found out where the poet's room was, and whenever she could she would slip away to try and catch a glimpse of him. But though he passed her several times on the stairs, he did not notice her. He was so busy living the life of an old, old woman whom he had seen on the other side of town that he could think of nothing else. Still, it was a joy to the scullery-maid even to see him, and as she sat on the platform, peeling potatoes, she thought how yellow his hair was, and how blue his eyes, instead of listening to the river which had comforted her so long.

And then, one day, the poet got so much money from the sale of his little book that he decided to move away to a better boarding-place. When the little scullery-maid heard the news, as she washed the dishes in the greasy kitchen, something snapped inside her head, and

she could no longer hear any sound of the river at all.

That day, as she sat peeling the potatoes, the little river flowed past, silently, silently, and yet with so dizzying a gleam that, as she looked long and miserably at it, she lost her balance and fell into the water and was drowned. It was probably the best thing that could have happened to her. For when one can no longer hear any sound of brave song through the hateful noise of dreary toil, when one has lost one's singing river, there is not much to live for, is there?

She was carried down the current and cast ashore on the beach where the river runs into the sea. The poet, walking on the beach, saw her lying there, and straightway fell to imagining the most romantic ideas about an unhappy love story. The tears came to his eyes, although that was nothing surprising for him. A beautiful poem sang in his heart, so that he forgot all about the poor little scullery-maid lying dead at his feet. For that is the way with a poet.

Dorothy Canfield

A Breach of Contract

"I've sartinly got to do suthin' mighty quick, Josh!" Captain Amos Stubbs declared, seating himself disconsolately on a stool in the Hardscrabble's dingy cabin. "Jest as sure as that woman keeps bringin' over mince pies, an' Lem don't stay in the house an' stan' by, I'm a goner!"

Captain Joshua Tebbetts rested his elbows on the battered bulkhead table, and surveyed his visitor scornfully.

"You ain't cal'lating the widdier Hunter'll git you up in a corner an' marry you agin' your will, be you, Amos?" he queried sarcastically.

"They ain't nuthin' funny 'bout it," resumed the pudgy captain in a worried voice. "I'll bet if 'twas you she was arter, you'd laugh out of t'other side of your mouth! It's a cussed shame, jest as Lem's eyes air comin' 'round all right ag'in an' we're gittin' along fine an' shipshape lobsterin', for that ol' she-pirate to come a-stiverin' in with her pies tryin' to ketch one of us! She p'inted up for Lem fust, but soon's she found it warn't no use she come about on the

other tack an' steered for me lickety-split."

"If you was as 'fraid o' Mis' Hunter's gittin' a tow-line on you as you're makin' out, seems to me you wouldn't take her vittles," insinuated the Hardscrabble's owner, suspiciously.

"How kin I help it?" retorted Captain Stubbs, wriggling uneasily. "She comes in the back door an' puts a pie on the table, an' sez—s if she was apolo-gizin'—'I do hope you an' Cap'n Lem-uel'll like this.' I can't take a rope's end an' drive her out o' the kitchen for that, kin I? 'Sides, the pies air all right—better'n I kin make, an' I'm no fool of a cook, if I do say it; but it's the way she keeps lookin' at me an' talkin' 'that I'm worried about! 'S if it was awful for two men to live alone with no women-folks 'round to bear a hand s'posin' one on 'em was took sick or suthin'; an' it bein' dead contrary to Scripture for a man not to get married! Three years ago, when Lem an' me started house-keepin', we agreed to stick together an' have nuthin' to do with women. He can't cook an' do things 'round a house handy's I kin, an' if he had to shift for himself now I dunno what'd become of him. He'd cut his head off 'fore he'd git married, an' I don't cal'late to go back on him!"

"I don't see what in time you've come to me for!" snorted Captain Josh, ungraciously. "I ain't goin' to mix up in Mis' Hunter's matrimonial schemes—not by a jugful! No, sir! She's been arter two men since Abe Hunter got drowned; one died, an' t'other run off some'eres to git rid of her! I cal'late, if she's got her eye on you, you might's well give in fust as last—"

"Look here, Josh Tebbetts," Captain Amos broke in desperately, "'tain't so much on my account, but I've got to git clear o' that woman for Lem's sake, an' I'm expectin' you to bear a hand; that's what I come aboard about. I heered this arternoon that you'd got a summer's job buildin' a wharf some'eres to Boston—is that c'rect?"

Captain Tebbetts nodded affirmatively. "Well, I cal'lated I'd git you to take me along. I ain't so young an' spry as I used to be, but I kin keep from under foot, an' I'll pay for my vittles. By the

time we git back, Mis' Hunter'll be arter somebody else with ev'ry rag drawin'—an' I'll be safe!"

"Mebbe," hesitated the Hardscabble's owner, doubtfully, "but it wouldn't s'prise me none to come back an' find her settin' on Crowell's wharf, waitin'—holdin' a mince pie in her lap, an' the Rev. Samuel Graves 'thin easy hail!"

"No, she won't," returned Captain Stubbs, lowering his voice confidentially, "'cause she an' everybody else'll s'pose I'm dead. You ain't heered the whole o' my plan yet. I ain't sich a fool as to come aboard luggin' a dunnage-bag in the face an' eyes o' the whole town! I'm goin' to take my ol' lapstreak an' give out that I'm startin' for some lobster-traps that's down behind the no'th-east p'int o' Whaleback. Soon's I git out o' sight t'other side o' the ledge, I'll pull in nigh enough to wade ashore, capsize the dory, shove her out into the Horserace, chuck my coat an' sou'wester arter her, an' let 'em drift back to Fairport. The sloop'll git down to the ledge 'bout sundown, if she has to beat agin' the tide—Bill Higgins kin come ashore in the tender an' take me aboard. Somebody'll pick up the dory, bottom up, an' s'pose I'm drowned; they won't hev no idee I'm hidin' on Whaleback!"

The schemer relit his pipe, drew a long breath, and continued:

"There's one thing I ain't figgered out; that's how Lem's goin' to take it. I dassen't tell him the truth, 'cause if he knowed I warn't dead it'd be pretty hard for him to act 's if he was all broke up; an' if he didn't, it'd look almighty suspicious. I hate to sneak out an' leave him to do the heft o' the lobsterin', too, but if I stay to home, an' the widder Hunter gits me, he'll be a darn sight wuss off! You hain't no idee how des'prits things is, Josh! The last time she brought over a pie—'twas rhubarb—she told me if I'd only git my hair cut a little diff'rent I'd be the best-lookin' man in Fairport!"

The village Apollo rubbed his grizzled and scanty locks, grinning apologetically.

"'Pears to me your scheme'll work all right if you're keerful, Amos," the Hardscabble's captain announced, after protracted reflection. "I'll tell you what I'll do. You needn't pay nuthin' for

vittles, but if you're a min' ter come aboard an' cook—Bill Higgins ain't wuth a cent at it, 'though he kin lay stun faster'n any two men—I'd be glad to hev you, an' I'll pay twenty dollars a month."

"I'll ship!" agreed Captain Amos eagerly. "You tell Bill to look out an' not make any more fuss'n he kin help, pullin' in to the ledge; I don't want nobody to see me took off, an' mebbe say suthin' to Fairport Mis' Hunter'll git hold of!"

II

SUMMER danced away from Fairport to the mournful piping of the locusts, and the goldenrod flamed swiftly to the very gunwales of the bleached, sun-warped dory lately owned by the departed Amos Stubbs—now hauled up and abandoned above the litter of sticks and seaweed that marked high water.

Far along the coast, in a busier seaport, the Hardscabble's creaking derrick swung the capstone of Barker's completed wharf into place as the first shadow of autumn fell on land and sea. Captain Amos unhooked the fall for the last time with a sigh of regret.

"I s'pose we'll be startin' for home to-morrow, Josh?" he observed after supper, gloomily sluicing the sloop's crockery in a big tin dishpan. "I wish we warn't! I've had 'bout the best time this summer I ever had in my life. I've rid on the Elevated cars twice—clear to Roxbury and back. I've been through the Eas' Boston tunnel once, but I cal'late I'd rather hev salt water under my feet than over my head, yet awhile. I've been to the theater as much as four times. Remember the time we see the biography picture o' the crew launchin' the Monomoy life-boat—an' how nat'ral Seth Ellis looked, holt o' the steerin'-oar? I guess I've seen all there is, but I ain't hankerin' to go home—not 'til I've heerd suthin' as to how Mis' Hunter's headin'. Course, I don't know how Lem took my bein' drowned, nor how he's gittin' along—I kinder wish I did, for likely's not he's fretted himself sick abed—if 'twan't for that, I'd be content to stay here till Thanksgivin'!"

From the cloud of tobacco-smoke that intermittently eclipsed the seamed and

mahogany countenance of William Higgins, wharf-builder and crew of the *Hardscrabble*, reclining at ease on the white folds of a spare jib, there issued a loud and enigmatical snort—like unto the strangled bellow of a walrus.

"That third piece o' blueberry pie you et for supper ain't chokin' you, is it, Bill?" inquired Captain Amos with exaggerated solicitude.

"No," returned the crew, recovering his breath wheezily. "'Twas suthin' I jest happened to think of. I 'lowed to let you find it out yourself, for it warn't none o' my business; but seein' as you're so anxious 'bout home doin's, I reckon I might's well tell you now. I went up to Binney's this mornin' arter a ball o' marline so's I could put a new seizin' on that eye-splice in the bobstay, an' I run across a copy o' the *Fairport Item*, layin' on top of a barrel where somebody'd left it. It was about a week old, an' had a long piece in it 'bout all hope o' findin' your body hevin' been finally given up, an' tellin' how much you was thought of an' respected, an' the different vessels you'd been master of all over the world. By jiggum, it was laid on thicker'n fog in Nantucket Shoals; I reckon you'll feel above speakin' to common folks arter you read it! There was suthin' else in the paper, though, that'll bring you up all stan'in'—Lem's married the widdler Hunter!"

The dish Captain Amos was wiping fell from his hands and struck the cabin floor, scattering into fragments.

"Wh—what's that you're sayin'?" he demanded in a dazed voice.

"True as Gospel! Quiet weddin' at the home o' the bride, an' nobody ast—'count o' the groom's recent sad bereavement in losin' his ol' shipmate an' partner. The *Item* said the happy couple was goin' to live in your house arter a spell, Amos, 'cause you'd willed it to Lem, an' there was a bigger garden to it than her'n had. Don't appear by that 's if Cap'n Higgins had been frettin' over an' above!"

The little captain's weather-beaten lips writhed spasmodically, emitting incoherent explosions; then he cast the dish-cloth violently from him.

"I'm going back to Fairport on the fust train in the mornin'!" he shouted

wrathfully. "I swan to man! I don't say I've got anything lastin' agin' Lem, but I'll be eternally cussed if he ain't got to hear what I think of him an' Mis' Hunter-Higgins! She ain't goin' to do no housekeepin' in my house; not if she's willin' to bake a pie a minute! Derved if I don't wish I'd stayed to home arter all, an' risked it!"

William Ferster Brown

An Unsuccessful Homicide

To the eye of a casual observer, Pincus Shapiro was an undersized child of seven, jumping clumsily up and down on the sidewalk in front of his Scammel Street home. Not so to himself, however, for at that moment Pincus was a horse, a proud horse with flowing mane and tail, a restive beast that plunged and reared even as did the steed of Mr. Madigan, the saloon-keeper, on St. Patrick's Day. So Pincus shook his head and made bubbling noises with his lips like an impatient pony, desisting at intervals to cope with a severe coryza by process of inhalation.

It was during the execution by Pincus of a truly marvelous pirouette that Ambrose McGann paused on his way home to lunch from the parochial school, and made critical survey of the performance. Here was something extraordinary, Ambrose cogitated; an infant, and to all appearances one of the seed of Abraham, playing a solitary game on the sidewalk and finding amusement in dumb motions that made you laugh—yes, that made you guffaw in raucous, inarticulate jeers. It excited a certain resentment in Ambrose.

Ambrose was not imaginative, and couldn't play that he was a horse any more than he could eat a potato and think it an apple. He had attained the age of eight years on Cherry Street, which is equivalent to twelve on Fifth Avenue and sixteen in the rural districts; and he was disillusionized accordingly. All his playing had its utilitarian aspect. For instance, hide and seek around the vegetable stands of the corner grocery meant eating apples at the conclusion of the game, just as an apparently childish romp in the dry dock near Jackson Street resulted in a

visit to the junk-shops of the neighborhood and much candy for a few days.

Hence it offended Ambrose to view the harmless pleasure of Pincus Shapiro; and by way of showing his disapproval, he picked out a nice soft spot on the plump person of that unfortunate centaur and landed on it hard with his right fist.

Pincus, at the moment, was poised on the coping in front of his father's basement store. Losing his balance, he toppled over, striking the pavement of the four-foot depression full on the back of his head.

Ambrose waited for the wail of anguish that he felt sure would follow. Hearing none, he peered cautiously down the areaway. The erstwhile steed lay huddled in a little heap, his face showing white through its accustomed grime, and a thin stream of blood trickling from his nostrils.

A spasm of terror seized Ambrose. He turned and bolted in blind, headlong flight, nor paused until his feet could go no farther. He sank panting upon one of the benches of a small East Side park, where he stayed only long enough to recover his wind, and renewed his journey almost immediately. He had but a single idea—to put as much distance as possible between himself and that little blood-stained body. Ambrose knew something of death, for not long before he had seen his own father brought home a corpse—killed by falling from an unfinished building.

At length the fugitive could run no more. He seated himself on the stoop of a house in a quiet up-town avenue that might have been in a different hemisphere from Scammel Street. Here he remained in a sort of coma for half an hour, incapable of motion or even of thought, gasping for breath, until the wild jumping of his heart had in some degree subsided. Then, with a rush, the recollection of his awful deed came over him; and as he was only a little boy after all, he bent his head over his knees and gave way to his pent-up emotion in a torrent of choking sobs and tears.

Even as Ambrose himself had loitered to observe the antics of Pincus Shapiro, so did a butcher's assistant pause and watch in silence the violent sobbing of

Ambrose, who soon became dimly aware of the spectator's presence and lifted his tear-stained face.

"Wot yer rubberin' at?" he said, stifling his sobs as well as he could.

For answer, the butcher boy stared on. Ambrose sprang to his feet, and, without any premonitory dialogue, sailed in to whip the insulting youth, who was at least four years his senior and almost a head taller. It was a short and decisive battle, and Ambrose, his feelings much relieved by his victory, started for the park, which he saw a block distant, while the butcher boy ran wailing down the street, his own gore mingling with that of his master's meat and poultry on his white apron.

The waning light of a March afternoon told Ambrose it was after five o'clock, even had his stomach, the little boy's unfailing chronometer, not confirmed the announcement. The thing now was to find something to eat. He had been on his way home to lunch when he met Pincus, and the thought of the fried liver or chuck steak that he had missed almost made him weep anew. But meals on Cherry Street are more or less uncertain affairs. Sometimes you get them, sometimes you don't; and the skipping of lunch only made Ambrose the keener for his dinner.

As he entered the park, he encountered a boy carrying a small wooden box suspended from his shoulders.

"La-a-arzenges, cent a package!" the young merchant chanted for Ambrose's benefit. "Milk chawklet. Peanuts!"

Ambrose waited to hear no more. He made one grab and was off with the spoils before the astonished vender could even put forth a show of defense. His last flight led him into the middle of the park, and there, in a little rocky glen, he proceeded to make his evening meal of the stolen peanuts and candy.

The afternoon was darkening to a bleak winter night as Ambrose finished his supper. Licking the last crumbs from his grimy hands, he turned over in his mind the chances of getting a shelter till morning. Often in summer he had slept in Central Park, but in winter he never strayed further north than Houston Street. Once, when his late father had been out of a job, he and his mother

had spent the night in the boiler-room of a factory on Water Street, and the memory of its grateful warmth made him shiver the more in his present uncomfortable situation.

At any rate, the park was no place for sleeping in winter, so he shaped a course for the setting sun and trudged manfully on toward the West Side. It is fairly astounding, when you are a fugitive from justice, how many policemen you meet. Ambrose must have run across half a dozen in the next ten minutes. The last one he recognized as a former neighbor of his father on Cherry Street, and it spurred his tired legs into a stumbling trot. But he was footsore and exhausted, and when he halted, at the corner of Columbus Avenue and Seventy-Second Street, he was indeed a forlorn little figure.

His Nemesis was close upon him. Just as he was about to subside into another fit of weeping, a tall patrolman, his father's late neighbor, lifted the boy in his arms.

"Quit yer beefin'," the policeman said, "an' say what ails yer."

"Narten," Ambrose wailed through his tears. "Lemme go, I tell yer!"

He kicked and struggled in an effort to escape.

"Gwan!" said the officer. "Cut dat out, or I'll spank the britches off'n yer!" He made closer inspection of the wriggling youngster. "Holy cripes!" the officer cried. "It's Ambrose McGann! What er yer doin' up here, Ambrose?"

Ambrose sniffled and was still. He submitted to being plied with steaming coffee and butter-cakes in an adjacent lunch-room until he could eat no more.

"Now listen to me, kid," the officer said at the conclusion of the meal. "Tell me what ails yer, or I'll jail yer fer de rest of yer life."

The jig was up at last, and Ambrose prepared to make a clean breast of the whole matter.

"I done up a kid on Scammel Street dis mornin'," he said, between sobs.

"Well, what of it?" the officer persisted. "Was he done up bad?"

Ambrose could hardly restrain a smile of pride.

"I guess he croaked," said Ambrose simply.

It was thus that he confessed his crime. The officer whistled softly.

"Now don't get scared," he said. "You kin stay in de back room of the station-house to-night, and ter-morrer's my day off, so we'll go down town ter-gether and see what kin be done."

There was little sleep for Ambrose in the hospitable warmth of the back room. The electric chair is a favorite topic of conversation among the corner loafers of Cherry Street, and many a gruesome discussion of its dread office had Ambrose overheard in the vicinity of his home. It all came back to harry his soul that long night through, and it was a pallid criminal that accompanied Officer Shea down town next day.

They first visited the station-house on Madison Street, and Shea saluted his old sergeant behind the desk.

"Any murders on Scammel Street yesterday, sarge?" he said.

"Ain't heard o' none," the sergeant answered.

"Well, dis kid here says he killed a man there."

The sergeant leaned over the desk.

"Did yer shoot him or stab him?" he asked Ambrose, with a twinkle in his eye.

Ambrose became indignant.

"No kiddin'! I pushed de guy down a basement, an' I kin show yer de stiff," he said by way of offering proof.

"Go 'round wid him to see it," the sergeant said, and they started for Scammel Street without further delay.

It was nearly noon, and Scammel Street, which is an unusually quiet thoroughfare for the East Side, was almost deserted, save for the plump figure of Pincus Shapiro. Pincus' features were swollen and twisted into a picturesque variation of their ordinary irregularity. A large piece of surgical plaster adorned the back of his head, and he was running violently to and fro in front of his father's basement store.

"Honk, honk!" he cried, as he dragged after him a soap-box on wheels.

His painful injuries of yesterday were merged in the amusement of the hour, for in the exercise of a beneficent imagination, Pincus was himself again—a forty horse-power gasoline automobile.

Montague Glass



THE MEN FROM THE SCHOONER ATTACKED WITH A COURAGE THAT SEEMED MADNESS, A
DESPERATION THAT TOOK NO COUNT OF ODDS

[See story, "The Archdeacon" page 288]

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxv.

June, 1906

Number III

THE DESCENDANTS OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

BY D. O. S. LOWELL

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF INTELLECTUAL HEREDITY—AN AMERICAN FAMILY WHOSE MEMBERS, FOR SIX GENERATIONS, HAVE BEEN HEADS OF UNIVERSITIES AND LEADERS IN THE EDUCATIONAL WORLD

IT has long been admitted that many things, like diseases and proclivities, may be handed down from generation to generation. It is a familiar saying that "the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."



JONATHAN EDWARDS (1703-1758¹), THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY (PRINCETON), AND ONE OF THE FOREMOST AMERICANS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

But the writer does not remember to have seen in any work on heredity that the tendency to be a college president may run in the blood. That this is a fact, however, the following sketch goes far to prove, or else we have a set of unexampled coincidences.

the Amazon, mingling with many tributaries and ever broadening toward the sea.

In some strange way, moreover, the spirit of Edwards seems incapable of dissolution in all these generations of commingled blood. It is held in solu-



AARON BURR (1756-1836), VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
GRANDSON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

Jonathan Edwards was one of the foremost Americans of the eighteenth century. In intellectual eminence, only Benjamin Franklin can be compared with him. These two great men far excelled their fellows, the one by his marvelous common sense, the other by his uncommon mental acumen. But in one respect they differed curiously. Franklin was like the Nile, a river majestic yet solitary; while the stream of Edwards' descendants flowed on like

tion, rather, and throbs in the arteries of his most remote posterity. He was president of Princeton for only a few brief weeks before his death, but in the five generations that have since had their entrances and their exits upon the stage of action, a college president has never yet been lacking among his direct descendants. More than this, many direct descendants who were disqualified because of the accident of sex have made college presidents of their husbands.



JONATHAN EDWARDS, JR. (1745-1801), PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE, SON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

From the portrait by Moulthrop

But the presidential family of President Edwards is not confined to colleges or universities. As members of this astonishing group, we find, it is true, presidents of ten colleges and universities—of Amherst, Hamilton, Rutgers, Union, Princeton (two), Yale (three), Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Carnegie Institution, and the University of California. Besides these, there are founders and presidents of two law-schools, two presidents of a theological seminary, one of the Association of American Anatomists, one of the Boston Society of Natural History, a bank president, and a president of three railroads; and finally one Vice-President and one President of the United States. Here are letters, law, medicine, theology, science, commerce, finance, politics, and statesmanship, all officered—and head-officered, too—by the sons and sons-in-law of Jonathan Edwards.

THE FIRST GENERATION

“The most eminent graduate of the college [Yale], the greatest theologian of his century, the ablest metaphysician of the period between Leibnitz and Kant”—these are the words with

which Franklin Bowditch Dexter, in “Yale Biographies,” begins his brief sketch of President Edwards.

The pioneer of the family of which Jonathan was the most illustrious member was William Edwards, a young Welshman who in 1640 came with his mother and his stepfather to Hartford, Connecticut. William married Agnes Spencer, and had one son, Richard, born in 1647. By his first wife, Elizabeth Tuttle, Richard had six children; of these the eldest son, Timothy, born in 1669, was the father of Jonathan. Timothy graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty-two, receiving the degrees of A. B. and A. M. on the same day—“an uncommon mark of respect.” He married Esther, daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, by whom he had eleven children.

Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758) was the fifth child and only son of Timothy and Esther. His “sixty feet of sisters”—for the Edwardses were a tall family—were Esther, Elizabeth, Anne, Mary—his seniors—and Eunice, Abigail, Jerusha, Hannah, Lucy, and Martha. Jonathan gave early evidence of being a scholar and a thinker. He entered Yale at thirteen and received his A. M.



SERENO EDWARDS DWIGHT (1786-1850), PRESIDENT OF HAMILTON COLLEGE, GREAT-GRANDSON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

when he was twenty. Seven years later he married Sarah Pierpont, a seventeen-year-old girl described as of striking beauty and intelligence, whose father was one of the founders of Yale. "A

ton, Massachusetts. At the end of that time he was persecuted for righteousness' sake and dismissed. He was thus left, at the age of forty-seven, with a family of eight children at home and no income.



TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752-1817), EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF YALE, GRANDSON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

From the portrait by Townsend

sweeter couple I have not seen," George Whitefield wrote of them in his diary. They had the following children: Sarah, Jerusha, Esther, Mary, Lucy, Timothy, Susannah, Eunice, Jonathan, Jr., Elizabeth, and Pierpont. Of the eleven, seven were born on Sunday.

For twenty-four years Mr. Edwards was settled over a church in Northamp-

"His prospects were apparently ruined," his biographer remarks; "but in fact the period of his greatest activity, in which he laid the foundations of his enduring fame, was thus ushered in." He went to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, then a wilderness, and became a missionary to the Indians; and in that solitude, in his moments of leisure, he wrote his immor-

tal treatise on "The Freedom of the Will."

In 1757, on the death of his son-in-law, the Rev. Aaron Burr, he was called to be the third president of the College of New Jersey, now Princeton; but shortly after taking up his duties there he died of smallpox. He was buried in Princeton, and upon his tomb is a Latin epitaph extolling his virtues and pronouncing him "second to none in wisdom, discriminating judgment, and mental caliber."

To the commanding intellect of Jonathan Edwards both Europe and America have borne witness. "That he is the first metaphysician this country has produced, no one can doubt," said Mark Hopkins. "He was one of the wonders of the world," declared John Fiske; "probably the greatest intelligence that the Western Hemisphere has yet seen." "Of all the scholars and philosophers that America had produced from the beginning of the [eighteenth] century," wrote Bancroft, "only two had established a considerable and permanent reputation—Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards." Finally, Dr. Richard Storrs, the silver-tongued, says eloquently: "He held New England, as no man else, to heights of thought difficult to scale; his service was one which no generation will outlive to the end of our history."

Edwards was fortunate indeed. Not only do his works follow him, but a noble posterity still keeps his name in undying remembrance, as we shall see.

THE SECOND GENERATION

Jonathan Edwards, Jr. (1745-1801), second president of Union College, was the second son and ninth child of President Edwards, and was graduated from Princeton in 1765. The coincidences in the life of father and son were many and striking. "The name, education, and early employments of both were alike. Both were religious in their youth, were distinguished scholars, and were tutors for equal periods in the colleges where they were educated. Both were settled in the ministry as successors to their maternal grandfathers; were dismissed on account of their religious opinions; and were again settled in re-



THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY (1801-1889), TENTH PRESIDENT OF YALE, GREAT-GRANDSON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

tired country towns, over congregations singularly attached to them, where they had leisure to prepare and publish their valuable works. Both left these studies to become presidents of colleges; and both died shortly after inauguration, one at fifty-six and the other at fifty-seven, each having preached on the first Sabbath of the year of his death on the text: "This year thou shalt die."

The Rev. Aaron Burr (1716-1757), second president of Princeton, married Esther, third daughter of President Edwards. Burr was only thirteen years younger than his father-in-law. He graduated at Yale in 1735, and was elected president of the college of New Jersey in 1748. He moved the college from Elizabeth to Newark, and finally to Princeton. He increased the number of students from eight to eighty, and "his aptness to teach was almost without parallel."

President Burr first saw his wife when she was fifteen. He did not meet her again for six years, and then was with her at Stockbridge for only three days. He went back to Princeton, but two weeks later sent an undergraduate to bring Esther and her mother. They arrived on Saturday, May 27, 1752, and



THEODORE WILLIAM DWIGHT (1822-1892), WARDEN OF THE COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL,
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

From the portrait by Daniel Huntington

on the following Monday there was a wedding at the president's house.

Contemporaries said of Mr. Burr that he was "modest in prosperity, prudent in difficulty, indefatigable in business, magnanimous in danger, easy in manner, of exquisite judgment, of profound learning, catholic in sentiment, of the purest morals, and great even in the minutest things."

THE THIRD GENERATION

President Burr's son, Aaron Burr (1756-1836), was left a double orphan at the age of two, and was brought up by his uncle, Timothy Edwards, himself

scarcely more than a youth. Aaron was a wilful child, but fond of study and quick to learn. At eleven he was ready for Princeton, but had to wait two years because of his age. During the Revolutionary War he entered the army as a private, and rose to be a lieutenant-colonel. After the war he became a prominent lawyer in New York, was elected to the United States Senate, and in 1800 was a leading candidate for the Presidency. The electoral vote resulted in a tie between Burr and Jefferson, and the House of Representatives, after thirty-six ballots, chose the Virginian President and Burr Vice-President.

Before his term expired, Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. After that his fortunes declined. In 1807 he was tried for treason, and though acquitted he has been under suspicion even to this day. That he had brilliant parts and a commanding intellect, no one can question, and in recent years defenders have arisen to plead in his behalf; but though he may not have been as black as he was painted, the verdict of history should not lightly be set aside. He has been called the one "black sheep" of the Edwards descendants.

After Aaron Burr, the most famous of the grandsons of Jonathan Edwards

was Timothy Dwight (1752-1817), eighth president of Yale, and one of the great holders of that office. His mother, Mary Edwards, was only eighteen years his senior. She had thirteen children, and her descendants, as will be seen, have done more to uphold the intellectual prestige of the Edwards lineage than any other branch of the family.

Timothy Dwight was a juvenile prodigy. At six, he wished to learn Latin, but his father disapproved; so while the other boys were at play, he used to borrow a Latin grammar and study secretly. He might have been ready for Yale at eight, had there been



TIMOTHY DWIGHT (BORN 1828), TWELFTH PRESIDENT OF YALE,
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

From a photograph by Tuck, New York



MERRILL EDWARDS GATES (BORN 1848), FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF AMHERST, GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

any hope of entering at that tender age. He delayed until he was fourteen, though by that time he had done most of the work of the Freshman and Sophomore years. It was the custom in winter to have chapel exercises at half-past five, but young Timothy rose before that hour to read Homer by candlelight. This reckless overwork injured his sight, and an attack of smallpox made the damage irreparable. During all his life he had to rely on friends and amanuenses for his reading and writing.

In 1795 he was chosen president of Yale, which then had but one hundred and ten students. He raised this number to three hundred and thirteen. He acted not only as president, but as professor of divinity, rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, and ethics. He died in the full tide of his powers, the victim of a disease similar to that which recently deprived us of President Harper. Though he suffered severely during the last months of his life, he continued to work until within four days of his death. "President Dwight is ever present to my mind as the great model teacher," said one of his pupils.

Tapping Reeve (1744-1823), founder and first president of the Litchfield (Connecticut) Law School, was not a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, but belonged to the family by marriage. His wife, whom he married in 1772, was a daughter of the first Aaron Burr, and a sister of Vice-President Burr. His law school was the earliest institution of its kind in the United States, and for a long time the only one; and many famous men were among his pupils. Dr. Lyman Beecher said of him and of Timothy Dwight: "President Dwight by his talents and official labors exerted a powerful national influence through his pupils; and next to his, if not equally so, has been the national influence of Judge Reeve. Few men have had a life in which there is less to be deplored and more to be admired."

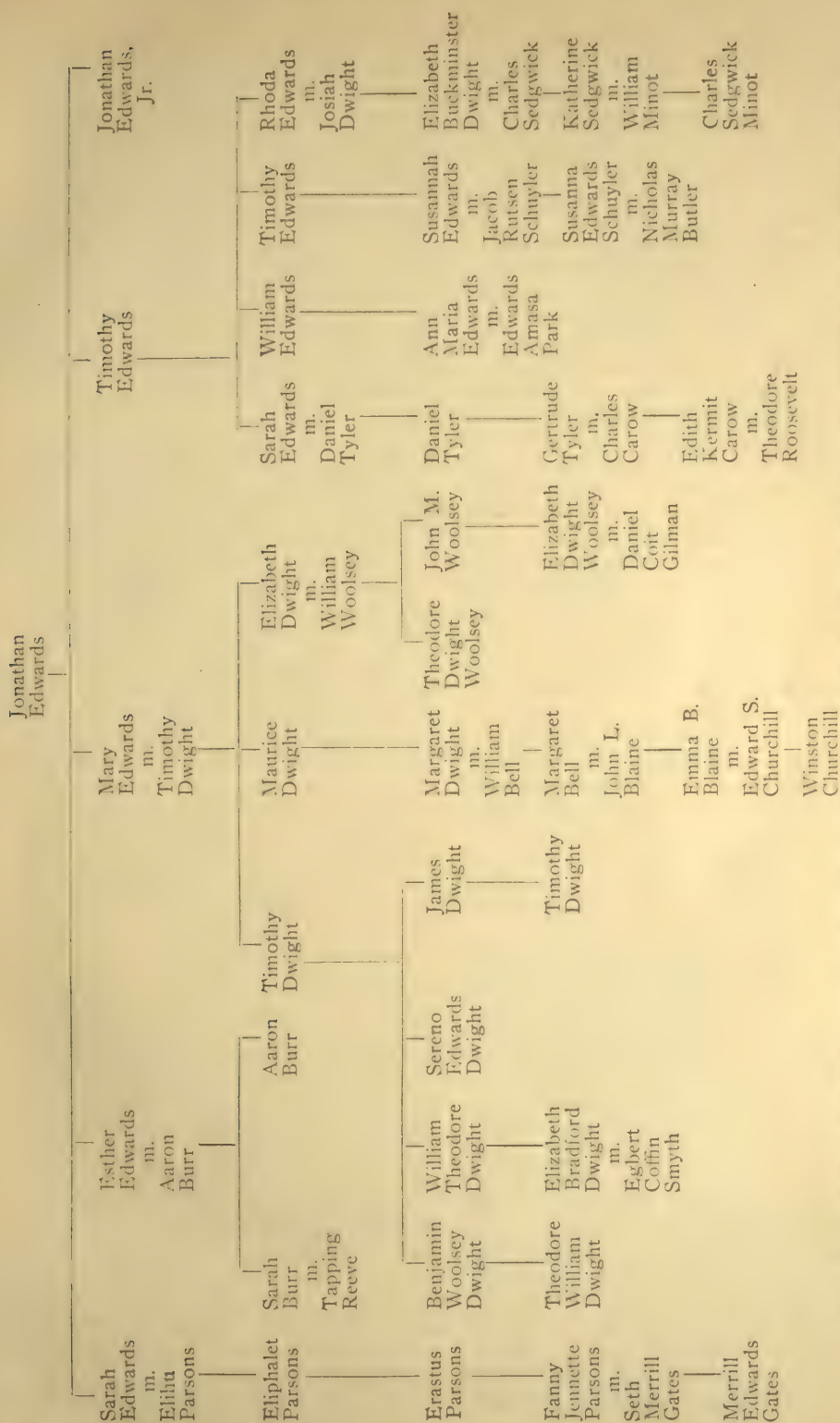
THE FOURTH GENERATION

Of the sons of Timothy Dwight the most distinguished was Sereno Edwards Dwight (1786-1850), third president of Hamilton College. Graduating at Yale in 1803, he studied law, but abandoning that for the ministry, became the second pastor of Park Street Church, Boston,



CHARLES SEDGWICK MINOT, OF THE HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL, GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

From a photograph by Parkinson, Boston



"A SIGN TO KNOW THE GENTLE BLOOD"—IN THIS TABLE APPEAR THE NAMES OF A PRESIDENT AND A VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF FOURTEEN COLLEGE PRESIDENTS AND NOTED EDUCATORS

where he served from 1817 to 1826. He was at Hamilton only two years, as his health failed. "He was a man of much natural ability and admirable culture—an earnest and acceptable preacher, an elegant scholar, approved as an instructor." He wrote a biography of President Edwards and edited his works.

Another famous president of Yale was Theodore Dwight Woolsey (1801-1889), nephew of the eighth president. He graduated at the New Haven college in 1820, became its head in 1846, and held that position until 1871. He then resigned as president, but continued to give instruction in law and theology. "During his administration the scholarly life of the college was carried to a far higher development than ever before," says a biographer. President Woolsey was a noted scholar and a prolific writer: he edited several Greek plays, and produced works on social and political science. A waggish Yale student once wagered that "he and Woolsey knew more Greek than all the rest of New Haven put together."

On the death of Dr. Woolsey in 1889, Timothy Dwight, Jr.—of whom we shall speak presently—was president of Yale, and delivered the memorial address. In this he very appropriately said that "the intellectual and spiritual force which dwelt in Jonathan Edwards and constituted the grand inheritance that he gave to his children, may well have passed, in somewhat of its fulness, to this descendant of his family."

Another great-grandson of Jonathan Edwards who achieved distinction was General Daniel Tyler (1799-1882), whose mother was a daughter of Timothy Edwards, Jonathan's elder son. General Tyler was not a college president, but a soldier and a captain of industry. He was a graduate of West Point and a brigadier-general in the Civil War. At different times he was president of several railroads and had extensive interests in iron and steel manufactories. After finally leaving the military service in 1864, he established large cotton and iron industries in Alabama, and was one of the founders of the town of Anniston.

Edwards Amasa Park (1808-1900) belonged by marriage to this generation

of the Edwards family, his wife being Ann Maria, daughter of William Edwards and granddaughter of Timothy Edwards. Dr. Park was for a long time president of Andover Theological Seminary, and was called "the Andover giant," because of his great height and commanding intellect. One who sat under his instruction says: "There have been three kingly men whose influence abides with me through the years, and to whom I owe an immeasurable debt—Theodore Woolsey, Charles G. Finney, and Edwards A. Park." Joseph Cook called him "the greatest of the Edwardians since Edwards."

THE FIFTH GENERATION

The twelfth president of Yale, grandson and namesake of Timothy Dwight, was born in 1828, and is still living. He is another of the great Yale presidents, and the third in successive generations of the Edwards line. In telling the story of his early education, he says that he "began by securing the right father and mother." We might add that his forethought extended still farther backward to his great-great-grandfather, Jonathan Edwards. He did not attend school until he was twelve; still, he went to Yale before he was seventeen. He might have entered a year earlier had not his teacher persuaded the father to the contrary—"for which," adds Dr. Dwight, "I have blessed his memory ever since." He was president of Yale from 1886 to 1898, is a fertile writer, and has held many honorable positions.

Another noted grandson of the elder Timothy Dwight was the late Theodore William Dwight (1822-1892), who founded the Columbia Law School and was its warden for thirty-three years. He was also president of several philanthropic and social organizations in New York—among them the University Club, the Dante Club, and the Prison Association for aiding discharged convicts. He was perhaps the greatest teacher of law in America. James Bryce said of him: "It would be worth an English student's while to cross the Atlantic to attend his courses. Better teaching than Mr. Dwight's it would be hardly possible to imagine."

Three other celebrities, all of them

college presidents, belong by marriage to this fifth generation of the house of Edwards. One is Nicholas Murray Butler, the young and progressive head of Columbia University. Before reaching his present position—to which he was elected in 1902, in succession to Seth Low—Dr. Butler was president of the Teachers' College in New York and of the National Educational Association. His wife, who died in 1903, was Susanna Edwards Schuyler, whose mother, Susannah Edwards, granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards' son Timothy, married Jacob Rutzen Schuyler.

Daniel Coit Gilman, one of the best-known American educators of the day, married Elizabeth Dwight Woolsey, daughter of John M. Woolsey, niece of Theodore Dwight Woolsey, and great-great-granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards. Dr. Gilman has been president of three great universities—the University of California, Johns Hopkins (for more than a quarter of a century), and the Carnegie Institution. He was invited to be the first president of each of these, and was the first head of the last two. He has also been president of the American Oriental Society and of the National Civil Service Reform League.

Last to be mentioned in this fifth generation is Egbert Coffin Smyth (1829-1904), who succeeded Dr. Edwards Park as president of the Andover Theological Seminary. President Park opposed Dr. Smyth's election, thinking him too conservative; yet shortly after he was brought to trial for heresy, though the charges were not sustained. In 1892 a writer in the *Christian Union* (now the *Outlook*) declared that the three greatest names in the history of Andover were Park, Phelps, and Smyth. "The first was the incomparable theological instructor; the second, the man of the spirit; the third, almost peerless in his knowledge of the history of the church and his ability to impart it to others." President Park's wife was Elizabeth Bradford Dwight, granddaughter of the first Timothy Dwight of Yale.

THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH GENERATIONS

In the sixth and seventh generations of the family we find, among Jonathan Edwards' direct descendants, the names of

one college president, Dr. Merrill E. Gates; one prominent professor and scientist, Dr. Charles Sedgwick Minot; and a successful author, Winston Churchill. And if we include those who have married into the house of Edwards, we reach the culmination of the presidential strain in the present chief magistrate of the United States; for a granddaughter of General Daniel Tyler is the wife of Theodore Roosevelt.

Charles Sedgwick Minot descends from Timothy Edwards, son of the great Jonathan, by another line, which again combines the names of Edwards and Dwight. Timothy's daughter Rhoda married Josiah Dwight; their daughter, Elizabeth Buckminster Dwight, became the wife of Charles Sedgwick; and their daughter was the mother of Charles Sedgwick Minot. Dr. Minot, a leading professor at the Harvard Medical School and a recognized authority in biology and embryology, has been president of the following learned societies—the Association of American Anatomists, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Massachusetts Zoological Society, and the Boston Society of Natural History.

Finally, in no descendant of President Edwards does the presidential blood seem to run more strongly than in Merrill Edwards Gates, whose mother, Fanny Jennette Parsons, was the great-granddaughter of Sarah, eldest daughter of Jonathan Edwards. Born in 1848 and graduated from the University of Rochester in 1870, twelve years later he was appointed president of Rutgers. After eight years at Rutgers, he was elected to the headship of Amherst and of Oberlin in the same week. He accepted the former post, which he held for nine years. He has been formally chosen president, or has received an official offer of the position, in five State universities or colleges besides those mentioned. He also acted for six years as president of the American Missionary Association, and for ten as chairman of the United States board of Indian commissioners.

It is not likely that the record of this remarkable family will close here. No doubt, as time goes on, there will be other distinguished names to add to the roll of Jonathan Edwards' descendants.

THE COURAGE OF SHORTY

THE STORY OF A BATTLE AND A VICTORY

BY ELIZABETH GRANGER BEMIS

THEY were walking along the river road in the crisp dusk of the early fall evening. The tall man slouched along with head down and hands thrust deep into his ragged pockets. The short man shivered occasionally as he walked doggedly behind.

The plaintive cry of a whippoorwill came from over the meadows. The man trudging in front lifted his head and imitated the bird perfectly, and then, with a sweet, rollicking tenor, broke into a sailors' ditty.

"Shut up, Sandy!" growled the other. "D'ye want everybody ter know we're comin'?"

The tall man looked around carelessly.

"It's a good quarter of a mile to a house," he said.

His companion made no reply, and they walked on in silence. The dusk deepened, and the air grew more chilly. The short man drew his ragged coat closer around him.

"Ain't ye never goin' ter stop?" he asked.

The leader turned away from the road and let down a pair of bars.

"If ye'd kep' still a minute longer, Shorty," he said, "ye needn't hev ast me; but I don't mind tellin' yer that I'm aimin' fer that haystack over yender."

Once within its protection, the two proceeded to make themselves comfortable. Shorty burrowed into the hay for warmth. Sandy, searching his pockets, spread out the lunch collected along the way—an ancient slice of cake, two dry pickles, and a small sandwich.

Shorty eyed the collation with disfavor.

"I don't want none of that," he said.

"I don't see why yer wouldn't let me try the big white house. I seen an ol' lady

there, and ye can 'most allers work 'em by tellin' 'em as how ye're tryin' ter git home ter see yer dyin' wife and ten children."

"'Tain't from the big houses that ye git the best handouts," said Sandy the experienced; "and we've got another use fer that white house."

"Got onto a job?" asked Shorty eagerly.

"Yep," responded Sandy with his mouth full. "Tell yer when I'm done eatin'."

After a few minutes he spoke again. "Ye orter et some," he said. "Tasted better 'n it looked." He took out his pipe, filled and lighted it, and with a grunt of satisfaction stretched himself at full length with his arms under his head. "Who'd work," he said, "when ye can git all the comforts of life from them as is foolish enough ter? Which brings me up ter the white house. Ye remember when ye went foragin' ter that yeller cottage——"

"Yeller dog, too," interrupted Shorty.

"An' left me layin' down on the other side of the stone wall, waitin' for ye," proceeded Sandy. "Jest as I was 'most asleep, two teams met in the road the other side and stopped. When they moved on again, I'd got a tip. The man what drove towards town, his name's Lane, and he lives in the white house. He's gone ter git another hunderd an' fifty dollars ter put with t'ree hunderd he's got at home. He's goin' ter be gone all night, an' termorrer he pays a note the other man holds—his name's Brown. Nobody left in the house but an ol' lady, an' if we don't make no slip he'll be shy t'ree hunderd in the mornin'!"

"How we goin' ter do it?" asked Shorty.

"We ain't goin' ter," said Sandy. "You're goin' ter."

"Me? Why won't you help?"

"I has my reasons, which I ain't tellin'," said Sandy. "I'm goin' ter wait right here till you comes back. Besides, it's time yer started out fer yerself. What would ye do if I should git killed some time while travelin' in my special? Now listen pertickler to what I'm goin' ter tell ye. Foller this stone wall till ye come ter the back of the house; then try the winder—there ain't but one down-stairs. After ye're in, that's the wood-shed. Ye go through inter the kitchen; the door to the left goes inter the pantry. Ye veer ter the south, or yer'll run inter a jog there——"

"How 'd ye happen ter know so much about it?" asked Shorty suddenly.

"Maybe I'm a mejum," said Sandy with sarcasm. "Tend ter what I'm tellin' ye. The next room is the settin'-room. There's where ye'll find it. If there's a cupboard near the fireplace, ye don't need ter look no further." Faintly there came across the silence of the night the deep, slow strokes of a town-hall clock. "Eight," counted Sandy. "It'll be dead safe by ten. We better turn in an' git a couple of hours' sleep."

He rolled over into a more comfortable position. Shorty, wakeful, went over the details carefully in his mind. His first job alone! He felt a thrill of pride that he was to be trusted thus.

"I'll show him that I've got the nerve all right," he thought. "If it's there, I git it!"

Two hours later Sandy stirred and rose from his nest in the hay.

"Time ter be movin'," he said. He gave Shorty some final directions, then took a six-shooter from his pocket and handed it to him. "Use it if ye hev ter," he directed.

"All right," said Shorty indifferently.

He followed the stone wall to the back of the house, easily unfastened the window, and passed from the wood-shed into the kitchen. Steering clear of the "jog" in the pantry, and wondering once more how Sandy knew about it, he found himself in the living-room. There were a few smoldering coals in the fireplace, and the warmth was grateful. Shorty stood with his back to it, and looked around

for the cupboard. It was close at hand. He glanced at the wooden settee beneath it, at the work-basket filled with brightly-colored wools on a spindle-legged table, at the chintz covered rocking-chair, at the flowering plants on the window-sills and the tall, old-fashioned clock in the farther corner.

"Wonder how I'd like bein' decent once more, and livin' in a place with fixin's like this?" he reflected.

Just then something happened that put all sentiment to flight. It was the sound of soft footfalls approaching one of the doors of the room. He drew his revolver, and shrank back a little into the shadow.

The door opened, and a little old lady, carrying a candle, entered. Her gray hair was dressed in a fashion of long ago, with a high back-comb, and curls behind her ears.

"Hands up!" said Shorty.

She gave not the slightest heed to him. Behind her, with waving tail and dignified mien, came a beautiful tortoise-shell cat. The old lady walked slowly to the tall clock. She put the candle on the table, and opened the case. Then she spoke in a high, strained voice that held a suggestion of tears.

"If I can't find it here," she said, "I don't know where it is hid, and what shall I do?"

She took hold of the long, swinging pendulum, and stopped it; then, stooping over, she reached down into the bottom as if searching for something. When she arose she held in her hand an ear-trumpet. Shorty, astonished at this turn of affairs, lowered his revolver and watched her.

"Oh, I'm so glad, I'm so glad!" she said.

She picked up the candle, and glanced around the room as if to see if all were in order for the night. Then she saw Shorty. A look of startled surprise crossed her face; then she came forward cordially.

"You must be Mr. Brown's nephew that's just come," she said, "for I know everybody else for twenty miles around. He told me some of you would likely be over to-night, and he said it might be late before you got back from town. I suppose Mis' Brown told you to come

right in, for I'm so deaf I couldn't hear you knock."

Shorty carefully slipped the revolver into his pocket, and brought his hands ostentatiously around where she could see them. She held up the ear-trumpet.

"It's been lost for three weeks," she said. "I have a bad habit of getting up in my sleep and hiding things, and I couldn't find it anywhere. I've been so lost without it!" She put it to her ear. "Say something to me," she said, and her face was pathetic in its eagerness. "You don't know how hard it is not to hear a sound for so long!"

She waited expectantly. Shorty shuffled around uneasily.

"G—good evening, m—marm," he stammered.

"You've got a real good voice for talking to deaf folks," she said. "You don't know what a difference there is in voices. Some people fairly holler at me, and I can't understand 'em. You're kinder soft spoken, but I can hear you real good. I want you to set down and visit with me a while."

Shorty seated himself on the edge of the settee. He was painfully conscious of his ragged clothes. He attempted to find a part in his hair, and drew his feet under him, that she might not see the holes in his shoes. Then a sudden realization of the reason of his being there came over him.

"Look here," he said roughly, "I ain't Brown's nephew, and this ain't my visitin' evenin'. I jest want to talk with yer a minute about a little matter of t'ree hundred dollars you've got." Then he stopped in disgust. "Thunder!" he said. "I forgot she can't hear without that trumpet. What's she goin' ter do now, I wonder?" For while he was yet speaking she arose, and, going over to the clock, swung the pendulum to ticking again.

"Shows how absent-minded I am," she said, smiling at him in friendly fashion.

She went to the fireplace, threw on some wood, and watched it as it flickered, died down, and then broke out into a cheerful blaze. Shorty, baffled, sat back and awaited developments.

"Don't you think that's lots pleasanter than a stove?" she asked. She drew up a couple of rocking-chairs, and

motioned to her visitor to take one. "Rocking-chairs are so much more sociable," she said. She looked around for the cat and called him. "Come, Sir Thomas!"

She smoothed out the apron in her lap, but Sir Thomas walked past her and over to Shorty. He rubbed his sides against Shorty's legs, and finally jumped upon the young man's knee.

"Well, if I ever see the beat of that!" the old lady cried. "He never takes to strangers. You must be a real nice man, and good to animals. Dumb beasts have some way of tellin' that we don't sense."

"You're off this time, pussy," Shorty said softly, stroking the cat rather awkwardly.

"Now," the old lady went on, "I want you to tell me where you've been. Mis' Brown says you're a great traveler. I get awful tired sometimes of livin' in the same place the way I have for years. Have you ever been in a tropical country?"

"Yes," answered Shorty. "I spends my winters in a warm climate, and my summers in a cool one. It's easy when you knows how."

"Of course," she said, "it's easy for a man, for he can always find work and get money, and then when he wants a change all he has to do is to pack up and go. Did you ever see oranges growing?"

"Sure," he answered, "and I've lived on 'em for days at a time."

Apparently she did not hear his reply. Her eyes had a far-away look in them, and she talked on as though unconscious of his presence.

"Palms," she said, "waving in a spice laden breeze—when and where have I seen them, for I know I have; and flowers that were wasteful of their bloom and perfume, and orange blossoms, I wore some once—in which of my lives have I known some place so different from this——?" Then she stopped, to find Shorty looking at her curiously.

"You think up so many strange things when you've been deaf twenty years," she said apologetically, "you get so that you live in a world of your own. I suppose you think that is terrible queer talk, don't you?"

Shorty arose to the occasion.

"No, marm," he answered. "Some folks might say as how you was buggy, but I don't." But to Sir Thomas on his lap, he softly confided a different opinion. "She's as crazy as a loon, ain't she?" he said.

She leaned forward and stirred the burning wood.

"How harmless it is when you're master of it," she said, "and how dretful when it gets the upper hand! Did you ever see a big fire?"

"Yes, plenty of 'em," he said sullenly. Then he looked queerly at her. "This house would burn like tinder, it's so old."

She shuddered.

"I know 'twould. Sometimes I dream of it, and wake up scared 'most to death. But I don't know, after all, what I'd do in any other place. Brother and I have always lived here, and worked all our lives to get it clear, so we could feel that we had a home of our own to die in. Two or three times we've been close to it, and some bad luck would strike us; but I guess to-morrow will see us free from debt. I suppose Mr. Brown sent you over to see about it. You can tell him that the money will be ready for him. We've got three hundred in the house, and brother has gone after the rest."

He leaned forward.

"Ain't ye afraid ter stay here alone with it?" he asked.

"No," she answered quietly.

His eyes narrowed, and his face took on an evil look.

"What would hender a body from givin' you one blow on the head an' makin' off with it?" he said in a low voice—too low to be heard by a deaf woman.

The hand that lowered the ear-trumpet seemed to tremble ever so slightly.

"I believe in gettin' what you give in this world," the old lady said slowly; "and I never meaningly hurt anything or anybody in my life. Why should anybody want to hurt me?"

She looked at him steadily, and with a smile. He sat back and rubbed his hand across his forehead, which was moist with perspiration.

"No, marm," he said, "I don't believe anybody would want ter hurt ye."

"And yet," she said, "you see this little scar on my face?" She touched it with

her forefinger. "We took in a poor, homeless lad once, and tried to do our best for him, but he got angry with me one day, and threw his knife at me. After that he disappeared, and I never saw him again. I've wondered lots of times what became of him. He was a fine, tall lad, and he had the sweetest tenor voice you ever heard."

A great light broke over Shorty, and many things were made clear to him, even to the "jog" in the pantry.

"Yes, marm, he has," he said eagerly.

She looked at him in mild surprise.

"I guess I didn't understand you," she said.

"I said—if you say so—he has," stammered Shorty.

She arose and started toward the kitchen.

"I'm going to get some doughnuts and cider," she said. "We always have a little lunch in the evening."

She went out and closed the door behind her. Shorty turned hastily toward the cupboard above his head. Sir Thomas, disturbed in his nap, arose, arched his back, opened his mouth in a prodigious yawn, and rubbed his head affectionately against Shorty's arm. The young man dropped him unceremoniously to the floor, and rose quickly and stealthily. He took hold of the small knob of the door, and tried to open it, but it resisted all his efforts. Hearing a slight noise, he growled an oath under his breath, and sat down on the settee beneath.

"Was you noticin' what a queer knob that is?" she asked.

"Yes'm," he said easily. "I'm allers noticin' locks."

She put some plates and glasses on the table, then went to the cupboard.

"My uncle used to be forever inventing something," she said, "and this is one of his ideas. I'll show you how it works." She touched a hidden spring in the side, and the door flew open. Then she closed it again. "That would puzzle a burglar, wouldn't it?" she said with a laugh, then went back into the kitchen, to return in a few seconds with the doughnuts and cider.

Shorty, supperless, ate hungrily. Without ceremony he finished the last crumb, and drank the last drop.

"I s'pose I must be movin'," he said.

He stood up, and nervously drew the edges of his cap through his fingers. For obvious reasons he couldn't go out the way he came in.

She looked him over.

"You're dressed thin," she said. "I guess you didn't know how chilly it gets these fall evenings." She stepped to a nail and took down a blue and white tippet. "I'll give this to you, and you needn't bring it back. I just love to knit 'em." She put it around his neck, and drew his coat together. "I should know you hadn't been to Mis' Brown's long," she said, "for she's a master hand at mendin'."

She took the candle, walked ahead of Shorty through the door by which she had entered earlier in the evening, down the length of the front entry, and showed him the way out. She held the candle above her head, that he might see.

"There's two steps," she said.

When he was on the ground, a disappointing sense of his failure came over him.

"Good night," she said cordially, and turned slowly and shut the door.

He walked briskly down the path, as a guest should, and clicked the gate noisily behind him. Then he laughed to himself.

"Since when have I ben out of a gate that way?" he said.

But when he looked around for the shortest route to the haystack, an uneasy feeling took possession of him. He wondered what Sandy would say. His hand stole into his pocket, and closed around the handle of the six-shooter. It gave him a feeling of security.

Sandy was pacing restlessly back and forth when Shorty reached him.

"You've been gone long enough ter rob the Bank of England," he growled. "Did ye git it?"

"No," said Shorty, "I didn't. I knows I ain't any Sunday-school kid, but I wouldn't send nobody on a job as I was ashamed ter do myself ter rob a poor, ol' hard-workin' woman what hain't heard a word for twenty years 'cept through an ear-trumpet!"

Then his momentary bravado left him, and in its place came an unreasoning terror of his companion. He put himself on the defensive to ward off, as best

he might, the vicious onslaught that he expected; but to his surprise Sandy only stared at him.

"Ye didn't go up to the big, white house at the end of this stone wall?"

"Yes, I did," said Shorty.

"And saw an ol' lady with gray curls behind her ears?"

"Yes."

"And a little scar on one cheek?"

"Yes," answered Shorty once more.

Sandy fell back against the hay, and began to laugh uproariously.

"She's done ye up brown!" he said, between his spasms of mirth. "She ain't no more deaf 'n you be. It's a quarter of a mile up there, and I'll bet she's listenin' ter me this minute, laffin' fit ter bust her sides. She's a smart one. They've allers had that trumpet—it's what they calls a heirloom." But gradually anger took the place of his merriment. He sprang to his feet. "She's had plenty of fun wid you, but she'll find it's business when I git there! Confound her," he said savagely, "I'll put a mark on her other cheek!"

Sandy took a couple of strides, and then stopped. He was looking into the muzzle of the six-shooter, and behind it, grim and very determined, was his small partner.

"Whatcher doin'?" he asked in amazement.

"If she could make a dead game play of that sort, when she must hev knowed what I wuz there fer, I takes off my hat to her, and she ain't a goin' ter be molested no more this night," said Shorty firmly.

"Oh, she ain't!" Sandy sneered. "I wonder who's goin' ter stop me?"

"I be," said Shorty.

He stood erect; the old hangdog, slouching look was gone, and his jaw was set square and determined. Sandy looked at his partner in dumfounded amazement.

A little later, two men were walking down the river road. The larger slouched along with head down, and hands thrust deep into his ragged pockets. Behind, alert and easy, with one end of a home-made tippet waving in the night wind, walked the smaller, and from his right hand there still protruded the persuasive end of a six-shooter.



JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON

AN ESTIMATE OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH PAINTER AND SCULPTOR
WHO WAS FOR NEARLY SIXTY YEARS A LEADING FIGURE IN THE
WORLD OF ART

"ART," says Muther, "is a great wheel in perpetual motion." How far and how fast it may move within the lifetime of a single generation, the career of many a painter has shown—none more clearly than that of Jean Léon Gérôme.

For more than half a century Gérôme was an important figure, personally and

professionally, in the artistic world of the city that ranks as the capital of modern art—from 1847, when he made a sensational success with his first Salon picture, to the very hour of his death in January, 1904. He began his career as an innovator, an iconoclast. He appeared in the field like a young warrior

EDITOR'S NOTE—The first years of the twentieth century have witnessed the death of many of the great men who helped to make the history of nineteenth-century art—among them Gérôme, Bouguereau, Henner, and Benjamin-Constant, in France; Menzel and Lenbach, in Germany; Watts, in England; and the American, Whistler. The passing of this remarkable group of painters within so brief a space has suggested the preparation of a series of articles on their work, of which the present paper is the first.

whose bugle sounded a new and unfamiliar call, and whose lance was pointed at the armor-plated citadel of conservatism. Before his work ended, the situa-

art was bound only sixty years ago. The formal traditions of David and the Vernets ruled supreme. There was indeed some strife between the so-called



"REMBRANDT IN HIS STUDIO"

From the painting by Jean Léon Gérôme, by permission of Gouffé & Company, Paris

tion had completely changed. He had become the defender of the fortress against the attacks of newer and more daring assailants, whose tactics he disapproved and whose weapons he did not care to use.

It is not easy for us to realize the strength of the fetters in which French

classic and romantic schools, but both were united in teaching that art should deal only with the great, the heroic, the lofty. The whole field of contemporary life, they declared, could not provide any worthy subject for the painter; nature was not to be studied, except through the strict rules of scholasticism.



"POLICE VERSO"—THE VESTAL VIRGINS REFUSING MERCY TO A DEFEATED GLADIATOR IN THE COLISEUM
 From the painting by Jean-Léon Gérôme, by permission of Goupil & Co., Paris



THE MUEZZIN ONE OF GÉRÔME'S MANY STUDIES OF ORIENTAL LIFE

From the painting by Jean Léon Gérôme, by permission of Gouffil & Company, Paris

The great modern upheaval was at hand, but there was no sign of it in the marketplace. The famous Parisian teachers—Picot, Delaroche, Cogniet, and the rest—were turning out such well-trained pupils as Cabanel, Bouguereau, and Meissonier to maintain their standards. Landscape painting, as we understand the term, scarcely existed; it was not until 1849 that Millet and Jacque settled in Barbizon and began to expose

their simple transcripts of rural life to the ridicule of the critics. Realism was unknown, impressionism undreamed of, the manifold experiments of latter-day painters impossible.

GÉRÔME'S FIRST SALON PICTURE

This was the world in which Gérôme appeared with the best technical training of the day—he was a pupil of Delaroche, and devotedly attached to his master—

but also with a highly original mind, a keen eye for nature, an intense respect for truth, and a distinct sense of humor. It was inevitable that he should be dissatisfied with some of the accepted traditions of the art world. At nineteen he had gone to Italy, in search of outdoor life and health, and had spent a year there, partly in Rome and partly in the coun-

try, where he tramped about on foot with a knapsack on his back, making studies of landscape, architecture, peasants, animals—everything that he saw. Going back to Paris and entering for the Prix de Rome, he was placed at the head of the list for sketching, but failed in figure work. It was characteristic of his love of thoroughness that in order to remedy



"CLEOPATRA APPEARING BEFORE CAESAR"

From the painting by Jean Léon Gérôme, by permission of Gouffé & Company, Paris



GUARDIANS OF THE CAMP

From the painting by Jean-Léon Gérôme, by permission of Goupil & Company, Paris

his weakness, he promptly devoted himself to a special study of the nude; and this determined the subject of his first exhibition picture. Its theme was classical, but it was no pretentious group of kings or warriors—merely an incident of every-day life, showing a Greek boy and girl, a quarrelsome pair of gamecocks, and in the distance a glimpse of the blue Egean.

"It has a style, an originality," Delaroche told him, when he showed his work to his former teacher. "Exhibit it!"

So the young painter submitted it for the Salon. Not only was it accepted, but it won a medal and was purchased for the government collection in the Luxembourg. Gérôme records that its success greatly astonished him—so much so that he wondered whether the praises of the critics might not be an elaborate sarcasm.

To-day, when the "painted anecdote" is an old story, it seems strange to read what no less an authority than Théophile Gautier said of this picture:

Let us mark this happy year with white, for a painter is born to us. His name is

Gérôme—I tell it to you to-day, and predict that to-morrow it will be famous.

Nevertheless, the young painter deserved the éclat that attended his début. The doctrine that he expounded was a new one, though not so strange or revolutionary as to repel its hearers, as did the unconventional gospel that was soon to be preached by the missionaries of Barbizon. "Study Phidias—always Phidias—nothing but Phidias" had been the text of Delaroche's orthodox discourses. "Study nature," added Delaroche's pupil. Such was his consistent practise and profession, though his experiments never led him beyond limits which we have come to regard as narrow.

A CAREFUL STUDENT OF NATURE

At more points than one, however, Gérôme's work has passed into the fabric of modern art. For instance, no exhibition jury nowadays would accept an incorrectly drawn picture of a horse; and we scarcely realize that the artists of a century ago never drew one correctly. They depicted a peculiar quadruped tra-



"THE TWO MAJESTIES OF THE DESERT"

From the painting by Jean Léon Gérôme. By permission of Goupil & Co., Paris

ditionally supposed to be a fitting mount for their august sovereigns and their victorious generals. Gérôme was the first, or at any rate one of the first, to attack this ridiculous convention. He pointed out

Gérôme did no small amount of hard work in investigating this one branch of that universal knowledge of nature to which he conscientiously aspired.

"To be a good painter or sculptor of



"FREDERICK THE GREAT"

From the statuette by Jean-Léon Gérôme, by permission of Tiffany & Company, New York

that though the ancient Greeks knew how to model a horse of good proportions and true action, for hundreds of years the greatest painters had been content with mere "bales of wool perched on four legs." Géricault and the Vernets had done a little better, but not much; their steed always had an impossibly small head, and they had no definite idea of the animal's movements.

It takes courage to attack an established tradition, and patience and pertinacity to prove an unfamiliar truth. Though not specially a painter of horses,

the horse," he said, "a man must be something of a horse-dealer, and still more of a centaur." Early in his career he went to Newmarket, the great English turf center, to watch thoroughbreds in training. "Not without surprise," he records, "I saw under each horse's body what had the effect of a revolving wheel. Said I to myself, 'I must try to represent that wheel'; and on my return home I made a series of sketches of the successive actions in a canter, from the fullest extension of the legs to the instant when they are gathered up under the horse. I

traced my drawings, and, laying the tracings one above another, I had the exact effect."

This seems to have been an anticipation of work that has since been done by the snapshot camera. Very possibly the camera did it better; but it is scarcely likely that a pupil of Delaroche and a professor at the Beaux Arts would use that prosaic but unerring mechanism.

Gérôme was equally conscientious in everything he did. He frequented the *Jardin des Plantes* to make studies of all sorts of wild animals. Once he was sketching the lions and tigers in a traveling menagerie, when the proprietress told him that next day she was going to leave Paris. The artist was so much interested in his work that he went off into the country with the show. "It was reported that I had eloped with the lady," he says. "She was seventy years of age. What spiteful tongues!"

His preparatory work for his paintings was often as elaborate as Meissonier's. For "*Pollice Verso*," which is perhaps the most famous of all his canvases, he relates that he succeeded in collecting "documents" for almost every detail of the picture. For instance, he had casts made of Roman helmets, greaves, and bucklers, which he coated with metal, so as to make them exact duplicates of the originals. Dressed in these, his models for the figures in the foreground were to all intents and purposes actual gladiators.

Gérôme owed his fame in some measure to considerations apart from the purely artistic merit of his works. He was a scholar and a gentleman, a commanding and distinguished personality, a natural leader in his profession. A painstaking and successful teacher, he commanded the respect and the affection of the army of pupils who studied under him during his long service at the Beaux Arts.

He was clever, too, in his choice of striking and effective subjects—as he showed, for instance, in his "*Death of Ney*." This graphic depiction of the marshal's shameful death as a traitor stirred Paris deeply, and brought the painter a challenge from the great soldier's son. At the Salon of the same year (1868) he excited the wrath of certain ecclesiastical critics by his impressive but unconventional treatment of

the Crucifixion in his picture called "*Consummatum Est*."

In the last twenty years of his life he devoted himself mainly to sculpture, a branch of art that had always attracted him strongly. He said himself that he had remained a painter largely for financial reasons:

"I had a large family to support, and sculpture is not remunerative."

His first work in this line, a group of gladiators similar to the central figures in "*Pollice Verso*," and called by the same title, was shown at the international exhibition held in Paris in 1878. Later he made some interesting and, on the whole, decidedly successful experiments in tinted sculpture—the revival of a very ancient art—and in the use of ivory, glass, and other more or less unusual materials. He records that a series of equestrian statuettes—of which "*Frederick the Great*," shown in the engraving on the opposite page, is a sample—interested him more than any other work he ever undertook.

With the recent tendencies of painting Gérôme had little sympathy. "It seems to me," he wrote in his later years, "that we are a little too near the earth. In an exhibition of two thousand pictures you may see many canvases well painted and of a truthful and striking appearance, but you may deem yourself fortunate if you run across two or three works that appeal to your heart and soul. Too many painters have abandoned themselves to realism—to commonplace and unintelligent realism; this has killed the spirit, and poetry has fled to the heavens."

The rolling wheels of the chariot of art had moved by the painter who was once a leader and an innovator. To the most modern critics, Gérôme's work belongs to a bygone school. We find it formal, hard, lacking in verve and temperamental force. There is neither poetry nor passion in his calm, correct compositions. Yet we cannot but admire his skillful and scholarly technique, his excellent drawing, his studious thoroughness and care, his fine eye for form and color. We must recognize in him a gracious and courtly figure among the artists of the nineteenth century, a master who will always hold a place in the annals of painting.

THE ARCHDEACON

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY E. M. ASHE

FOR fully an hour Captain Black had been sorting over the papers of the late brig London Lass. At last he returned them to their box, twirled his mustaches, and went on deck. The mate was standing by the man at the wheel; most of the crew were forward of the galley, under an awning, and the big sails of the schooner were drawing comfortably.

"Colonel McTavish," said the captain—and that was surely an odd title by which to address a mate—"will you be so kind as to let the crew know that I wish to say a few words to them?"

The officer—colonel or mate, who cares?—after glancing inquiringly at the commander, stepped forward to the break of the low poop and bawled to the crew to gather aft. They did so with alacrity; and a remarkable looking crew they were. Captain Black moved forward until he was abreast of McTavish, and bowed.

"My friends," he said, "we've been hard at work a matter of five months, and we've prospered according to our deserts; but, as some of you were doubtless instructed at school, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Now what do you say to an honest holiday ashore in the peaceful island of Bados—a week of harmless amusement in an English settlement as the care-free Jacks of the good brig London Lass?"

McTavish chuckled; the men stared and grinned and nudged one another.

"The idea came to me," continued Captain Black, "while I was looking over the papers of that late lamented brig. Some of you may have noticed—though the night was remarkably rough and dark, I must admit—that there was an archdeacon of the Established

Church of England aboard the London Lass. Well, lads, I intend spending my run ashore as that venerable archdeacon. You need not smile, for I was born a gentleman, and bred a scholar until my twenty-fourth year. The colonel here will take command as Captain Duff, and Welsh Harry will put on more appropriate attire and remember that he is Mr. Small, mate of the London Lass."

He paused for a moment, smiling down at the delighted and wondering crew. Then, turning to the man beside him, he added, in a higher voice:

"And now, Captain Duff, while handing over the ship to you, let me remind you that we have a complete set of yards stowed below; also that the big gun will lie very nicely under the ballast, and that the side-arms and pistols of the men will be safe in the locker on the starboard side of our cabin."

He turned on his heel, and the crew cheered and hurried forward. For the next six hours the schooner, as she drifted alone in that blue sea, rang with the honest sounds of labor—the cheery shouting of orders, the creaking of block and tackle, hammering aloft and alow, and the patter of naked feet along the deck. Her great fore-and-aft sails were hauled down, and booms, gaffs, and canvas were hidden away. Her long gun in the bows went down the hatch to a temporary grave in the ballast of sand. By sunset she filled square sails for Bados, an honest merchant brig in quest of a cargo of sugar.

II

THE London Lass was cordially welcomed in Bados. It was her first visit to the island. Even the merchant to whom she was consigned had never set

eyes on her before. The lines of her hull were greatly admired, old salts maintaining that she had been built for speed rather than for carrying capacity; but so much exception was taken to the clumsy appearance of her spars by those same meddling experts that Captain Duff confessed to having been caught off his guard by a hurricane and deprived of some of his yards and rigging.

The brig brought letters from home for many of the residents of the island; and the Ven. Archdeacon Cummings had a letter of introduction to the governor from no less a person than the Lord Bishop of Oxford. The letter stated that the archdeacon was making a voyage for his health, after several years of hard work and severe study.

The archdeacon did not look like either a hard student or an invalid. Everything about him suggested the man of action rather than reflection. Though his face was guiltless of hair, the skin of his upper lip looked tender and pale compared to the dusky, weather-stained condition of his cheeks and chin. In fact, any one with half an eye could see that the shaving of the upper lip was but a recently acquired practise with the reverend gentleman. The governor noticed it, and, being proud of his powers of observation, mentioned it to his guest—for the passenger of the brig had become a guest at Government House immediately upon presenting his letter.

The archdeacon smiled, and glanced from the governor to the governor's daughter. That young lady, who was braving a chance of yellow fever and a certainty of homesickness for love of her father, was seated at the head of the breakfast-table, with her eyes on the stranger.

"I wore mustaches on the voyage, your excellency," he replied, "thereby saving myself a deal of razor-work, and at the same time satisfying an old desire I had to know how I'd look as a Spaniard or Frenchman."

The young lady smiled. The youthful but venerable cleric was human, after all.

"And how did you look, sir?" asked the governor.

"Like a pirate, I assure you," replied the other, with a chuckle.

"Good!" cried the governor, helping himself to a trifle more pepper-pot. "But," he added, "I don't suppose you've ever seen a pirate?"

The guest considered the question, his eyes bent on a slim, white hand beside the coffee-urn.

"Why, no, I have never seen a pirate," he replied reflectively; "though on the voyage out we sighted a topsail which, so the honest Duff maintained, belonged to a piratical craft of some sort. The manner in which the terrified crew crowded on sail was vastly exciting."

His excellency nodded.

"Maybe you'd have found it vastly more exciting if Duff had not been wise enough to crowd on sail," he said seriously. "Why, sir," he continued, "the Main and the Caribbean are overrun with cutthroats—aye, and north to Newfoundland, I hear. I'll venture to say that the cloth would not avail you in such company—for the devils don't respect even defenseless womanhood."

For a moment the color fled the archdeacon's face.

"Can it be?" he cried. "And yet," he continued, "it was common talk aboard the London Lass that the commander of one of the most notorious of these vessels had, on three separate occasions, turned away from his intended victims on finding that there were women aboard."

"I've heard something of the kind," replied the governor; "but stap me if I believe a word of it!"

The other looked at the lady, and for a second their glances met. Strangely perturbed, he turned again to the governor.

"For my part, your excellency," he said, "I'm eager to believe any good I may hear of these misguided rascals."

"The best of them are thieves and murderers," replied the governor; "and as for the worst"—he set his jaws and growled—"I'd want no more satisfactory decorations for these gardens," he added, staring out of the French windows, "than the body of a pirate strung by the neck to every tree!"

The lady shuddered at so dreadful a suggestion. The archdeacon again changed color.

"I protest," he said with averted face.

"Such a sentiment is downright unchristian, sir!"

"Fiddle-de-dee," replied his excellency, drawing a damask napkin across his lips.

"Sir?" inquired the cleric.

"Oh, I don't mean to be disrespectful," cried the governor. "This talk of charity toward pirates is all well enough from a scholar and a clergyman, I have no doubt; but I've sailed in a king's ship since I was nine years old. I've seen their devilish work, and I've sent more than one of their damned schooners to hell! Unchristian I may be, but practical I surely am, and I'll hang 'em whenever I catch 'em!"

"They are the possessors of immortal souls," said the archdeacon softly.

The governor pushed his chair back from the table, laughed good-naturedly, and laid a weather-reddened hand on his guest's shoulder.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "we'll not argue the point. You stick to your colors and I'll stick to mine." The other winced ever so slightly at that. "Your concern would be with their souls," added the sailor-magistrate, "while mine is with their necks!"

Six days passed very quietly. The members of the brig's crew were on their best behavior, and enjoyed many harmless jaunts ashore, while Captain Duff and Mr. Small swaggered about the wharf and the merchant's offices and procrastinated over the shipping of the cargo; and in the social life of the place the Ven. Archdeacon Cummings was the man of the hour. Breakfasts, dinners, and card-parties were given in his honor. The governor's daughter organized a picnic to the hills, and the governor issued invitations to a state reception. The garrison mess was open to the interesting visitor; and many were the rides which he enjoyed with the governor's daughter, across the brown savannas and up the white hillside paths.

One morning, while returning, loose-reined, from one of these excursions, a black pig scrambled out from its rooting-ground in a thicket and dashed, squealing, under the nose of the archdeacon's mount. The high-fettled pony reared, swerved, and galloped down the hill with empty saddle and clashing

stirrups-iron. The archdeacon lay white and still below the path, on a jumble of rocks.

With a piteous cry the lady dismounted and hurried to her companion's side. She lifted the unconscious head from the rocks to her tender knee, tore off her gloves, and pressed her fingers to the unheeding brow. A young negro looked down at her from the path.

"Bring me a calabash of water," she cried.

In a minute the fellow was back. She sent him to mind her pony. Then, with deft but hesitating fingers, she unfastened the collar and breast of the archdeacon's tunic; and there, high up on the white and muscular chest, were tattooed the pictures of a schooner and a gallows-tree.

"What does it mean?" she whispered. "What does it mean?"

Suddenly her eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled; and she remembered how, during dinner the night before, this strange young dignitary of the church, this new friend, had forgotten the name of the Archbishop of York. Was he an impostor? And if an impostor, what else?

Very tenderly she bathed the forehead, neck, and breast of the unconscious man. Her attitude was of protection—of wonderful pity and protection for the hurt friend, so strong as to banish for the moment all trace of self-pity and dismay.

The archdeacon at last moved his head a little and opened his eyes upon the beautiful face bent so compassionately above him. With wonder he gazed up at the rounded chin, the foreshortened curves of the young cheeks, the eyes darkened with emotion, and the wayward glory of hair. And so, for what was no more than a few seconds by the clock's count of time, each looked into the other's heart. Then the man's wan face flooded red, and the tired eyes shone.

"Pedro threw you," said the girl; and as she spoke her fingers worked quickly and lightly about his neck and breast.

"I am not hurt," he replied, and reluctantly raised his head from its resting-place.

For a moment the hillside fields, the

windmill on the opposite slope, and the cocoanut trees below, reeled and spun in his vision. A grinding pain went through his left shoulder; but he got doggedly to his feet and turned to her with his right hand outstretched, his face drawn with pain. She sprang up lightly, just touching the proffered hand.

"You are brave," she said.

Just then he felt the moisture on his breast, and saw the calabash, with a little water still in it, on the ground.

"My God!" he cried. "My dear lady, have I not desperate need of courage? Have not the lost and tortured souls, who look across from hell to the bright gates of heaven, need to be brave?"

Now the girl seemed to be the sufferer. Standing weakly, she covered her face with her hands.

"Forbear," he whispered. "Would you add another torture to the just punishment of the damned?"

"Give me your hand," she said. "We must help each other up to the path."

The man would not ride, so they led the pony between them. At the gate of the Government House gardens they paused, just out of ear-shot of the sentry.

"I must breakfast aboard the—brig," he said. "Will you make my excuses to his excellency?"

She bowed her head.

"You—you will not sail to-day," she whispered. "You will still be brave. You will remember that I am your friend."

The alleged archdeacon found the converted brig against the wharf, with both hatches off, and great, oozy sacks of sugar descending into her hold. In the after-cabin he found Captain Duff.

"What d'ye think of this?" inquired the present commander. "I couldn't keep them off an hour longer, and they think I'm crazy for takin' it in atop of the ballast. Who's to pay for the stinkin' stuff? An' what the divil are we goin' to do with it?"

The other stepped close to him.

"Don't worry about that, McTavish," he whispered; "but take a look at my shoulder. I think it is broken."

McTavish, or Duff, or whatever you are pleased to call him, knew a thing or two about broken bones. He had broken enough of them in his dark career, heaven knows! He stripped his friend

to the waist and prodded with his crafty fingers, to the accompaniment of his victim's suppressed groans.

"Nothing broke," he said at last, "but a devilish pretty twist!"

"I wish it had been my neck!" said the archdeacon sincerely; and for a while he sat moodily on the starboard locker. "We must clear out of this," he said presently. Getting to his feet, he unlocked a cupboard set in the vessel's side, and hauled out two bags of gold. "Don't take any more cargo than you can help," he said, "and have it all in by noon to-morrow. Pay for it out of this money of mine—and I would to God this holiday had cost me no more!"

That night—it was a dark night—the king's sloop-of-war *Swallow* entered the bay. She brought a new governor for Bados, and promotion—the governorship of Acadia, no less—for the former chief magistrate. And before daylight the brig *London Lass* slipped out to sea.

III

BADOS was but a low cloud on the horizon when Captain Black ascended from his cabin and requested McTavish to muster the crew aft. They gathered quickly, twenty-two barefooted, mahogany-faced mariners, clad in the scanty and unassuming attire of the honest merchant marine. Even their facial expressions seemed to be milder than of old. For a full half minute their commander gazed down at them, his shaven lips pressed tight, his eyes wide and somber.

"My friends," he said at last, "we have had our run ashore, like honest sailormen, and now we must count the costs. You, I venture to say, have spent little, and have got your money's worth. For my own part, I am the poorer by the price of a cargo of sugar; but that was part of the play. We'll heave it overboard before sunset."

He paused for a moment, and brushed his hand across his forehead.

"I wish to be honest with you," he continued. "Ye've seen my black heart. Ye've seen my hands red with human blood and yellow with gold. Ye've seen me risk my life for a friend and send innocent men, unprepared, defenseless, to their Almighty God. Ye've known me to nurse a shipmate day and night; and

turn away from a fat prize because of the flutter of a petticoat aboard—aye, and at the risk of mutiny. But did you think I had a heart for love—a heart for tears—inside my devil's carcass?"

Again he paused, staring hard at the wondering and silent crew. He bent nearer them.

"I am done with the high seas," he said; "and I wish to God I were done with life. If I had lived honest—aye, though I were poor—happiness would lie in my hand; happiness beyond the comprehension of your blood-stained souls!" He straightened himself and laughed harshly. "The Tree of Knowledge grows in Bados," he said; "and I have tasted of it and am eager for death."

The fellows murmured, their faces drawn with concern. McTavish eyed the speaker with a look of understanding and pity.

Suddenly, an inspiration came to the captain like spark to powder.

"My heart is set on one last fight before I go ashore and turn my back on cutlas and spar. D'ye know St. Kitts and the French forts? There, in an honest fight against odds and against England's enemies, I'd forget, maybe till Judgment Day, my life of crime—and my holiday in the island astern. You may land your treasure where you will; and before we go into action I'll pay you the price of the schooner out of my own pocket. If I die in the fight, all that I have aboard this craft is to be shared fairly among you; if I live, then all I ask is a passage to the American coast and a few hundred pounds to keep me from starvation—for I've no trade save this accursed one of murder and robbery."

McTavish stepped down among the crew. They clustered around him, whispering, nodding, and rolling oaths from their lips in subdued undertones. They broke into little groups, only to gather again about the mate. Presently McTavish looked up at the captain.

"St. Kitts an' a fair fight let it be," he said; "but we'll all go into it with willing hearts, an' every man jack of us will help pay the damage accordin' to his ratin'."

The good sugar of Bados went over the side, a sweetening to the bitter waters

of the Caribbean and a wonder to the deep-sea fishes. The extra yards were lowered to the deck and the big fore-and-aft sails, with their gaffs and booms, were replaced. The long gun was dug from its grave in the ballast, winched up the forward hatch, and set in its old place.

The schooner sailed northward until, on a bright morning, the towering, wooded peaks of Dominica broke the horizon. She hung off all day, but at sunset ran close in and let go her anchor. Under cover of night the long-boat made four trips ashore, and a wealth of gems and gold and silver was buried under the roots of the tangled forest. Dawn was flaring along the eastern sea when she got her anchor up and headed northwest for St. Kitts, on a light but steady wind.

About an hour after cabin breakfast a sail was sighted directly astern. Within ten minutes another and larger flake of canvas grew on the horizon and drove over. Sail was shortened on the schooner, and a dozen spy-glasses—for such gear collects on a craft of this kind—were trained astern.

"A sloop and a frigate," said Captain Black.

At that moment a sudden cloud of smoke dimmed the hulls of the two ships; and presently the dull thunder of the broadsides reached the schooner.

"They're both at it, hammer and tongs," said McTavish. "France and England, of course," he added.

"We'll look into it," replied the captain.

The schooner fell off and raced around on the wind. Extra sails were run up. Like a creature of brain and sinew she sped to join the unequal combat. The sloop was none other than the English Swallow, which carried sixteen guns, eight to a broadside, while the French vessel which had overtaken her and forced her to fight was a frigate with a battery of forty guns.

Two red ensigns were pulled from the schooner's flag-locker. One was run up to the fore-peak and the other to the main-gaff.

"Here's the flag to fight under!" roared McTavish; and as lusty a cheer went up from that desperate crew as ever broke from the throats of honest mariners.

Though the captain of the Swallow was fighting with courage and skill, mindful of his distinguished charges in the cabin, the odds of the game were too heavily against him. When he became suddenly aware of a schooner—a topsail schooner she would be called nowadays—hanging off at long-gun range, with red ensigns snapping, he wondered, but took heart.

"What d'ye make of the schooner?" he asked the navigating lieutenant.

That officer shook his head, being also new to the West Indies; but an ancient warrant-officer turned to them.

"I've chased un afore now," said he. "The Jolly Roger be her colors, whatever she be a flying to-day!"

At that moment the great gun in the schooner's bow spoke for the first time; and at that inextinguishable voice of command the mizzenmast of the French frigate, with its weight of yards, toppled to a snapping of cordage and crashed over the poop. A cheer went up from the sloop, and was answered by the fast-approaching schooner. The gun-work aboard the frigate slackened while the wreckage was being cleared.

The schooner flew down upon them; and as she passed under the stern of the sloop a gentleman on her poop-deck, clad in spotless white, and with a cutlas in his hand, shouted:

"Boarders away!"

Twenty men from the schooner, headed by the gentleman in white, went over the larboard side of the frigate just five minutes before fifty men from the sloop scrambled over the starboard side. The Frenchmen, back to back and still in superior numbers, fought valiantly for their ship and their country. But the men from the schooner attacked with a zest that seemed madness, a desperation that took no count of odds. Every stroke at a ready and eager foe seemed to wipe from their souls the memory of some former evil deed. Every man of that terrible fellowship felt, he knew not why, that more than a sea-victory lay in the winning of the battle. He fought for hope—for something which, years ago, had seemed worth dying for. And across the clashing of the blades he heard the shouts of his own countrymen.

When it was all over, the commander

of the Swallow and his passenger, the former Governor of Bados, went aboard the schooner. McTavish, his great head tied up in a sodden cloth, met them under the break of the poop.

"Ye'll remember, gentlemen," said he, "that the captain is a dyin' man this minute, with a hole in his ribs ye could put yer fist into."

The governor bowed and stepped into the low and narrow passage. The youthful commander paused for a second, and touched McTavish diffidently on the shoulder.

"You saved me my ship," he whispered, and passed on.

They found the captain of the schooner prone on a locker in his little cabin. He was bandaged from waist to armpits; and the shadow of death was already on lip and brow. A great fellow with rings in his ears knelt on the deck, his face bowed against the edge of the locker.

"It was good of you to come," said the wounded man, with his dark eyes on the visitors. "I want to ask you to do what you can for—for those of my men who still live."

"They shall receive the king's pardon," said the governor.

"And can your excellency forgive me—for so abusing your hospitality?" asked the other.

The old gentleman cleared his throat. "Tut, tut!" he murmured.

Captain Black closed his eyes for a second, and his features were twisted with agony.

"My poor fellow——" began the governor compassionately. He leaned across the kneeling mariner. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "Have you no last word for some one?"

"Give my—eternal homage—to your——"

The word faded between the ashen lips. A tremor shook the torn frame; and, with both hands grasping the hands of the man kneeling beside him, the captain drew his last breath.

For a minute only the sobbing of the ruffian with the earrings broke the stillness. Then the governor turned to the commander of the Swallow:

"Don't ye think, now, that a prayer of some kind would—would not be out of place?" he whispered hoarsely.

HOW CAN WE BETTER OUR SPELLING?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

CHAIRMAN OF THE SIMPLIFIED SPELLING BOARD

THE CHIEF WEAKNESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, AND THE GREATEST OBSTACLE TO ITS GENERAL ADOPTION AS THE WORLD LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE, IS ITS CHAOTIC AND UNPRACTICAL SPELLING—WHAT CAN WE DO TO PROMOTE ORTHOGRAPHICAL REFORM?

IT would be an immense boon to the whole world if a single language was now spoken by all the chief peoples. The ease of intercourse which has always existed between Great Britain and the United States would be extended to all other nations. A single world language would make commerce easier; it would spread knowledge more rapidly; it would help rival countries to understand one another better; it would lessen the likelihood of war; it would tend toward the brotherhood of man; and it would have untold advantages needless to point out.

Once and again has there been a world language. When the whole of civilization was included in the Peace of Rome, Latin was understood by every man of importance on all the shores of the Mediterranean; and with Latin any one could go anywhere and talk with anybody. For a thousand years and more Latin was really the world language; but at last the Roman Empire fell apart, and the several modern languages won the right to exist. In time the idea of nationality gave intensity to their expansion, and sharpened the rivalry of the peoples that spoke them.

Again, when Louis XIV was at the height of his power, French bid fair to take precedence of every tongue. For a

century and a half it was the language of literature, as it was the language of courts. In French, Gibbon composed his first book; and the great Frederick wrote French in preference to his own ruder German. French held the foremost place until the sunset of Waterloo; and then its chance of establishing itself finally as a world language, as the successor of Latin, departed forever. The sea power of England had conquered; and for a hundred years the French have had to look on while the stock that has English for its mother tongue has gone on expanding.

THE ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGES

Of late so clear has been the need of a language familiar to all men, whatever their native tongue, that many attempts have been made to devise an artificial speech, easy to acquire and fitted for universal use. Volapük was one of these; and for a while it attracted wide attention. Esperanto is another, more popular for the moment; but its vogue will also be fleeting. An artificial language is not likely to have the simple directness of a speech that has been made by the people who use it, shaping it to their necessities thru the long centuries. But even if any artificial language had all the merits claimed for it

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The spellings recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board are followed thruout this article. It will be noticed that the departures from generally accepted usages are few and slight.

by its inventor, this would not help it. Nothing is more certain than that the majority of mankind can never be made to learn an artificial language.

History shows us that it is not by reason of its own excellence that a language spreads abroad and is spoken by increasing millions. Latin did not drive out Greek because it was a better instrument for conveying human thought, but because the Romans were a sturdier stock than the Greeks—because they had shortened their swords and enlarged their boundaries. Nor did French once bid fair to extend itself all over Europe and half over North America because it was a nobler tongue than Italian or Spanish, but because of the character of the French themselves, the valor of their soldiers, and the skill of their diplomatists. If there is ever again to be a world language, it will be no artificial tongue made for the purpose; it will be the native speech of a masterful race, reaching out to the corners of the earth, as the French did two hundred years ago and as the Romans did two thousand years ago.

THE EXPANSION OF OUR LANGUAGE

If there is to be a world language in the future, it will be English. That much is certain. English may fail to win world-wide acceptance; it may see its opportunity slip out of its hands. But if not English, then there will not be a world language. English is already the speech of two great nations—the two which are most vigorously expanding. Those who have it for a native tongue already far outnumber those who speak French and those who speak German added together; and they are also more rapidly increasing. On the continent of Europe, English seems to be slowly taking the place of French as that second language without which a man cannot consider himself educated. And what is even more significant, it is beginning to be adopted in preference to their own native tongue by authors belonging to the lesser nationalities—Maarten Maartens, for example, and Joseph Conrad.

If our own speech is to become the world language of the future, this will not be due to its own merits but to the vitality and to the energy of the peoples

that speak it. Yet as a matter of fact, English is, on the whole, better fitted for this honor than any of the rival tongues. It is a language of surpassing richness, with a double vocabulary, partly Romance and partly Teutonic. It has a marvelous power of absorbing needed words from every other language, dead or alive. It has the gift of refreshing itself, of keeping itself ever fit for all the varied uses of a race at once intensely practical and fundamentally imaginative. Above all, it is the most advanced language in its structure, in that it has rid itself of most of the grammatical complexities, the declensions and the conjugations, the arbitrary genders and agreements, which still cumber every other tongue. English may not be quite grammarless; but it is far nearer to that goal of simplicity than any of its rivals. Therefore is it easy to learn by ear, by word of mouth.

WHERE ENGLISH LAGS BEHIND

In one respect, and in one respect only, does English lag behind the other modern languages. Its spelling is barbaric, chaotic, unscientific. Its alphabet has several letters which are useless; and it is without letters needed to represent several sounds. What is worse, the same letter has often to represent several different sounds; and the same sound is often represented by several different letters or combinations of letters. For example, the same sound is represented by *r*, by *rh*, and by *wr*, in *rat*, *rhyme*, and *wrong*. Another sound is represented by *n*, by *kn*, by *gn*, by *pn*, and by *mn*, in *now*, *knowledge*, *gnaw*, *pneumonia*, and *mnemonic*. One vowel-sound is found masquerading in twelve different disguises—*oh*, *owe*, *row*, *roe*, *note*, *boar*, *floor*, *soul*, *sew*, *beau*, *haut-boy*, *yeoman*.

These casual examples are evidence that the late Bishop Thirlwall was not without warrant when he denounced "the established system, if an accidental custom may be so called, as a mass of anomalies, the growth of ignorance and chance, equally repugnant to good taste and to common sense." We may go farther and declare that our established spelling causes a waste of time to every man who has to write and a waste of

money to every man who has to print. It is a cruel hardship to our children when they are forced to master it; and, what is wickeder still, it does them harm, in that it violates all those principles of logic which the teacher is ever trying to train his pupils to apply. And it deters foreigners from attempting our tongue, since the task of learning to read and write English is appallingly difficult, altho they find it easy enough to learn to speak English so long as they use their ears only and resolutely close their eyes to our misfit orthography.

It is our spelling which is the chief obstacle to the adoption of English as a world language. Grammatically, English is the fittest tongue for the future; orthographically, it is the least available. The spelling of Spanish is absolutely phonetic, and that of Italian is almost phonetic. Altho the spelling of French and of German is not as scientific or as satisfactory as that of Spanish or Italian, still it is far simpler than ours, since the variations from the strictly phonetic are fairly regular and reducible to rule. Quite recently, also, the orthography of both these languages has been still further simplified—a fact not without significance when we remember that French and German are the foremost commercial rivals of English. Our own language has spread in spite of this disadvantage; and there has been no concerted movement to remedy the defect. Truly it is most astonishing that the two most practical peoples, the Americans and the British, should so long have rested content with an impractical orthography.

THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY

That is the situation now; and the immediate question is, "What are we going to do about it?" The evil is flagrant. What is the remedy?

The answer would be easy enough if we who speak English were logical and radical. We should reform our orthography altogether. We should readjust the alphabet, casting out the three useless letters—*c*, *q*, and *x*—and restricting every letter to a single sound. We should then add new letters to represent the remaining sounds. We should first provide ourselves with an alphabet

which would permit us to spell phonetically; and, second, we should make our spelling absolutely phonetic.

This is the course which has been advocated by the late Max Müller and by other distinguished students of language. But they have not reckoned with the fact that we who speak English are not radical or logical, and that we are intensely conservative. However desirable a perfect phonetic spelling may be, in practise it is hopelessly unattainable. As a people we are always hostile to any project of root-and-branch reform; and to advocate the immediate overturning of our orthography and the remaking of our alphabet will lead only to vanity and vexation of spirit. It is not practical politics.

But if scientific phonetic reform is impracticable, is not some improvement possible, less radical, yet still scientific? Some thirty years ago the philological societies, which contain the most learned students of language in the United States and in Great Britain, were moved to action. They urged a long series of changes in our spelling, and they drew up a list of rules to guide those who were willing to follow their advice. Their recommendations were excellent; but they proved to be ineffective, because the scholars who made them had overestimated the general interest in orthographic improvement; and because they had suggested more than the public was ready to accept at once. They asked for too much and they got too little. The average man, even if he wanted to make spelling easier, was too busy to be bothered with learning a set of rules.

Yet the action of these scholars was not without influence. It pointed out the path of progress. It set men thinking; and it won over many scattered sympathizers. It might have had more obvious results, if it had been supported by an organization. Perhaps, too, it would have been more favorably received if attention had been called to the fact that it was not an innovation, but merely an effort to help along a movement toward a more accurate spelling which has been evident in every period of the history of English. The public might have been instructed that our spelling has never been fixed; that it has always

abridgment	cropt	fixt	naturalize	silvan
accouter	crost	flavor	neighbor	simitar
accurst	crusht	fulfil	niter	sipt
acknowledgment	cue	fulness	nipt	skilful
address	curst	gage	ocher	sithe
adz	cutlas	gazel	odor	skipt
affixt	cyclopedia	gelatin	offense	slipt
altho	dactyl	gild	omelet	smolder
anapest	dasht	gipsy	opprest	snapt
anemia	decalog	gloze	orthopedic	somber
anesthesia	defense	glycerin	paleography	specter
anesthetic	demagog	good-by	paleolithic	splendor
antipyrin	demeanor	gram	paleontology	stedfast
antitoxin	deposit	gript	paleozoic	stept
apothem	deprest	harbor	paraffin	stopt
apprize	develop	harken	parlor	strest
arbor	dieresis	heapt	partizan	stript
archeology	dike	hematin	past (not passed)	subpena
ardor	dipt	hiccup	patronize	succor
armor	discust	hock	pedagog	suffixt
artizan	dispatch	homeopathy	pedobaptist	sulfate
assize	distil	homonym	phenix	sulfur
ax	distrest	honor	phenomenon	sumac
bans	dolor	humor	plow	supprest
bark	domicil	husht	polyp	surprize
behavior	draft	hypotenuse	possest	synonym
blest	dram	idolize	practise	tabor
blusht	drest	imprest	prefixt	tapt
brazen	dript	instil	prenomen	teazel
brazier	droopt	jail	prest	tenor
bun	dropt	judgment	pretense	theater
bur	dulness	kist (not kissed)	preterit	tho
caliber	ecumenical	labor	pretermitt	thoro
caliper	edile	lacrimal	primeval	thorofare
candor	egis	lapt	proiest	thoroly
carest	enamor	lasht	program	thru
catalog	encyclopedia	leapt	prolog	thruout
catechize	endeavor	legalize	propt	tipt
center	envelop	license	pur	topt
chapt	Eolian	licorice	quartet	tost
check	eon	liter	questor	transgrest
checker	eponym	lodgment	quintet	trapt
chimera	epaulet	lookt	rancor	tript
civilize	era	lopt	rapt	tumor
clamor	esophagus	luster	raze	valor
clangor	esthetic	mama	recognize	vapor
clapt	esthetics	maneuver	reconnoiter	vext
claspt	estivate	materialize	rigor	vigor
clipt	ether	meager	rime	vizor
clue	etiology	medieval	ript	wagon
coeval	exorcize	meter	rumor	washt
color	exprest	mist (not missed)	saber	whipt
colter	figot	miter	saltpeter	whisky
commixt	fantasm	mixt	savior	wilful
comprest	fantasy	mold	septer	winkt
comprize	fantom	molder	septet	wisht
confest	favor	molding	sepulcher	wo
controller	favorite	moldy	sextet	woful
coquet	fervor	molt		woolen
criticize	fiber	mullen		wrapt

THREE HUNDRED SIMPLIFIED SPELLINGS—This list contains three hundred common words that may be spelled in more than one way. The Simplified Spelling Board urges that all who write the English language should in all cases adopt the simplest possible form, as printed above. In some instances these simplified orthographies are already in common use; in others they still appear unusual and unfamiliar.

been tending to better itself very slowly. There have always been divergences of usage; and there has never been any standard orthography unhesitatingly accepted by all.

SPELLING IS NOT IMMUTABLE

Those who oppose any change are wont to assert that there is a standard orthography, and that the spelling which was good enough for Shakespeare and for Scott ought to be good enough for us. Yet we all know that our orthography has changed since Chaucer. We should know also that it has been steadily simplifying itself, and that the spelling of Dryden is not the spelling of Shakespeare and that the spelling of Lord Macaulay is not that of Dr. Johnson. We might know that Coleridge and Lamb, Landor and Tennyson, deliberately departed from the usage of the majority and spelt certain words as they saw fit. We might assure ourselves that altho there has been a general acceptance in every century of certain spellings, there has never been unanimous usage.

We ought to get it into our heads that there has never been any authority which had the right or the power to declare what was or was not proper orthography. The dictionaries can but record usage; they register only; they do not decree. And the dictionaries record divergent usages to-day as they did yesterday and as they will to-morrow. There is no standard orthography now which every man must accept, and there never has been any such standard. Within reason, every man has a right to spell as he sees fit—the right exercised freely by Landor and by Tennyson. Every one dissatisfied with our unscientific spelling has the privilege of choosing for himself a simpler method; and the more of us who reveal the courage to exercise this right the sooner will our spelling be bettered.

The divergent spellings registered in the dictionaries are probably two or three thousand. They are the record of the fact that our orthography has been changing steadily even if slowly. As to many of these, the American public has made its choice, finally preferring *ax* to *axe*, *bark* to *barque*, *check* to *cheque*, *cue*

to *queue*, *dram* to *drachm*, *fantasy* to *phantasy*, *jail* to *gaol*, *licorice* to *liquorice*, *plow* to *plough*, *wagon* to *waggon*. As to many more it is still a little in doubt, altho the simpler form is supplanting the more complex; and the preference is apparently for *anesthetic*, not *anæsthetic*; for *apothem*, not *apothegm*; for *controller*, not *comptroller*; for *cyclopedia*, not *cyclopædia*; for *maneuver*, not *manœuvre*; for *technic*, not *technique*; for *program*, not *programme*; and for *quartet*, not *quartette*. As to a third group, including *catalog*, *rime*, *sulfur*, *sulfate*, *tho*, and *altho*, the most that can be said is that the simpler forms are getting to be familiar, and that they no longer look queer; but they have not yet been accepted by the majority.

The spellings of this third group are not yet generally recognized by the dictionaries; those of the two earlier groups are advocated by the latest editions of the chief American dictionaries. The Americans are wont to accept the dictionary as an authority, but its maker, however advanced his own opinion may be, has really no authority of his own; he can only record usage, expressing his own preference for that form which seems to him best. He is not a law-maker for the language; he is only the register of its actual condition at the moment. He has no warrant to change any spelling, however much he may think it ought to be changed. The most he can do is to set down at once any improvement adopted even by only a few scholars.

To remove the fear of those timid souls who think that the English language will be injured by spelling reform, it may be well to say that the men who know most about the subject—the editors of the leading American dictionaries—are all in favor of simpler spelling, and that they are swift to record any simplification which gets into use. If this simplification seems an improvement, they are glad to lend it the weight of their approval; and as a result every new dictionary is a little in advance of its predecessors, and every new edition takes a stride ahead. Any one who likes to have dictionary authority for his spelling has only to buy the latest edition

to have its approval of a host of simplifications.

WHAT EACH ONE OF US CAN DO

This, then, is one thing which every one of us can do to help make English fitted for its future as the world language—we can inform ourselves as to the words now spelt in two ways, and we can adopt the simpler of the two. Lists of these double spellings can be found at the back of the dictionaries; and a selection of some three hundred “common words spelt in two or more ways” has been prepared by the Simplified Spelling Board, to be sent free on application to its office, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

These simpler spellings are no longer innovations. They are all supported by the weight of the Simplified Spelling Board, including the editors of the three leading American dictionaries; and they are all certain to establish themselves in the future. We can every one of us hasten the day of this general adoption by accepting them ourselves now, once and for all. We can use them in our private correspondence. We can employ them in our public advertisements. We can get them taught in the schools. We can urge them upon editors and publishers. And we can keep our minds free from prejudice and ready to accept still other simplifications when the time shall come to take the next step in advance.

In the meanwhile we can protest

against the absurd snobbery of certain stationers who seem to think it superior to spell *honour* with a superfluous *u*. And we can lose no opportunity of voicing our dissatisfaction with the practise of certain publishers who have taken to printing American books by American writers for American readers in accordance with rules of British printing-offices, a back-number orthography which we find to-day even in school-books intended for American children. It was worse than foolish to force American youth to accustom itself to antiquated spellings, which have been disapproved in England by almost every British scholar of distinction who has spoken on the subject.

It is perhaps needful to note here that, altho the present organized effort to simplify our spelling has had its origin in the United States, it is sure of the support of all enlightened students of the language in Great Britain. The British have been slow to take action, but those best equipped feel the need of it as keenly as we do. For example, Mr. Gladstone once declared that if he had been younger, he would be glad to lead such a movement. And Dr. Murray, the editor of the Oxford Dictionary, that monumental storehouse of information about the history of our language, has been frank in urging the rational reformation of our orthography. He told Mr. Carnegie that the dictionary he was editing was an arsenal of weapons for the fight in behalf of a better spelling.

FORWARD

LET me not lingeringly eye askance
 The far-off pleasant other path foregone,
 To ponder what I might have been or done
 Amid the setting of a kindlier chance;
 Nor let me covet aught of circumstance,
 Nor ask of peril when the quest is on,
 More than the dimly shining goal unwon,
 The heart to front it, and the forward lance.

Once more to set the course, and once again
 To down the craven questionings, to end
 The doubtful vigil, to have done with fears
 And wavering hours that foredoom the years;
 It is the soul's unwearied, steady trend
 That builds the deed of nations and of men.

Russell H. Loines

THE BROKEN QUARANTINE

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES M. RELYEA

IT was a very melancholy day. The rain had left little gravelly puddles along the driveway, and Bertram's most promising firecrackers expired in a damp and dejected hiss. Here and there an unwary angle-worm had come up to drink and stayed to drown. Bertram had gone out with an umbrella and succeeded in rescuing some of them, when *mademoiselle*, hiding in the library from the aggressive patriotism of the neighborhood, had come out and foiled his humane designs.

Bertram was sulky. It didn't rain like this at Beach Head, he thought savagely, sticking the blistered fingers of one hand into the pocket of his small white bloomers. Moreover, when it rained there one could have his bathing-suit on, and play in the puddles on the beach. It was exactly like the Curtises and the Stillwagons and the Mabons to have the measles. Personally, he would have preferred measles to this precaution of banishment to the city with *mademoiselle*. Nothing in the way of being shut in a dark room, with a trained nurse and a glass thermometer, seemed half as unbearable as the Fourth of July without mother to tie up his burned fingers, or father to send up balloons which Bertram himself had helped to inflate.

In the dismantled library *mademoiselle* was asleep, her head jerking forward in an alarming manner. Everywhere there was an amazing smell of soap and hot water and brass polish, and in the late afternoon light the drawing-room, with its chairs reaching out their white-covered arms, and the very pictures on the walls hidden mysteriously behind blue and white checked gingham, was terrifying, to say the least.

Finally, Bertram went to the kitchen

for companionship, and watched Norah preparing his bread-and-milk supper. She fixed the tray with practised hands.

"That's about the last clean napkin," she said, half to herself. "Goodness help us if they don't bring some clean napkins from the shore. Where's *madamzelle*?"

"She's asleep," said Bertram, eying the comfort of the kitchen and Norah's good-humored face wistfully. "I wish you'd let me eat my supper here, Norah. Mother is coming in the morning, but just now I'm a little lonely."

"Then ye shall," said Norah heartily, drawing a chair to the kitchen table. And there Bertram ate, looking over the edge of his blue bread-and-milk bowl, which was almost on a level with his chin, to watch the preparations for *mademoiselle's* dinner.

When he had finished, the sun had come out, sending watery yellow gleams slanting through the kitchen window, turning the dingy nickel plate of the alarm clock to dazzling silver, throwing into prominence the black letters on the blue-and-white jars marked "Tea," "Ginger," and "Allspice." Outside, the desultory shooting had become a steady fusillade; the snapping varied now and then by the booming of a dynamite cracker. When the noise became more than usually appalling, Norah frowned and shut the window.

"Who's doin' it I don't know," she said, "with every family in three squares out of town, and the orphans shut up with scarlet fever. I wish the Fourth of July came in the middle of Christmas week, when we could shut up the doors and windows!"

Bertram slipped out of his chair and tugged at the knot of his bib.

"Thank you, Norah," he said soberly. "I'm not so lonely now."

Mademoiselle had wakened from her nap, and with one foot asleep had limped up-stairs to dress. She was in a very bad humor. Beach Head, with its hours of leisure and French novels, while Bertram dug in the warm sand, had been much to her taste. Beach Head being temporarily impossible, *mademoiselle* did not object to the city house, with its cool rooms and its daily drive in the park. But across the street was the orphan asylum, the only blot on the scutcheon of that aristocratic neighborhood, and on its door, flaming red in the rays of the sun, was a rectangular piece of scarlet cardboard, at once a warning and a menace—a bit of color that seemed to follow *mademoiselle* into every corner of her room, bringing two vertical lines between her well-cared-for eyebrows. For scarlet fever at the orphan asylum, mild as chickenpox though it be, meant the farm!—the farm, Bertram's delight, a charming place for producing eggs and butter and fresh vegetables, but as a summer residence for *mademoiselle*! She hooked her collar with a jerk, and looked out of the window.

"Bare-tram!" she called. "I wish no holes burned in ze blouse!"

Mademoiselle was occasionally called upon to darn the damaged white suits; as to burned fingers she was less solicitous; they repaired themselves, in time.

Bertram nodded. He was looking just then at the asylum yard. For years the Ridgeview orphans had been a bone over which the different factions of the neighborhood had quarreled furiously. They were divided into two sections—the charitable and generally elderly board of lady managers, whose children were well past the measles and scarlatina period, and who found the asylum's present location central and easily accessible; and the parents of the vicinity, whose children were still at the susceptible age, and who saw in every outbreak of whooping-cough and chickenpox a menace to their peace of mind. Nursery governesses were instructed to choose the opposite side of the street, and babies in perambulators were taken along the other square. Fortunately, the most serious outbreaks at the asylum had

occurred during the summer, when the neighborhood was almost deserted—fortunately, that is, for every one but the orphans.

Mrs. Theodore Van Court had been the leader of the anti-asylum party. Bertram could not remember a time when he had not been told to shun the orphans. Indignant conferences over the telephone had given him the impression that beyond the iron fence were germs, countless thousands of them, much like caterpillars in size and shape, waiting an opportunity to drop from trees or to crawl through the fence, and to lodge on unsuspecting small boys who happened to be passing with their governesses. Thus the asylum possessed for him the awful attraction of danger. When *mademoiselle* called, he was gazing, with much the fascination exerted on a youthful mind by the possibilities of a hornets' nest, at a procession of the germ-producers coming down the back steps.

The orphans came, two by two, down the big stone steps; first the girls, their hair in tight braids, their blue dresses identical, seam for seam; then the boys, in little gray trousers and blouses cut from the same web as the girls' dresses. They were very solemn and self-conscious. Not every orphan asylum could boast of scarlet fever and measles at the same time, and a policeman on the front steps to keep people out. Also, having been shut in all day, they had been told to breathe deep and hold their heads up, so the procession was of unwonted dignity, each small pair of shoulders held rigidly erect, every pair of lungs obediently inflated to bursting before they were explosively emptied.

Bertram was fascinated. Orphans playing in their brick-paved back yard were nothing new; but these were quarantined orphans, and he recognized the importance they had assumed. The small boy with red hair, who sometimes called "Hello!" to him through the fence, now gazed stonily ahead, his chest thrown out, his face flushed with importance and the exertion of the one-two-three breathing exercise.

The children marched around the quadrangle three times; then, led by the teacher, they went up the steps, past the

triumphant red sign, and into the dimness of the big building beyond. Bertram, from the sidewalk, gazed after them regretfully. Then he saw that the boy with the red hair had not gone in. He had stopped near the fence, in flagrant violation of the rules, and was now occupied in hanging by his feet from the iron railing.

"We're quarantined!" he called, his voice somewhat throaty from his position.

"What's that?" Bertram asked, crossing the street slowly.

The red-haired boy got cautiously down, wiping his hands on the lining of his pockets.

"It's fun," he said. "There's a policeman on the front steps, and the groceries and meat and ice is all left at the gate. Then we carry them in. Ten of us has scarlet fever, and two measles."

A boy rode by on a bicycle, throwing torpedoes right and left. One flew into the asylum yard and lay there uninjured; the red-haired boy pounced on it, and exploded it with his heel.

"We're not having any firecrackers," he said, "not this year."

"Here," said Bertram, turning out his pockets, "you can have these. I'm tired of them, anyhow."

The red-haired boy looked apprehensively toward the windows.

"They're having prayers, I guess," he said finally. "All right!"

For the next fifteen minutes the truant exulted in his birthright. No one seemed to have noticed his defection, so he made whizzers and squibs; he held crackers in his fingers until they exploded, or tossed them, at the critical moment, to explode in the air. He made up the day's arrears of enjoyment in that brief quarter of an hour. Then, with his face powder-streaked and perspiring, he grinned at Bertram through the fence.

"Come on in," he said hospitably. "If you can get your head through, the rest's easy. Come on!"

Bertram looked around. There were no germs to be seen, probably the rain had drowned them, like the angleworms. He worked his head through cautiously; with a little assistance from the red-haired boy, his body followed, little horizontal streaks of black being

left along his white blouse. From this vantage-point he looked back at the house across the street. In the fast-approaching twilight its curtainless windows were gloomy and cheerless. Bertram turned his back to it and looked toward the asylum. From some open windows on the lower floor came the shrill voices of the orphans as they marched up-stairs.

"Onward, Christian soldiers," they sang lustily.

The truant outside began to look uncomfortable.

"They're going up to bed," he said dubiously, looking at his guest. "I guess I'd better go too."

"Oh, look!" cried Bertram, as a small girl down the street, unable to wait for darkness, stepped to the curb and began to wave a Roman candle in quick, jerky little circles.

The result was not brilliant, but as a promise of glories to come it was satisfying. Bertram drew a long breath.

"That's nothing," said the red-haired boy. "Just wait till dark. Why, from our windows last Fourth there was more rockets than you could count, goin' up at the same time, and red fire and green fire, and Roman candles and balloons, and over across the river they had the Fall of Pompeii and George Washington."

"We always have fireworks at Beach Head," said Bertram modestly, "but we never have the fall of anything, or George Washington."

"I'll tell you what." The red-haired boy leaned over confidentially. "You come on in with me. We can get up easy, and then you can look out the window too. Oh, there's another!"

A tall rocket rose hissing from somewhere beyond the asylum, bent its head gracefully, and with a little report sent down a shower of red and blue stars, their colors still pale against the evening sky. Bertram watched with his mouth open; then he looked at the rows of heads beginning to show at the upper windows of the building.

"I guess I'll go up and look out," he said, and with his hands in his pockets he followed his guide across the yard, past the scarlet sign and into the building.



BERTRAM'S BREAKFAST WAS CARRIED OVER BY NORAH AND SERVED THROUGH THE FENCE BY A
VERY MEEK AND TEARFUL MADEMOISELLE

For the sake of coolness the lights in the long halls were turned low; from the nurseries came bursts of suppressed chatter and occasionally a less suppressed wail. One corridor was shut off from the main hall with a temporary partition, and the red-haired boy walked as far as possible from it. But they met no one, and their entrance into the dormitory up-stairs, which under ordinary circumstances would have thrown two dozen small boys into the greatest excitement, to-night faded into insignificance beside the counting of paper balloons, now fish, now flesh—in the shape of a portly, swaying elephant—and now fowl, which rose unsteadily above the housetops, circled dizzily, threatening every moment to go up in a flash of flame, and then, caught by a fortunate breeze, sailed off majestically, growing smaller and fainter, until even the children's keen eyes failed to distinguish them.

The red-haired boy led the way between the rows of white beds to the far end of the dormitory.

"Here's a good place," he said, "right by my bed. There's a man on that street down there that owns a fireworks store, and he sends off the things he don't want to keep for next year. Last Fourth a fellow got his thumb 'most blown off there. It's a fine place to see, isn't it?"

Bertram leaned his elbows on the sill and looked out. It was almost dark now. The city lights came on, long parallel lines of bluish dots, stretching from the hill which the asylum crowned to the river, and beyond the river, where the dots were smaller and the lines seemed to converge in the misty, luminous distance. It was very beautiful. When a particularly large rocket went up across the river, and sent a shower of wriggling golden fish down into the black water, the children were in raptures.

"Look!" they said. "The little fish knew where to go, didn't they?"

By leaning over, Bertram could look down and see the policeman on the front steps. A crowd of boys came down the street, carrying a huge, red-covered cylinder, with a fuse at the end. They looked up at the rows of faces in the

windows, put down the cylinder near the policeman, lit the fuse, and ran away noisily. Bertram held his breath and put his fingers in his ears; but the resulting explosion was a tiny, feeble crack, and the boys, running back with derisive shouts, shouldered the piece of stove-pipe, and started for new fields to conquer.

In every direction, now, rockets blazed; the heated night air was aquiver with sound and color, while up to the little watchers in the upper windows floated the indescribable noises of a city at play. A launch beat up the river, its engine throbbing against the current, its wake a blaze of red and green fire. Somewhere, far away, a fire-bell tolled quickly. The children had an inspiring glimpse of dashing horses, and of a brass cylinder that vomited black smoke and sparks as it whirled along.

After a time the red and green and gold glories began to pall. Bertram sat down on the red-haired boy's little white bed and yawned. The crowds at the windows had thinned perceptibly, and here and there small boys were drowsily unlacing shoes, or tugging at the fastenings of suspenders. It was evident that discipline had been relaxed for this one night.

"My legs are tired," Bertram explained with another yawn, "and I've been looking so long my eyes ache. I have to shut them a minute."

He rubbed them vigorously, and looked at his red-haired friend. Gradually the orphan's flamboyant crown became a red light on a very tall stick; he seemed, curiously enough, to have four eyes and no nose to speak of. Then, with a little sigh, Bertram dropped his head on the pillow, and was immediately asleep.

An hour or so later, the man who owned a fireworks establishment having disposed of his superfluous stock, the neighborhood settled to something like quiet. The red-haired boy undressed quietly, put his clothes, with the precision of asylum training, on the chair beside his bed, and crept in beside Bertram. And there they slept, a bit moist from their close quarters, perhaps, but comfortably, dreamlessly. The night watchman, who tiptoed into the dormi-

tory toward early morning and put out the light, did not notice that there were twenty-five small, sleep-flushed faces instead of twenty-four; so all through that long night *mademoiselle* sat, white and tense, in the library across the street, with its ghostly covered furniture, waiting for the message the police did not bring, while in the kitchen Norah sobbed out her Irish heart over a blue and white bread-and-milk bowl.

II

MRS. VAN COURT was a very indignant and perplexed young mother as she stepped out of the coast express that morning and gave her trunk-check to a station porter. A twenty-four-hour-old paper from home had told her of the epidemic at the asylum.

"Very mild!" she stormed. "No serious cases! That means fewer precautions than ever. One thing I can do—that gate will be locked, and kept locked. And if I see any one going into that place, they will stay there. Between the managers and the board of health, they have never had a decently enforced quarantine!"

It was very early when the cab slowed down before the Van Court home. Mrs. Van Court got out and paid the man; then she deliberately walked across the street and shook the orphan asylum gate. It was locked, thank goodness—double-locked, with two massive padlocks. Then she stopped and gazed with horrified eyes at the asylum steps. A small boy was standing there, a boy in a crumpled linen suit, with small cotton socks slipping down around his ankles; a sleepy, confused little boy, with yellow hair and the crimson of the scarlet fever card forming a halo around his head.

"Bertram!" she called, shrilly, when she could find speech. "Come here instantly! What on earth are you doing there? How did you get in? What does *mademoiselle* mean by allowing such a thing? The gates are locked, too!" She shook them violently, but the padlocks merely rattled derisively. "Go back at once and bring some one to unlock this gate, or—no, don't do that. I don't want you to go into the asylum for anything. What am I going to do?" she groaned helplessly. "If they find

you there they'll keep you, perhaps for weeks. How did you get in?"

Bertram shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and put his hands in his pockets. It was the germs again, he knew that.

"I guess I slept there all night, mother," he said truthfully. "The red-haired boy——"

Mrs. Van Court grasped a rod of the fence with one spotlessly gloved hand, to steady herself.

"Wait until I see *mademoiselle*!" she choked. "How did you get in?"

"Through the fence," said Bertram, essaying a similar manner of exit.

Although the getting in had been simple enough, the getting out was entirely different. Somewhere along the line of fence there were probably two bars sufficiently apart to admit the passage of a plump little body; but Bertram could not find them. Half desperate, Mrs. Van Court went around to the front of the building and appealed to the night policeman, drowsing on the step.

"You'll have to see the board of health, ma'am," he said civilly. "The people around here is always complainin' that there's a leak in the quarantine, and it would cost me my place to let the little boy out."

Mrs. Van Court hurried back again, passed her handkerchief through the fence to Bertram, who was crying from hunger and a sense of exile, and ran over home. After a brief but somewhat heated interview with *mademoiselle* she called up the president of the board of lady managers.

"It's outrageous!" she protested. "The policeman refuses to let the child out, and he has had no breakfast. Please telephone at once to the asylum to have the gate opened."

The president of the board of lady managers had been roused from her morning sleep, and was not especially gracious.

"I'm afraid it's impossible, Mrs. Van Court," she said, with some asperity. "It is largely due to your efforts that the asylum is quarantined to this extent, and you remember, of course, the grocer's boy whom you reported during the diphtheria epidemic last winter for delivering groceries at the door instead of

the gate. He was kept there four weeks, I think."

Mrs. Van Court groaned.

"The cases are entirely different," she said icily. "I shall appeal to the board of health."

It was seven o'clock when she hung up the receiver and picked up the telephone book. But central told her that the board of health offices did not open until nine. The two hours until that time passed endlessly. Bertram's breakfast was carried over by Norah and served through the fence by a very meek and tearful *mademoiselle*. At nine thirty an inspector from the health office came down, and, influenced by the Van Court name, allowed the prisoner to be released, and temporarily quarantined in his home across the street. But through all that day's stress of fumigating and disinfecting, of temperature-taking, doctors' visits, and strained relations with *mademoiselle*, Bertram talked of the orphans, of the red-haired boy, of the

twenty-four white beds, into which their owners tucked themselves without assistance, until insensibly Mrs. Van Court began to realize that some of the orphans' across the way were boys just as little and helpless as her own.

During the weeks that followed, when Bertram suffered no ill effect from his experience, thankfulness took the place of bare tolerance. In the autumn, the board of lady managers was electrified to receive from their former enemy a deed of her farm, "to be a summer home for children who have too little liberty in the city during hot weather."

The board of lady managers smiled, and elected Mrs. Van Court to fill the next vacancy. And Mrs. Van Court's first motion, carried unanimously, was that the present iron fence be taken down and replaced by one in which the bars were just two inches apart. Yet even this, as Bertram pointed out to *mademoiselle*, would still allow the smaller germs to get through.

DAY'S BIRTH

SING! Sing!

The birds are awake with the morn;
The golden-haired day-king is born;
Hail to the king!

The mother lies low on her bed;
About her soft glory is shed
From the young king.

The night, mystic mother of day,
Smiles sweetly, and passes away—
Leaves her bright king.

She gives up her life for his sake,
And he must her sacrifice take—
He, the rich king!

He builds her a funeral pyre;
Her couch is made splendid with fire
Sent from the king.

He bows low beside her to weep;
Her memory never will sleep
For the young king.

Sing! Sing,
Ye birds who awake with the morn!
The golden-haired day-king is born;
Hail to the king!

Robert Francis Allen

THE SEXES. IN THE UNITED STATES

BY WALTER F. WILLCOX

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

SOME INTERESTING DEDUCTIONS FROM THE FIGURES OF THE LAST UNITED STATES CENSUS—MEN ARE THE MAJORITY SEX, BUT WOMEN HAVE A LOWER AND MORE RAPIDLY DECREASING DEATH-RATE, AND ARE ADVANCING FASTER EDUCATIONALLY

"A COUNTRY'S civilization is measured by the consideration shown to its women." "Nowhere are women so highly esteemed as in the United States." Such boasts are often rolled under the patriotic tongues of our countrymen.

A cynical Frenchman has explained otherwise why America treats women well. "Women are highly esteemed in the United States," he says, "because they are so few; they command a scarcity value"; and within the sneer there lurks a grain of truth. Among persons of all ages in the United States the males outnumber females by more than a million and a half, or by a number almost equal to the entire population of Chicago in 1900.

But in the subject here to be considered, it is women and men that count—not babies or girls and boys; and one becomes a woman or a man when a marriageable age is reached. In this country marrying begins at about the age of fifteen years. Of several million girls between ten and fifteen years of age, only one in a thousand is married; of those between fifteen and twenty, one in ten is married. Among young men between fifteen and twenty about one in one hundred is married, but probably most of the other ninety-nine are dreaming about it. On the average, among one hundred persons at least fifteen years of age in the United States there are three more men

than women. In Montana and Wyoming there are two men for every woman, and among the whites of Alaska there are eleven men for every woman. The Frenchman might say that the opinion and practise of our frontier have long survived the conditions, now found only in Alaska, which gave them birth.

WHY MEN ARE IN A MAJORITY

How does this excess of men in the United States arise? People come to us in two ways—by birth and by migration. Among the babies born in 1900 the number of boys was probably about 60,000 greater than the number of girls, and among the immigrants landing on our shores during the same year there were 160,000 more males than females. These preponderances are typical of what is happening every year—each source of supply furnishes an excess of men.

But the proportion of the sexes at any time depends upon the balance of arrivals and departures. The departures by emigration are few enough to be ignored, but it is well known that the death-rate of females, like their birth-rate, is less than that of males. Deaths are recorded among about two-fifths of the population of the United States, and the results show that among males of all ages 190 in 10,000 die each year, among females of all ages only 166 in 10,000. As a resultant of the differences in numbers and the differences in death-rates

the number of males dying in the United States in the year 1900 probably exceeded by more than 130,000 the number of females who died.

The preponderance of men in the United States is due, then, to the fact that a decided majority both of babies born in the country and of immigrants arriving in the country are of the male sex. That it cannot be completely explained, as persons have sought to explain it, by the latter cause alone, appears from the fact that among the native population, disregarding the immigrants, there are 700,000 more males than females.

Notwithstanding this marked excess of males in the total population, there are two periods of life at which the reported number of women exceeds that of men. One period includes every year of age above eighty-one, and is due to the longer life of women, so that smaller numbers at the start yield larger numbers near the finish.

In savage or half-civilized communities not materially affected by migration males are usually more numerous than females. This is true, for example, of India and Japan, the Philippine Islands, Egypt, Greece, Cyprus, and the countries of the Balkan peninsula. In such countries women usually take their full share in the labor of producing food for the community, besides carrying the burden of producing children. This twofold strain upon their energies almost or quite counterbalances the greater vitality and tenacity of life with which they are endowed. But occidental civilization has done much to relieve women of these two burdens. In the United States, while four-fifths of the men and the boys at least ten years old are engaged in earning money, less than one-fifth of the women and girls are so occupied. To be sure, many of the wives and daughters who are not directly earning money work quite as hard as the men in their families, but they are not usually exposed to the same danger of accident or to the same competitive strain.

THE DEATH-RATES OF THE TWO SEXES

At the same time the grand developments of modern medicine and surgery have done much to decrease the suffer-

ing and the danger from childbirth. In both respects I believe that modern civilization has benefited women more than men. Perhaps no better evidence of it can be offered than figures giving the death-rates by sex in England and Wales from 1841 to 1891. Among males the average annual death-rate per 1,000 persons decreased from 23.11 to 20.22; among females the decrease was from 21.58 to 18.01. In forty years, therefore, the death-rate of males decreased about one-eighth and of females about one-sixth, and in consequence the difference between the death-rates of the two sexes was, in 1890, about one-half greater than it was forty years before.

In the United States we have figures only for ten years, and they do not apply to the total population, but only to a registration area which in 1890 included 31 per cent and in 1900 38 per cent of the population of the country. The death-rate of males fell in those ten years from 20.8 to 18.5 per thousand, and that of females from 19.0 to 16.6 per thousand, so that the difference in favor of females was slightly greater in 1900 than in 1890.

To this evidence it might be objected that the argument applies only to adults while the figures include persons of all ages and might be controlled by the very high mortality in infancy. But the English figures show that at almost every age period the death-rate of women has fallen in forty years more than the death-rate of men.

In the decade 1841-1850, inclusive, the death-rates were as follows: Age period, fifteen to nineteen—males, 7.05; females, 7.88. Age period, twenty to twenty-four—males, 9.50; females, 9.08. Age period, twenty-five to thirty-four—males, 9.94; females, 10.55. Age period, thirty-five to forty-four—males, 12.85; females, 12.91. Age period, forty-five to fifty-four—males, 18.22; females, 16.04.

In the decade 1881-1890, inclusive, the death-rates were as follows: Age period, fifteen to nineteen—males, 4.30; females, 4.40. Age period, twenty to twenty-four—males, 5.71; females, 5.51. Age period, twenty-five to thirty-four—males, 7.73; females, 7.34. Age period, thirty-five to forty-four—males, 12.35;

females, 10.55. Age period, forty-five to fifty-four—males, 19.28; females, 15.04.

The following table shows the relative changes of forty years:

DECREASE OF DEATH-RATE IN FORTY YEARS

Age Period	Males	Females
15-19	2.75	3.48
20-24	3.79	3.57
25-34	2.21	3.21
35-44	.50	2.36
45-54	[+1.06]	1.00

Does not this table prove that the reduction of the death-rate as a result of forty years of progress has benefited women more than men? Does it not show, also, that at every age except between fifteen and twenty—and only about one child in twenty is born of a mother still in her teens—the death-rate of women is less than that of men? Does it not show, furthermore, that in these early years the difference in vitality in favor of the young men has decreased rapidly in the course of forty years?

HOW FIGURES MAY SOMETIMES LIE

The other period, besides the years of age above eighty-one, at which more women are reported than men is early adult life. This includes in general the ages of fifteen to twenty-five and, more exactly, the following years of age: fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-five. The absence of twenty-one from this series is noteworthy. Notwithstanding the excess of women, amounting in all to about 125,000 at the ages immediately above and below twenty-one, there are about 40,000 more men than women at that year of age. Obviously many thousand young men report their age incorrectly in order that they may claim the privilege of voting. Probably many thousand young women in like manner report their age incorrectly in order that they may be enrolled among those eligible for matrimony.

Similar anomalies appear in the figures for other countries. In England there is a reported excess of women at the ages twenty-one to twenty-five, and in Cuba at the ages fifteen to seventeen. In the United States the reported excess of females appears among negroes as

early as fourteen, among the children of immigrants at fifteen, among the immigrants themselves (although a large majority of the immigrants of all ages are males) at sixteen, and among the children of the native whites at eighteen. These various ages in the several countries and classes correspond roughly with the ages at which marriage begins to be frequent.

WHY WOMEN GATHER IN THE CITIES

The female sex is not adapted to pioneer work. When a woman is living on the frontier, the fact is usually that she has chosen a husband and he has chosen the frontier. The affinity between men and the frontier caused a steady drift of men westward, leaving an excess of women in most of the Atlantic Coast States to balance an excess of men in the Far West. But just as our frontier practically disappeared, and it seemed as if the balance between the two sexes might be reestablished, a new magnet appeared in the city. In this case, curiously enough, and contrary to what seems to be the common opinion, the woman is most attracted. Notwithstanding the large excess of men in the entire country and the great number of them in evidence in an average city crowd, woman is the urban and man the rural sex.

In the 1,861 cities of the country combined—and this embraces every incorporated place of 2,500 inhabitants—there are 200,000 more females than males; in the rural districts there are 1,800,000 more males than females. In New York City, although the male immigrants landing there outnumber the female by more than 100,000 a year and the male births in the city probably outnumber the female by 2,500 a year, there are 25,000 more females than males.

The other two main immigrant ports are Boston and Baltimore, yet females outnumber males in the former by 11,000 and in the latter by 22,000. The same preponderance appears in most European cities; indeed, it constitutes a marked difference between the occidental and the oriental city. In Hong Kong nearly three-fourths of the population are male; in Calcutta, Bombay, and Manila nearly three-fifths. In this respect, as in others, St. Petersburg and

Moscow are oriental rather than occidental cities.

Probably the main reason for the excess of women in American cities is the field of employment open to them. More than a million and a quarter of women are at work in the United States as domestic servants; not far from one-fourth of the women earning money in all occupations combined. Newton, Massachusetts, has a larger proportion of women than any other city in the country, and Newton is preeminently a well-to-do residential city carrying on little manufacturing or trade. A minute study of cities shows that those wards with most women in the population are the residence sections.

But another influence may be at work. It has been claimed that the proportion of females at birth is slightly larger in cities than in country districts. The lack of birth records in the United States makes it impossible to test this claim directly, but it is true that among children under five years of age, too young for migration to have exercised any influence, the males are a little more numerous in cities than in the country.

WOMAN'S EDUCATIONAL ADVANCE

There has been a noteworthy change during recent years in the proportion of girls among the school children of the country. In 1890, 51 per cent of the school children were boys; in 1900 only 50 per cent. This seems a natural distribution until one remembers that the boys five to seventeen years of age in the country outnumber the girls by a quarter of a million. The significant comparison, therefore, is between the children of each sex in school and the total children of that sex.

At the earliest age nearly half the

children are in school, and there is no difference between the sexes. But after the age of ten is reached the proportion of girls in school is higher than that of boys, and during the ten years 1890 to 1900 the proportion of girls above ten who were in school increased and the proportion of boys decreased.

This change was especially marked in the oldest class. In 1890, among the persons over fifteen years of age who were in school or college, 53 per cent were boys; in 1900 only 49 per cent were boys. It is clear, then, that school education, and especially the education of high school and college, is being sought less now than ten years ago by boys and young men, and more now than ten years ago by girls and young women.

One result of this change appears in the statistics of illiteracy. It is still true, as it always has been, that there are more women than men who are unable to read and write. But this difference is rapidly decreasing.

	PER CENT ILLITERATE		
	Male	Female	Difference
1880	15.8	18.2	2.4
1890	12.4	14.4	2.0
1900	10.1	11.2	1.1

In the last twenty years it has decreased by one-half.

The young women of the country are now more generally able to read and write than the men of corresponding age. In 1890 the proportion of illiterate girls under twenty years of age was less than the proportion of boys; in 1900 the same was true among persons up to twenty-four years of age. If this trend of change continues for a generation, elementary and higher education will be possessed more generally by women than by men.

HUMANITY

It's the bad that's in the best of us
 Makes the saint so like the rest of us!
 It's the good in the darkest-curst of us
 Redeems and saves the worst of us!

It's the muddle of good and badness,
 It's the tangle of tears and gladness,
 It's the lunacy linked with sanity,
 That make and mock humanity!

Arthur Stringer

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

III—THE RISE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE

The Most Remarkable Career and the Most Striking Personality in the
History of Iron and Steel—How Andrew Carnegie, Beginning as a
Bobbin-Boy, Became a Stoker, a Telegrapher, and a Railroad
Superintendent; How He Entered the Iron Business, Be-
gan to Make Steel, and Fought His Way Through
Many Difficulties to Colossal Wealth and the
Mastery of a Great Industry

IF Andrew Carnegie could have chosen the date of his own birth, he could not have improved upon the year 1835. The raw materials out of which his steel empire was built—the Connellsville coke, the so-called Bessemer steel process, the Lake Superior ore, and the era of railroad-building—were not assembled until Mr. Carnegie was thirty-five years of age. Not until 1861 was the first solid tariff wall erected; and not until three years later came the first boom in the iron and steel trade. If his life had begun twenty years earlier or later, he would undoubtedly have missed the great opportunity which came to those born under his star.

Had he been born before the discovery of America, he would have been shut out of the iron and steel trade completely. He would not have been allowed to make so much as a horseshoe. During the Middle Ages no son of a

weaver, musician, barber, watchman, miller, tanner, shepherd, or tax-collector was permitted to enter the iron and steel guilds, which were for centuries very exclusive and aristocratic. The men who hammered steel and gold were the members of an industrial nobility, as distinctly separated from the other artisans below as they were from the nobles and courtiers above.

Andrew Carnegie was a child of poverty and discontent. His father, a weaver by occupation, a labor agitator by reputation, was described as one of the most "troublesome" street orators in the Scottish town of Dunfermline. His uncle, also, was a mob leader, who was on one occasion arrested and jailed for inflammatory talk. Young Andrew got no schooling after he was twelve, and very little before. In fact, he was doing his boyish best to gather "siller" years before he became a bobbin-boy in

This series of articles began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Allegheny City. When he was a youngster of ten, he and his cousin managed by doing odd jobs to save up four shillings and sixpence—a few cents more than a dollar. After much deliberation, they put their entire capital into a half box of oranges, which they peddled around to

the remainder of their stock at cost to the nearest shopkeeper.

THE CARNEGIES CROSS THE OCEAN

In 1848 the steam-loom was driving the hand-weavers of Scotland out of business and bringing misery to many



ANDREW CARNEGIE (ON THE LEFT), WITH HIS COUSIN, GEORGE N. LAUDER, AND THOMAS N. MILLER, ONE OF HIS FIRST PARTNERS IN THE IRON BUSINESS

From a photograph taken in Glasgow in August, 1862

the retail stores. This enterprise was so easy and profitable that next day they invested their money in gooseberries. But when the berries were only half sold, the boys ran into a crowd of roystering miners, who threatened to take away their berries. This frightened the two little fruit-jobbers into selling

a cottage. It is a peculiar coincidence that it was the new steel machinery that forced the elder Carnegie to emigrate to Pittsburgh, and that it was the younger Carnegie who afterward became the master of the new machinery and the American Emperor of Steel. The poverty-driven family—father, mother,

Andy, aged thirteen, and Tom, aged six—zigzagged across the ocean on the little schooner *Wiscasset* and reached port in forty-nine days. It would require fifteen *Wiscassets* to carry the load of a single one of the big ore boats that ply to day

a small shop next door. This shoemaker had a ten-year-old son named Harry. In the evenings the two little child workers, Andy and Harry, laid the foundation of a friendship and partnership that meant, in after life, power and fortune for both.

The Carnegies saved every possible cent, and when the father died, seven years later, they had bought and paid for the small black frame house in which they lived. After Andrew had been a bobbin-boy for a year, he was promoted to be stoker for a furnace in a cellar, with a raise in wages of sixty cents a week. He had partial charge of a small engine, and the work was hard and responsible. One evening his father came in with cheerful news.

"Andy, I ran across J. Douglas Reed to-day, who used to live in Dunfermline. He's doing well in the telegraph business here, and he says he'll give you a job as messenger boy at three dollars a week."

CARNEGIE IN A TELEGRAPH OFFICE

And so, when he was fifteen, Andrew climbed up out of his dark cellar and entered the gayer and more adventurous

world of commerce. Telegraph offices have always been notably good schools for the breeding of bright boys, and this particular office appears to have been a veritable Eton in this respect. Among the lads who sat beside Andrew Carnegie on the wooden bench were Robert Pitcairn, now one of the highest officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad; David McCargo, afterward superintendent of the Allegheny Railroad; and William C. Moreland, who became city attorney of Pittsburgh. The foreman in charge of these boys, Jacob H. Larcombe, is still



J. EDGAR THOMSON, THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, AFTER WHOM ANDREW CARNEGIE AND HIS ASSOCIATES NAMED THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL WORKS AT BESSEMER, NEAR PITTSBURGH

between Conneaut and Duluth, but in those days she was considered fairly large and fairly fast.

The exact address of the Carnegies in their new home was "Barefoot Square, Slabtown, Allegheny, Pennsylvania." Three of the thrifty family immediately found work. The father secured a job in a cotton-mill; Andrew went to work in the same mill as bobbin-boy, with weekly wages of a dollar and twenty cents; and the mother helped out by taking in washing, and by binding boots for a shoemaker named Phipps, who had

alive, and Mr. Carnegie has recently given him a pension of seventy-five dollars a month.

"He was kind to us boys," said the steel king.

"Break orders to save owners" has always been one of Mr. Carnegie's favorite mottoes; and he began early to follow it himself. One morning, when the operator was absent, a message was signaled from Philadelphia. The boys were forbidden to take despatches, but young Andrew jumped to the instrument and received it. When the operator arrived and found that the message was perfectly correct, the youngster was not only forgiven, but promoted to be an operator, with a salary of three hundred dollars a year. At nineteen, having attracted the notice of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, who was at the head of the Pennsylvania Railroad interests in Pittsburgh, he was again moved higher, and became a railway operator, with four hundred and twenty dollars a year.

Soon afterward, during the absence of Colonel Scott from his office, an accident was reported on one of the lines, which tied up the road. Young Carnegie acted at once. With a dozen telegrams, each signed "Thomas A. Scott," he set the trains in motion and prevented a costly blockade. For this "lawless initiative" he was made Scott's private secretary and favorite protégé. It was, in fact, the colonel's friendship that gave Carnegie his first real footing in the commercial world.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A GREAT FORTUNE

As private secretary of the most influential railroad magnate in Pittsburgh,

he was in a position where all manner of special privileges dropped into his ready hands. The first plum came in the shape of a chance to buy ten shares in the Adams Express Company, at sixty dollars a share. His mother raised five



THOMAS A. SCOTT, FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—ANDREW CARNEGIE WAS A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR IN COLONEL SCOTT'S OFFICE IN PITTSBURGH AND LATER HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY

hundred dollars by mortgaging the little home; Colonel Scott lent him the remaining hundred; and he became a capitalist. Every month he received a dividend of six dollars, which opened his eyes to the magic of share-holding. To find that he could make money earn profits for him was a new discovery.

Although he could save little out of his salary of fifty dollars a month, he was soon the possessor of shares in a heterogeneous collection of enterprises, all being in some way related to railroading. Some, not all, of these enter-

prises were as follows:

The Woodruff Sleeping Car Company.

The Columbia Oil Company.

The Duck Creek Oil Company.

The Dutton Oil Company.

The Pittsburgh Elevator Company.

The Citizens' Passenger Railroad Company.

The Birmingham Passenger Railroad Company.

The Third National Bank of Pittsburgh.

A locomotive works and a bridge works, both of which he himself organized.

For ten years, from 1855 to 1865, Andrew Carnegie was an active little commercialist butterfly, flitting from venture to venture, but remaining in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and succeeding Colonel Scott as superintendent when he was twenty-eight. One of the favorite maxims of his later years had not at that time occurred to him—"Put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket." He found that banks would loan him money, that inventors and promoters sought his assistance, and that his note was almost equal to legal tender among many Pittsburgh business men.

His first thousand dollars was made in an oil speculation, and without the investment of a cent. He gave his note in return for a block of stock, and then paid for the stock out of the dividends. The company bought the Storey Farm, famous among oil men, for forty thousand dollars; and before many years the market value of the shares was five million dollars. In a single year the cash dividends amounted to several times the cost of the farm.

CARNEGIE ENTERS THE IRON BUSINESS

Just about the time when Captain Ward bought the Kelly and Mushet



THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, ANDREW CARNEGIE'S
YOUNGER BROTHER AND PARTNER,
WHO DIED IN 1886

From a photograph taken about 1866

patents and began to make steel, Andrew Carnegie first took notice of the profitableness of the iron business. On May 2, 1864, he paid Thomas N. Miller eight thousand nine hundred and twenty-five dollars for a one-sixth interest in the Iron City Forge Company, the other shareholders, besides Miller, being Andrew Kloman and Henry Phipps. The company was making money. The price of axles, which

were its specialty, had soared from two cents a pound to twelve. Shortly afterward Miller, who had been, like Phipps, one of Carnegie's boyhood friends, was voted out of the concern because of personal differences; and he persuaded Carnegie and half a dozen others to join him in building a rival iron-works four blocks from the Kloman-Phipps plant, in Pittsburgh.

Only one of the partners was a practical iron-maker, and the new plant was a failure. It was an endeavor "to build a four-hundred-thousand-dollar mill with one hundred thousand dollars' capital." Fearing the entire loss of their investment, they paid Kloman and Phipps fifty thousand dollars to consolidate the two plants, and the Union Iron Mills Company was formed with a capital of half a million.

At this time Carnegie organized the Keystone Bridge Company. He succeeded in placing stock in the hands of J. Edgar Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Colonel Scott, now vice-president; and a number of minor officials. The company, which was successful from the first, paid dividends of twenty-five per cent. In four years Carnegie had paid for his stock out of its profits. While the Keystone Bridge Company was by no means the first to build iron bridges, it became, with the powerful backing of the Penn-

sylvania Railroad, the most prosperous bridge company in the United States. Mechanically, its success was due to the ability of three bridge-makers named Piper, Shiffler, and Linville; financially, it was due to the diplomacy of Andrew Carnegie in floating the stock among railway men.

"hazardous enterprise." For three years the Kloman-Miller-Phipps-Carnegie company made barely enough to keep out the sheriff. There were practically no dividends. Again and again Miller, who was the wealthiest of the partners, had to advance the money to pay the workmen's wages. Sometimes the workmen had to



THOMAS N. MILLER, ONE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE'S FIRST PARTNERS IN THE IRON BUSINESS

From a recent photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

Elated by this quick and easy method of obtaining wealth, Carnegie resigned his position as railroad superintendent, and never afterward held any salaried place. He now became a capitalist. He was in the iron business largely by accident, and not by any preference. After the Civil War, when prices fell and new grooves had to be made for the industry, he regretted having entered upon such a

be paid in orders for groceries on a local store.

"It is no credit to any of us that we did not 'bust' twenty times," said Miller.

Andrew Carnegie, who took a nine months' jaunt through Great Britain as soon as he had thrown off his railroad cares, said:

"When I returned, I found the Union



HENRY PHIPPS, A BOYHOOD NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND OF ANDREW CARNEGIE, AND THE ONLY ONE OF HIS EARLY PARTNERS WHO REMAINED IN THE CARNEGIE COMPANY TO THE END

From a recent photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

Iron Mills, in my opinion, going as fast as they could into bankruptcy."

"Carnegie had his share of hard times when he began," said a white-haired Pittsburgh puddler. "I have seen the time when he would have to pawn a pile of pig iron to get ready money. Then we puddlers couldn't touch the pig until the storage company came and released it."

But Carnegie had the virtues of inertia as well as of enterprise. He refused to quit the water-logged hulk, even when shipwreck seemed inevitable. His partners were wrangling and threatening to make one another walk the plank. The puddlers were on strike. Miller was discouraged, and decided to drop out; whereupon Carnegie promptly offered to

buy his holdings. Instead of Miller being ejected by Carnegie, as has often been asserted, he was delighted to get rid of his stock at thirty-two dollars a share. In this way Carnegie bought for seventy-three thousand six hundred dollars a little package of printed paper which thirty-four years afterward he sold to the United States Steel Corporation for millions. "Luck!" reflects Miller. "Foresight!" claims Carnegie. There was probably a little of both elements in the transaction.

In a few months the storm had cleared. The waves subsided. The wind shifted to the rear. The sun broke out overhead. So it was always in the whimsical iron and steel business of earlier days. Vast and



GEORGE N. LAUDER, A COUSIN AND FOR MANY YEARS AN ACTIVE BUSINESS ASSOCIATE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE

From a recent photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

undetected social causes were forever making sport of it, speeding it toward the golden isles or dashing it on the rocks. The most apparent cause of its sudden activity in 1868 was the boom in railroad-building. Between 1866 and 1872 the total mileage in the United States was practically doubled, and the iron men worked themselves breathless to supply the demand.

CARNEGIE AS A BUSINESS MAN

Carnegie's chief asset at that time—the friendship of railroad men—made him beyond a doubt the most useful of all the partners. Seldom has there been an abler drummer. Week after week he arrived at the office with a smile of victory, and tossed to Phipps, his plodding partner,

contracts bulging with profit. He was not, and has never been, a practical maker of iron and steel. The only occupations in which he served any apprenticeship were telegraphy and railroading. But his success in securing profitable orders at this time was what mainly put the balance on the right side of the ledger. After all, the chief end of commerce is to sell goods.

Even the strike of the puddlers brought good fortune. One of the imported strike-breakers, John Zimmer, showed the partners how to build an improved plate-mill, the first of its kind in the United States. It is now known as the Universal Mill. This at once added thousands to the firm's profits, and since that date has been the means of pouring millions



ANDREW CARNEGIE IN 1896—THE GREAT IRONMASTER PRONOUNCED THIS PORTRAIT
THE BEST HE EVER HAD TAKEN

From a copyrighted photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

into the iron and steel treasury. In fact, that greatest of all slabbing-mills at Homestead, which produces a steady stream of thirty thousand tons of steel slabs a month, is descended directly from

the original little Zimmer mill built by the German strike-breaker forty years ago.

With the exception of Kloman, the partners had all been boyhood friends.

Miller, Phipps, and the two Carnegie boys had been child workers together in Allegheny. Together they had gone to borrow books from the kindly Colonel Anderson, and together they had discussed the campaigns of George Washington and the heroes of Sir Walter Scott. They had sat side by side in the same Swedenborgian Sunday school, and rehearsed together in the same singing-class. Whenever they had a holiday, which was seldom, they went on long rambles together upon the cliffs or along the river's bank.

They appear to have been far superior to ordinary boys. There was some method even in their play. Andrew's greater assertiveness made him the natural leader of the little group, although in several special boyish attainments he was outdone by the others. At first Miller climbed up more quickly than the rest, and gave all three their start in the iron business. He rose to be the purchasing agent of the Fort Wayne Railroad; in this way became acquainted with Kloman, and got partnerships for his young chums. To Phipps he lent sixteen hundred dollars to buy a share from Kloman, and afterward introduced the Carnegies, first Tom and then Andrew. The average age of the four partners, when they began their iron-making careers in 1865, was only twenty-seven; but for more than a dozen years they had been partners in play and in ambition.

CARNEGIE AS AN AUTHOR

The question has often been asked: "Does Mr. Carnegie write his own books? Is it possible that so busy a man should produce half a dozen volumes, or does he employ some secretarial proxy?" In the course of my digging and delving I have discovered a manuscript which should settle this disputed question once for all. The fact is that not only has he been a constant reader of good books, but he was also in his boyhood a writer of fluency and force. Here, for instance, is a paragraph of Carnegian rhetoric, from an essay on "Labor," written when he was fifteen for a Pittsburgh paper, but never published:

Labor is the universal law of our being. Nature does not give us any finished product. Man must eat his bread in the

sweat of his brow or not at all. Idleness should be unthroned, and Industry crowned in her stead. It is high time that drones should occupy at least the lowest position in society. A working-man is a more useful citizen and ought to be more respected than an idle prince.

Carnegie reiterated the latter opinion fifty-five years later when he said:

"I would prefer to have my niece marry an honest workingman than a worthless duke."

His ambition appears in a letter written to an uncle in Scotland when he was seventeen years of age, in which he says:

I gave up my position as a telegrapher because I could only work up to six or seven hundred a year. Opportunity for advancement is better than higher wages.

This was immediately after he had accepted a position under Colonel Scott at thirty-five dollars a month. And the news that he had by this time become a patriotic young American is shown in the statement in this letter that George Washington was fully as great a hero as Wallace or Bruce.

Another fact concerning his literary acquirements which is not generally known is that he received a thorough education at the hands of tutors as soon as he could afford the time and money to obtain it. In 1867, when he had evolved into a capitalist, and was making his home at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York, he resolutely went through a long course of study. Travel and education were what he bought with his first money.

CARNEGIE'S FOUR EARLY PARTNERS

Of the other partners, Henry Phipps was the exact antipodes of Andrew Carnegie. He was a master of detail, an engineer of economies. The workmen found that he had a microscopic eye. No small waste or extravagance escaped his notice. Beginning as a jeweler's errand-boy, he had risen to be the bookkeeper of a spike-mill concern. He was faithful. He was plodding. He was energetic. For years, when the Kloman - Miller - Carnegie - Phipps company was too poor to hire a bookkeeper, he trudged three miles every weekday evening, from the spike-mill to the iron-works, posted the books, and trudged back home to Slabtown, Allegheny City.

There were no street-cars in 1865, and if there had been, the thrifty Phipps would probably have regarded ten cents as too high a price to pay for avoiding a mere six-mile walk along a canal-bank.

He was not fond of publicity. The task in hand, whatever it happened to be, monopolized his whole attention. Apparently, as he rummaged about on the iron-works junk-heap, or dickered to get half a dollar taken off a coal bill, there were no visions in his mind of a golden future with the stately Beaufort Castle in the background. While Carnegie was using all his railroad influence and all his arts of diplomacy to get the highest possible prices for their goods, Phipps was pushing the cost-line down to a level it had never reached before. In such a quiet, self-obliterating way did he carry on his work that few outside of his partners knew his value to the company.

Phipps was the financier of the group. None could face an insistent banker as well as he.

"What we used to admire in young Phipps was the skilful way in which he could keep a check in the air for two or three days," said the president of one of the Pittsburgh banks of that time.

The old black mare, Gypsy, which he drove on his daily rounds, became so familiar with her duties that she would crisscross from bank to bank of her own accord. Afterward, when prosperity came to the partners, it was said to be impossible to drive Gypsy in a straight line through the banking section of Pittsburgh.

Andrew Kloman had learned his trade in Prussia, and he had progressed far beyond his teachers. He was probably unequaled in Pittsburgh as a mechanical genius. He had little business ability. In disposition he was somewhat suspicious and irascible, and frequently had to be soothed and mollified by his younger partners; but in the iron-mill, among his workmen, he had no superior in his day. He came into notice in the industrial world by making a fine quality of car-axes, by a process of his own invention. He worked with German thoroughness, and also with the help of an inventive brain. He created a dozen or more devices and machines before he severed his connection with the company.

As for Tom Carnegie, the youngest of the partners, he was a very important partner at the Pittsburgh end of the business. He was one of the most popular men in Allegheny County. Every man who shook his hand and looked into his honest black eyes became his friend. He was absolutely trustworthy. His "Yes" was "Yes," and his "No" was "No." He was the borrower and the peace-maker of the company. Again and again he saved the young firm from trouble by converting friendship into cash. He was no talker; but "Tom Carnegie's word is better than most men's bond," was a saying in Pittsburgh which illustrates the respect which he received.

He lacked his elder brother's restless ambition. Left to himself, Thomas M. Carnegie would probably never have been numbered among the thousand millionaires of iron and steel; but his integrity, his business sense, and his social qualities made him a very necessary part of the combination. He and Miller married sisters, the daughters of William Coleman, one of the richest and ablest of Pittsburgh's ironmasters; and these marriages, as we shall see, brought Coleman into the company and added greatly to its standing.

All five partners were self-made men. They had been pushed out on the cobblestones in boyhood with little or no schooling. They had never owned a dollar which they had not earned. They were the sons of workingmen, children of the masses. They had no social standing, if such an item were considered in Pittsburgh during the sixties. They were only five out of the twenty-five thousand grimy men whose sweat and thought and skill built up the Smoky City between its rivers. True, they were helped from the beginning by the friendship of wealthier men, but they had merited that friendship by their energy and ability. This is not a story of luck. It is a story of daring—persistent and successful daring.

CARNEGIE AS A BOND-BROKER

The men were self-made, but the business was not. It did not enlarge itself out of its own profits, according to the conventional ideas of thrift and diligence. If it had depended upon its own dividends for its development, it is not likely

that its biography would have been of national interest. In order to get more capital, one of the partners had to turn bond-broker, and the others had to launch into a real-estate speculation. It was this versatility, this readiness for risks and adventures, which more than anything else put the Carnegie Steel Company ahead of its competitors.

Early in 1872 Andrew Carnegie received a letter from Colonel Scott, his former employer, requesting him to call at the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

"Big business, Andrew!" said Scott as Carnegie entered the office. "Do you think you can handle a six-million-dollar deal for us?"

"I can," replied Carnegie, self-confident and undaunted, although up to this time he had not had any personal experience with the word "million."

"Well," said Scott, "we're planning to build a branch road to Davenport, Iowa, and we want to place six million dollars' worth of the bonds abroad. This is the best chance you have ever had to make a big lump of money in a little while, if you are successful. Of course if you fail you get nothing."

Carnegie packed the bonds in his valise and sailed at once. He had letters of introduction to European financiers, and he presented his case with such enthusiasm that every bond was sold. His commissions amounted to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The transaction, which more than doubled his fortune, was his first great uplift, financially, though it afterward proved somewhat unfortunate in other respects. The bonds, through no fault of Carnegie, depreciated, and the buyers lost a great part of their money.

Three months after he returned, Colonel Scott gave him a second block of bonds to sell, and his commissions added seventy-five thousand dollars more to his coffers. Thus a few weeks' work as a bond-broker netted him two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and enabled him to become, for the first time, the principal stockholder in the iron-making enterprise.

While he was in England, his partners and several friends became cooperators in a real-estate speculation. They bought

a large tract of land in Pittsburgh, called the Mowry Homestead, and subdivided it into building lots. These lots sold quickly and at a high price, so that when Carnegie returned, they, too, had some surplus money for investment. Among the speculators were William Coleman, the father-in-law of Thomas Carnegie, and a well-known Pittsburgh merchant named David McCandless, who had been a member of the little Swedenborgian church which was attended by the Carnegie family. And so, by these two successful get-rich-quick adventures, nearly a quarter of a million dollars was made available, more than the partners could have accumulated in many a long year of iron-making.

CARNEGIE AND THE BESSEMER PROCESS

William Coleman was the first of the group to suggest the making of steel by the Bessemer process. Oddly enough, Andrew Carnegie was the chief objector. At this time the future steel king was living in New York, picking up whatever he could in the line of negotiating securities, and apparently without any definite plans as to the future. As Coleman had been a manufacturer of iron rails, he could best appreciate what the Bessemer process meant to the industrial world. He had visited Morrell in Johnstown, Chisholm in Cleveland, and Holley in Troy, and observed their plants in operation. First he won over Thomas Carnegie to his proposal to build a steel plant, and then McCandless; but Andrew Carnegie stood aloof and said:

"Pioneering doesn't pay a new concern. Wait till the process develops."

The new steel-making was still an experiment in the United States. It was doubtful whether a single American plant had as yet made it a commercial success. But during his visits to England, as early as 1866, Carnegie watched the development of the process with interest. He fully realized the growing demand for cheap steel. At Derby he saw a crucible steel rail which had been laid down fifteen years before and was still in good order. He was told that the traffic was so heavy at this point that the iron rails were formerly renewed every three months.

A few years later he was fully con-

verted to the new process, and saw for the first time the convincing spectacle of a Bessemer converter in full blast. From that moment the word "steel" was stamped upon his mind with a white-hot impress. Nothing that he had ever seen was as picturesque—as fascinating—as miraculous in its easily controlled force and fury. It was half a furnace and half a cyclone, yet it was obedient to the touch of a boy's hand. Give it thirty thousand pounds of common pig iron, and, presto! the whole mass was blown into steel. As Carnegie stood beneath its volleys of orange and yellow sparks, his own mind became a converter. The sudden blast of his ambition and resolve blew away the lure of financial life and the promises of speculation. Nothing was left but steel.

As quickly as steam could push him through water and pull him over land, he rushed to Pittsburgh. His partners had been discussing, reflecting, estimating, hesitating. His enthusiasm swept their hesitancy into decision, and the firm of Carnegie, McCandless & Company was organized at once with a capital of seven hundred thousand dollars. Andrew Carnegie put in all his bond-brokerage profits and twenty-five thousand dollars besides; Coleman subscribed a hundred thousand, and Kloman, Phipps, McCandless, Shinn, Scott, Stewart, and Thomas Carnegie put in fifty thousand apiece. Shinn came into the new concern as a friend of McCandless, and Scott and Stewart were neighbors of Thomas Carnegie's.

THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL WORKS

Carnegie and Coleman had picked out a tract twelve miles from Pittsburgh containing more than a hundred acres, which was notable as the spot on which General Braddock was defeated by the French and Indians in 1755. Alexander L. Holley took the contract to draw up the plans for the new plant; Captain "Bill" Jones, taking a hint from his friend Holley, arrived just in time to be put in charge of it; and in this way the famous Edgar Thomson Steel Works was launched upon its victorious career.

The partners had tactfully named the works after the influential president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and this

little act of foresight helped to fill the cash-drawer.

A system of rebates—at that time not contrary to law—was established, which enabled the steel-makers to ship their freight cheaper than their smaller competitors. The reason given for this rebate system was that the steel men saved expense to the railroad by loading and unloading their own cars and making up their own trains. Thus in various ways Andrew Carnegie's influence with his former employers proved to be a most valuable asset.

All the partners in the new firm were active. Andrew Carnegie, Scott, and Stewart drummed up orders. McCandless and Coleman furnished the prestige and business experience. Kloman, in blue blouse and overalls, looked after the men and machinery. Shinn was general manager, and soon had the business so well organized that he could account for every quart of oil or pound of nails. Phipps was in and out of every department, suggesting improvements and economies. And Thomas Carnegie was a sort of emergency man, minimizing friction at all points.

A friend of the partners said at the time, describing the new firm:

"Shinn bossed the show; McCandless lent it dignity and standing; Phipps took in the pennies at the gate and kept the pay-roll down; Tom Carnegie kept everybody in a good humor; and Andy looked after the advertising and drove the band-wagon."

There is more wit than truth in this estimate of Andrew Carnegie's value to the company, as he had organized it, furnished more than one-third of the capital, buttressed it with wealthy friends, and secured the largest and most profitable orders.

Andrew Carnegie's speaking part in the steel drama did not call for modesty and self-obliteration. To climb high in the social scale, to keep always in the public eye, to secure the friendship of statesmen and financiers—all this was but the means to an end. It was no more than the scaffolding around the iron and steel works, by means of which the works were developed beyond the reach of competitors. Every cubit that Mr. Carnegie added to his social stature elevated the

whole business structure with which he was connected. By his extraordinary intellectual ability, his versatility as an entertainer, his knowledge of celebrities, his constant globe-trotting, his cheery disposition and wide range of conversation, he became a welcome guest in the drawing-rooms of New York and Washington. And always and everywhere he was a man of business. His purpose was to sell steel billets and steel rails.

THE SECRET OF CARNEGIE'S SUCCESS

He realized to the full the commercial value of prominence and friendship. While his competitors buried themselves in dingy shops and offices, and allowed petty business cares to worry them into nervous prostration, Carnegie placed himself where he could survey the whole field and lay larger plans than the old-fashioned steel-makers.

"Carnegie owes a great deal to his habit of traveling," said George Lauder, his cousin. "While other men were wallowing in details, he was able to take a wider view."

This was new, therefore unpopular and misconstrued. Carnegie had originated a new business principle in the steel trade—that big men should do big things and small men do small things. "I never write a letter that any one else can write for me," he said. "Mr. Carnegie was not worth fifteen dollars a week as a clerk," one of his partners assured me. But Carnegie saw no reason why he should do a clerk's work. He did his own work well because he did not try to do anything else. He initiated such a change in business tactics as had taken place in military tactics. The other steel-makers of the seventies were leading their workmen in person, just as Harold led his Saxons and Leonidas his Spartans. Carnegie, like Wellington or Napoleon, or Oyama, directed the battle from a near-by hill, from which he could survey the whole combat and maneuver his forces to the best advantage. He fought, but not as a private soldier. He was a general of industry—a fact often overlooked by his captains. The steel men of Pittsburgh, as they plodded up and down their dirty, half-paved streets, shrouded in a perpetual sooty fog, growled and scoffed at the "parlor knight" who won his vic-

tories at the banquet or in the Pullman car. But one fact they could not deny or belittle—the fact that he seldom lost a battle.

Carnegie had from boyhood the faculty of attracting the attention of the great and the rich. It was more than a knack. It was an instinct. And deep down beneath his diplomacy it was based upon the solid worth and forcefulness of his character. He was as great as they. Long before his wealth had made him famous, he was the personal friend of Gladstone, Rosebery, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, John Morley, and James Bryce.

When the young Prince of Wales visited this country, in 1860, there were scores of telegraph operators and railroad men standing along his line of travel; but Andrew Carnegie was the only one who sprang forward and offered the titled stranger an exciting ride on a locomotive. As the two young men—one a prince by virtue of his birth, and the other by virtue of his competency—clung to the narrow seat in the engineer's cab and were jolted along the crooked track, there began the springtime of a friendship which in its autumn brought business to the Pittsburgh steel-mills.

All the wisacres of Pittsburgh looked upon Carnegie's social capers with outspoken disapproval. Daniel J. Morrell and John Stevenson refused to be his partners, on the grounds that he was too flighty and speculative. The presence of Coleman and McCandless in the firm was absolutely necessary to preserve its credit, at least during the earlier years. One day old John Moorhead, the wealthiest man in Pittsburgh, pointed Carnegie out to a friend and said:

"There goes a foolish young man. He has bitten off more than he can chew. He wasn't satisfied to do a small, safe business, like the rest of us. He had to launch out. Mark my words—he'll come to grief yet!"

Thirty-five years ago Pittsburgh had no prestige as an iron and steel center. It was mainly an importing and distributing point. There were only seven small blast furnaces, producing in twelve months about as much as one first-class modern furnace can make in eight. Iron rails were made, but no steel ones. Pig iron

was scarce at forty dollars a ton. There was nothing, therefore, in the location of the Carnegie mills which can account for their record-breaking and profit-making career. And as Mr. Carnegie's partners, without exception, were only moderately successful before and after their connection with the company, it is reasonable to infer that the secret lay to a large extent in the remarkable personality and business methods of the young Scotsman who "drove the band-wagon."

THE FAMOUS LUCY FURNACES

The prosperity and fame of the Carnegie company did not begin until 1874. Before that, there had been nine years of struggle for lack of capital and equipment. In 1873 two new furnaces had been built, famous in the iron world as the Lucy and the Isabella. The Lucy belonged to the Carnegie company, and the Isabella to a combine of Pittsburgh iron men. These furnaces were of equal size, and belonged to rival owners. They began at once to race in the production of iron, and their amazing achievements for the first time attracted the attention of all countries to Pittsburgh.

The average output of a furnace was then fifty tons a day. There were wild hurrahs at the Carnegie company's works in 1874, when, for the first time in the history of iron-making, the Lucy turned out a hundred tons of iron in one day. In England the news was received in silent incredulity. To believe that a single furnace could pour out twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of iron in a week was too much. Where was Pittsburgh, anyhow? And who was this Carnegie who made such preposterous claims? No industrial "Who's Who" mentioned the name of this boaster from the wild West. It was of course a newspaper myth, concocted by the sea-serpent editor. So said the iron-makers of Europe, until some of them visited Pittsburgh and saw for themselves the river of molten iron flowing wide and deep.

A second Lucy furnace was built in 1877, and the Carnegie company operated both until the organization of the Steel Trust. During that period of nearly thirty years they produced more than three million tons of iron—enough to give four pounds apiece to every

man, woman, and child on the globe; enough to pave a road seventy feet wide with iron plates an inch thick from New York to St. Louis. The Carnegie company received for this enormous output about fifty-seven million dollars, probably one-fifth of it being clear profit.

One of the original employees at the Lucys is still at work there. He entered the service as a mechanic, and has now been captain of the furnaces for many years. "Dean of the blast furnace corps of the world," Mr. Carnegie calls him. "None of the partners," he adds, "is dearer to his fellows and his old chief than Jim Scott."

There is nothing idyllic about the Lucy furnaces. They have received no honors, no medals, no monuments. They have inspired neither artist nor poet. Yet for thirty-three years, for every hour of the day and night, they have been untiringly making the useless into the useful, magically transforming the ore into a ceaseless stream of that metal which is immeasurably more precious to civilization than all the gold and silver and rubies and diamonds. Here was the dream of the pioneer iron-makers come true. It was for this that daring John Berkeley gave his life in Virginia centuries before—that obstinate Thomas Dexter battled with the Puritans—that Baron Stiegel sacrificed his native land. The Lucy furnaces represent the very utmost that the human race can do in the iron-making craft—the sum total of centuries and centuries of gradual improvements. When the eyes of the American people are lifted from the kindergarten romances of myth and fiction to the grandly moving epics of industry that give distinctive value to the history of our republic, their story will become a national heritage.

A GOLDEN FLOOD OF PROFITS

With H. M. Curry, who was in charge of the Lucy furnaces, breaking the world's record in the production of pig iron, and Captain "Bill" Jones doing even more wonderful things at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, the Carnegie company began to take shape as the most effective millionaire-making machine the world has ever seen.

"We shall make forty per cent next year," cried Carnegie in 1876.

His partners smiled but shook their heads. When the next year was ended, and the last dollar counted, they found that their clear profit was nearly forty-two per cent, which was paid to them partly in stock and partly in cash. When the good news was announced, Carnegie made a second prophecy.

"Next year we shall beat down the cost of steel rails to thirty-eight dollars," he said; "and we shall get forty-two dollars and fifty cents a ton for them."

This prophecy was fulfilled with an almost uncanny precision. The cost of the rails was reduced below thirty-eight dollars, and the average price received was exactly forty-two dollars and a half. In one month they netted on rails alone over fifty-two thousand dollars—more than Andrew Carnegie's father would have saved in two hundred and sixty years.

As Carnegie conducted his business affairs from all parts of the world, he happened to be setting out for a climb of Mount Vesuvius when he heard that his second guess had come true.

"Tell Captain Jones," he writes, "that there was a proud little stout man who gave a wild hurrah when he saw that the Edgar Thomson Works were ahead. It was a close race with the Cambria Iron Company, but they had a start. Besides, we had to go through the measles, you know."

Although the stock was being steadily increased, the company's earnings in that year were thirty-one per cent. It was always the rule, however, to declare small dividends; the partners were agreed in the policy of keeping most of their profits for the improvement and extension of their works. They were now making one-seventh of all the Bessemer steel in the United States, although ten companies had started before them. Their competitors were also prospering, but not to such an extent as Carnegie and his partners. In 1880 the price of rails suddenly soared to eighty-five dollars a ton, while Captain Jones was turning out ten thousand tons a month at a cost of about thirty-six dollars. This war price did not continue, but while it lasted the profits were ten thousand dollars a day on the one item

of rails. Again the steel mill made over forty per cent and piled more than half a million dollars into their bulging treasury.

"Surely this cannot last," said several of the amazed partners.

"It is only the beginning!" shouted Carnegie, as he goaded the heads of all departments into a still more frenzied race for dividends.

The golden flood rose like a mountain river after a cloudburst. The sudden pressure of business taxed the Carnegie company to the point of explosion, and drove the rank and file to desperation with overwork. Night was henceforth abolished. Even twenty-four hours a day were found to be too few. If the securing of a fifty-hour day had been a task within human power, Andrew Carnegie would have succeeded in obtaining it. He had orders for eighty thousand tons of rails, and on every ton there was from forty to fifty dollars' profit. In eight months the steel plant had cleared a sum equal to its original cost. In twelve months, almost doubting their eyes, the partners figured out a gain of \$1,625,000 from the steel works and \$446,600 from the furnaces and iron-mill—a total of \$2,071,600.

By this time there were only seven partners. Four had died or been bought out. If, therefore, their year's profits had been in gold, they would have had a treasure so heavy that they could not have moved it an inch. Six thousand pounds of pure gold, with an extra three-hundredweight thrown in for good measure! It was greater than the ransom of an Indian rajah, yet it was no more than the profits of one year's work for a half dozen American citizens, every one of whom had begun life in a workman's cottage. This was the dawn of the golden age. This was triumphant democracy.

Best of all, every dollar of it was clean money. It was not gained by a throw of the Wall Street dice or a speculation which scattered the seeds of future bankruptcies. For every pound of gold they had given eleven thousand pounds of good steel. Every steel billet, every ton of rails, meant more traffic, more business, more employment, more civilization.

It is true that at the time prices were artificially raised, both by an agreement among the steel men and by the high tariff which obliging statesmen had established. The railroads were caught between two millstones—the pool above and the tariff below. But the competition among rival railroad companies compelled them to build more lines and to re-rail old ones. Iron rails were sold for junk, and steel rails laid in their place. This outlay stimulated all branches of trade, and the increased freight and passenger traffic went beyond the expectations of the railroad men, bringing prosperity to all concerned.

A RACE FOR SUPREMACY IN STEEL

America and Great Britain were now running neck and neck in the making of cheap steel, but the latter still had many advantages. Labor was cheaper; raw materials were cheaper; and more capital was invested. Not even a tariff wall of twenty-eight dollars a ton could prevent the English steel-makers from selling two hundred million dollars' worth of steel to American customers in three years. To see this enormous amount of American gold paid to the capitalists of Newcastle and Sheffield spurred on the steel-makers of Pittsburgh to quicken their pace. Who could be satisfied with a few dozen millions when there were hundreds in sight?

"Faster! Faster!" cried Carnegie to his men, coaxing them with presents and whipping them with censorious suggestions.

Andrew Carnegie had increased his holdings from one-third to more than one-half of the entire concern. In 1881 he found himself, after only six years of steel-making, the foremost American in the business. His capital had increased twelvefold in six years. His quarter of a million had become nearly three millions. Captain Jones had placed the crown of the empire of steel upon his head. During those six years he had not only climbed from nothing to an emperorship; he had sauntered through Great Britain on several pleasure trips; jogged leisurely around the globe, spending much time in India and Japan; and written his first book, "Round the World." Seldom has international

prominence been attained with so little exertion.

It is safe to say that Andrew Carnegie invested less money and gave less time to his business, and made more money out of it, than any other self-made millionaire in the world. He found a "royal road" to wealth—or, rather, made one for himself. Through his shrewd foresight and a remarkable combination of circumstances, the rising tide of molten steel was "taken at the flood" in such a way that it swept him on to a position of power and influence greater in its scope than that possessed by most European monarchs.

In 1881 the partners reorganized under the name of Carnegie Brothers & Company, with a capital of five million dollars. Their individual holdings were as follows:

Andrew Carnegie....	\$2,737,977.95
Thomas M. Carnegie.....	878,096.58
Henry Phipps.....	878,096.58
David A. Stewart....	175,318.78
John Scott.....	175,318.78
Gardiner McCandless.....	105,191.33
John W. Vandervort.....	50,000.00

The above stock-list shows that in the Carnegie company every item, however large, was figured out to the last cent. The partners had not allowed their wagon-loads of gold to make them forget the silver and the nickel, or even the copper bawbees.

From 1880 onwards, the company never cleared less than a million a year. Its inside financial history was then unknown to the public. If the partners had not quarreled and become carelessly talkative in their wrath, this story of the millions might never have been told. Thanks to their wrangling we know the yearly profits to a cent. Here, for instance, are their winnings in the game from 1880 until the advent of Henry Clay Frick:

YEAR	PROFITS	PERCENTAGE
1881.....	\$2,000,377.42.....	40
1882.....	\$2,128,422.91.....	42
1883.....	\$1,019,233.04.....	20
1884.....	\$1,301,180.28.....	26
1885.....	\$1,191,993.54.....	24
1886.....	\$2,925,350.08.....	59
1887.....	\$3,441,887.29.....	69
1888.....	\$1,941,555.44.....	39

These figures are quoted from a vol-

ume entitled "The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company," by J. H. Bridge—a book which is reliable so far as most of its statistics are concerned, though wholly one-sided in its inferences.

Roughly speaking, this was a total profit of sixteen millions in eight years, on an original investment of five millions—an average of forty per cent a year. And the bulk of the money went to Andrew Carnegie, as the number of partners dwindled from seven to four. Mr. Carnegie's personal wealth at this time was about fifteen million dollars. His quarter million of brokerage money had earned him a million dollars a year since he had invested it in 1873. It had multiplied itself sixty times over.

THE FATE OF CARNEGIE'S PARTNERS

Previous to the incoming of Mr. Frick—who, as we shall see, marks the beginning of a new period in the steel business—Mr. Carnegie had worked with thirteen partners. It was an unlucky number, so Pittsburgh people say, for the partners. Finally but one of the thirteen survived—Henry Phipps. Some were dropped; some begged to be let go; and some were plucked from the narrowing circle by death. Like the "ten little niggers" who were so strangely cut off one by one, the members of the firm decreased with fatal regularity until none remained except "Andy" and "Harry," the son of the weaver and the son of the cobbler, neighbors in Barefoot Square, Slabtown, Allegheny City, a short thirty years before.

The order in which the partners dropped out was as follows:

THOMAS N. MILLER, 1867—To Thomas N. Miller Andrew Carnegie owes his start in the iron business. He was the Allegheny City playmate of both Phipps and Carnegie, and developed into a man of high character and kindly disposition. Although he and Mr. Carnegie have had several small disputes concerning business transactions, they have remained fast friends. Every year the two meet to talk over old times. Miller is to-day enjoying an old age of quietness and good health, living in a modest brick residence in Pittsburgh. His memory is unclouded, and many of the personal

anecdotes in this history were related by him to the writer.

He has a vivid recollection of the moneyless condition in which he and the Carnegie brothers found themselves, as boys and young men. Long after they were rich in stock, they were still poor in ready cash. On one occasion, he says, when Andrew Carnegie was twenty-seven years old, he and Miller and Vandervort spent the summer tramping through England and Scotland. When they returned to New York, and had engaged one of the cheapest rooms in French's Hotel, Miller said:

"Let's count our money, boys, and see if we have enough to take us home by way of Niagara Falls."

They spread their money on the bed, and found that they could just afford the extra expense. "Agreed!" said Carnegie, and so in 1862 they had their first view of the majestic Niagara.

Carnegie himself tells a story about Vandervort in connection with this trip. His own income at that time, he says, was about fifteen hundred dollars a year, while Vandervort was a poor student, living almost from hand to mouth. Vandervort, therefore, regarded Carnegie as already a gentleman of fortune.

"Great Cæsar, boys," he would say, thumping the table until the beer spilled, "if I ever get fifteen hundred dollars a year income, catch me working like a slave, as Carnegie and Phipps do!"

Not long afterward, Vandervort had thousands a month; but, says Carnegie, "Vandy worked harder than ever."

Miller was not forced out by Carnegie, as has been sometimes charged. On the contrary, he urged Carnegie to relieve him of his share in the company. He had two reasons for quitting. First, he had quarreled with Phipps, and accused him of speculating in oil with the money of the firm; and second, the iron business had paid practically no dividends for three years. As has already been stated, Carnegie paid him seventy-three thousand six hundred dollars for his interest, and Miller flattered himself that he had got rid of an unpleasant partnership and an enterprise that was doomed to failure. Shortly before this, Carnegie had sold him, for six hundred and thirty-eight dollars, a share in an oil speculation

which netted him a clear profit of seventy-two thousand, so that Miller was not financially a loser because of his friendship with the future steel king.

WILLIAM COLEMAN, 1876—The deal by which Carnegie obtained possession of Coleman's share seems hard to understand. Coleman was a shrewd, experienced man of business. He was among the first to appreciate the possibilities of the Bessemer steel process. He was wealthy, and not obliged to part with his property unless he freely chose to do so. Yet he sold his hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock at par, payable in five years, with interest at six per cent, in a year when the business made forty-two per cent of clear profit.

Coleman took his money and stepped out gladly. He did not approve of Shinn as a manager. Carnegie did. Instead of being forced out, the fact is that Coleman insisted upon Carnegie buying his share of the business.

ANDREW KLOMAN, 1877—The charge has often been made, by those who have no more than a superficial or biased knowledge of the history of steel, that the real founder of the Carnegie company was Andrew Kloman, and that he was wrongfully ejected from it when the days of its prosperity began. This is not true. The fact is that Kloman came within an ace of bringing utter ruin upon the whole enterprise. He was the shirt-sleeves partner, and therefore received more credit than the others for being the real worker of the firm. In the iron-mill he was a genius; in the office he was a child. Iron was his metal, not gold. All large business transactions confused him and made him suspicious. He was very watchful in the protection of his rights, and anxious to make money, but not qualified to cope with the wily manipulators of the commercial world.

About 1871 he was enticed into a wild-cat mining scheme, against the advice of his partners. Two years later, when the Jay Cooke smash hurled so many firms into bankruptcy, Kloman's mining company went down. He fell with it, as it was not a limited liability company, and in falling nearly dragged down the whole Carnegie group.

"Make an assignment at once," said Andrew Carnegie; "and when the storm

blows over we'll restore you to full partnership."

Kloman did so, squaring with his creditors for fifty cents on the dollar. During this entanglement Carnegie paid him a salary of five thousand dollars a year, and then offered him a hundred-thousand-dollar interest in the company, to be paid for out of the profits. Kloman angrily refused this offer and determined to create a new works, of which he alone would be the master. He had no doubts of his success in the new enterprise; but in a few years he discovered his mistake.

If this were a treatise on practical iron-making, it would give a foremost place to Andrew Kloman; but as it is not, as it is mainly a story of money-makers, he must necessarily be painted in the background only, and merged in the dim coloring of failure. In his after life he was unsuccessful in business, and until the day of his death he believed himself to be a deeply wronged man. On this point there will continue to be difference of opinion.

"Andrew Carnegie treated Kloman not only with fairness, but with generosity," says Thomas N. Miller.

J. EDGAR THOMSON, 1874—Mr. Thomson, who died in this year, was the patron saint of the Carnegie company. He gave it money, and the prestige of his name, which was more than money. He bought its rails and he pared down its freight bills. At the time when its young partners were being called flighty and reckless, he patted them on the back and declared his confidence in their ability. As he cared for no business interests outside of railroading, he was not anxious to be an active partner. He had bought a hundred thousand dollars' worth of the Carnegie company's bonds in 1873, and his executors were paid in full when the bonds matured.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT, 1877—Colonel Scott was patron saint number two. Through his favor Andrew Carnegie had made his first large sum of money in the quickest and easiest way imaginable; and Scott had put twenty thousand dollars into the partners' young steel enterprise. For financial and for romantic reasons, Scott and Carnegie differed, after a friendship of more than

twenty years. Both incidents are highly interesting, and it is strange that they have not found their way into print.

The financial reason of the quarrel—the lesser of the two causes—was as follows. Colonel Scott had launched out into a daring scheme for spanning Texas with a railroad, and acquiring thereby great tracts of land. He asked Carnegie to indorse his paper, and to run equal risks in the venture. Carnegie refused.

"I will either lend or give you three hundred thousand dollars," he said; "but I am not in a position to stand behind the whole enterprise."

Finally, Carnegie put a quarter of a million dollars into the Texas scheme, not because he expected profits, but to help Scott.

The romantic cause of the quarrel was no less than this—that Scott stole away Carnegie's sweetheart. Andrew Carnegie was very gallant in his twenties and thirties. Rumor connected his name with those of many women; but there was one for whom his regard was more than a preference. Miss Riddle, daughter of a Pittsburgh editor, fascinated the impressionable young Scotsman with her quick wit and her charm of face and manner.

"I'd like to have Colonel Scott's opinion of Annie Riddle," said Carnegie one day to his friend Miller.

"Be careful, Andy," warned Miller. "Scott's a handsome man, and you're not. If he sees Annie, he'll win her away from you."

"Well, if any other man can win Annie Riddle away from me, he's welcome to her," said Carnegie sturdily.

The following Sunday he introduced Scott to Miss Riddle, and in a few weeks it became apparent that Miller's prophecy would come true. In six months Miss Riddle became Mrs. Scott, and Carnegie was "left lamenting." In this way does love play havoc with the great affairs of the commercial world. When I mentioned this incident to Mr. Carnegie, he laughed and said that he certainly had been responsible for introducing his two friends, but that he had intended the introduction to result as it did.

"I wasn't thinking of marrying then," said he.

DAVID McCANDLESS, 1879—Mr. McCandless, who died in this year, had done

much to establish the Carnegie enterprise. Many a time the use of his name loosened the purse-strings of reluctant bankers. He had been one of the foremost citizens of Pittsburgh while "Andy," "Tom," and "Harry" were messenger boys earning half a dollar a day. He was a man who won not only the esteem but also the affection of all his associates.

"To the day I die I know I shall never be able to think of him without a stinging pain at the heart," wrote Andrew Carnegie from India, when he heard of his partner's death.

Ninety thousand dollars was paid to his widow, which was her legal share in the company.

WILLIAM P. SHINN, 1881—Mr. Shinn had been manager of the steel-making end of the business for the first six years. He introduced improvements, one of them saving forty thousand dollars a year to the company. Personally he was not popular with the partners, and as the culmination of a long series of disagreements he sent in his resignation. It was accepted, and the par value of his stock was offered him. Shinn was more combative than those who had gone out of the company before him, and at once brought suit to recover the full market value of his holdings. A bitter and abusive wrangle followed. The company refused to produce its books, and consented to arbitrate. The verdict was not then made public, but it is now known that Shinn received the face value of his stock and nearly two hundred thousand dollars besides.

Shinn and Carnegie were friends in later years. The former, shortly before his death, was in financial difficulties, and Carnegie lent him thirty thousand dollars. This was not enough to save the estate, and Carnegie lost the entire amount.

JOHN SCOTT, 1882—Scott, who had been let in because he was a railway director, became involved in speculation. He begged Carnegie to save him from bankruptcy by buying his stock and got its face value. In after years Scott declared that Carnegie was the best friend he ever had.

GARDINER McCANDLESS, 1882—This young man was a son of David McCandless. He had inherited twenty thousand dollars' worth of bonds. After remaining in the firm for five years, he was per-

sualed that thousands in the hand were worth millions in the future, and thus he merely flits in and out of this history.

THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, 1886—The genial "Tom" Carnegie, everybody's friend, died in 1886, in his forty-fourth year. The exact amount received by his wife has never been made public, but it is generally supposed to have been ample.

DAVID A. STEWART, 1889—Mr. Stewart had entered the firm as the bosom friend of Thomas Carnegie and as the president of the Pittsburgh Locomotive Works. He was a quiet, unassuming man, who held up his share of the structure. When he died in 1889, his stock was promptly bought in from his heirs by the Carnegie Company.

JOHN W. VANDERVORT, 1897—Vandervort was a personal friend and traveling companion of Andrew Carnegie. He had a comparatively small interest, but enough to make him, at the time of his death, one of the thousand millionaires of steel.

And so Andrew Carnegie and Henry Phipps were the only two of the fourteen who survived. Phipps remained in the firm with patient pertinacity and devotion to its interests. Carnegie remained because of his aggressive ambition to dominate the international world of steel. It is incorrect to assert that the other partners were ejected. None were coerced or voted out. Even when the era of big dividends began, there were many business men in Pittsburgh who prophesied that the high-flying Carnegie and his unfortunate partners would come to grief. The iron and steel business had always been erratic—a business of princes and paupers; and the outgoing partners believed that the tide which was rushing them to prosperity would soon exhaust itself and swing backward.

THE EMPEROR OF STEEL.

Andrew Carnegie, on the other hand, was not a quitter. Nothing could erase the imprint which his first sight of a

Bessemer converter had made upon his mind. He bought stock steadily, in good times and in bad times. He was no hair-trigger speculator, snapped by every touch of rumor. The first of business maxims is "Buy cheap," and he never disobeyed it voluntarily. He knew how to prepare the market, how to make suggestions, how to drop innuendoes, how to give information or withhold it. When new stock was issued he captured the lion's share of it, getting it on credit whenever possible. Personally, he was a man of the simplest tastes, having no expensive habit except that of traveling. He was unmarried. All his attention was concentrated upon the guidance of his money-making machinery.

From letters of his which have been made public it is very clear that as profits increased he was anxious that partners should decrease. His hope was to make the concern a "close corporation." A dozen partners meant a dozen shares and a dozen opinions. It meant also, in the Carnegie company, a series of disputes and several bitter quarrels. As a democracy the company was not satisfactory, to say the least. Inevitably it moved toward absolutism. The little republic evolved into an empire.

Henceforth the iron-makers and steel-makers of America were not to be a self-governing peasantry of small capitalists. The word "thousands" was erased, and "millions" was written in its place. Power slipped from the many to the few. The steel business became once more an exclusive guild, which no mere commoner could enter. A feudalism of barons divided the country into industrial provinces. And above them, on an eminence which became more and more like a throne, appeared the sturdy figure of the little Scotsman—five and a third feet high and as heavy as four feet of steel rail.

Andrew Carnegie, the Allegheny City bobbin-boy, had become the Cæsar of steel.

EDITOR'S NOTE—"The Carnegie Company under Henry Clay Frick" will be the subject of next month's instalment of "The Romance of Steel." The full story of Frick's rise from errand boy to steel king will be told, describing the wonderful feats of financiering whereby he bought steel mills and ore mines without the payment of a dollar. Two other important subjects that will be treated next month are—the Carnegie system, showing in what respects Carnegie differed from other men of business; and the battle between labor and machinery, which resulted in the famous Homestead strike.

BEATRICE AND THE ROSE

BY HONORÉ WILLISIE

AUTHOR OF "THE DROUGHT-BREAKER"

BEATRICE sat on the topmost bar of the four-barred gate. This particular bar of this particular gate had been her favorite thinking-spot, since, in her slender-legged childhood, her heels had tattooed the very dents still to be seen in the second bar.

The old man, hobbling slowly across the pasture, did not in the least disturb her reverie. His eyes lingered tenderly on her as he drew nearer.

"Beatrice!" he called. "Beatrice, better come in now, dearie."

The girl jumped lightly from her perch.

"Saving me from another scolding, eh, grandfather? Bless your heart!"

"Your father'll be in from the field pretty soon, now," the old man said.

Beatrice put her arm through his and turned him toward the house.

"It's a pretty place, grandfather," she said.

"Yes," said the old man, "I still think so after seeing it for seventy odd years."

Across the pasture lay the old red brick house, almost hidden by Virginia creeper. The Virginia creeper, in turn, was almost hidden by the elms and maples that filled the great yard. It was a quiet old house, with many windows and gabled roofs.

"Yes, it's a pretty place," repeated Beatrice, "and I should hate to leave it."

Grandfather Edgren stopped in alarm.

"You are not thinking of leaving it, Beatrice?" he cried.

The girl shook her head.

"It's no use for me to think of leaving it, grandfather, you know. Father won't let me learn anything but house-keeping. If there were need for my doing the work, I wouldn't complain."

"I wish your mother had lived, Beatrice," the old man said. "She could have done anything with your father.

Not but what John means well," he interrupted, "but—but he doesn't see things just as your mother and I would."

The girl's sweet face saddened as her companion spoke, and her dark eyes watched, unseeingly, the pigeons dipping about the eaves of the old barn. Then her lips curved into a sudden smile.

"Grandfather," she cried, "the first brier-rose!" She knelt close by the garden fence and smelled the fragile thing. "I'll not pick it yet," she murmured, "not until——"

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" called a heavy voice from the porch.

"Coming, father," answered the girl, rising slowly, and, again taking the old man's arm, she trailed up the bricked garden walk to the vine-covered porch.

"Beatrice," her father began, "are you never going to take the responsibility of the house? It's pretty hard on me to have to run both the farm and the house, while you are out mooning."

Beatrice did not answer until she had helped her grandfather up the steps.

"But, father," she said then, "Bridget does everything better than I could ever hope to, and she has managed so long that she resents a suggestion from me."

Mr. Walcott brought his fist down heavily on the back of a chair.

"That's not the point," he said decisively. "I want my daughter to be a thorough housekeeper, and she'll never learn it by lally-gagging in the woods. My mother would turn over in her grave if she thought I had such a daughter."

Beatrice waited to hear no more, but slipped into the hallway. Grandfather Edgren looked at his son-in-law sadly.

"You don't understand Beatrice, I'm afraid, John," he said.

"No, and I don't want to," snorted John Walcott. "You've no business to encourage her in her laziness, father.

Come, supper must be ready," and he followed Beatrice into the hall.

The interior of the old house was as attractive as the exterior. A broad, cool, wainscoted hall stretched through it, with wide-swung doors at either end, through which one caught, on the one hand, a glimpse of summer fields and the lane, where a line of cattle wandered toward the barnyard; and on the other hand, the quaint old garden with its tangle of bloom. It was not strange that Grandfather Edgren and Beatrice loved the place.

The supper hour was not a congenial one, though the old man did his cheerful best to keep up a conversation concerning the condition of the honey bees and the new hives, which were his special care and pride. As soon as possible, Beatrice left the table. When she was gone, her father again manned his guns.

The subject of her distaste for housework, her love of books, her dislike for the society of the farmer youths of the neighborhood, had once occupied the entire meal hour; but a certain quiet dignity that Beatrice was acquiring, with her eighteen years, had lately caused her father to curb his tongue a little. So it was Grandfather Edgren who received full benefit of the fusillade.

"I can't understand it," began John Walcott, pouring a quantity of cream over his strawberries. "What does Beatrice think is to become of her? She turns up her nose at every fellow in the township, and some of them are mighty well-to-do, too. Why, my sisters used to turn out as much work in a day as Beatrice does in a year."

"Beatrice comes of different stock," suggested Grandfather Edgren, mildly.

"She's my child as much as her mother's, ain't she?" stormed Walcott. "And I tell you I don't see how any child of mine can spend her days sniffing at flowers, fussing over flower-beds, and mooning at the landscape. I wish she had been a boy. As it is, she'll never amount to shucks."

"I have a feeling," went on the gentle old voice opposite, "that some one of the Edgrens, some day, will amount to a great many shucks; if not Beatrice, then one of Beatrice's children. We have always been quiet people, yet"—

here a note of pride crept into the quavering voice—"we have never been beholden to any one for sustenance. This property, unencumbered, has been in the family for a hundred and fifty years."

John Walcott looked a little uncomfortable. His place was merely that of regent. The beautiful old farm would belong to Beatrice.

"Of course, I know that," he said, in a slightly more conciliatory tone, "and what I want is to make Beatrice fit to take the responsibility of it."

Grandfather Edgren looked out the window toward his beloved beehives.

"I'm not afraid," he answered. "Beatrice's mother was a dreamer, too, and Beatrice looks like her."

John Walcott's reply caught in his throat as he looked toward the doorway.

"Grandfather," said Beatrice, "will you come into the garden with me?"

Beatrice was very like her mother; very like the old portrait that hung in the hall, and that showed a sweet-faced girl with a laughing baby in her arms. It was one of the griefs of Beatrice's life that she had been so young that she could not realize in whose arms she was held; and it was the great grief of John Walcott's life that those tender arms had held the baby for so short a time. As he looked at his daughter's winsome face above the white gown, a face too sad for its years, a memory of that other face, which he had truly adored, clutched at his heart. Without a word he watched the old man and the girl go out into the garden; and long after Bridget had cleared the table, he sat staring into the gathering twilight.

Grandfather Edgren and Beatrice walked up and down the garden paths together, pausing now before a group of lilies, ethereally soft in the fading light, now before a mass of phlox of wonderful hue and luxuriance.

"They are beautiful, child—beautiful! I don't see how you do it!"

"I think out most of it sitting on the pasture gate. Somehow, I can plan best there," answered Beatrice, smiling whimsically.

That evening, as they sat on the porch, listening to the measured notes of the crickets, Grandfather Edgren was unusually silent. A new idea was stirring

in the old man's mind. Beatrice so loved her flowers, she delved over them so persistently, read and studied over them so faithfully, it seemed a pity that her efforts should not lead to some end which might meet John Walcott's approval. After Beatrice and her father had gone to bed, and the house lay quiet in the moonlight, a lamp burned late in the old man's room. He was writing a letter to an old-time friend. The letter told of Beatrice and her work, and asked if the old friend's son, whose private greenhouses were widely known, would stop in to see whether the girl's flowers were salable, if he ever passed that way.

For the next few days, for different reasons, Beatrice and her grandfather went about with an air of absent-minded expectancy—a fact that irritated John Walcott almost beyond endurance. Even the hiving of a new swarm of bees had seldom enthralled Grandfather Edgren as did the possibilities of a reply to his letter. Each morning, as the postman's gig appeared in a dusty cloud, far down the road, the old man hobbled down the lane to intercept it.

Beatrice, at any other time, would have noticed his suppressed excitement; but she was so engrossed with her own work that even her father's scolding voice fell on unhearing ears. Each morning she rose a long hour before breakfast, and was out in the fragrant dewiness of her garden almost as soon as the flowers spread their petals to catch the level rays of the sun. She dug and rooted, slipped and sorted and threw away; now clipping with pruning-shears, now wielding her trowel, now walking back and forth with thoughtful eyes.

It was on the fourth morning after Grandfather Edgren had sent his letter that Beatrice came in to breakfast late, her face flushed, her heavy hair tumbled, her eyes wide with a new joy.

"Grandfather!" she cried.

"For heaven's sake, Beatrice," interrupted her father, "can't you come to your meals on time? You've been up long enough—I heard you at work in the garden an hour ago!"

Beatrice made no answer, but her lip trembled and the joyful look faded a little. She drank her coffee in silence, then waited for Grandfather Edgren to

finish his breakfast. Her father glared at the two in a baffled sort of way, then tramped from the room.

As soon as the sound of his footsteps died away, Beatrice leaned toward the eager-eyed old man.

"It has bloomed, grandfather!" she said. "The new rose has bloomed!"

"What?" cried Grandfather Edgren. "I thought it was not due for another week!"

"So did I, at first," replied Beatrice; "but I knew it would be several days early when I looked at it on Sunday; and since then I've been trying to keep you away from it, to surprise you."

The old man rose.

"And is it," he said with trembling eagerness, "is it as——"

"Wait!" cried Beatrice. "Wait till you see it! Come, grandfather!"

They hastened out into the glory and tangle of the garden. The air was all aglow with the yellow of the sunshine and the flutter of dragon-fly wings, and all a-drone with honey-bees. Over in the far corner, near the locust-trees, they paused, the old man with a quavering little "Oh, Beatrice!" and the girl with a sigh of great content.

On a slender stalk, a little removed from the other plants, grew the rose, a thing of such fragile perfection that one trembled lest the butterfly which hovered above it might mar its delicacy. It seemed to have all the brier-rose's shadowy allurements, all the tea-rose's evanescent purity of coloring, and the clinging fragrance of all the garden roses of all the gardens since time was.

The two stood, so absorbed in the beauty of the lovely thing that they did not hear the click of the garden gate nor the sound of footsteps on the bricked walk. These sounded briskly, at first, then hesitated, then moved slowly across the garden toward the locust-trees.

Half-way to the trees, the young man stopped. Beatrice was worth a long pause. In the years among her flowers, she seemed to have absorbed much of their sweetness and charm; and it was small wonder that the heart of the man stopped and then went on with unaccustomed rapidity. The slender girl, with masses of waving dark hair above long-lashed gray eyes, with a mouth like a

curled rose-leaf and a chin that held the suspicion of a dimple—truly she was as lovely a thing as the rose over which she bent.

At length the young man moved forward. Grandfather Edgren gave a start, and held out a welcoming hand. He knew that the answer to his letter had come.

"I came," said the young man, after he had been introduced to Beatrice, "to see your flowers and to——" His eyes fell upon the rose, and with a half-articulated expression of wonder he bent above it. "Tell me," he cried, "what variety of rose is this?"

"Well, I haven't named it yet," answered Beatrice, flushing a little. "I've been working over it for two years, and it only bloomed this morning."

"You don't mean that this is a new variety which you yourself have bred?"

Beatrice nodded.

"Grandfather's bees suggested it to me, long ago, and I got books, and——"

"But," the young man interrupted, "this is a wonderful thing! I never saw so exquisite a rose—and you have worked it out by yourself!"

"Well, not really by myself. I've had grandfather's help; and the view from the pasture gate, and the flowers themselves, are an inspiration."

The young man looked about the garden.

"Why, the place is full of new varieties!" he exclaimed, and he hurried from one gorgeous bed to another. Then he turned to Grandfather Edgren, who was following in an ecstasy of delight. "Why, this is marvelous! Your daughter is a genius. She has a fortune right here in the garden. This rose alone is worth the price of the entire farm!"

The old man shook his head.

"She doesn't care for the money; but I wanted to see if all her work was worth while."

"Worth while!" cried the young man. "Is the work of a painter or a sculptor worth while?"

Grandfather Edgren's eyes filled.

"I wish her mother were here," he said. "I'm going to find her father. I've told him again and again that the Edgrens would come to something, some time! He'll see things differently now."

Beatrice was still standing by her rose when the young man returned to her. As she looked slowly up into the brown eyes, something only half hidden in their adoring depths made her own eyes waver, and a strange warmth that she had never known before entered her heart. She turned again to the rose.

"Isn't it wonderful," she said, "when one has dreamed and dreamed of a thing for years, to have it come to you, more perfect than you had dared to hope?"

"Yes," said the young man, but his eyes were still on Beatrice, and not on the rose.

He was holding in bravely, was the young man, considering the tide that was rising.

"And it seems stranger still," she hurried on, "when one has gone on so blindly, year after year."

"Yes," repeated the young man.

The tide was rising fast.

"Will you come and see the syringas?" asked Beatrice.

But it was useless for her to parry, for the flood-tide was sweeping in.

"The rose and all are marvelous," he said, "but don't you know that you are the most marvelous flower in the garden? You are—but I must not go on, must I?"

The man and the girl stood looking at each other in the June sunlight; with robins and bluebirds, bees and butterflies, scent of summer air, bloom of summer flowers, all about them. There came the sound of Grandfather Edgren's cane on the bricked walk. His face was flushed and tremulous, and lighted with a joy that was reflected in Beatrice's own glowing eyes.

"Beatrice," he said, "your father is the most surprised man in three counties. He can hardly believe it! He'll be in from the field in a minute." Something in the two faces before him made him pause. He looked from one to the other, with a tender little smile dawning at the corner of his kind old mouth. "You'll stay and make us a little visit, won't you, my boy? There are enough flowers here to make a week of study."

The young man turned to Beatrice.

"Shall I stay?" he asked slowly. Beatrice did not look up.

"Yes," she answered softly, with a rose tint creeping down to her throat.

LIGHT VERSE



IN HAYING TIME

I

"And will you ride with me," he said,
 "To town, upon this load of hay?"
 She answered, while she shook her head:
 "The folk would laugh along the way!"

II

"But what are laughing folk to us?
 Life's way were but an easy road
 If we could always journey thus,
 In state, upon a clover load!"

III

"'Twas only of the town you spoke;
 You nothing said about life's way!"
 "Well, then, for life," cried he, in hope,
 "Let's start upon this load of hay!"

IV

Two happy lovers on a load
 Of hay that afternoon sat down;
 And in the empty hay-cart rode
 At dew-fall homeward back from town.

Greta A. Matson Dolson



AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

FAREWELL, fair Day! Thy seasons that were glad
 Shall be abiding;
 Those that were sad
 The night is hiding!

BENIGNANT Night, the shadow of release
 From toil and sorrow,
 Grant us thy peace
 Until to-morrow!

BELoved Sleep, allure us to thy breast
 With welcome warning;
 Bring us thy rest
 Until the morning!

Dudley William Walton

A FEW WANTS

Wanted—a pretty girl with brains,
 Who knows just how to cook.

Wanted—an author who takes pains,
 And *thinks* about his book.

Wanted—a surgeon who says "No!
 I dare not operate."

Wanted—a chauffeur who goes slow,
 And never plays with fate.

Wanted—a wife who never buys
 One thing she doesn't need.

Wanted—a gift to know what lies
 Each day we have to read.

Wanted—a tradesman who is square,
 No need to be found out!

Wanted—a thing that will grow hair
 Certain, beyond a doubt.

Wanted—a trust that lowers the price
 Just for the public good.

Wanted—protection from that vice,
 Adulterated food.

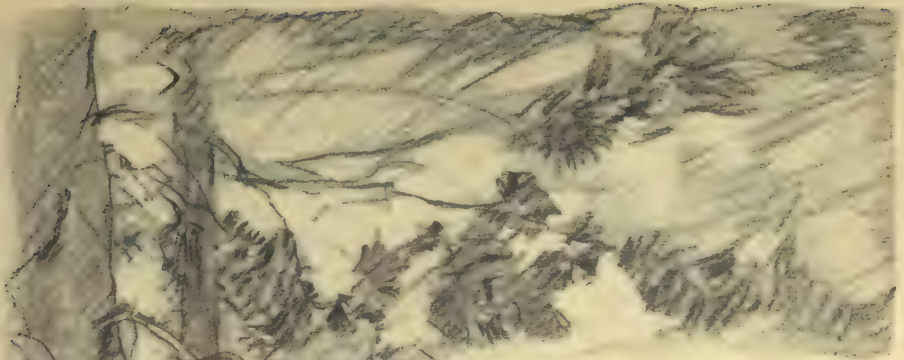
Wanted—health systems that will cure
 Before we pay a cent.

Wanted—more cash to make the poor
 Enjoy their sentiment.

Wanted—a suburb where the rate
 Of living's not a shame.

Wanted—to match, we beg to state,
 A city just the same!

Tom Masson



BENEATH THE PINES

THERE'S a rustic seat in a sun-lit dell
 Beneath the pines,
 Where thrilling chords of music swell
 To rising winds;
 Shadows dance to each swaying tree,
 The bluebird's note gives challenge free,
 The babbling brook sings joyfully,
 Beneath the pines.

TWO star-lit eyes are soft and bright
 Where woodbine twines,
 And fill the dell with radiant light
 Beneath the pines;
 On light wings speed the fleeting hours,
 O'er forest by-path bright with flowers,
 For all the joys of earth are ours,
 Beneath the pines!

Kenneth Bruce





FRITZI SCHEFF

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

THE YOUNG VIENNESE PRIMA DONNA WHO IS A FAVORITE STAR OF THE AMERICAN SINGING STAGE—HER CAREER AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE AND IN COMIC OPERA

AMONG the favorites of the American lyrical stage Fritzi Scheff is a unique figure. For one thing, she is one of the very few singers of musical comedy who can really sing. For another, she has an unusual endowment of magnetism—that heaven-sent gift which wealth cannot buy and years of study cannot bring. For yet another, her brief dramatic career has been remarkably—one might almost say precociously—successful, for though she is still under thirty, she has made a distinct mark in both grand and comic opera, and has won favor in both Europe and America.

The predominating trait of her temperament is vivacity—a vivacity typical of her native Vienna, the Paris on the Danube. On the boards and off, she is the same embodiment of abounding good nature and seemingly irresponsible enthusiasm. Success has not spoiled her, and she does not find it necessary to draw any sort of sacred circle about herself or to indulge in the “prima donna whims” too common with operatic stars. She will tell you that she went upon the stage because she loved it.

“I wanted to,” she says, with a characteristic shrug, and with the slight foreign accent that heightens rather than diminishes the charm of her voice. “Isn’t that reason enough?”

On looking at the story of her life, however, we find that it was something more than mere inclination that made her a star of opera; for she inherited both musical and dramatic gifts. Her real name was Anna Scheff Yäger. Her mother, Hortense Scheff, was a prima donna at the Imperial Opera House in

Vienna, which is one of the finest in Europe. Mme. Scheff is singing still, being now on the roster of the Frankfort opera. The father, Dr. Yäger, is a physician of the Austrian capital.

THE MAKING OF A SINGER

At five, the child sang in a church choir. At eight, her vocal ability was so pronounced that she was sometimes spoken of as a prodigy. If she had been in New York, instead of Vienna, she might have been exploited as “the child Patti,” and her future career ruined in the quest for speedy profits. As it was, her gift was tenderly watched over by her talented mother, and in due course she was sent to Dresden, where her regular musical training began. This was capped by further instruction at Frankfort, where, when she was eighteen, she made her first public appearance as *Juliet* in Gounod’s famous opera.

Her success was instantaneous, and she remained at Frankfort for two seasons, singing the prima donna rôles in “Faust,” “Cavalleria Rusticana,” “La Bohème,” and “Mignon.” Munich then put in a request for her services, and it was in the Bavarian capital that Maurice Grau heard her. Here was a find for the American manager—a really clever and capable singer, very young, and not likely to have developed exorbitant ideas on the salary question. Ascertaining that her stipend was twelve thousand marks a year, he offered her thirty thousand to come to New York.

The name of New York has a magic sound to most European singers, who—though they complain that our climate



MME. FRITZI SCHEFF, NOW STARRING IN "MLLE. MODISTE
From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

injures their vocal chords—look upon America as the land of gold, and regard an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House as a passport to wealth and fame. Thirty thousand marks seemed a fortune to the Viennese girl, and she promptly signed a three-year contract with Mr. Grau.

During the two following seasons, however, she found that there was another side to the picture. The thirty thousand marks which had loomed so magnificently in frugal Germany grew disappointingly small when translated into seventy-five hundred dollars and measured against the cost of living in America. She did not care to have to put up at an inferior hotel when older and more highly paid prima donnas had the best that the city afforded. In other ways, too, her position in Mr. Grau's troupe as the youngest singer of important parts was not entirely comfortable. The Metropolitan is a place—and especially was it so under the Grau régime—where a few favorite stars rule almost at will; manager, audience, and critics bow down humbly before them, and pay but scant attention to newcomers and secondary performers.

HER CAREER AT THE METROPOLITAN

Mlle. Scheff made her American début as *Marzelline*, in "Fidelio," on December 28, 1900. That season she sang chiefly in German opera, as a *Rhine Maiden* in "Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung," as a *Valkyr* in "Walküre," and as the unseen *Forest Bird* in "Siegfried"; but she had an occasional chance at rôles that gave her a more congenial opportunity, such as *Zerlina*, in "Don Giovanni," and the vivacious *Musetta*, in "La Bohème."

In the following season her progress, if gradual, was nevertheless distinct. She did not appear until the New Year's night of 1902, when she was cast for *Cherubino*, the page in Mozart's beautiful old classic "The Marriage of Figaro." She did notably well, both in her singing of the famous "Voi Che Sapete" and in her sprightly impersonation of *Count Almaviva's* mischievous young protégé. Later she sang *Papagena*, in "The Magic Flute"; *Nedda*, in "Pagliacci," and *Asa*, the gypsy girl, in Pade-

rewski's opera, "Manru"; but her best and most characteristic part—in the public estimation, at any rate—was still that of *Musetta*. "The second act," wrote one of the critics after a performance of "La Bohème," "was Scheff's and Scheff's alone. She dominated the Café Momus revelry in a way that put pale *Mimi* (Sembrich) to the blush. Scheff as *Musetta* is all that fate and her sponsors planned when they chose for her the magic name of Fritzi."

It was during the interim between her first and second seasons at the Metropolitan that the young Austrian became Mme. Scheff by the culmination of a romance of her own. For two years, it seemed, she had been engaged to Baron Fritz von Bardeleben, a German captain of hussars. The barrier to their union was the rule forbidding an officer to marry unless his wife brings him a certain very considerable amount of dowry. Devoted as he was to the army, the young baron was still more devoted to his fiancée, and finally decided to leave his regiment for his bride. They were married two weeks before she sailed for America in the autumn of 1901, and the trip was their honeymoon.

Even in her second and third seasons at the Metropolitan Mme. Scheff's appearances were comparatively few, and her chance for any great or speedy promotion seemed small. One night, when she tripped off the stage after an energetic rendering of the scene at the Café Momus, a newspaper man who had seen her kick off *Musetta's* slipper and hop across the boards on one unshod foot, said to her:

"Mme. Scheff, why don't you go into comic opera?"

"What?" she cried, in righteous indignation. "That would be—what you call it—a come-down to go from grand opera into the song and dance sort, is it not?"

"But think," the newspaper man persisted. "Here you are only one among many; there you would be the star—the real thing—the only one. Everybody else would revolve around you."

"But I do not speak good enough your English," Mme. Scheff responded. "Even if I were willing to—to stoop," she added, with a hasty thought that pos-

sibly he might think she was beginning to yield.

"Oh, you would soon learn enough to make a go of it, and your accent would only add to the charm of the thing."

"No, no," she rejoined, putting her fingers in her ears. "I will not listen to such things. I am an artist now. Pray what should I be then?"

SHE GOES INTO COMIC OPERA

But she did listen to Charles B. Dillingham, when he made a similar proposition to her, as soon as it became evident that Mr. Grau was going to give up the Metropolitan. And after all she may not have regretted her "come-down" on the morning after her debut at the Broadway Theater—which took place in November, 1903, as *Babette*, in the opera by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert—when she could read notices like the following:

Mme. Scheff is the most important acquisition that the comic opera stage has made in many a long year. She sings with skill in a voice that is a delight to the ear, and that has been carefully trained and developed. As an actress she possesses fire, *chic*, grace, a personality that is at once winning, piquant, and sympathetic, and a face and form that are important factors in her equipment. She is above all an artist to the core, one who knows how to make the most of every opportunity, and who employs every talent that she possesses to the best advantage.

This, in spite of a vehicle which the same critic found devoid alike of plot

and point, and which made the star's triumph all the more pronounced.

She opened her second season with "She Stoops to Conquer," set to music under the name "The Two Roses," the book by Stanislaus Stange, and the score by Ludwig Engländer. The piece and environment proved unsuitable, however, and in the spring Mme. Scheff had recourse to revivals of some of the old-time favorites of the light opera repertory—Lecocq's "*Giroflé Girofla*" and Franz von Suppe's "*Boccaccio*" and "*Fatinitza*."

Meanwhile Mr. Dillingham had ordered a new piece from Henry Blossom, author of "*Checkers*," with music by Victor Herbert. The result was "*Mlle. Modiste*," which not only gives Mme. Scheff her most congenial rôle, but might well serve as a model for other works of the sort. It is funny without being silly, a rare achievement in modern light opera, and the melodies are among the most charming that Herbert has ever penned. Such has been the success of "*Mlle. Modiste*" that it is not likely Mme. Scheff will need anything else for a season or two to come. London is already impatient to see her in it.

There is a rumor, however, that when a successor is required it will be another opera by the same composer and librettist, with the opening act laid in Vienna and the second at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—a scheme that suggests a dramatized version of the star's own career.

BROADWAY AT MIDNIGHT

THE theaters are out, and on Broadway
Assembles now the midnight's motley show—
A moving panorama in the glow
Of myriad lamps that make a mimic day.
Here Wealth and Poverty together stray;
Here Virtue walks with Vice, and does not know;
And ever up and down the pavements go
The tireless actors of an endless play.

Serene above this busy whirl of life,
This human comedy, this rush and roar
And turmoil of interminable cars,
Like mute spectators of our mortal strife,
From their blue balconies forevermore
Look down in beauty the immortal stars!

Frank Dempster Sherman

FAMOUS ACTORS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A CHAPTER OF THEATRICAL HISTORY

BY WILLIAM WINTER

AUTHOR OF "SHADOWS OF THE STAGE," "THE LIFE
AND ART OF EDWIN BOOTH," ETC.

THE DEAN OF AMERICAN DRAMATIC CRITICS REVIEWS THE
LAST CENTURY OF OUR STAGE HISTORY, AND SKETCHES
ITS FOREMOST FIGURES — FORREST, THE BOOTHES, JEFFER-
SON, IRVING, AND OTHER GREAT ACTORS OF THE PAST

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century the stage in America, after an experience of vicissitude extending over a period of about seventy years, had become an established institution, and by a considerable and influential class of the population it was esteemed and supported. No such attention, indeed, was bestowed upon it as a later time has accorded to it; but, relatively, its rank was respectable, its condition was moderately prosperous, and its prospect was good.

Washington had sometimes attended the theater—allured thither by "The School for Scandal" and "The Poor Soldier," which seem to have been his favorite plays, and by little Mrs. Marshall's piquant acting, with which he was especially charmed—and his example had been followed by persons of social distinction, though he had passed away. Theaters—most of them shabby in aspect and poor in equipment—existed in several towns of the young republic, among those places being Williamsburgh, Virginia; Annapolis; Baltimore; Richmond; Charleston; Albany; Hartford; and Providence. But the foremost theaters of the time were the Federal, in Boston, opened February 3, 1794; the Chestnut, in Philadelphia, opened

February 17, 1794; and the Park, in New York, opened January 29, 1798—the Park succeeding the John Street Theater, which had lasted from December 7, 1767, to January 13, 1798, and had been the field of notable achievement. Those houses were, comparatively, sumptuous, and of those the Chestnut was the most magnificent, and it long continued to be the most important.

Such, in America, was the scene on which the procession of actors of the nineteenth century began to move. The population of the then existent twenty-one States was less than six millions. The population of New York—then, as now, the leading city of the nation—did not much exceed eighty thousand. The population of Boston was only thirty-six thousand in 1805.

Students of stage history are aware that successive periods in the development of the English theater and in the arrangement of its relations with society have, each in its order, been dominated by some one chieftain. In the period of Shakespeare the regnant actor was Burbage. In the age of Queen Anne the scepter was swayed by Betterton. In the summer of the Georgian era the monarch was Garrick. In the opening years of the nineteenth century the sov-

ereignty was vested in John Philip Kemble. No one of those rulers, indeed, had reigned with absolute, undisputed authority. The crown is a dazzling temptation, and many hands are ever reached to grasp it; but each of those rulers impressed his style upon his time; each dominated by a strong individuality; each had followers; each established a tradition.

THE CAREER OF JOHN HODGKINSON

The impress of Kemble on his period was potent and deep; and of the leading actors, those who ruled the American stage, between 1800 and 1825—all of whom came from England—no one had escaped the influence of the royal personality of Kemble and of his sister, the incomparable Mrs. Siddons. That is the first impression derived from the study of that epoch; and of the Kemble tradition—meaning, not individual style, but thoroughness of training and universality of accomplishment—the chief example, at that time, in America, was John Hodgkinson (1765-1805), who came to this country in 1792, and whose career on our stage was exceptionally bright.

The family name of that remarkable man was Meadowcroft. His parents kept an ale-house in Manchester, England, where he was born, and where he passed his boyhood, early displaying auspicious talents, especially in music. When about fifteen years of age, having been bound as an apprentice to a silk-manufacturer, and not liking that situation, he privily left home, made his way to Bristol, and, adopting the name of Hodgkinson—the maiden name of his mother—presently obtained employment in a theater, and so began his professional life. He had, in Manchester, been a singer in a church choir, and, with a few young companions, had formed a theatrical club, and had participated in performances, musical and dramatic, surreptitiously given, in a cellar. That scanty preparation, combined with his pleasing appearance and ingenuous demeanor, favored his efforts and soon procured him advancement.

From Bristol he passed to the midland circuit of theaters, managed by the eccentric James Whiteley—of whom there

is an amusing account in John Bernard's "Retrospections"—and, later, to the northern circuit, managed by Whitlock and the great comedian Munden; and thus, as a stock-actor, visiting many places, playing many parts, and often acting in association with the most accomplished performers of his time, among whom were Mrs. Siddons and George Frederick Cooke, he developed and matured his powers, not the least of which were intuitive perception of character and prodigious faculty of memory. The historian Dunlap, who did not like him, and who has recorded some disparagement of him, nevertheless testifies to his rare ability. The conservative old critic Stephen Cullen Carpenter, who knew him well, and who has commemorated him with fond admiration, depicts him in lines of illuminative sympathy, impressively instinct with truth:

Hodgkinson, always correct, always perfect in his part and master of himself and his character, accomplished his aim by one continuous, unabating, steady, equal, but mild light.

That testimony points to sustained impersonation, achieved without apparent effort, and therefore with the grace of consummate art.

Hodgkinson must have been a great actor. He has been dead for a hundred years, but on the historic page his figure still stands forth in living light. Various writers have left descriptions of him. He was of a fair complexion, very pale, his eyebrows and eyelashes—so important to an actor—being of exceptional beauty. His features were sufficiently regular; his hair was dark brown, but he often wore powder in it. In height he was five feet ten. His figure was fine but for lack of symmetry in the legs. His eyes could express, with equal felicity, both tenderness and mirth. He had a voice of wide compass, uncommon power, and enchanting melody, and he was a superb singer.

In accordance with the usage of his day he played all sorts of parts, his range including such various and contrasted persons as *Hamlet* and *Benedick*, *Macbeth* and *Falconbridge*, *Jaffier* and *Lingo*, *Charles de Moor* and *Don Felix*, *Sir Robert Bramble* and *Rover*, *Penraddock* and *Mr. Puff*. It had been his

good fortune to attract the friendly notice of Mrs. Siddons, who perceived his genius and gave him the enormous benefit of her practical advice. In his private life he made some errors—of which the righteous Dunlap, whose virtue seems to have been uncommonly oppressive to himself, has taken diligent care to provide a record—and those errors were attended with painful consequences. He died suddenly, of yellow fever, at a tavern near Washington, September 12, 1805, and was buried, in an obscure ground, somewhere on the road to Baltimore. In the memory of theatrical scholars, if not in the temple of fame, his figure fills a conspicuous niche, and his name is honored.

The rivals of Hodgkinson were James Fennell and Thomas Cooper—actors who not only exemplified the Kemble tradition of thoroughness and universality, but also illustrated the Kemble style. Cooper, in particular, seems to have modeled himself on Kemble. That is, almost invariably, the custom of the young actor, his instinct being to begin by imitating some one whom he passionately admires, and presently to modify his imitation by surcharging it with his own spirit.

FENNELL AND THE STAR SYSTEM

Fennell, born in London, in 1776, went on the stage in 1787, came to America in 1792, and was prominent in the American theater, sometimes in sunshine and sometimes in cloud, for nearly twenty years. His crowning success was gained in the character of *Zanga*, in Dr. Young's tragedy of "The Revenge"; but he acted other parts, and was accounted wonderfully fine in both *Othello* and *Iago*, and as *Glenalvon*, in Home's long famous, now forgotten, tragedy of "Douglas." He appeared in New York in 1800, at the Park Theater, acting *Zanga*. He had previously acted in Philadelphia. Fennell was six feet two in height, and he possessed an uncommon mind and a fine, commanding person. His eyes were light gray, with yellow eyebrows and lashes. His hair was light brown. His complexion was fair, and he readily blushed. His demeanor was noble. He had been well educated, at Eton and at Cambridge University.

When at Eton his most intimate school-boy friend was George Canning—then a lad, four years younger than himself; in after years the great statesman and classic orator.

Fennell had read much and he wrote well. One comedy by him survives, called "Lindor and Clara." His autobiography (1814), which, imitating Colley Cibber, he styled "An Apology for the Life of James Fennell," contains sprightly anecdotes and shrewd observations, and it reveals pleasing traits of character. In adopting the stage he took the name of Cambray, but later he discarded it and resumed his own. He seems to have been a flamboyant personage and to have had a grand manner. He could inspire affection, and he gained warm friends. His observation of human nature appears to have been singularly acute. He had studied mankind and had seen the world. In Paris he was acquainted with Marat. In New York he knew Aaron Burr. He was accused of irregularity in his dealings, but it would appear that he deceived himself as much as he deceived others. He showed no wisdom in the conduct of life, but he was brave, alert, expeditious, and incessantly active. His temperament was one of acute sensibility; his heart was kind and his mind was generous—as conspicuously shown in his defense of George Frederick Cooke, a great actor, whose intemperate use of wine has been made to occupy an absurdly disproportionate part in theatrical biography.

Fennell's life was one of trying vicissitude and sad misfortune. His ruinous ingenuity perversely exercised itself in schemes of speculation, which always failed; and, after a melancholy experience of loss, debt, prison, and disgrace, he sank into a state of imbecility, and so passed away, dying miserably poor, at Philadelphia, in 1816. He had been a leader of the American stage, in tragedy, and it was he who introduced, in this country, the star system, a troublesome but practically unavoidable system that began in England in the time of Anne Oldfield (1683-1730). William B. Wood, the old manager, records that Fennell, as a star, received thirty dollars a night, for two weeks, at Bal-

timore, in 1795—not a startling recompense, in contrast with the payments that star actors have since obtained; but thirty dollars was a considerable sum in those days. The elder Booth, in his best time, only stipulated for fifty dollars a night—though when the house proved to be uncommonly good he was known to exhibit some rueful discontentment. Cooper, also, only asked fifty dollars a night.

As to Fennell's style as an actor, there is neither much nor instructive testimony. Wood says that "his declamation was of a very high class," and, in recording the last performance that he ever gave (1815)—when he lost his memory and broke down, in "King Lear"—mentions that "it is doubtful whether the retirement of any other actor occasioned a more general regret." The man who could give a great performance of *Zanga* must have been a great actor.

One of Fennell's anecdotes related to an actor named Bland—an uncle of Mrs. Jordan—whom he met at the Edinburgh theater. That performer was zealous and industrious in his vocation, but infirm of memory; and on one occasion, having entered as the *Earl of Richmond*, in the last act of "Richard III," he began the exhortatory speech of that politic yet adventurous warrior with, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary readings ever delivered from the stage.

"Thus far we've march'd into the bowels of the land," he observed; then, perceiving his mistake, becoming still more confused, and advancing toward the audience, he exclaimed: "And I vow to my God I can go no further!"

COOPER, THE GREAT MACBETH

Cooper, whose father was an Irishman and a doctor, was born in 1776; went on the stage in 1792; came to America in 1796, making his first appearance at Philadelphia, as *Penruddock*, in "The Wheel of Fortune"; and remained on our stage, of which he was a shining ornament, for more than forty years. He died at Bristol, Pennsylvania, April 21, 1849, in his seventy-third year, and was there buried.

Cooper's career began early and was exceedingly brilliant, nor can there be

any doubt that he should be remembered among the great actors of the nineteenth century. The death of his father, in impoverished circumstances, left him penniless in boyhood, and his mother's cousin, William Godwin, author of "Caleb Williams," then assumed the care of him, and superintended his education for about four years. At sixteen the lad determined to attempt the stage. Holcroft, the dramatist, author of "The Road to Ruin," Godwin's intimate friend, and, like him, an enthusiast of the French Revolution, was summoned as an adviser, and soon the influence of those philosophers, while making the youth a Jacobin in political bias, somewhat to his disadvantage at a later day, obtained an opening for him on the stage, with Stephen Kemble, who was in management at Edinburgh and in other northern cities.

Several seasons of itinerant acting ensued, till at length, in the autumn of 1795, Cooper was brought forward in London, at Covent Garden, as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Lothario*—parts that no youth of twenty ever did, or ever could, adequately impersonate. He did not dazzle anybody, but his acting appears to have manifested auspicious talent and exceptional natural qualifications. He had seen John Philip Kemble and George Frederick Cooke. He had figured in the stage train of Mrs. Siddons. He had studied and striven in a good school. His latent powers were great; and he had boundless enthusiasm. On the American stage the fire of his genius blazed forth in copious splendor. After coming to this country he adopted an A. into his name, in order to distinguish himself from another Thomas Cooper, and, later, some friend of his expanded that A. into Abthorp.

When at his meridian, about 1820-1825, Cooper's chief performances were those of *Mark Antony*, *Virginius*, *Damon*, and *Macbeth*. He acted, first and last, one hundred and sixty-four parts. The judgment of his time denominated *Macbeth* his masterpiece. His countenance was remarkable for its mobility of expression; his dark eyes were beautiful; his voice was of uncommon volume and possessed tones of peculiar, silvery sweetness; his demeanor was marked by

a lofty splendor of innate majesty that filled the most exacting ideal of aristocratic magnificence, always commanding respect and often inspiring awe; and, as he was a man of proud spirit and acute sensibility and had deep tenderness of feeling, his acting, in such parts as *Virginius*, *Damon*, and Payne's *Brutus*, must have been perfect. In the expression of wrath he seemed to be transformed into a demon; in the expression of paternal love he looked like an angel. Carpenter wrote of him:

Cooper, unequal, often incorrect, but at times transcendently great and striking, accomplishes his aim by occasional flashes of fire which electrify and dazzle, then vanish, and, like the transient flash of lightning in the night storm, leave the mind in astonishment and darkness.

Residents of New York who recall the appearance of the city as it was about fifty years ago will remember the old Carlton House, which stood at the northeast corner of Broadway and Leonard Street, and which was a favorite resort of convivial spirits. That house had been made by the union of two opulent dwellings, one of which, about 1812, was the residence of Cooper, while the other was the home of Stephen Price—for thirty years, from 1808 till 1840, when he died, the manager of the Park Theater. Cooper was of a volatile temperament, gay, luxurious, extravagant, and, like a favorite comedian of our own time, John T. Raymond, he had a wildly inveterate propensity for betting. It is recorded that once, seeing, in Broadway, a cart loaded with hay, he made a bet with Price, staking the possible proceeds of his benefit performance, presently to occur, that he would draw a longer wisp from the load of hay than his companion would. Price won the bet.

"I have lost two hours' acting," said Cooper.

The receipts of his benefit were twelve hundred dollars. Cooper was also a practical believer in the duel. The reader is not surprised to learn that *Mercurio* and *Charles Surface* were among his admirable impersonations. A stately, courtly, buoyant, graceful, brilliant figure, that great actor, surviving many wrecks of the past, comes upon us with the force of a living personality, and fills imagination's eye as not only the superb

dramatic artist, but, of that old school which is now only a memory, the finished gentleman.

SHINING NAMES OF LONG AGO

No one who thoughtfully ponders over the early period of the American theater can fail to be impressed with a sense of the intellectual tone of the groups of actors assembled and operative along the Atlantic seaboard in the days of the Federal, the Chestnut, and the Park. Those groups included not only such comet-like visitants as George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, and Junius Brutus Booth, but such serene luminaries as Hallam, Bernard, Warren, Jefferson, Blissett, Francis, Wignell, Harwood, Harper, Twaits, Darley, Wood, Mrs. Merry, Mrs. Whitlock (sister of Mrs. Siddons), Mrs. Melmoth, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Oldmixon, Mrs. Pownall, Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Duff. The list of shining names might be considerably extended, but those suffice to indicate the powers and graces that, in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, were coincidentally influential in the advancement of our stage and in the investiture of it with dignity, allurements, and charm.

One of the earliest and most important dramatic aspirants to be impressed and enthralled by the forces then fluent from the theater was Edwin Forrest, who, born at Philadelphia, in 1806, adopted the stage in 1820, and remained in almost continuous practise of his profession till nearly the time of his death, in 1872. His first regular appearance was made in 1820, at the Walnut, Philadelphia, as *Norval*, in Home's tragedy of "*Douglas*." Two years later he was acting in Cincinnati, where he attracted the approving attention of kindly old Sol Smith, who thought that the lad would amount to something, and was not afraid to say so. Later he was at Albany, acting, for seven dollars and a half a week, under Charles Gilfert's management. Then it was that he performed with Edmund Kean, "the comet of a season," and then it was that the great genius, one of the most interesting actors in the annals of the British stage, sang for him—with, as he afterward and often declared and as can well be believed, an expression of infinite pathos—

Tom Moore's "Farewell! But Whenever You Welcome the Hour," a song that any poet might be proud to have written, and that any soul capable of feeling might be grateful to hear.

THE RISE OF EDWIN FORREST

In 1826 Forrest made his first popular hit in New York, acting *Othello*, for a friend's benefit; and by his auspicious success on that occasion—for, in our country, you must prove your case from day to day—he obtained an engagement at the Bowery Theater, then an important place, where, presently, he acted *Damon*, *Jaffier*, *William Tell*, and *Mark Antony*. He was successful, and when a man is successful the world accepts him, whether he has merit or not. Then he went to the sacred temple itself, the old Park, and there he captured the multitude by performances of *Spartacus* and *Metamora*. In 1836 he went to Europe, made a tour of several countries, acted in London, and gained a bride. On his return to America he had a triumphal entrance, and he continued to act, with abundant appreciation, as the popular favorite. The greatest of his contemporaries meanwhile was Junius Brutus Booth, but he unwisely consumed spirituous liquor somewhat freely from time to time, and was erratic—which Forrest never was.

In 1845 Forrest was again in London, where his performance of *Macbeth*, always inadequate and unimpressive, was hissed. That discourtesy he chose to attribute to the hostile influence of the then imperial British actor, William Charles Macready, who, as he excelled Forrest in several ways, including local popularity, had no reason to oppose the American celebrity, even had he been inclined to do so. A little later Forrest attended a theater in Edinburgh to see Macready as *Hamlet*, and, in the course of that performance—at "I must be idle"—rose in his box and loudly hissed his rival. That incident caused a lively newspaper wrangle, in which Forrest participated. In 1848-1849, when Macready made his third and last visit to America and was acting at the Astor Place Opera House—where the Mercantile Library building once stood, and where there is now a shop—Forrest was

acting at the old Broadway Theater, a fine house at that time, situated on the east side of Broadway, near Worth Street. There was a riot at the Astor Place Opera House, May 10, 1849; the aid of the military was invoked to quell it; the soldiers had to fire on the mob that was endeavoring to seize and slay Macready; and twenty-two persons were killed and thirty-six wounded. It was believed then, and it is not disbelieved now, that Forrest fomented that riot and was largely responsible for it.

FORREST'S ART AND PERSONALITY

No actor of the nineteenth century has been the theme of such acrimonious controversy as Edwin Forrest occasioned; the reason being that absolute harmony can never exist between the antagonistic systems of muscle and mind. Forrest was an uncommonly massive and puissant animal, and all of his impersonations were more physical than intellectual, while no one of them possessed any spiritual element whatever. In the latter part of his life, when he had passed through fiery trials of affliction and been ravaged with grief, he gave a profoundly affecting performance of *King Lear*; but in his prime of achievement his acting was mainly characterized by excessive muscular vigor. He had a magnificent voice, powerful, rich, copious, various, resonant; a face of leonine strength and lowering menace; dark, piercing eyes, and a person of rugged build; and in theatrical situations of peril, suspense, or conflict, requiring the opposition of granite solidity, physical power, and vehement, tumultuous, overwhelming vociferation, he was tremendously effective.

In his boyhood he saw Cooper, Edmund Kean, and Conway, and upon those actors he had modeled his style; but he never manifested the majesty, refinement, delicacy, and grace attributed to Cooper, nor did he ever display any of the characteristic recorded qualities of the genius of Edmund Kean. From the first, and until the last, his acting was saturated with "realism," and that was one reason of his extensive popularity. He could at all times be seen, heard, and understood. He struck with a sledge-hammer. Not even nerves of

gutta-percha could remain unshaken by his blow. In the manifestation of terror he lolled out his tongue, contorted his visage, made his frame quiver, and used the trick-sword with the rattling hilt. In scenes of fury he panted, snorted, and snarled, like a wild beast. In death scenes his gasps and gurgles were protracted and painfully literal. The below that he omitted, when, as *Richelieu*, he threatened to launch the ecclesiastical curse, almost made the theater walls tremble. The snarling yell of ferocity that burst from him when, as *Aylmere* (*Jack Cade*), he recognized and sprang upon *Lord Say*, in the forest, fairly frightened his hearers. His utterance of *Lear's* delirious prayer to Nature was like a thunderstorm. Often he produced amazingly consolatory effects—affording ample gratification to the overstrained feelings of his audience, desirous, as in stormy passages of “*King Lear*” and “*Othello*,” the forum scene of “*Virginius*,” the statue scene of “*Brutus*,” and the scaffold scene of “*Damon and Pythias*,” that something tempestuous and terrific should be said and done. There are times when it is a comfort to see somebody that can let himself go. Forrest could. His style, accordingly, had its positive, ample, undeniable merits; but neither he nor his apostles were ever satisfied with acknowledgment of those merits at their actual, definite worth.

Forrest's best performances—best because true in ideal and decisive in expression, consistent, harmonious, sustained, and complete—were *Spartacus*, *Jack Cade*, and *Metamora*. It was with the Indian chieftain *Metamora*, a part he despised, that he gained the bulk of his large fortune. His acting was exceedingly fine in portions of *Othello*, *Virginius*, *Damon*, and Payne's *Brutus*. Amply qualified to excel in the vigorous expression of elemental emotions and the display of robust physical types of human nature, he insisted on performing *Macbeth*, which requires a quality and breadth of imagination that he did not possess, and *Hamlet*—the intellectual, spiritual, tender, delicate, heart-broken, haunted, vacillating, half-crazed prince—in which part he looked like the Farnese Hercules, and acted like a suppressed tornado.

One of his admirers, that once galliard actor, James E. Murdock, extolling his “massive and powerful acting,” in “chosen characters of Shakespeare,” likened him to “the gigantic Moses” of Michelangelo. Much stilted encomium of that sort was provided for the public edification, in the meridian of Forrest's fame; and, after his death, much of it was crystallized by the Rev. William Rounseville Alger into a huge, ponderous, almost unreadable biography of him, in which there is ample record of “the dynamic charge in his nervous centers” and of an influence that “undulates away out to the periphery.” He was the chieftain of the robustious school of acting. As such, he had his day, and an opulent day it was; but when he found that the educated, cultivated world would not accept the robustious school as identical with the intellectual school, but insisted on distinguishing between the body and the spirit, he seems to have felt warranted in becoming, as he did become, a sort of latter-day *Timon*.

FORREST'S STORMY LIFE

In his private life there came a time when he was unfortunate and unhappy. He had married, in London, in 1837, Catharine Sinclair, daughter of John Sinclair, the celebrated Scottish vocalist, and for ten or twelve years had lived happily with her; but, impelled by jealousy, he repudiated his wife and sought a divorce. A counter-suit was brought, a public scandal ensued, and the wife was vindicated. That accomplished gentlewoman, known for many years to the present historian, declared to him that Forrest's jealous disposition showed itself almost from the first of their married life—on one occasion, strangely enough, taking the ridiculous form of resentment against the venerable Lord Jeffrey, the Edinburgh reviewer, one of her father's friends, and one of the most punctiliously honorable and circumspect old gentlemen in the British kingdom.

Iago, an acute observer, notices the compulsory power, upon some people, of “trifles light as air.” It was a silly love-letter, written by George W. Jamieson, in imitation of the manner of “Consuelo,” and found by Forrest among his wife's papers, that wrought the mischief.

Jamieson, in after years intimately known to this writer, said that he wrote the letter in order to sustain his idle boast that he could write exactly in the manner of "Consuelo"—a feat which Mrs. Forrest had declared it was impossible he, or anybody else, could accomplish. He was the leading man in Forrest's company at the time, and many persons were then reading George Sand's sentimental novel.

Jamieson always solemnly declared himself innocent in that business. He was run over and killed by an express train, on the Hudson River Railroad, near Glenwood, October 3, 1868, and he is buried near Yonkers. As an actor Jamieson excelled in *Iago*; *Pete*, in "The Octoroon"; and *Steve Hargrave*, in "Aurora Floyd." He wrote several plays. On hearing of the catastrophe of his death, Forrest wrote:

I see by the telegraphic news in the paper this morning that George W. Jamieson was killed last night by a railroad train, at Yonkers. God is great; and justice, though slow, is sure. Another scoundrel has gone to hell—I trust forever.

THE FOES AND THE FRIENDS OF FORREST

Forrest was "a good hater." He publicly whipped the poet N. P. Willis; he would not allow John Gilbert, that noble actor and excellent man, to appear in any company with which he was acting; he disliked Edwin Booth; he detested Charlotte Cushman; and so deep and bitter was the animosity he cherished against the wife who had divorced him that, within a few weeks before his death, he spoke of her in language of profane and vulgar vituperation. Mrs. Forrest survived till 1891—becoming blind and helpless toward the end of her life, and passing away in misery. Her grave is in the Silver Mount Cemetery, in Staten Island; Forrest lies buried in the precincts of the Edwin Forrest Home, near Philadelphia—an institution that was founded, under his will, as a refuge for "actors and actresses decayed by age or disabled by infirmity."

The Forrest story is, indeed, tragic and mournful. Forrest's character had elements of greatness, and, but for his colossal, selfish egotism, he might have had a happy life and left a lovable mem-

ory. Devoted friendship he did obtain—in his early days that of William Leggett, one of the brightest spirits of that time in the journalism of New York; in later years that of James Oakes, of Boston, a man of singularly gentle nature, still affectionately remembered by silver-haired veterans of that old city, who once, when Plancus was consul, lit their cigars at Mrs. Dunlap's shop in Theater Alley; took their social glass in the cozy bar of the ancient Stackpole; and heard the bell sound midnight from the tower of the old South Church. McCullough, who knew Forrest well, said that the stern actor's affection for Oakes was so deep that whenever they were to meet after a period of absence, he insisted that their meeting should be private, as he could not bear that his emotions should be seen by stranger eyes. The rugged old chieftain was capable of deep feeling. Nobody ever doubted that. It should be remembered also that, in his professional life, when he had obtained authority, Forrest was a patron of dramatic composition, and that he never produced a tainted or a hurtful play. The edifying discovery, indeed, had not, in his time, been made, that the province of the theater is to analyze physical disease, to reveal the skeleton in the closet, to supervise domestic morals, and to wash dirty linen in public.

The career of Forrest spanned the middle of the nineteenth century. At its zenith, his retrospection necessarily covered many momentous changes, and the bright names of many imperial players. George Frederick Cooke he never saw; for that great actor, famous alike in *Richard III*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, and *Falstaff*, died in 1812—the remains of him, lacking the skull and the forefinger bone of the right hand, which were taken, as relics, by Dr. Francis and Edmund Kean, in 1824, resting now beneath a monument in St. Paul's churchyard, in New York; but he had seen the illustrious Jefferson, whom everybody loved and honored; he had acted with Conway, the idol of old Mrs. Piozzi, and with Cooper, Edmund Kean, Junius Brutus Booth, and G. V. Brooke. He had lived through the better days of the old Chestnut and the old Park, and

known all the lights of genius and beauty by whom they were ever graced; he had viewed the eminence and the decline of John Howard Payne, who wrote "Sweet Home," and of Henry J. Finn, the most versatile comic genius of his day. He had seen John Barnes and his beautiful wife; he had watched the rise of Tyrone Power, E. S. Conner, Tom Hamblin, E. L. Davenport, George Vandenhoff, the matchless Burton, all the Placides, all the Jeffersons, all the Wheatleys, and all the younger scions of the great house of Wallack; and he had so impressed himself upon the theater of his time that imitators of him abounded all over the land.

Among notable members of the Forrestian school it would, probably, be correct to name David Ingersoll, who was deemed a prodigy, and who died prematurely in 1837, and Charles Eaton, who was only thirty when he passed away in 1843. It would, certainly, be correct to name Hudson Kirby (1819-1848), who excelled in "Ercles' vein"; Augustus A. Addams, said to have possessed a wonderful genius, who perished young in 1851; John R. Scott (1808-1856); Wyzeman Marshall, Joseph Proctor, J. B. Studley, and Daniel Harkins—all of whom are gone. Among the younger actors whom Forrest deeply impressed, and to a considerable extent, molded—although each of them, in time, departed from his standard and struck out an individual path—were Edwin Adams, John McCullough, Charles Barron, and Lawrence Barrett. Traces of his style were obvious in the acting of E. L. Davenport, who deeply admired him; but Davenport was, distinctively, a more intellectual actor, and early in life had fallen under the spell of a still more potent spirit—the amazing, the fascinating, the irresistible genius of Junius Brutus Booth.

THE GENIUS OF THE ELDER BOOTH

The career of the elder Booth has been commemorated by many pens—among others, by those of his daughter Asia (Mrs. John S. Clarke), and his son Edwin. Some of the records are stern with censure, while some of them are sad with regret; but almost all of them glow with wonder and admiration.

Booth was born in London, in 1796; went on the stage, obscurely, in 1813; appeared in the capital in 1817, as a rival to Edmund Kean, who defeated him; came to America in 1821; acted, intermittently, in many of our cities, for the rest of his life; and died in 1852—worn out with insane episodes of inebriety and with the ravages of tremendous emotion.

It was the privilege of this commentator to see him, in 1851, as *Pescara*, in "The Apostate." He was then in his decadence; but even then his terrific aspect, his thrilling voice, and his magnificent action imparted a sense of overwhelming power and splendor. In his prime, as a representative of the darker passions and fiercer moods of human nature, he must have been superlative and incomparable. Old records allege a close resemblance between Booth and Kean. It probably was temperamental. They were little men, and slight, and thus far they were alike; but Kean was dark, while Booth was fair; Kean's eyes were very dark brown, such eyes as are commonly called black; Booth's eyes were blue. Kean's voice, though it had a mournful cadence, was, according to Hazlitt, that of the raven; Booth's voice, before the fray with Tom Flynn, in which his nose was broken, was massive, resonant, flexible, and celestially melodious, though incapable of expressing mirth—nor did it ever lose its magic. In movement both men were electrical; in elocation both were superb.

Both men acted, substantially, the same round of parts, neither of them having a large repertory. Kean seems to have excelled in arousing pity; Booth certainly excelled in creating terror. Kean was the more pathetic, Booth the more sinister; and yet the surviving testimony of the past declares that Kean was great in Booth's great parts, *Richard* and *Sir Giles*, and that Booth, in one of Kean's greatest parts, *Othello*, expressed not only the magnanimity of the Moor, but his tenderness, his desolate misery, and his despair, in a way to break the listener's heart. Thurlow Weed, the old statesman, talking with the present writer, in 1875, declared that of all the actors of the previous sixty years Edmund Kean was, to him, the

greatest. Rufus Choate, the wonderful orator, when he heard of the death of Junius Brutus Booth, exclaimed, in passionate sorrow:

"Then there are no more actors!"

Sir Walter Scott, a devotee of Kemble, once described Kean as "a copper-laced two-penny tear-mouth, rendered mad by conceit and success." "As an actor," said Oxberry, in 1825, "Booth is only second rate." "To see Kean at his best," said Hazlitt, "is one of the consolations of the human mind." "We must regard Booth," said Thomas R. Gould—who, as a competent critic, had every right to speak on the subject—"as the greatest of all actors." Thus, in all periods, is judgment swayed by feeling and directed by individual taste.

Aside from question of Booth's exact quality and rank there can be no doubt that he was a man of extraordinary genius, and that he exerted a potent influence on the stage. In one way his influence, like that of Cooke and Kean, was harmful; because the people, looking on him and on them, and associating their vagaries of inebriety with their marvelous faculty of achievement in dramatic art, were more or less persuaded to believe that genius and delirium are interchangeable terms. At one time the fallacious notion was widely prevalent, nor has it become entirely extinct, that imagination, the highest and rarest faculty of the human mind, is synonymous with madness, and that moral frailty is a necessary and inevitable attribute to the genial, poetic temperament. The poet Burns long ago provided the mellifluous but beguiling formula that "the light that led astray was light from heaven." The truth is that "order is heaven's first law," and that even madness operates in accordance with it.

THE TENDENCY OF DRAMATIC ART

Cooke, Kean, and Booth were wildly erratic, but there is abundant reason to believe, that notwithstanding their apparent recklessness, they were attentive students of their art, and had learned to know precisely what they wished to do and precisely how to do it. A great actor, now and then, may have sudden and illuminative inspirations while act-

ing, but as a rule he leaves nothing to chance. Those giants of the stage, although in one respect their example was pernicious, were in other respects the beacon lights of artistic beauty. The principle that they observed, the imperial principle, is stated by *Hamlet*:

In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.

Rant was sometimes used by some of the old actors, yielding to the temptation "to split the ears of the groundlings"; and divers bellowing "barnstormers," imitating the faults of those whom they could not comprehend, were the woful product of that bad usage; but the trend of acting has been steadily away from tumult and extravagance, and steadily toward the royal standard of intellectual control. In every age the acting that has really captured the world and prevailed over it has been the acting that has been inspired by genius and governed and guided by intellectual purpose reenforced by personal charm.

The teeming chronicle of the American stage, in the last half of the nineteenth century, is brightly spangled with shining names; among them, to mention only a few, being those of John E. Owens, William Warren, John Gilbert, William Rufus Blake, George Holland, Henry Placide, Lester Wallack, James W. Wallack, Jr., Charles W. Coudock, Charles Fisher, John Brougham, James Lewis, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Waller, Mrs. Lander, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Wallack, Mrs. Maeder, Mrs. Barrow, Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Ponisi, and Mrs. Gilbert. The stage, in this country, however, was largely dominated, during that period, by two actors, respectively representative of comedy and tragedy and likewise of the intellectual principle in dramatic art—Joseph Jefferson and Edwin Booth. Each of those actors had a great career, and each career would require—and, from the pen now writing, has had—a volume for its exposition.

THE GREAT RIP VAN WINKLE

Joseph Jefferson, born in Philadelphia in 1829, gave his first performance

at the age of four and his last at the age of seventy-five. He was on the stage for seventy-one years, dying on April 23, 1905—Easter Sunday and the Shakespeare anniversary. In his time he acted more than a hundred parts, but ultimately he restricted his repertory to *Rip Van Winkle*, *Acres*, *Caleb Plummer*, and a couple of farces. His supreme achievement was *Rip Van Winkle*—at first an imitation of the performance of that part by his half-brother, Charles Burke, upon whom his style was modeled, but later a creation of his own genius, in which humor, pathos, poetry, and the spiritual element were conspicuously and harmoniously commingled.

Jefferson came of a stage lineage, was born to be an actor, and possessed extraordinary natural advantages. His figure was slender; his features were regular; he had dark hair, gray-blue eyes, and magnificent eyebrows. His voice was clear and sympathetic, and its winning tones were equally expressive of tenderness and genial mirth. His acting was marked by the delightful quality of repose, and its art was so absolutely veiled that it seemed not acting but living, and so created a perfect illusion. Therein consisted his supremacy. He was not a declaimer; he was an impersonator. His performance of *Rip Van Winkle* appeared to be completely spontaneous; it was universally recognized and designated as "natural"; yet, in fact, it was—and rightly so—the product of scrupulous art, the result of an intellectual, premeditated, steadily supervised design, formed with laborious thought, and executed, as to even the most minute detail, in accordance with a definite artistic purpose. It seemed as carelessly fluent as the loveliest poetic cadence of Herrick or Darley; as lawless as a drifting cloud; as free and fleeting as the idle, wayward wind that whispers in the fragrant pine or sports with the whitecaps of the sea; it was, in reality, an elaborately constructed mosaic of beauties, born of imagination, made with consummate ingenuity, but illumined with such a glow of genius as fused all its fibers of mechanism into one golden stream of light, and turned all its art to nature.

Jefferson had at least seven predeces-

sors in the part of *Rip Van Winkle*—Thomas Flynn, Charles B. Parsons, William Chapman, James K. Hackett, Frederick Henry Yates, William Isherwood, and Charles Burke—and he has had several imitators; but the image that finally he created, the beautiful ideal which he formed and to which he gave an equally beautiful embodiment, was, as the great Irish orator Charles Phillips said of Napoleon, "without a model and without a shadow." He it was who planned the play that Dion Boucicault made for him, in 1865, out of the Burke version. The single fact that he it was who prescribed that, in the lonely midnight mountain scene, the specters should remain silent and the man only should speak, gives decisive proof of that poetic insight which was the secret of his sovereign spell.

A GREAT ACTOR'S GREAT SON

The dissent of a judicious public taste from the excessive muscularity and animal realism of the Forrestian style of acting found emphatic expression in the bounteous acceptance that was accorded to Edwin Booth. That wonderful actor, one of the greatest that ever lived—and, as a man, exceptionally noble, gentle, affectionate, and good—was born in 1833, near Baltimore, where he passed his boyhood and learned the rudiments of his profession. At first he traveled with his father, the erratic Junius, as a companion and an assistant, but in 1849 he regularly adopted the calling of the stage, and that calling he pursued for forty-two years. In the summer of 1852 he accompanied his father to California, where he remained for four years, incidentally making a trip to the Samoan and Sandwich Islands and Australia. His most valuable early experience was obtained in theaters of the Pacific coast. In 1856 he returned to the East, and almost immediately his splendid acting, dominated by intellectual purpose and yet luminous with volcanic passion, made him famous.

His rise was rapid. In 1861 he acted in London and in other cities of England. From 1863 to 1867, but for one brief intermission, he managed the Winter Garden Theater, in New York, making magnificent productions of "Hamlet," "Richelieu," and "The Merchant of

Venice." In 1869 he opened Booth's Theater, which he directed for about four years. He afterward filled many brilliant engagements in the capital, and made many prosperous tours of the country. In 1880, 1881, and 1882, he again acted in England—at one time, May, 1882—in conjunction with Henry Irving, at the London Lyceum Theater, when those chieftains alternated the parts of *Othello* and *Iago*. In 1883 he made a professional tour of Germany, which was attended with abundant triumph. In 1888 he founded the Players Club, in New York, presenting to it land, building, library, pictures, and all needful outfit, and thus he rounded an illustrious career with a munificent and lasting benefaction. His first performance, that of *Tressil*, in Cibber's version of Shakespeare's "Richard III," was given on September 10, 1849, at the Boston Museum; his last, that of *Hamlet*, was given on April 4, 1891, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He died at the Players, June 7, 1893, deeply lamented, and was buried at Mount Auburn, near Boston.

In point of physical advantages for the stage Edwin Booth excelled all his contemporaries. His head was noble; his person was symmetrical; his presence was distinguished. In repose he was incarnate dignity. In action he had the velocity of light. His voice was ample, sonorous, thrilling, sympathetic, and at times inexpressibly sweet. His eyes were large, dark, lustrous, magnificent, the lashes and brows being thick and greatly contributive to expression. His style had been modeled on that of his father, but, as he matured, it underwent a radical change, repressing the elements of tumult and frenzy and exalting those of intellect, poetry, spirituality, solemn beauty, and tender grace. His elocution was, at all times, delicious—a luxury to hear. He had a regular repertory of sixteen parts; eleven chosen from Shakespeare, five from other poets. His greatest impersonations were *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Iago*, *Richelieu*, *Bertuccio*, and *Brutus*. Like his father, he was essentially a tragedian; he did not appear to the best advantage in light or low comedy.

One comedy performance that he gave, however, that of *Cardinal Richelieu*, was

a work of consummate art and it was comprehensively representative of his nature and his style. The play, though radically artificial, is faultless for the purpose of the stage—for it creates a lovely illusion. The performance was marvelous for its investiture of artistic glamour and for its effect of nature. It seemed absolutely spontaneous—the natural image of sweet, gentle, reverend age. It was pathetic with the melancholy composure of a great mind, calm and patient after dangers braved, difficulties conquered, and bitter griefs endured. It was stately with an ecclesiastical authority that appeared innate and not assumed; and, at the climax, it was magnificent with the grandeur of virtuous power illumined with righteous passion. No impersonation has been seen, with more in it of heart, and exquisite finish. The art of it was like an embroidered cloth of gold. Every detail of that memorable embodiment, nevertheless, had been planned with scrupulous care and executed with formal fidelity to a settled design.

"I am conscious," Booth once said to the present recorder, "of an interior personality standing back of my own, watching and guiding me."

It was his clear intellect. In every important part that he played he revealed a great nature; and the memory of his genius, his beautiful character, and his beneficent life can never pass away.

THE CAREER OF HENRY IRVING

At the end of the nineteenth century the sovereign of the stage was Henry Irving, a great actor, a great man, and one of the noblest, gentlest, and most lovable spirits that ever wore human form. Henry Irving was born at Keinton, a village near Glastonbury, Somersetshire, England, on February 6, 1838. His family name was Brodribb, and in christening he received the names of John and Henry. The name of Irving was not assumed by him until he went upon the stage, and it was not until after he had used it for several years and made it eminent that he obtained from Parliament the legal sanction to bear it. His mother's family name was Behenna. His childhood was passed partly in the neighborhood of Glastonbury, partly in Bris-

tol, and partly in Halsetown, Cornwall—the latter town being the home of his maternal uncle, Captain Isaac Penberthy. In that home, amid the romantic Cornish scenery near St. Ives, he was reared under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Sarah Penberthy, a woman of strong character, noble mind, stately presence, and simple manners, from whom he received the blessings of wisdom and love. His reading, in childhood, was limited to the Bible, “Don Quixote,” and a collection of old English ballads.

In his eleventh year he was sent to London and placed at a school kept by Dr. Pinches in George Yard, Lombard Street, where he remained for about two years; and there he obtained all the regular educational training that he ever received. On leaving school he found employment in the counting-house of an East India merchant in Newgate Street, where he spent four years—not neglecting his clerical duties, but incidentally giving much attention to the study of the drama, for which, even in childhood, he had manifested propensity and aptitude. In 1853 he joined a society called the City Elocution Class, and at the meetings of that club he distinguished himself by the fire and the skill of his recitations, the accuracy and scope of his memory, and the felicitous promise of his acting. Samuel Phelps (1804-1877) was at that time conspicuous as an actor and a manager, at Sadler’s Wells Theater, Islington, and Irving was sometimes a delighted spectator of his performances, then valued among the most scholarlike and adequate works of dramatic art that could be seen on the English stage. In 1854 he took lessons from Mr. William Hoskins, an actor at Sadler’s Wells, and he also received tuition in fencing from a clever swordsman named Shury, in Chancery Lane.

In 1856 he relinquished his clerkship and formally began his career as an actor, his first engagement having been obtained at a new theater, called the Lyceum, in Sunderland. His first appearance there, September 29, 1856, was made as *Gaston, Duke of Orleans*, in Bulwer’s “*Richelieu*,” and on the same night he played a cook, in the extravaganza of “*The Enchanted Lake*.” From that time his life was continuously devoted to the stage.

His professional career was divided between England and America. His renown belongs to both countries, and in both it will long be cherished. He made eight professional tours of America—in 1883, 1884, 1887, 1893, 1895, 1899, 1901, and 1903; at first accompanied by Ellen Terry; at last alone; and his success in our country was very brilliant.

Irving raised the stage to such eminence as it never before had known. His public life was illustrious with splendid achievement, and his private life was lovely with every virtue. On July 19, 1895, he received the honor of knighthood from Queen Victoria. In the extent and variety of his repertory—which comprised nearly seven hundred parts—and likewise as an impersonator (as distinguished from an elocutionist), he excelled all other actors. His greater performances were those that move in the diverse realms of imagination, pathos, and sardonic humor—*Hamlet*; *Macbeth*; *Mathias*; *Dr. Primrose*; *Charles I*; *Don Quixote*; *King Lear*; *Corporal Brewster*; *Becket*; *Mephistopheles*; *Louis XI*; *Shylock*; *Iago*; and *Dubosc*. His brilliant, indomitable intellect and his tremendous energy inspired intellectual society wherever he appeared, and he left upon the stage an impress of power and beauty that can never be effaced.

In person, he was tall, thin, and of a remarkably aristocratic, ascetic aspect. His eyes were dark and very beautiful, the brows being wonderfully expressive. His hair was iron-gray. His features were very finely molded, his movements graceful, his gestures broad and grand in style. His use of his hands, when acting, was indeed wonderful. His voice was strong and clear, but under great excitement his tones became somewhat nasal and his utterance incoherent. Record of the fine moments of his acting would fill a volume. He continued to act till almost the moment of his death, which befell at Bradford, England, on the night of October 13, 1905, almost immediately after the last curtain had fallen on his impersonation of *Becket*. His ashes rest beside those of Garrick in the Poets’ Corner of Westminster Abbey; nor is there, in all its long annals of honor and renown, a nobler name than that of Henry Irving.

THE FRENCH IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE HEROIC AND IMPORTANT CHAPTERS THAT THE SONS OF FRANCE HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO AMERICAN HISTORY—THEIR INFLUENCE, PAST AND PRESENT, UPON OUR NATIONAL LIFE, OUR ART, OUR LITERATURE, AND OUR COMMERCE

THE story of what we owe to the genius and the generosity of Frenchmen, from La Salle and Lafayette to Bartholdi, gives us one of the most fascinating chapters of American history.

It is a unique story—not at all like the others in this series. There are few millionaires and captains of industry in it. It is not a catalogue of names nor a column of statistics. To attempt any sort of a dollar-and-cent inventory of what the French have done for the United States, would, in fact, be absurd as well as impossible.

Two things, for instance, they have given to us freely—liberty and romance. How can these be estimated in money? Yet are they not of far more value than gold or factories or the balance of trade? "By sentiment great nations live," said Charles Kingsley; and it is mainly in this sphere of sentiment that we find the full sweep and swing of French influence.

Our Declaration of Independence—does not its very language show that Jefferson had stored his mind with the writings of the French radicals? Our Constitution, too, is here and there vividly French. And as for romance, what has been more picturesque than the careers of the first French explorers, or more romantic than the American ad-

ventures of the Bonapartes? As we shall see, it was the imperial family of Bonaparte which has given us our only royal love stories.

Only fifty-eight living Americans of French birth are named in our books of biography. All told, the number of immigrants from France since 1820 has not been more than four hundred and fifty thousand. Just how many Americans are of French descent it is not possible to state. There are families which have a national reputation, such as, for example, the Couderts, Mariés, and Juilliards, of New York; the Duponts, of Delaware; and the Bonapartes, of Baltimore. But it is unquestionable that a large number of French families have dropped out of view, as French, by the Americanization of their names.

The most notable instance of this is in the changing of the name De Roquefeuille to Rockefeller. The strange surname of the world's richest man has, until now, been an enigma. All manner of guesses have been made. But it is the belief of John D. Rockefeller himself—I state it on the best authority—that the name of his family was originally De Roquefeuille, and was gradually corrupted into a word which was easier for non-French tongues to say.

OUR SERIES OF RACE ARTICLES—Much interest has been aroused by our series of articles—of which this is the sixth—dealing with the leading racial elements of the population of the United States. The first paper, on "The Jew in America," appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for January; the second, on "The Sons of Old Scotland," in the February number; the third, on "The Germans in America," in the March number; the fourth, on "The Irish in America," in the April number; and the fifth, on "The English in America," in the May number.

Next month's article will be on "The Canadians in America," and other important nationalities will be treated later, including the Welsh, the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Italians, and, finally, the Americans.

But, speaking generally, the influence of the French is still to be met with on all hands. It compels the attention of tourists, from the moment when they come in sight of the magnificent statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," in New York Harbor, until they cross

sixty papers now published. The foremost is the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, of New York. This is a paper of the highest class—clean, clever, and well supported. Among the French writers for the American press, the best known was the late Max O'Rell, whose wit and



THE SIEUR DE LA SALLE, GREATEST OF THE FRENCH EXPLORERS, WHO
DISCOVERED THE OHIO RIVER AND FIRST DESCENDED
THE MISSISSIPPI

the continent and find in Texas the grave of La Salle. It is found in the names of people and places—in our art and literature—in the social and educational activity of more than a hundred branches of the Alliance Française. Most of all, it is noticeable in the American temperament and habit of mind.

IN JOURNALISM AND BUSINESS

Let us look first at the French press of this country. Of all kinds, there are

persiflage entertained us for many years. There are also Henri Pène du Bois, a pupil of Rénan, who is now an art critic in New York; and Felix Agnus, editor and publisher of the Baltimore *American*. General Agnus was of age when he first saw the Stars and Stripes, but there is no more patriotic citizen in America than he. In the Civil War he rose to be a brigadier-general of volunteers, and is said to have been the youngest in the service to obtain such an honor. In the

fervor of his patriotism he has even christened his residence "Nacirema"—"American" spelled backward. Two other American writers, both born in Philadelphia of French ancestry, are Agnes Repplier and Thomas A. Janvier.

In business, the French are not conspicuous. They do not thrust themselves before the eyes of the public. Many a French restaurant which is a joy to epicures hides its dainties in a low-roofed basement or at the top of a narrow, crooked stairway. What America owes to French chefs, by the way, is a book in itself. They have done most of all to raise our standard of cookery. They have elevated the preparation of food from a necessity to an art. That, again, is a service that cannot be valued in figures, but is it not true that it has added immeasurably to the sum total of our happiness?

The French are not self-advertisers. If they were, they would be much richer than they are, for they have invariably a high quality of goods to sell. Not many of the French stores are of large size—the White House, in San Francisco, being one of the few exceptions. Their proprietors, as a rule, are satisfied with a small and steady volume of business. Their aim is not to make the most money in the shortest time and in the easiest way, but to build up a business that will support them comfortably as

long as they live, and be inherited by their children.

Yet the amount of business done by our French fellow-citizens is much larger than we realize, especially if we include importers. Many an American, for example, who can think of nothing that is French except dinners and automobiles, is likely to be wearing a hat, a tie, and gloves made of French materials. Up to the present time, France has this superiority in the matter of foreign trade—she sells to us the product of skilled labor and genius, while we sell to France the simple products of nature, such as oil, cotton, grain, and hay.

The French line of steamships, sailing between New York and Havre, has recently added a magnificent new ship of more than fourteen thousand tons—La Provence—to its busy fleet. An increasing number of Americans are crossing by this line, partly for the sake of polishing up their French and partly to enjoy a week of French menus. The traffic between the two countries is now so

large that there is in New York a French Chamber of Commerce, with Henry E. Gourd, the wine-importer, as its president.

IN PUBLIC LIFE AND THE PROFESSIONS

Of Frenchmen in public life there is little to say. Two of the Louisiana Con-



PÈRE MARQUETTE, THE FAMOUS FRENCH
MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER

*From the statue in the Capitol at Washington.
sculpted by Leconte*

gressmen—Robert F. Broussard and Arsène P. Pujo—are of French descent; and several others have names of French origin, but not one was born in France. In fact, a glance over the whole political field shows that there is not a Frenchman, great or small, in sight. The eighty thousand or more in the United States seem to keep strictly out of politics. This, at least, is in their favor—that in all the graft crusades of the last few years no Frenchman has been caught with his hands in the public treasury.

Neither have we any French lawyers, doctors, judges, or orators of national reputation. Actors and singers there are who pay us long and frequent visits—Bernhardt, Réjane, Calvé, and others; but not one who has become altogether an American. There is one prominent French-born musician, and one only, who has exchanged republics—Louis Lombard, who married the daughter of Thomas Allen, a St. Louis Congressman. One artist, Victor S. Perard, is known as an illustrator; and one sculptor, Philip Martiny, ranks high in his profession. Both men have burned their bridges behind them and become New Yorkers.

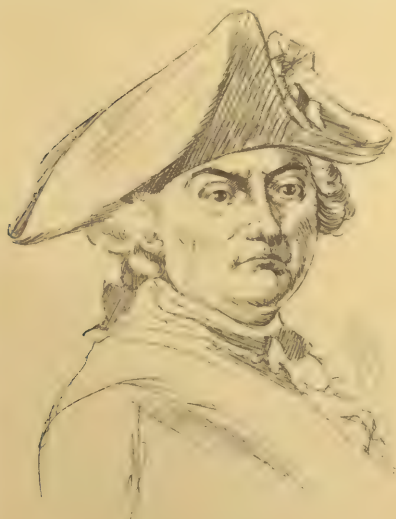


AUGUST CHOUTEAU, ONE OF THE FRENCH
PIONEERS WHO FOUNDED THE CITY
OF ST. LOUIS

There are others whom we may almost claim as partially American—Théobald Chartran, for instance, whose portraits are so highly valued, and who visits us every winter.

Professors are slightly more numerous than artists. In the far West we have Professor Dupouey, of the University of California. In the far South there is Professor Alcée Fortier, of Tulane University, whose family has lived in the South for six generations. And in the East there are Professors Adolphe Cohn, of Columbia, who has been doing good work for a quarter of a century; Henry Hyvernat, of the Catholic University; and Georges Castegnier, of West Point. Before the Civil War there was a professor named Jean Louis Fasquelle in the University of Michigan, who became internationally famous by writing the first popular text-book on the French language; and there was Père Sorin, that tireless educator who founded the Notre Dame University in Indiana.

A notable French architect in America is Constant D. Despradelle, of Boston, whose work has brought him gold medals and a large measure of fame. It is also an interesting fact, speaking of architects, that when a ten-thousand-dollar



THE COMTE DE ROCHAMBEAU, COMMANDER OF
THE FRENCH FORCES IN AMERICA DURING
THE LATTER YEARS OF THE
REVOLUTIONARY WAR

prize was offered for the best design for the University of California, it was a Parisian named Henri Benard who captured the prize among a hundred competitors. Among the engineers, we have only one, but he is a well-known veteran who for more than forty years has done

it has a handsome building in the heart of the city.

In the main, the French live contentedly day by day, without sacrificing the present to the future. They work, and they work hard. The "simple life" of Pastor Wagner, with neither



THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, THE FRENCH SOLDIER AND STATESMAN WHO WAS A LEADING FIGURE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

good work in various lines — Octave Chanute; of Chicago.

Speaking generally, the French give us the least possible trouble and expense. Very few of them are criminals or paupers or insane. If they are in need, they go to a French benevolent society. If they live in New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, or Philadelphia, they go to a well-equipped French hospital when they are sick. Until recently, New York had no French hospital; but to-day, thanks to Henry Maillard and others,

poverty nor riches, seems to suit them best of all.

THE GREAT FRENCH EXPLORERS

Strangely enough, the French, who are such lovers of a quiet life at their own firesides, were the pioneers among American explorers. They were the heroes of the Heroic Period of our earlier history. They discovered the West and mapped out the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and the Mississippi. What Columbus had done for the Atlantic



JOSEPH BONAPARTE, KING OF NAPLES AND OF SPAIN, WHO LIVED IN AMERICA FROM 1815 TO 1832



JEROME BONAPARTE, KING OF WESTPHALIA, WHO VISITED AMERICA IN 1803 AND MARRIED MISS PATTERSON, OF BALTIMORE

Ocean, they did for the American continent. They were the pathfinders in what was then an unknown wilderness. On foot, or in flimsy canoes, with no better weapons than clumsy flint-lock guns, they groped through the dark continent from Florida to Sault Ste. Marie, and from New Orleans to Labrador.

It was La Salle—the proud, unconquerable La Salle—who was the first to realize the vastness of America. In the hope of finding an overland way to China, he pushed forward across lakes and forests and took possession of the whole West in the name of Louis XIV. This journey will never be forgotten by the millions of Americans who now live on the shores of the Great Lakes and on the banks of the Mississippi. Again and again he broke new westward paths. At last, in Texas, he was shot and killed by his own followers. Some day, let us hope, a French or American poet may write the epic of La Salle.

Marquette and Joliet, too, went up and down the central wilderness with a passion of exploration. There are now ten-thousand-ton steamships where they paddled their birch-bark canoes, and double-tracked railroads where they trudged two miles an hour through the

forest. At the south end of Lake Michigan there is now a city four times larger than the great seaport of Marseilles. And Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle were the men who went ahead of the great army of settlers and prepared the way. All through that central country their names are perpetuated in counties, cities, streets, skyscrapers, steamships, and works of art.

Five years ago, Detroit celebrated its two hundredth birthday and honored the memory of its founder, Cadillac, a French explorer. Another of Detroit's early worthies, Peter Desnoyers, lived to be a hundred and seven years old. Many Detroiters remember him. He was famous enough in Jefferson's day to receive a grant of land from Congress; yet he was alive and well until 1880.

It was two Frenchmen, Auguste and Pierre Chouteau, who founded St. Louis and named it after their king in 1764. Pierre Chouteau's son and namesake was a famous fur-trader, being at one time in partnership with John Jacob Astor. Since that time, the descendants of the early French traders have frequently come to the front in St. Louis. Just after the Civil War, for instance, the two leading iron and steel men in the

city were Charles P. Chouteau and Félix Vallé.

In almost every Western State you will find the footprints of the French

of seven hundred French Canadians was found nestling in the heart of its forests.

The first white child born in Manhattan, so it is said, was a little French



THE MOST REV. PLEAIDE LOUIS CHAPPELLE, THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Blouin, New Orleans

explorers. They were in Wisconsin in 1668, Michigan in 1670, Illinois in 1672, Minnesota in 1680, Louisiana in 1699, Mississippi in 1716, Indiana in 1730, Iowa in 1747, and Missouri in 1763. When Oregon was first opened to the public eye in 1838, a snug little colony

baby, son of M. and Mme. Julien Vigne. By the time that the Mayflower arrived, Vigne, Jr., was six years old. Pittsburgh was founded by the Marquis Duquesne de Menneville, who named it Fort Duquesne. And so, there were French pioneers on the firing line for



PIERRE SOULÉ, UNITED STATES SENATOR
FROM LOUISIANA AND UNITED STATES
MINISTER TO SPAIN

two centuries or more, from Vigne to that noble-minded idealist, Cabet, who went to Texas in 1847 to found a little cooperative heaven-on-earth called Icaria, which finally failed, of course, as all such communistic paradises do.

Thousands of the rank and file—a gay and reckless host of Pierres, Louises, and Antoinettes—scattered over the East and middle West in groups of three and four, mapping out the rivers and lakes, and luring civilization westward. They were unique, those fur-trading voyageurs. Dressed in gaudy colors, they plunged into the wilderness like children at play. Their life was an adventure—a gamble in which, sooner or later, they lost. Yet what they did so lightly was in reality solid and valuable work, in the opening up of the American continent.

FRANCE AND OUR REVOLUTION

How the French helped us to be free, all the world knows. Every child of ten in our two hundred and sixty thousand schoolhouses can tell the story of Lafayette. His is the first foreign name that springs to our lips. Lafayette was a man of solid worth—a consistent republican, wonderfully similar in char-

acter to George Washington himself. He is, perhaps, the one Frenchman who has been universally remembered by the American people. Visiting Frenchmen are often pleased to find that in most of our large cities they can reside, if they wish, in a Lafayette Hotel, cash their checks at a Lafayette Bank, and drive along a Lafayette Avenue.

Saint-Simon, the brilliant thinker who originated more new ideas and numbered more men of genius among his followers than any other Frenchman of his time, was also in the American Revolution. And one Parisian, who was never in America, but who gave us as much help as though he had been a whole regiment, was that wealthy man of letters, Beaumarchais. He was our best friend at the French court, and sent us eighty thousand dollars' worth of military supplies. We owe him so much the more gratitude, by the way, because of the fact that we did not pay him the amount of his bill, but compromised with his heirs for twenty cents on the dollar.

Was it not De Tocqueville, also, who first proved to Europe that the American republic was a success? After a careful investigation, he announced in 1835: "It is true that in the United States the people govern themselves, and



STEPHEN GIRARD, FINANCIER AND PHILANTHROPIST, FOUNDER OF GIRARD COLLEGE



FREDERICK RENÉ COEDÈS, ONE OF THE FOUR
MOST AMERICAN LAWYERS OF HIS DAY

they govern well." His masterly book, "Democracy in America," made a profound impression. It did much for America and more for Europe, as it helped to destroy the obstructive notion that democracy meant lawlessness.

Incidentally, I may say that the latest and most appreciative book on the American people has been written by the clever son of a famous Frenchman, Léroy Beaulieu. It is entitled "The United States in the Twentieth Century." The author pays us the high compliment of saying that "the United States is not only the richest country in the world in coal, in iron, in copper, but in human energy."

During Washington's Presidency, the three most eminent French arrivals were Talleyrand, who left us nothing but a few *bons-mots*; the Duc de Chartres, who afterward ruled France as King Louis Philippe; and Genêt, who came as minister from the newly established French Republic. At first Genêt made trouble, and plenty of it. He began a privateering war upon Great Britain, and captured fifty British vessels in a few months. But presently, having been recalled to France and having declined to obey the summons, he fell in love with a daughter of Governor Clinton, became

an American citizen, and settled down to a peaceful life in New York State.

What the Huguenots did for America is a story in itself. New Rochelle, one of the most attractive suburbs of New York; was founded by them and named after the famous Huguenot stronghold in France. The oldest house in New York, now known as Fraunce's Tavern, was originally the residence of Etienne de Lancey, a Huguenot exile who arrived in America in 1686. It was De Lancey who gave the city its first town clock and its first fire-engine. In fact, his is one of the most honorable names in New York's earlier history. Fourteen of this energetic family climbed high enough to attract the notice of historians.

Many of Boston's crooked streets were named in honor of its Huguenots, and Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of American liberty," was presented to the city by a Huguenot merchant named Peter Faneuil. Professor Joseph Le Conte, the famous geologist of the University of California, was descended from Huguenot ancestry; and so, among others, are Senators Depew of New York and La Follette of Wisconsin.

THE BONAPARTES IN AMERICA

And now comes the romantic story of the Bonapartes in America, much of which has been gathered for this article from original sources. We shall see how Joseph and Jerome, brothers of the great Napoleon, surrendered to the charms of two American girls; how they held court in a forest village, surrounded by an exiled remnant of French nobility; and how a plot was laid to rescue Napoleon from his island prison and carve out a new empire for him in the United States.

It was at a Maryland horse-race, about a century ago, that the young Jerome Bonaparte, lieutenant on a French cruiser, first met Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore. She was a dainty little sprite of eighteen, fascinating, wilful, adorable, perverse. In her honor he arranged a grand fête, and during one of the dances flung over her head a golden chain. According to French custom, this was a public announcement of their betrothal.

Napoleon was furious. He had other plans for his less ambitious brother.

"She shall not set foot in France," he wrote. In answer, Jerome married Miss Patterson, and after two years in America the couple set sail for Paris.

Never before was there such a turmoil about a bride. At Havre a French warship loomed up and forbade her to land.

was tendered him, he surrendered. Worse still, he consented to marry a German princess. Underestimating the character of his own wife, he wrote to her asking forgiveness, and offered to provide a home for her in Westphalia. She received the suggestion with scorn.



CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES, GRANDSON OF JEROME BONAPARTE, KING OF WESTPHALIA

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston

At Amsterdam she was stopped by two frigates. In desperation, Jerome crossed to England and left his wife in care of friends while he sought to make peace with his brother. Here she met an agent of Napoleon, who offered her sixty thousand francs a year if she would leave her husband. As might have been expected, she refused.

Jerome, unfortunately, was not so faithful. For a long time he held out; but when the kingdom of Westphalia

"There is not room for two queens in your kingdom," she said.

Years afterward, when the cynical Louis XVIII sat in the seat of Napoleon, she went to Paris. She was still strikingly beautiful, and attracted universal attention. So fine was her pride that it elevated her above regrets.

"I would rather have been the wife of a Bonaparte for an hour," she said, "than the wife of any other man for life."



HENRY SAMPSON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF
THE COURIER DES ETATS-UNIS, THE
LEADING FRENCH NEWSPAPER
IN AMERICA

She lived to be ninety-four, and retained to the last her gaiety and sparkling wit. In a letter written to a friend, in her later life, there is this odd blending of ennui and sprightliness:

I am tired of life, and tired of having lived. Do get me a string of white topazes!

As for Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples and of Spain, he spent the happiest years of his life in the United States. After the final downfall of Napoleon, Joseph fled to America for refuge. He was enough of a financier to bring with him a wagon-load of Spanish gold, which he proceeded to invest in American real estate. He bought a large tract of land near Watertown, New York, and a handsome residence at Bordentown, New Jersey, on the banks of the Delaware. The Legislatures of both States passed special acts enabling him to hold his properties without acquiring citizenship.

A few months after his arrival, a notable event happened. A committee of Mexicans waited upon him and offered him the throne of Mexico. The reply that Joseph made is worth remembering. It is probably the wisest utterance he ever made.

"This is my answer," he said. "I have worn two crowns; I would not take a step to wear a third."

Joseph had left a wife—Julie Marie Clary—in France, but he installed a beautiful Quaker girl, named Annette Savage, as the mistress of his American home; and soon afterward removed with her to his estate near Watertown. Here he planned the village of Natural Bridge in the midst of a dense forest. This is the only settlement in America that can claim a royal birth.

It became a refuge for Bonapartists. Prince Murat, son of the King of Naples, came there, and the Marquis de Grouchy and Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, Joseph's nephew and son-in-law, who had been studying birds and butterflies while his imperial uncle was changing the map of Europe. There, in that desolate region, on the northern edge of the Adirondacks, these French refugees laid plans for the rescue of Napoleon, and for a vast American empire, over which he should rule in final defiance of his enemies. It was a fascinating dream of a new France. There is no doubt that the prisoner of St. Helena had hopes of its coming true, for after his death his faithful



HENRY E. GOURDE, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN NEW YORK

companion, General Bertrand, wrote to Joseph and said:

We sometimes fancied that we were on the eve of starting to America. We made plans. We read travels. We arrived at your home. We wandered over your great country, where we might enjoy liberty.

Fifty years afterward, the Bonapartes of America were linked once more to those of France by the meeting of Charlotte Bonaparte, daughter of Joseph

most powerful champion of civic honesty. He is a man of rugged independence. He plays neither to the boxes nor to the gallery. His fight is for the rights of the average citizen.

He is a man of inherited wealth, a student as well as a man of affairs. His home is a veritable museum of Napoleonic treasures. He is proud of his lineage, but prouder still of his record in the struggle for good government. And



ROBERT F. BROUSSARD, CONGRESSMAN FROM LOUISIANA



ARSÈNE P. PUJO, CONGRESSMAN FROM LOUISIANA

and Annette Savage, with Napoleon III. "I recognize you as a Bonaparte," exclaimed the emperor; and a grand ball was given to celebrate her visit.

As for Jerome's two grandsons, one is now Charles J. Bonaparte, our Secretary of the Navy, and the other was a dashing soldier who graduated at West Point, but entered the French service, and served with distinction in the Crimea. The latter had one son, who is to-day a business man in Washington, and quite indifferent to the fact that he is one of the possible Bonapartist aspirants to the throne of France.

Charles J. Bonaparte is now our most distinguished American of French descent. Before he entered President Roosevelt's cabinet, he had become the foremost citizen of Maryland, and her

although he is the grandson of the King of Westphalia, he is fond of quoting Voltaire's saying, "He who serves his country well has no need of ancestors."

THE CAREER OF STEPHEN GIRARD

Among the untitled Frenchmen who have become Americans, unquestionably the greatest was Stephen Girard. Even in this land of self-help and magic fortunes, his career was extraordinary. Few men have overcome as many obstacles as he. His face was strangely disfigured by the loss of an eye. He spoke broken English. In his later years he was partially deaf. He was shabby, unsociable, unorthodox. Yet when he first saw the shores of America, he was a cabin-boy; and when he died, he was our foremost financier and philanthropist.

The success of Stephen Girard was no freak of fate. He was not assisted by rich friends nor flung up by the luck of a mining-camp. Little by little he worked and planned until he became the ablest of American business men. In the war of 1812, he backed Uncle Sam with his whole fortune. In all public affairs, he was the most kindly and open-handed of his generation. And he left the greater part of his millions to build what was at the time the grandest college in the United States, in which orphan boys have for the last fifty-six years been fed, clothed and trained to be useful, self-supporting citizens. Few men have taken less from America, and given her more, than the sailor-banker of Philadelphia.

THE FRENCH IN LOUISIANA

Louisiana is, of course, the headquarters of the French in America. It is the only State in which they have always been the dominant nationality, and in which the law is still based upon the Code Napoléon. How we paid Napoleon sixteen millions for a Southwestern empire of a million square miles—less than three cents an acre—is one of the most interesting pages of American history. It was a friendly and profitable bargain for both sides.

In many respects, New Orleans is still a French city. The French portion of it is more than a century old, and practically unchanged. The people, the language, the markets, the houses—all are French. A chance visitor, passing through old Bourbon Street, might easily fancy himself in a town of Brittany in the long ago.

In her semi-tropical picturesqueness, New Orleans stands alone among Ameri-

can cities. No other, except perhaps Pasadena, can equal it in flowers and lawns and trees. The full-grown Mississippi enfolds it on three sides, stretching three thousand feet from shore to shore. In recent years the fame of its beauty and hospitality has made it one of the most popular convention cities in the United States.

And New Orleans has wealth as well as beauty. It is the home of King Cotton as well as of the Mardi Gras. Its population is now three hundred thousand. It has a dozen railways, and seven miles of docks. Its seventeen banks have eighteen millions of capital. It has even become a manufacturing city, with an annual output worth eighty millions; and the total value of its expanding trade will soon be a billion dollars a year. Such is our French city of New Orleans.

Many an illustrious man has sprung from the French of Louisiana. The first great judge of the State was François

X. Martin, whose career in law was like Stephen Girard's in finance. In the matter of higher education, the two men who led all others were Paul Tulane, the merchant who founded Tulane University, the Harvard of the South; and Joseph Lakanal, that distinguished Revolutionary exile who became the president of the University of Louisiana.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, NATURALIST

High above all in his class was Audubon, the first great American naturalist. When was there ever a man so single-minded, so resolute, and so gentle as Audubon? For those whose lives are futile and without a purpose, there is no better tonic, so far as I know, than the



GENERAL FELIX AGNUS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN



ADOLPHE COHN, PROFESSOR OF THE ROMANCE
LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE AT
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



ALCÉE FORTIER, PROFESSOR OF THE ROMANCE
LANGUAGES AT TULANE UNIVERSITY,
NEW ORLEANS

story of Audubon's career. He had no money and few friends; yet he planned to publish such a book as had never been heard of, on "The Birds of America." The total cost of printing was to be a hundred thousand dollars; and the book had to be written, not in a library, but in the forest.

Aided by no one but his wife, he began it. One night, after he had prepared two hundred drawings, the labor of years, they were all destroyed by rats. For half a day he was heart-broken. Then he began again. By the time he was forty-seven his work was ready for the printer, but he had no money. Undaunted, he toured England, France, and the United States, until he had found a hundred and seventy buyers, at a thousand dollars a copy. His dream had come true.

While Audubon was still in search of his birds, there came to New Orleans a remarkable Frenchman—Pierre Soulé. He was scarcely of age, yet he had already become an exile for the sake of liberty. At once he plunged into public life, and his dazzling eloquence soon made him a national figure. He was sent to the United States Senate, where he became an extreme partizan of the South. He scorned compromise. Again and

again he crossed swords in debate with Webster and Clay. Even in those Titanic days, he was regarded as the polished orator of Congress; and President Pierce sent him to represent the United States in Spain at a critical time in our diplomatic relations with that country.

General Beauregard, the Confederate leader who fired the first shot of the Civil War and fought until the fall of Richmond, was a New Orleans Frenchman. In that terrible struggle the French were not of one opinion, any more than the other Americans were. The Comte de Paris, for example, served as aide-de-camp to General McClellan, while the Prince de Polignac led a Confederate brigade.

All this, in half an hour, can be told of the French in America. It is a pleasant subject, for we have always had a warm place in our hearts for the French people. Their republic and ours have been lifelong friends. Above-all else, this great fact unites us—that we are both battling with the new problems of democracy, and cutting a wide path of progress and prosperity for ourselves as well as for the slower nations of the earth. *Vivent les républiques sœurs de France et d'Amérique!*



THEY WOODED BRINY TALES FROM OLD SKIPPERS AND FISHERMEN

[See story, "Fate and the Pocketbook," on opposite page]

FATE AND THE POCKETBOOK

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

MRS. LEVERING had never outgrown the habits of her poverty. Consequently, although it was but half-past six when Hilda Wortley appeared upon the terrace, her hostess was already down-stairs, spying about her for evidences of wastefulness or idleness on the part of her retinue of servants. The girl gave a little exclamation of surprised dismay; she was not herself so early a riser as to know Mrs. Levering's ways.

"Oh," she said awkwardly. "I have just been leaving a message for you with Jenkins, Mrs. Levering. I had no notion you were ever down so early. I'm going over to Long Beach to spend the day with a friend of mine, Laura Bright, who is at the hotel there. I forgot to tell you about it last night."

"Long Beach?"

Hilda crimsoned beneath her lack-luster glance of question.

"Yes," she said. "I've left a note for Walter. Don't bother to send for me."

"Of course I shall send. I should send now if there were time to order a trap before the train. What time will you come home?"

"Hardly before the last train. I'm afraid." The girl's dark eyes dropped

and her voice was low. "There are only two, I think, in the afternoon, and the first one is so early."

Her manner almost justified Mrs. Levering's comment, delivered later to her son over the breakfast table.

"She'll bear watching, Walter. Most people will—especially where a rich man is concerned."

Walter, pompous, sensitive, dull, a triumph—thanks to heritage and training—of suspicious egotism, flushed and turned angrily upon his mother.

"You always talk as if we had nothing to recommend us but that miserable money," he said. "I choose to think that Hilda is going to marry me out of liking."

"Maybe," said his mother skeptically. "If I don't think so, it isn't because I don't think you a man to be—cared for"—she balked as he did at the word "love," but her voice softened toward him—"but because I doubt if she is a woman who has it in her to care."

"Leave that to us, can't you?" answered Walter peevishly.

Meantime Hilda stood upon the pier at Fairport, three stations beyond Long Beach and Laura Bright.



"YOU LOVE ME, YOU LOVE ME!"

Dawson, from the deck of the night steamer from Portland, saw her as the boat slid into the slip. In spite of its heavy weight of resentment and jealousy, his heart gave the old leap of gladness at the sight of her. The morning blue of sky and sea, the brightness of the August

"Tom," she said, when they had left the water front and were threading their way along the uneven, narrow streets up from the wharves—"Tom, I'm a miserable sinner——"

"On a week-day?"

"Yes; this is the truth, not merely the



SHE HEARD A LARSH CLANG OF WORDS BEHIND HER

sun, the dancing of the island-dimpled waves, the dark bloom of the inland hills back of the little port, all united to make a picture of delight. And for Dawson, as always, she was the luminous center of the joy in the world.

After her first moment's flush of friendly pleasure, however, he observed a change in her. Her dark eyes, for all that they dwelt on him with the familiar, comradely look, held weariness and harassment in their depths. Her cheek's delicate oval was pallid. Again his heart leaped with the cruel gladness of jealous love. Her engagement was not making her happy, then!

ritual. I'm a sneak and—and a liar, Tom! No one knows that I've come to Fairport. No one knows that I'm going to see you to-day. I—I lied."

"Why?" demanded Dawson, though he knew well enough. He wanted to hear her say that she dared not risk her fiancé's jealousy.

"Because——" she hesitated a second—"because it seemed easier than to explain. He—I doubt if Walter would have understood. It is a little unconventional, you'll admit. And his mother—Tom, never, never visit in the family of your about-to-be-in-laws. His mother sits up grim and eagle-eyed waiting to see

me fail in my—my duty—to Walter. So that altogether it seemed easier to pretend that I was going over to Long Beach to spend the day with Laura Bright. It saved explanation, which is endless where Mrs. Levering is concerned."

Tom, with his knowledge of the Leverings, could picture the situation easily enough. He could imagine the attitude of the mother—that illogical compound of adoration for her son and of distrust of the motives of all others who claimed an affection for him. He could see the young man himself, vain, sensitive, suspicious, the profundity of his own conceit never saving him the expectation of indignity. That Hilda should have cast her lot in such a family!

"I can imagine lying was easier," he said. "But it was not like you to lie in the old days, Hilda."

"No." The girl checked a sigh for the vanished glory of fearlessness. "No. And it isn't going to be like me in the new days, Tom. This is the first time and the last. For it's our last party together, yours and mine."

So she, too, knew that this must be the end of their familiar intercourse. His eyes glowed with painful joy in the avowal he read into her words. She, too, had learned, since entering upon that eminently prudent engagement with Levering, what the old companionship with him, Tom Dawson, poor, spend-thrift, had meant. To her also had been revealed the source of its delight. His gladness and his misery thickened his voice as he answered.

"Never mind about the lies, past or future," he said. "Tell me about your engagement. It was a—surprise to me. And you've written very sketchily about it."

She looked straight ahead up the little street's incline and recited her lesson monotonously.

"I didn't get the contract for furnishing the Woman's Athletic Club, after all. And the Lawtons lost some money, and the redecorating of their house fell through. And Alberta grew worse. And after you had gone to Cincinnati—Tom, tell me about those suburban villas. Did they insist upon the cupolas and—"

"Go on about your engagement," he commanded roughly.

"Well"—she fell docilely back into her narrative—"when you went away—that was in April, wasn't it? Do you remember our last little dinner over at Giuseppe's on the Palisades, with the violets in the grass, and the city misty and sparkling across the river?"

"Please go on."

"I will. But somehow—I hate to." She lifted her eyes rather pathetically to his. "I don't know why. You and I are such good friends that it ought to be easy. But—oh, well, when you were gone Walter kept coming more and more. And the warm weather did not help Alberta as the doctor had hoped. By and by she grew a good deal worse, and he began to hint at Davos or Arizona—any impossibility. So I took what there was in the bank—this sounds like one of the old-fashioned novels, doesn't it? I didn't mean to make it sound like that. I only wanted you to see how—how, in my anxiety, Walter was so good and so kind that I came—to care. You know, of course, that I am very fond of Walter."

"Of course," said Tom perfunctorily.

"So mother and Alberta went to Phoenix. Two years, they say, will cure her. And—that was June. We're to be married in the middle of October—it's about six weeks now. I suppose we'll go out to Phoenix. Bertie would die if I were married without her to see. It's amusing, isn't it, to contemplate private cars and things, when one wasn't always sure of a trolley-fare?"

Tom snapped his jaws together over the thought of private cars.

"Just now," she finished, "as you know, I'm down at their place—the Leverings'—at Agonquitt. And I've sneaked off to Fairport for a day with you, to tell you all about the approaching transformation of Miss Hilda Grub into Mrs. Walter Butterfly. Now tell me all about yourself. I can see you're as extravagant as ever, Tom. The idea of coming clear down here from Newburyport for just a day!"

All that he might have said and she might have heard unrebuked during the long period of their intimate comradeship came crowding to his lips now. It was as if the shock of her engagement had been the jar needed to crystallize his

fluid, undefined emotion, and to show it forth as love. He knew—he had known ever since her letter came—that he loved her, wanted her jealously, with a lonely, hungry tenderness. He began now to tell her so.

She interrupted him after a broken sentence. "Tom, don't talk like this. It isn't square. I will not listen. I don't believe you. I don't admit a thing you imply. But I do know that there isn't room in one small life for our—our friendship—and the—the devotion—I mean to give Walter. So it's our last day together in the old sense, and don't spoil it. Remember, I've imperiled my soul for the sake of it, and I've jeopardized my standing with Walter's mama——"

"Old cat!" growled Tom.

"So don't let us ruin it. Oh, Tom, nobody ever had such good times together as we—let us make this the best!"

By some magic that she had, she forced a success out of the elements of failure. They denied the thought of what might have been and gave themselves up to what was. They sailed in the little steamer that plied among the islands of the bay. They wooed briny tales from old skippers and fishermen. They prowled along the wharves and sniffed the tarry odors of the shipping. They invented romances for all the people they met; they wove histories for the peaceful old houses on the main street, keeping down, with resolute wills, the whisper that begged for utterance—"if only you and I might go into one, and close the door upon the world and grow old—old together, like those people in the garden there!"

Then they prowled in the little shops, and they bought bits of foolish pottery smuggled in across the bay from the British side. She pressed her purchases upon him.

"Put them in your pockets, please, you lucky thing with pockets! And carry my purse, too, and my gloves. I think I'll take them off. Isn't it fun to be in a place where you don't know a soul to be shocked at you? And keep the little trinkets as souvenirs of our day here together. But *don't* forget to give me back my pocketbook."

He glanced at the purse and then

looked smilingly at her. It was a shabby thing, its leather darkened from much handling, its gold corners wearing loose.

"You still carry this?"

She nodded with an assumption of indifference.

"I'm so—so used to it," she said.

"Let's see. It was four years ago last Christmas I gave it to you, wasn't it?"

She nodded again.

"I put a lucky penny in it."

"It's still there."

"Ah, and it has brought you luck!"

His tone was a little bitter, but his hand caressed the shabby thing as he slid it into his pocket.

They lunched at a waterside restaurant. They tea'd on a cape beyond the town at a tiny resort provincially emulous of the gaieties of Coney Island. Then the day was over for them. They made their way back, with dwindling laughter and talk, toward the railroad station. He was to take a six o'clock train for Boston; twenty minutes later she was to take the local train that skirted the beach and went slowly up along the river.

The northern air was sharp and tingling as the day died in a sweep and swirl of color. The splendor of sunset, the chill of the air, the mystery of descending night, seemed to pass from the world about them and to be part of something that beat in their hearts, pulsed in their veins. At that lonely little station, set between the long, desolate sweep of the sea and the dark, lonely stretches of fir, they were alone—two poor human things in the vastness of the world, their hearts aching with one grief, thrilling with one impulse. Night was coming, autumn was coming, separation was upon them. Their looks sought each other's, piteous, fascinated. They forgot the waiting train, the possible spectators. All the day and all the days that had gone before were expressed in one cry of pain and triumph.

"You love me, you love me!" he cried, and kissed her.

The whistles sounded, the last "All aboard!" was shouted. He leaped to the step of the last car, and left her standing there, her hand against her side, bewilderment and joy and protest in her face.

The train disappeared. The twilight deepened. She sat, still rapt in the whirl of mighty sensation. So this was love, this was love, this was love! For a long time her mind held no other thought. Then suddenly she shuddered with repulsion. Even before Tom's kiss had opened the gates to let in the great flood which was sweeping over her, she had learned to go laggingly toward her affianced husband. Now—how could she bear it? Then she saw the eager, wistful eyes of her young sister, she heard the command of something she called duty, honor, and the call, invincibly dear to women, of self-sacrifice, of martyrdom. She fought against the memory of Tom's kiss. Memory? It was a reality upon her lips that second——

Around a curve the local puffed rheumatically. She watched it stupidly for a second. Then, recalling her destination, she arose and half groped her way to the ticket office.

"A ticket to Agonquitt," she said.

"Forty-seven cents," said the clerk, pushing the pasteboard slip toward her. Then she looked down at her empty hands. For an instant she wondered at their emptiness. Then she remembered her purse speeding westward in the pocket of its donor.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh!" Then, vaguely, "I—I have lost my purse."

The slip of pasteboard was dexterously withdrawn.

"Stand aside, please," said the clerk, "There's people behind you want this train."

She stood aside and considered, still dazed and uncertain. A minute later the train wheezed out again. By that time she had recovered something of her wandering mind; she knew enough of her present state to be suddenly alarmed.

"What time is the next train to Agonquitt?" she asked a little breathlessly as she reapproached the window.

The clerk stayed his hand upon the wooden slide behind the wicket.

"Seven thirteen to-morrow morning," he said, and the fall of the slide was the period to his sentence.

Mr. Bryan, the Fairport druggist, thought that he had never seen a paler young lady than she when, a little later, she offered him a ring or a jeweled hat-

pin as security for the price of a telephone connection with Mrs. Levering's house at Agonquitt. He politely disclaimed any desire for a security, and placed the telephone at her disposal. His good breeding did not, however, extend to the point of withdrawal from the neighborhood of the desk upon which the instrument stood. In fact, he was evidently listening. After her connection with the house had been established he heard:

"Oh, Jenkins, is that you? This is Miss Wortley. Is Mr. Levering at home? I should like to speak to him." A pause. The druggist thought her pallor increasing. "Hello, Walter! This is Hilda, Walter. I'm in Fairport—Fairport. Yes, I know, but I'll explain that later. I've lost my purse. The last train has gone down. You don't understand? I—have—lost—my—purse. Oh, that's what you don't understand? Well, I'll explain that later. Could I—can you send the motor-car for me? That's very good of you. Between an hour and an hour and a half? That's splendid. I'll wait here at the drug-store two blocks from the B. & M. station—Bryan's pharmacy. Yes, I'll explain all that when you come. Good-by!"

Mr. Bryan, impressed partly by her luminous pallor and greatly by her intimacy with the family of the rich man of the farther coast, pressed hospitality upon her—recent copies of the *Fairport News* and the *Fundy Ripple*, soda-water, and finally a bottle of salts.

II

TOM found his chair in the car and sat staring unseeingly out at the flying panorama of dark wood and bleak upland, of long, narrow inlets from the bay still burnished with reflections of the dying glory of the sky. He saw nothing but Hilda's face raised toward him. He lived over, with bounds of the heart that shortened his breath, the great revelation of that last moment.

Gradually a realization of things as they were forced itself upon him. Here was he, a struggling young architect of extravagant habits. There was Hilda, moderately successful in her profession of decorator, possessor of a fairly expensive set of tastes of her own, and

of an invalid sister whose health, whose very life, depended upon immediate prosperity. And there was Walter Levering. Could anything be more futile than to oppose, against that array of facts, merely the demands of a jealous ache in the heart?

No. In old tales perhaps love was greater than circumstance, but not now. All that remained for him to do was honorably to efface himself. To see her would not be safe for him or for her. And never must Walter Levering be permitted to guess the truth. Walter, with his *amour propre* so much stronger than his love for her, with his littlenesses and his brooding suspicions, would never be generous to a wife who failed to adore him.

The waiter, arranging a folding table before him—he had absently nodded at the suggestion of dinner—distracted his thoughts. He slid his hand into his pocket for a coin. He felt Hilda's purse.

He started from his chair. Then he fell limply back again and stared at the astonished servitor.

"Where are we?" he asked. "What is the next stop? What time do we make it?"

"We just passed Cochuset Junction, sir," announced the waiter. "The next stop is Dolphin Harbor; it's fifty-five minutes from Cochuset. It's six thirty-three now."

"When is there a train back to Fairport from Dolphin Harbor?"

"Four twenty to-morrow morning, sir."

"From Cochuset?"

"Same train, sir. Last one through to-day was about four in the afternoon."

"Get me a time-card."

For three minutes he consulted the tables. So Hilda—unless some miracle had been wrought—had missed the last train out of Fairport to Agonquitt. She was alone in that forlorn little town—alone, friendless, penniless. He counted the contents of his wallet and the change in his pockets. Then he sought the conductor in the rear of the car.

The result was that at about six forty-five the cord of communication with the engineer's cab quivered, the train slowed down and paused for a second. When it puffed forward again, Mr. Thomas

Dawson stood on the edge of a stubbly field at one end of which the lights of a farmhouse gleamed. He strode toward them through the blue twilight, and in a few minutes, with still further lightened purse, he was driving toward Cochuset Junction in company with a lean Maine farmer who replied with dry mirth to his inquiries concerning garages in that center.

"Well," Tom broke in impatiently, "isn't there a private automobile in the place? Isn't there a summer resident? I don't believe there's a spot on earth where you can't rake up a machine nowadays. And I've got to get back to Fairport in record time. It's a matter of—almost of life and death."

Ever since he had found Hilda's purse he had been consumed with one desire—to get back to her before she was obliged to confess to those Leverings that she had deceived them. That Hilda should have to apologize, should have to abase herself before those people, was a thought he could not endure. Her dignity was suddenly of supreme importance to him—her dignity, her comfort, all that made for her peace and welfare. He must reach her in time!

"Wall"—the farmer's drawl was ground for murder in Tom's mind—"there's some folks on the hill has one; stinks like a polecat an' puffs like——"

"What hill?" Who are they?"

"It's Derry Hill—piece of old man Derry's land; an' their name's Risley."

Tom turned sharply sideways in the buggy and glared suspiciously at his driver.

"You don't mean James Risley—James V.?" he demanded.

"That's the name on the checks they give me for dairy an' garden truck, sure enough. Why, you don't mean to say that they're friends of yours, an' you didn't know——"

"See here," cried Tom excitedly. "This is too good! Get me there in five minutes and I'll make that five a ten. To think that Jimmy Risley——"

III

HILDA had revolved her problems—the large one of her destiny, the small one of the immediate explanations which faced her, for something more than an

hour, when the quiet of the village street was broken by the snort of an automobile. Her heart began to pound her sides with irregular beats. Now it was upon her—the moment when she must put away forever the memory of that last look in Tom's eyes, must master the feeling he had awakened in her—awakened?—nay, only revealed; when she must meet Walter's wrath, dispel his doubts, begin her long career of bending her nature to the demands of his.

"Guess here's your machine, miss," announced Mr. Bryan genially as he pushed open the screen door.

The car stopped with horrible abruptness outside. A man leaped from it, crossed the sidewalk in a bound, brushed aside the druggist. Hilda forced her lips into a conciliatory smile; but it faded and her heart leaped into her eyes.

"Tom!" she cried.

"Hilda!" He caught her hands. "My dear, my poor little girl! Am I in time? What have you done? At the station they said that the young lady who had lost her pocketbook was last seen going to Bryan's drug store to telephone. But—do they know Walter and that old woman? Oh, my dear, to think of you here without a cent, and all through my damnable stupidity! Tell me, what have you done?"

She had listened to the torrent of his words with a deepening look of pleasure. It was all so like Tom—the forgetfulness, the waste of time, money, energy, all the extravagance of behavior. It was like him, and she loved it. She smiled as she put out her hand for the purse.

"I've telephoned for Walter," she said.

"From here? Fairport?"

"Where else? Ah—here it comes now."

A second machine snorted to a standstill before the store. Mr. Bryan bustled importantly forward.

"If he dares demand an explanation of you—" began Tom.

"Sh— He has the right to one."

She arose, steadying herself with a hand on the back of her chair. She had no hope of deferring the inevitable scene, the questions, the explanations. The Leverings had not yet grafted ease of manner, the happy faculty of seeming to ignore, upon their wealth. She realized

that here, before the druggist, with the marble slab of the soda fountain for a background, she would have to explain her conduct and hear the first of the reproaches that were to be meted out to her. Perhaps the scene would serve as setting for her casting-off by her irate fiancé.

The door opened and she sat down suddenly again. She had not been prepared for the appearance of her prospective mother-in-law.

"Ah, Walter, what did I tell you?" cried that lady with triumphant bitterness and rage, pointing to Tom, who stood close to Hilda's chair.

"You—you miserable hound!" said Walter, low-toned and threatening, advancing toward the man his mother indicated.

"Hilda, my dearest, go outside. Risley's in his machine. Get in with him. He'll take you over to his place—Mrs. Risley will put you up. Go, my dear love, and leave me to deal with this—" and Tom's words failed for fury.

Her lips quivered, her eyes swam in tears as she arose to do his bidding, never questioning his authority. He walked with her toward the door and held it open for her. She heard a harsh clamor of words behind her, but the agonized "Hilda, Hilda!" of her promised husband she did not hear.

IV

"THE more I see," said Mr. Bryan, mixing, after the manner of unskilled story-tellers, philosophy with his narrative, as he related the events of the evening to the *Fundy Ripple* reporter—"the more I see, the more I believe it ain't what you do, but how you do it that counts. Now, take them—it was certainly the young lady an' the good-looking feller with the smooth face that done the lyin' and the sneakin' an' the gener'l clandestinin'—the gener'l clandestinin'. But somehow it was the old lady jawin' like mad an' the other feller with the little blond mustache sneerin' an' snarlin' that seemed little an' mean. Say, Dan, what are you goin' to head it? 'Cupid Busy in Our First Circles,' eh? That's a good name. They tell me Dr. Leighton's been asked to go down to Cochuset tomorrow an' marry them."

THE AUTHOR AND HIS EARNINGS

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE,

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN

THIS IS THE GOLDEN AGE OF AUTHORSHIP, WHEN THE SUCCESSFUL NOVELIST MAY EARN AS LARGE SUMS AS THE SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN—THE GREAT SALES AND PROFITS OF SOME POPULAR BOOKS

WITH some notable exceptions, it is only in the last few years that the author has taken his place as a money-winner with the successful men of other businesses and professions. Literature, from being a staff, has become a crutch of potential sturdiness. The hard-headed man of affairs, who in bygone years sneered at it as the inevitable road to penury, might well covet the splendid rewards it offers to-day. The modern novelist no longer cringes after the manner of the shabby, underfed scribe of eighteenth-century prints. The quotations of bonds and shares and real estate have come to have to him a personal interest. For the pleasant labor of a few months he may at times command an amount equal to the earnings of the average lawyer or business man for as many years. For authorship as a profession, and, above all, for American authorship, the days of Grub Street have effectually passed.

This golden age of authorship—this era of great sales and correspondingly great profits—has been, generally speaking, a matter of the last ten or twelve years. Yet a good many of the novelists of the past were able to make literature yield them incomes that were all the way from respectable to magnificent. The latter epithet must be applied to the earnings of Sir Walter Scott, who received as much as eight thousand pounds outright for a single romance, who builded by his pen a fortune sufficient to erect and maintain Abbotsford, and whose financial

misfortunes and embittered end came only when he ventured into outside speculation. It is a matter of record that between January, 1826, and January, 1828, he earned for his creditors nearly forty thousand pounds.

Bulwer-Lytton won large sums from his novels. Thackeray, in the years before general recognition came with the publication of "Vanity Fair," the years in which he was little more than a literary hack of a high order, used at times to grow irritable at the thought of Dickens making "his ten thousand pounds a year." Later in Thackeray's own life his capacity as a money-winner greatly increased, and he was able to set aside for his children a sum equal to the patrimony he had squandered in his youth. At that, except in the six or seven years before his death, his profits were not relatively great. When his publishers offered him one thousand pounds for the manuscript of "Henry Esmond" he accepted with alacrity and elation. It is as easy to imagine Mrs. Humphry Ward or Winston Churchill, for instance, among modern writers, being satisfied with such a trivial return as it is to imagine them writing the book in question.

The elder Dumas in his heyday, with his great name, his small army of clever collaborators, and his willingness to sign as many contracts for romances as carried with them clauses for advance payment, must have pocketed and squandered annually between two hundred and three hundred thousand francs. Balzac, de-

spite the fact that almost to the end he was burdened by debts due to his visionary and impracticable financial schemes, made prodigious sums from the novels of the "Comédie Humaine." For the serial rights alone of "The Wandering Jew" Eugène Sue was paid one hundred thousand francs—a sum which was for many years a record, but which has been equaled and surpassed two or three times in the annals of recent literary plunging.

HOW AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER SHARE

In the United States an author of established reputation as a popular seller—an author whose next novel is virtually sure of reaching twenty-five or thirty thousand copies—generally shares with his publishers on a twenty per cent basis. Thus the author's return for each copy of a novel listed at one dollar and a half is thirty cents, notwithstanding the fact that the book may usually be found on the counters of department stores at much less than the listed figure. The publisher, on the other hand, has received from seventy-five to eighty cents a copy, and, after deducting the author's royalty, has a margin of only forty-five or fifty cents for the cost of producing and advertising the book and making his own profit. Yet despite this obvious inequality competition has become so great that in England, where conditions are much the same, a royalty of twenty-two and one-half per cent is by no means unusual, and in this country one writer was recently offered twenty-five per cent.

An exception to such lavish methods of annexing and holding authors is found in the case of one Western publishing house which is widely known for the number of its successful novels during the last six or seven years, and for the daring and ingenuity of its advertising methods. The firm has flatly refused to deal with any author on anything higher than a ten per cent basis, and in defense of its stand proudly points to the results that it has achieved.

Leaving out the question of the author's preliminary profits from serialization and the subsequent return in the event of dramatization, the successful author sharing on the twenty per cent basis may be credited with a profit of three thousand dollars on every ten thousand copies

of a novel sold. Of course, the men and women who are able to command such favorable terms constitute the most fortunate authors; yet the list is sufficiently long, including, as it does, such names as Marion Crawford, Richard Harding Davis, Winston Churchill, Booth Tarkington, Thomas Dixon, James Lane Allen, Alice Hegan Rice, and Kate Douglas Wiggin, among Americans; while among English writers deriving the same returns from the American market are Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Marie Corelli.

"BEN HUR" AND "TRILBY"

There is in Indianapolis, on Meridian Street, the city's handsomest thoroughfare, a huge building of apartments which is officially known as the Blacherne. The native of Indianapolis, however, showing the structure to the stranger, invariably refers to it as "the Ben Hur apartments," for it was erected from part of the profits which General Lew. Wallace derived from his famous book.

Probably no individual novel has ever yielded a greater return to an author; and yet "Ben Hur" belonged to the long list of manuscripts which met with repeated rejection. For some time after its publication its fate seemed to justify those who had condemned it. Its first two or three years were decidedly lean. There was no public interest, the sales were few, and the book had been practically relegated to the storehouse when, at an age when the average novel of to-day has been completely forgotten, "Ben Hur" began its long and sensational career as a "seller."

A curious feature of this book has been the uniform steadiness of its sales for twenty years. "The Prince of India," long awaited, and ushered in by a great blare of trumpets, had its little brief day and was forgotten, while the earlier story has gone on unwaveringly. Five or six years ago there came a fresh and tremendous stimulus when the novel was dramatized. The returns to General Wallace, and since his death to the Wallace estate, from the stage rights in America alone, have amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while the play has also had great success in England and

in Australia. It is speaking conservatively to say that "Ben Hur" is still bringing in to the family of its author something in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars a year.

The success of General Wallace's story was unquestionably due, first of all, to its religious atmosphere. The appeal of George du Maurier's "Trilby," on the contrary, was decidedly secular. Although Du Maurier mapped out the plot of the story and told it to Henry James years before the book was written, he laid it aside and first produced "Peter Ibbetson," which found high appreciation among the discriminating few, but utterly failed to win general popularity. Consequently, when "Trilby" was written, an offer of two thousand pounds for the manuscript seemed to the author too magnificent to permit any thought of hesitation. To the credit of both the generosity and the business acumen of his publishers, Du Maurier was not eventually a loser by this agreement. When the book was at the height of its fame, the original contract was laid aside and a new one drawn up giving the author the benefit of a royalty basis.

Du Maurier's last book, "The Martian," he also sold outright, this time for fifty thousand dollars—an amount which the publishers probably never recovered.

CONAN DOYLE AND "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

There is a saying that from a writer's best work he builds up his reputation and that from his worst he makes his money. Whether or not this is true, there is a wide disparity between the profits of the years of struggling and those which come with an established reputation.

Nineteen years ago Conan Doyle, then a practising physician, wrote "A Study in Scarlet," the story in which he first introduced the character of *Sherlock Holmes*. It was a tale of, perhaps, thirty-five thousand words, and, after being peddled about from publisher to publisher, was finally sold for fourteen pounds, or at the rate of two dollars a thousand words.

For his latest and vastly inferior series of stories dealing with the famous detective the author received about as much for a single word as in the days of "A Study in Scarlet" was paid him for a

thousand words. For the American serial rights alone he got sixty cents a word. All the books in which *Sherlock Holmes* has figured, together with the play which William Gillette staged so successfully, have probably brought Sir Arthur Conan Doyle a sum close to seventy thousand pounds.

OTHER ENGLISH NOVELISTS

In discussing the best of the modern English novelists, we should unhesitatingly place the names of Thomas Hardy and George Meredith very near the top. In speaking of British writers of fiction as money-winners, however, there is little need to mention these two masters at all, for our attention is absorbed by men like Doyle and Kipling and Anthony Hope, and women like Mrs. Humphry Ward and Katharine Cecil Thurston. Mrs. Ward's profits from her books have been not only great but consistent. It is true that her most widely discussed novel, "Robert Elsmere," was not a great money-winner in the modern interpretation of the term; but that was because it appeared before the days of international copyright. The unwavering success of her subsequent stories, the vast aggregate sales of "The History of David Grieve," "Marcella," "Sir George Tressady," "Helbeck of Bannisdale," "Eleanor," "Lady Rose's Daughter," and "The Marriage of William Ashe," give her a unique place among modern novelists. Of course, while each of these books has been a great success, the extent of their success has varied, and yet it is probable that not one of them returned her less than fifty thousand dollars.

The success of Katharine Cecil Thurston, though recent, has been very decided. "The Masquerader" alone, which has sold two hundred thousand copies in this country, and which, under the title of "John Chilcote, M. P.," was one of the successes of last year in England, yielded its author a comfortable fortune.

A pathetic case of opportunity thrown away was Beatrice Harraden's "Ships That Pass in the Night"—a book which went far into the hundred thousands. There was no American copyright, and in this country the story was brought out by half a dozen different firms, only one of which made any pretense of a mone-

tary return to the author. The English rights were sold outright by Miss Harra-den for the pitiful sum of twenty pounds.

There is a general misapprehension about the earnings of Rudyard Kipling, who, though he has builded up a comfortable fortune, is by no means the millionaire he is generally supposed to be. For the serial rights of "Kim" in England and in this country he was paid twenty-five thousand dollars, and, of course, he receives nowadays the very highest rates for anything that he cares to write. But it must be remembered that the greater part of his work was done in the days of his obscurity, when some of his finest short stories went begging at fifty dollars apiece. Of late years he has not produced a very great deal.

AMERICAN WRITERS OF TO-DAY

Like Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, in England, Mr. Howells must be ranked very high in speaking of modern American literature as literature. Yet the recognition which the American reading public has given him has been more polite than material, and has never gone to the length of building up for one of his books what is known as a great sale. Mark Twain, on the contrary, has always been well rewarded. His income from his pen has been that of a successful banker. Like Sir Walter Scott, there came a time when financial disaster plunged him heavily into debt, but now, in his seventy-first year, all his responsibilities have been swept away, and he is able to look forward to the future with an untroubled mind.

F. Marion Crawford is still ranked as a young man, though he is very nearly as old as Thackeray was at the time of his death. For almost twenty-four years Mr. Crawford has held his public and won a handsome income by his pen. In the same breath should be mentioned F. Hopkinson Smith, who unquestionably has found literature fully as remunerative as his other professions of engineering and painting.

Of a younger generation is Richard Harding Davis, who during the last two or three years has been branching out as a playwright, only contributing an occasional story or descriptive article to the magazines. With Mr. Davis' profits as

a playwright this paper has nothing to do, but there was a time when his earnings as an author, from the royalties on his books and from other sources, could not have been less than twenty-five thousand dollars annually.

Alice Hegan Rice is probably the only woman banker among literary people. According to a recent newspaper despatch, she has formed a private banking company in Louisville. Whether the report is actually true or not, the fact that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" sold almost a million copies makes the story quite possible.

Kate Douglas Wiggin is another American woman who has won affluence by her pen. For years literary work has yielded her a handsome income, and with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" she joined the ranks of those who have won a small fortune with a single book.

A case akin to that of Beatrice Harra-den and "Ships That Pass in the Night" is that of Florence Morse Kingsley, whose story, "Titus," is said to have sold fully a million copies. The tale was written for a prize contest, one of the conditions being that the winning author should relinquish all claims to royalty. In consequence Mrs. Kingsley's success netted her only a meager thousand dollars.

Among the men of the newer generation—the men who were unheard of seven or eight years ago—Winston Churchill is in a class by himself as a literary money-maker. An industrious individual with a liking for statistics once figured that four thousand spruce-trees went into the printing of "Richard Carvel." Mr. Churchill's profits from this story as a book, and his subsequent royalties from the dramatization, have netted him in all about three hundred thousand dollars, while his later novel, "The Crisis," has been almost as successful.

George Barr McCutcheon's novels have in four years sold in round figures one million copies. His first book, "Graustark," reached a sale of four hundred thousand, and yet the benefit of this to the author was only indirect, as he sold the copyright outright for five hundred dollars. Fate, however, has since made him ample compensation for this mistake.

STORIETTES

Who Laughs Last

DENBY had a grievance. When it was whispered about town that a thorn had at last arisen in the rose-strewn path of this favorite of fortune, society had been at first incredulous, then amazed, and at last shocked. That a Kentucky girl could reject the Denby stock-farm—Denby himself being but a necessary appendage thereto—was at first considered impossible, next astounding, and finally little short of insane. Yet it was true.

Denby took his grievance to dinner at the club one night, and elicited deep sympathy and a promise of redress from three of his bosom friends.

"It isn't so much her turning me down," he explained in confidence, "as the way she trampled on me afterward. Guess how she referred to me!"

No one could guess except Post, who had heard Miss Mayland express herself on the subject, and he was too wise to repeat what she said.

"As her 'latest scalp!'" Denby declared, and the rest looked properly horrified. "I tell you, fellows," he continued, "if a mere girl without any pedigree and only a pretty face to back her can come here from the West and toss her head at our best people, society isn't up to what it ought to be."

"She needs taking down," said Post warmly.

Post was always ready to back Denby, for Post knew a good thing when he saw it. And besides, he himself had a vivid recollection of a recent snubbing at the same lady's hands. Browne didn't say much, but then Browne was engaged, and could hardly be expected to feel Denby's rejection acutely.

"Women have things too much their own way these days," Harte remarked gloomily. He spoke with the air of a man who has known happier conditions in a remote past—he being twenty-two years old.

"I'm no cad," broke in Denby again,

"but just the same I should like to teach her a lesson, and make her smart as she made—as she ought to, you know. Something that will make her realize that a man—a Denby—isn't to be sneered at."

"Get your sister to start some report about her. Girls hate that sort of thing," suggested young Harte, who undoubtedly *was* a cad.

"The men wouldn't believe it, and she doesn't care a rap what women say about her," Denby objected peevishly. "No, the thing would be to get some one who can make her really care, and then leave her in the lurch. But the trouble is, there isn't anybody"; and Denby moodily held out his glass to the waiter.

"A practical joke would settle your score best," said Browne, chiming in for the first time. "Ethel says Miss Mayland hates to be laughed at worse than anything else in the world. She takes herself seriously, you know."

"I have it!" cried Post suddenly. "She expects to cut a great figure at the club dance Wednesday night. I'm told that German baron is ready to lay his title at her feet, and he'll probably take the opportunity. There's a chance for some fun!"

"Monopolize her?" asked the engaged man with a flash of comprehension.

"That's all right to say," protested Denby, "but if Miss Mayland takes it into her head not to be monopolized, all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't do it."

"Nor the Denby horses, either?" suggested young Harte wickedly.

Denby smiled with rueful recollection. "Nothing short of a proposal will hold her attention. She likes to count scalps!"

"Then let's all propose to her," began Post; but a roar of derision stopped him.

"And give her the added pleasure of turning all three of us down? Not in mine, thanks," jeered young Harte.

"Yes, but look here," cried Post, warming to his subject. "Don't you see how we can turn the tables? She will

take the whole thing seriously, and think we mean it; and with three declarations in one evening she won't mind postponing the baron's. We can let a lot of the girls into the secret, and when the almighty Annabel goes about parading her new scalps she'll find that another story has preceded her. She'll hate that!"

"Post, if you can make it a go, you're a genius, and I'll be everlastingly grateful," said Denby enthusiastically.

As Denby's gratitude generally took a material form, it was what Post most needed; and he forthwith proceeded to outline details of the campaign. Young Harte entered into the scheme warmly; but the engaged man looked doubtful—it might not seem such a joke to Ethel.

"Browne's afraid Miss Mayland may accept him," laughed Post.

"You need not fear, Brownie. As long as she has the baron in tow, you're safe," said Denby; and in the end Browne yielded, for he was a good fellow—with the boys.

II

It was at the Country Club dance that it all happened. The club had the air of putting its best foot foremost that night, with its grounds ablaze with lights, and a military band playing an accompaniment to gay laughter and the rhythm of dancing feet. Post and his fellow conspirators found it an evening of hard work, only mitigated by the excitement attendant upon the scheme in hand. Miss Mayland appeared late, on the arm of the German baron, and the latter's smiling air of proprietorship struck dismay to the hearts of the plotters. However, they were not to be so easily discouraged.

Harte's turn came first. There was a dreadful crush in the rooms, and he had no difficulty in persuading Miss Mayland that the veranda was a desirable place to walk in. He led her down to one end, where some acacias lent themselves as a screen for their tête-à-tête.

It was there that Browne, the engaged man, had been instructed to look for them. Dodging the baron, who hovered in the doorway with an anxious eye on the acacias, he concocted a message for Harte, and then led the lady forth, past the baffled German, and into the revolving swarm on the dancing-floor. Then,

having eluded his fiancée's vigilance, he guided his partner to the conservatory. Having been through this sort of thing before, he did the act rather gracefully, notwithstanding a horrible certainty that every word would be repeated to Ethel in the morning. His fiancée's mother sent for him while he was in the conservatory—which was slightly disconcerting; but fortunately Post met them at the door, and again led away the lady from under the nose of the hovering baron.

Disdaining a floral setting as too trite, Post coaxed Miss Mayland down to a deserted nook by the big, splashing fountain. He found, to his annoyance, that he did not half like his task. He had had aspirations in her direction ever since he had first met her, and did not relish being a mere insignificant unit in her list of victims for one evening. But there was his bill at the club, and another one for that last colt—on the whole, he had not much choice.

Annabel Mayland looked more attractive than ever to-night, with her little head set like a flower on a stem, her piquant chin, her saucy nose, and the long, brown eyes she knew so well how to use. The filmy drapery about her shoulders revealed a satin skin gleaming snow-white in the moonlight; one slender, ungloved hand showed its pearly tints against the green water of the fountain. She seemed a veritable moon-maiden.

Post began to meditate retreat as he hewed his way through the battlement of small talk which fortified the citadel. Miss Mayland was unexpectedly gracious. Forgetful of past snubbings, Post's heart began to beat in an unwonted way; wild thoughts surged through his brain. Her beauty and daintiness intoxicated him. Denby and his grievance were already as if they had never been; it was monstrous to play a caddish trick on such a woman!

In this mood Post launched forth, pleading with a passionate warmth that fairly startled himself. He was desperately in earnest. When he paused, he waited for her answer with his hand held up as if to ward off a blow. But it did not fall; he left the ball engaged to Miss Mayland.

Wildly triumphant, he made his way to Denby's rooms, where the three men

had agreed to meet. Most men might have felt some delicacy about attending a caucus after having bolted the party, but Post did not let a little scruple like that deter him. He had decided to have the affair terminate dramatically. He would wait till Browne and young Harte had told of their defeat; then he fancied his story would make a rather neat climax. Denby would rave, of course; but, reckless in his victory, Post felt strong enough to snap his fingers in the faces of a horde of creditors.

Denby was sitting up in bed smoking, and young Harte was mixing drinks, as Post went in. He helped himself to a cigar and an easy chair and sat down to wait for Browne, who had last been seen in the wake of his prospective mother-in-law. It was not long before he arrived; he came in without a word, his eyes dark and angry, a savage look on his usually good-natured face.

"What's up, Brownie? You look like an approaching cyclone," said Harte.

"You fellows may think this thing a joke, but it's a pretty serious business for me!" Brownie retorted sharply.

"Oh, you take things too everlastingly seriously, old man. Cheer up—it's nothing to feel acute remorse about," drawled Denby from the bed. "Bring over that fizz, Harte."

Young Harte handed the drinks around, and then sat on a corner of the table, swinging his legs. Denby looked expectantly from one to another.

"Well, begin, Harte. How did it work? Did the lady freeze you dumb?"

Young Harte took a long drink and carefully wiped a budding mustache before replying.

"I hate to disappoint you, Denby," he said, with evident embarrassment; "but honestly I wasn't to blame—I never dreamed that—how Miss Mayland regarded me, you know. But under the circumstances I don't see how I can honorably withdraw——"

Denby raised himself on one elbow.

"What under heaven are you driving at?" he gasped.

"I mean that she accepted, and I'm going to marry her!" Harte shouted, flaunting his triumph in Denby's face with a wave of his glass.

Denby remained as if transfixed, un-

able to speak or to move; but Browne had fallen to kicking himself, swearing softly all the while. Finally Denby turned upon him.

"Browne, are you crazy?" he cried, lurching forward to the edge of the bed.

"No, but Harte is. Oh, man, that girl has made thundering idiots of both of us—she accepted me, too!"

Harte collapsed. Denby sank back weakly among his pillows. Post's comment was brief.

"The devil she did!" he said.

Edyth Ellerbeck

Angels Came

MRS. NEAL was angry. As she stalked into the front room and sank heavily into the creaking depths of the haircloth sofa, her lips were pressed tight together and her eyes were narrowed to mere slits. There was something, too, indicative of extreme displeasure in the harsh rustle of her best black dress as she smoothed its many folds with a black-gloved hand. But Miss Euphemia, stolidly crocheting her endless "tidies" by the front window, was oblivious to all these potent signs of her sister's wrath. She peered over the tops of her spectacles at the bulky figure on the sofa, and observed mildly:

"Seems to me you're back dretful early, Sarah. You ain't been gone an hour. Did everything pass off well?"

Mrs. Neal stiffened. She took off her crape bonnet and deposited it, none too gently, on the sofa beside her.

"I call it ridiculous," she burst out explosively. "I never heard of such goin's-on to a fun'ral in my life! I always said these folks that build their summer places here never did the town no good."

"Well," said Miss Euphemia placidly, "if I see anything there that I didn't like, I should try to forget all about it."

"See!" sniffed her sister with infinite scorn. "See! That's just it. I never see nothin'."

Miss Euphemia let her work drop to her lap. She leaned forward eagerly in her chair.

"Warn't there no fun'ral?" she inquired, in a tone which showed she was prepared for the worst.

"Oh, I guess there was a fun'ral, all right," Mrs. Neal replied, "but I never see hide nor hair of it." She pushed the bonnet viciously to the other end of the sofa, and began pulling off her gloves. "I got up there about half past one," she went on, "an' would you believe it, when I tried to go in the front door it was locked! So I rings the bell an' waits on the porch. Bimeby the door opens soft like, an' there stood one of them maids with a little white cap on her head.

"'Who did you wish to see?' says she, calm as you please.

"'I've come to the fun'ral,' says I.

"At that she pushes the door to closer, as if she was afraid I was goin' to try to sneak in when she warn't lookin'.

"'The fun'ral,' says she, 'is to be private'; an' she shuts the door with a click square in my face.

"I don't know as I was ever so took back in all my days," the indignant lady concluded. "Did you ever hear of anything so out an' out unsociable?"

Miss Euphemia looked out the window with wrinkling brows.

"I suppose they've got a right, Sarah, to have the fun'ral private, if they've a mind to," she hazarded at length.

"I suppose they have," snapped her sister, "but I call it uppish of 'em, specially since we ain't had a fun'ral since Grandpa Baggs' last December."

"An' they do say," continued Miss Euphemia, "that young Mis' Burton takes it dretful hard."

"She'll git over it," was Mrs. Neal's grim rejoinder. "They always do, when they're young and good-lookin'. An' I dunno as there's any partic'ler sense in treatin' your neighbors shabby jest because your husband got throwed off his hoss an' broke his neck. You wait. The next time Mis' Burton an' me comes together anywheres, she's goin' to git a good piece of my mind!"

"Now, Sarah——" Euphemia began, but the other cut her short.

"She's goin' to git a piece of my mind, mark that," she repeated with determination. "I'll show 'em how to have their maids slam the door in my face when I take the trouble to go to their fun'erals!"

Mrs. Neal arose from the sofa and snatched up her bonnet and gloves.

"You goin' off again?" Euphemia asked.

"Yes, I'm goin' to run in to Mis' Jones' for a minute, an' then I'm goin' up to the cemetery to have a look at the flowers. They say down to the depot there was a terrible sight come last night. I don't suppose the cemetery'll be private, even if the fun'ral was!"

She went ponderously out of the room, and Euphemia, after thoughtfully polishing her spectacles for a time, took up the neglected tidy again.

It was nearing dusk when Mrs. Neal climbed the hill to the cemetery. A great cloud hanging in the west flashed crimson and ocher along its lower edge; by the roadside the trees and bushes flaunted gorgeous autumnal colorings; but she toiled grimly up the slope, with no eye to the splendors of the dying day. She gained the summit, and pushed open the little iron gate.

Close to the entrance was a lot with a single new-made grave banked high with flowers. Mrs. Neal made her way thither, and stood there feasting her eyes upon them in melancholy silence. It was a revelation to her. Her wildest imaginings, stimulated by reports from the "depot folks," could not have pictured as many funereal pieces as were here before her in reality. But before she could take them in by detail, she was startled by a stifled sob from the other side of the lot.

She glanced nervously in the direction of the sound, and there, prone upon the ground with face pressed against the coarse gravel from the grave, she saw a slight, girlish figure, which shook convulsively with great, dry sobs. In a moment Mrs. Neal was beside it, lifting it tenderly in her own strong arms.

"Why, Mis' Burton!" she was exclaiming in surprise. "You hadn't ought to be here, an' layin' there on that damp ground, too! You'll ketch your never-get-over."

The figure stiffened in her arms, and a face was turned to her—an ashen face, haggard and marked by the pitiful grief that had not yet known the boon of tears.

"Please leave me here," the drawn lips pleaded. "Please go away!"

Mrs. Neal drew her yet closer.

"No, I sha'n't, dearie. I sha'n't leave you all alone here. They hadn't ought to let you come. Some one ought to have looked out for you, you poor lamb." Her own eyes brimmed with sympathy. She clumsily stroked the rumpled masses of brown hair, while she racked her mind for some timely word of comfort. "I know how it is," she went on. "It's hard at first—dretful hard; but after a time you come to be reconciled—of course not at first, but after a time, dearie, after a time. I know. I've been through it!"

"Not this," said the other woman hoarsely. "You haven't been through this." Her fingers closed on Mrs. Neal's arm. "The morning it—it happened, we had quarreled. He left me in anger. I don't know why I am telling you this. He said—he was standing in the hall in his riding-clothes—he said, 'Perhaps it is better we should be apart,' and I shrugged my shoulders and turned away. And then they brought him back after his horse had fallen with him."

She stopped abruptly. She was trembling from head to foot.

"I guess I know why you've told me this," said Mrs. Neal quietly. "You better come over to the wall with me. I want to tell you somethin'."

She led the way to the low wall that was the cemetery's western boundary, and, seating herself on a flat stone, drew the other woman down beside her.

"Yes, I've been through even *that*," she said, "an' I guess I know how you feel. It was jest that way with Rufus an' me. We fit somethin' awful at times. An' that mornin'—that last mornin'—we had about the worst spat we'd ever had.

"'I wisht I never had to see your face again,' he says to me when he set out for the woods.

"It was four in the afternoon when they brought him home. A tree'd fell on him, an' he never spoke nor opened his eyes afterwards. Well, after the fun'ral I was most crazy, dearie, jest as you be now. Seemed as if I'd *got* to see him an' ask him about them last words of his.

"I took to spiritualism; not that I had any real faith in it, but it was a chance. I mortgaged the farm and spent

the money for séances; but all I got out of it was a lot of fool messages that I knew well enough never come from Rufus. Once they said they'd materialized him for me; but law! all there was to it was a spot of light they told me was him, an' when I asked it questions it couldn't seem to answer me noways satisfactory. So I give that up, an' for five years I jest set an' et my heart out.

"Then one night I had a dream. 'Twas almost too real for a dream. Seemed as if I was washin' up the kitchen floor; an' I looked up, an' there stood Rufus, leanin' in the doorway jest as natural as could be. I got up off my knees an' run to him jest as I was, an' put my soapy arms round his neck, an' laid my head on his old blue shirt; an' I was so happy I was cryin' an' laughin' an' talkin' all to once.

"'Rufus, oh, Rufus, I've wanted so to see you to ask you somethin',' says I.

"He was lookin' down at me jest as he used to sometimes, only his face seemed to be kinder more shinin'.

"'Well, why don't you ask it?' says he, sorter laughin' like.

"'Rufus, tell me about them last words of yourn,' says I. 'Tell me you didn't mean 'em.'

"I was clingin' hard to him, I was so afraid he'd leave before he'd answered.

"'Them words?' says he. 'Why, if you'd had a grain of sense you'd 'a'figgered it out for yourself. Hain't we always been a fightin' an' a makin' up? Don't you suppose we should 'a' made up that night when I got home, same's we always done? Don't be foolish, Sarah. Them words never meant nothin'. You know that 's well as I do.'

"An' then I was wide awake, sittin' bolt upright in bed, an' my face an' my piller was all wet. I got up an' lighted a lamp an' set down in the old rocker, an' I was that happy I begun to laugh all to myself. It was the first time I'd laughed for five years. It had come over me all to once that even if it was a dream it was the truth. An' that, dearie, is jest the way it's comin' to you one of these days."

Mrs. Neal got up from the wall, and, slipping her arm through the younger woman, led her gently along the path and through the little iron gate. The

first stars were showing feebly in the sky as they made their way down the hill. It was some time before Mrs. Neal spoke again, and then, as she did so, she tenderly patted the small, white hand that lay confidingly in her own toil-hardened palm.

"There, dearie, there, you cry all you want to," she whispered. "It don't hurt so much when the tears come, does it?"

When she reached home again, Euphemia was hovering fretfully about the supper-table.

"Seems to me you've been gone long enough this time, Sarah," she complained. "How was the flowers? I suppose there was oceans of 'em."

"Yes, there was lots of 'em," said Mrs. Neal, "but I didn't look at 'em very close. I met Mis' Burton up there," she confessed.

Euphemia's brow clouded in a doubtful frown.

"Now, Sarah, you didn't go and pitch into her up there, did you?" she asked anxiously. "Be just like you, though," she added.

Mrs. Neal favored her sister with an enigmatic smile.

"I told her some things I had on my mind," she said; "but I guess they warn't the ones you're thinkin' of."

John Barton Oxford

Try, Try Again

"WHEW, that was a hot one!" said Napoleon Applegate to his partner, Ironface Craig, at the close of the market.

Applegate tilted his chair, and flung his feet upon the window-sill. From the skyscraper window he looked out at the diminutive shipping that floated on the bay. The light shot brightly back from the afternoon sun, and Napoleon Applegate squinted. He heaved a sigh for oxygen, and said:

"Bill, I don't think I can stand much more of this. Twenty years ago, when three o'clock came, instead of flopping down here and gasping, I used to wish the market would run along till midnight, so that I might have it out again. Say, young fellow, are you aware we are getting old?"

Ironface had as many years as Applegate, but he was not so old. What

except fate could fell that bronze bull of a man? He had been a college gladiator. After these twenty years, when his tense friend was all but begging for quarter, Craig still looked the leader of Roman legions. He had cavernous eyes, a prominent nose, and a lower face like a plain, with a scarcely discernible line for a mouth. The jaws fitted into a neck that bulged all around.

"John," he replied, "if I had thrown into it not only my days, but my nights and all my nerves as you have, I don't think I should be here at all. Old man, I think you'd better call it evens. You've got forty times as much as any Christian is entitled to. Why don't you quit?"

"Yes, that's it. Why don't I quit? Why don't I quit?"

Applegate thought of the exciting campaign that he was waging, and how all the opposing forces purposed sweeping down upon him on the morrow. What joy would be his, in those five delirious hours, in crumpling back their wings and shoving them into the hidden road!

"I can't, Bill, I can't! You know I can't. They're after me hard, Bill, and I've got 'em, I've got 'em! Say, do you know where that coup of Ellison's is going to land? Poor Ellison, and he has such a nice family! Let me tell you how I have things lined up. Ellison, you know——"

"Stop!" roared Craig. "That's just it. Can't you forget Ellison and his outfit for half an hour after the market's closed? That's what is killing you. You carry this market around like a body of death. You've done your share and you've got your share, and by Jove, I'd quit, if I were you!"

For twenty years they had worked together. Applegate, as it were, was the eagle, and Craig the rock. How much prey they had heaped up! How many a foe, in those twenty years, had shrunk back in defeat from those talons and that aerie! To this day, when white fringed the shining head of Applegate and snow fell about the black crag of Craig's peak, how the rabbits and sparrows of the Street showed heel and wing to them!

Applegate's vision wandered far behind the gleaming sails, and he thought of the day when the human rock and he

had landed in the shadow of the church spire at the head of the Street. He had flown high and wide, but always had had Craig to light on. Firmer and firmer had grown the foundations of that successful institution, the Eagle and the Rock—or, if you please, the firm of Applegate & Craig, brokers and bankers.

"Well?" said Applegate to the old door-man, with some petulance.

"That newspaper man is here, sir."

"That newspaper man! What newspaper man, idiot?" Applegate replied to the shambling figure that had once been an office-boy—and that was practically an office-boy still.

"You know, sir—the one that's asked you for the article eighteen times."

"Tell him to wait. I'm busy."

"Yes, sir."

"Look here, John," said the Rock. "You know I've no more use for 'em than you, as a rule; but hanged if I don't think there's something to that chap. How many times has he come for the Consolidated story? Eighteen? Well, I call that pretty good."

"Yes. He has brains, but I'm trying him out—that's all."

"Oh, one of your famous tests again, eh? Well, I think I'd have pulled some more of that hair out, if you'd talked to me as you have to him!"

"I want to see just what there is in him. I've hammered him with all my might, and once or twice I thought I'd reached the limit. He had rather a bad glint in those eyes, but he held himself down like a thoroughbred. I could almost hear him say to himself, 'I'll land you yet, you withered old scorpion!'"

"Why don't you give him the story?"

"Well, they say, Bill, there's a charm in numbers. I'll tell you the secret. I'm reserving his reward for his twentieth request. Mind you, his twentieth. Then I shall not only give him the story, but shall ask him to come in here with us and make some money. He's been around the Street quite a while, and knows something. He's keen and straight, I think; but if he can't stand twenty poundings he's no good. He ought to be able to stand forty. I've stood a hundred before I landed mine."

"But he's young and tender," chuckled the Rock.

Applegate punched a button. The ancient office-boy brought in the reporter. He looked a young Yankee of parts. Applegate did not turn to greet him. The Eagle still gazed upon the far sparkling water. That was insult number one.

"What d'ye want?" Applegate said.

"May I have that Consolidated information to-day?"

"Naw."

"When may I have it, sir?"

"You can't have it at all."

"My newspaper needs it, and I have no other way of getting it."

"I don't quite see why that interests me."

"But, sir——"

"Say, young man, I understand from the door-man that you've already been here eighteen times. You are unduly persistent, and you annoy me. I've other things on my mind than that yellow sheet of yours. I want you to leave me alone, do you hear? You ought to be in some respectable business, anyhow. I'm getting too old to fool with you people."

The man behind the pen reddened. He said:

"I think I have treated you courteously, sir—more courteously than you have me, and——"

Applegate punched the button again, and said to the decrepit office-boy:

"Show that out!"

The young man paled and choked. When his Adam's apple had descended again he approached nearer to Applegate, who still gazed upon the glinting bay. The reporter said measuredly:

"Before I go, I am going to say something to you, you old pirate! You are right. This is the nineteenth time I've been in and out of this fence, and I've been bullyragged and insulted nineteen times. Do you suppose I'd look into your dirty shop if the office hadn't told me to stick to you? Do you suppose I like making a living off such carrion as you?"

The door-man was nearing feebly, to lay an impotent hand upon the enraged man; but the journalist rushed out, and did not return.

Ironface was shaking with laughter. Applegate merely said:

"He won't do!"

Joseph Johnson, Jr.



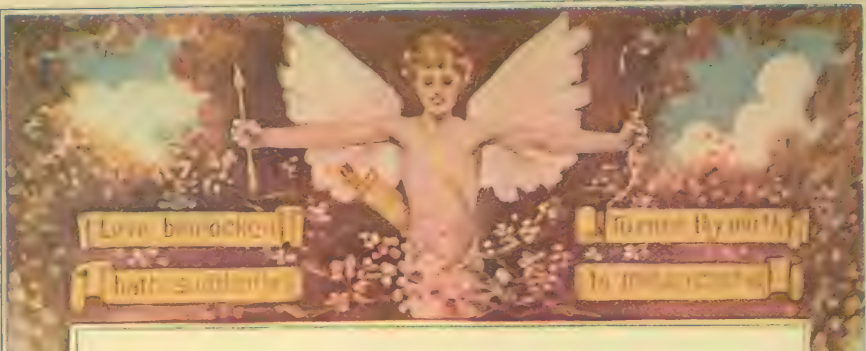
MERRY heart within his breast,
Fares Sir Folly forth with laughter:
"All the world's a sorry jest;
Better far my gleeful quest
Than the guerdon men strive after."

MADCAP knight at tilt or court,
Mocking love's sweet melancholy,
All the world but jest and sport,
What should woman's heart import
To thy fickle breast, Sir Folly?

COMES a damsel riding by:
"Give thee greeting, pretty maiden!
All the world's a jest, say I;
Let me woo thee merrily,
Proffering a heart love-laden."







“**W**HEN did lover woo,” she saith,
 “Save with sighs and tearful pleading?
 All the world’s a jest?—In faith
 Here thou dost but waste thy breath;
 Go thy merry way unheeding!”

DOWN the pathway speedeth she—
 Silent now thy laugh, Sir Folly!
 All the world’s a jest to thee?—
 Love bemoaned hath suddenly
 Turned thy mirth to melancholy.

HEAVY heart within his breast
 Fares Sir Folly sighing after:
 “All the world’s a sorry jest,
 I, methinks, the sorriest,
 With the tears beneath the laughter.”

Blanche Trennor Heath



MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxv.

July, 1906

Number IV

THE TERCENTENARY OF REMBRANDT

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE GREAT DUTCH MASTER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,
HIS LIFE AND WORK, AND HIS PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF ART

IF you ask an artist to tell you how many of the old masters, in his opinion, knew how to *paint*, he will name, at the outside, only four or five, and perhaps not so many. But three at least he is sure to name—Velasquez, Rem-



"THE MAN IN THE VELVET CAP"—ONE OF REMBRANDT'S MANY PORTRAITS OF HIMSELF

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by
Rembrandt in the Berlin Gallery*



PORTRAIT OF NICHOLAS BERGHEM, THE CELEBRATED DUTCH LANDSCAPE-PAINTER

From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in Grosvenor House, London

brandt, and Hals. Ask him to explain why he thus restricts his list, and he will say that the old masters used, in the main, a method totally different from our own; that only a scant handful of them treated pigment with a true feeling for its character as pigment.

The layman has to be on his guard in these matters. He has to remember that there are methods and methods, and that the method of the Florentines, for example, was just as valid, in its way, as that of Velasquez or that of Rembrandt. But the difference remains, and the important thing about Rembrandt to fix in the mind at the outset is that he was one of the founders of the modern art of

painting. That is why a special interest attaches to his tercentenary, which is celebrated this year in his native land with all possible pomp and circumstance.

In honoring Rembrandt's memory, artists and art-lovers in Holland, and all the world over, pay tribute not only to a great historical figure but to a source of inspiration which to this day is a practical benefit to the cause of painting. If the truth prevails in art, and if thousands of artists have to-day a better understanding of the resources of their craft, it is largely because Rembrandt passed through the world. We look at the Sistine Madonna, rejoice in its grand beauty, and are content. We look at a

painting by Rembrandt, and carry away from it not only a satisfying sense of beauty but a valuable lesson as to the way in which a picture may be made—a

stances; they appear to have been kindly, sympathetic folk, quick to understand the artistic ambitions which their son developed at an early age. In short,



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT'S MOTHER

From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Vienna Gallery

lesson adapted in every detail to our modern tastes and needs.

THE CAREER OF REMBRANDT VAN RYN

The teacher of this lesson was a miller's son, born in a comfortable house on the ramparts of Leyden, on July 15, 1606. His parents were in easy circum-

stances experienced none of the usual difficulties when once he had made his choice of a career. The miller and his wife saw no reason why they should compel the lad to study Latin when his heart was set on handling the brush. They released him from school when he was still in his teens, to enter the studio

of Swanenburch, and after three years under that mediocre painter of Biblical and historical compositions they were content to have him leave their house and proceed to Amsterdam, where better instruction was available. He chose for his master Pieter Lastman, who had been to Rome and had brought back with him a Dutchman's version of the classical tradition, which is to say a mode of painting more interesting to his contemporaries than it is to us.

Rembrandt, a man in advance of his

time, was not long in exhausting all that his fashionable master had to teach him. By the time he was eighteen he was ready to return to Leyden, there, in the words of one of his biographers, "to study and practise painting alone, in his own fashion." Henceforth, the story of Rembrandt's life is the story of the development of his art.

It was an art founded upon nature, upon truth, and we shall see Rembrandt trying most of all to make his picture look like the object placed before him;



REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-TWO

From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the National Gallery, London



PORTRAIT OF SASKIA VAN UYLENBORCH, REMBRANDT'S WIFE

From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Cassel Gallery

but before we consider his way of going to work we must glance at the social conditions of the period, to which he owed much.

Holland was a wealthy country. Drained as she had been of blood and treasure through her long struggle with Spain, she nevertheless had tremendous recuperative power, and her burghers, having once repaired the ravages of war, devoted themselves with redoubled energy to building up their commerce. They were then, as they are now, a

domestic people, loving their homes, and filling those homes, as a matter of course, with everything that meant comfort and luxury. Rich in artistic talent, they exploited it according to what we may call essentially domestic lights. If they cared for a picture as a picture, as the skilful representation of some interesting scene or subject, they cared even more for the painting which had a direct personal significance. There were collectors in those days, amateurs delighting in all manner of curios, and, in the matter

of painting, responsive to the charm of art for art's sake. But nothing was more acceptable to the prosperous burgher for the adornment of his private walls than a good portrait. He and his

Obviously, a well-trained painter was as sure of his living as was the tailor or the cabinet-maker. I purposely use this homely comparison because, in thinking of Rembrandt, it is important to think of



"THE POLISH RIDER"

From a gravure by the Berlin Photograph. Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Tarnowski Collection, Cracow

wife, and his children, too, must be painted either in separate canvases or in a group; and when the rich man was not being portrayed for his family he was being immortalized with the other members of his guild in one of those big "corporation pieces" in which the Dutch museums abound.

him as beginning life with his feet firm fixed upon the ground, called upon to paint human beings in a simple, straightforward fashion, and qualified by birth, by breeding, and by his whole natural instinct to enter into the spirit of his surroundings, and execute his task in perfect harmony with them. His time was



STUDY OF AN OLD MAN

From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Berlin Gallery



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN IN MILITARY COSTUME

From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Dresden Gallery

ripe for him, and he was ripe for his time.

In saying that he was a born draftsman we credit him with a gift which he shared with other men; and indeed, in certain other broad characteristics, he was very much a man of his period. Both in his quiet tonality and in the simplicity of his light and shade, he followed the general tendency of his contemporaries in Holland. But what he brought to his work, even as a young man, that was peculiarly his own, was an extraordinary authority in the fusion of draftsmanship, color, and light and shade into a form of art marked by great

feeling for character and by great strength of style.

REMBRANDT'S TECHNICAL MASTERY

He began his studies in portraiture by making portraits of himself, and there is a wonderful maturity in these first efforts of his brush. There is a portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself, in the museum at The Hague, which dates from about 1629 or 1630, when he was only twenty-three or twenty-four. The head is turned so as to face the beholder, and half of it is in shadow. A steel gorget partly covers the stalwart young shoulders, and just above the gleaming

metal a soft white collar appears, on which a full light falls. Nothing could be simpler than this conception. It breathes the very spirit of Rembrandt's

himself as he saw himself, with a clear, matter-of-fact eye.

What does he do, in addition to all that I have already indicated, to give



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT AND SASKIA, HIS WIFE

From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Dresden Gallery

vigorous youth. The bit of armor hints at the love of the picturesque which was in him, but otherwise he gives us nothing of the "studio arrangement"; he paints

this portrait a place apart, to make us realize that he has something new to tell us? He gives to the sheer *paint* of which the portrait is made a rich, warm,

sensuous quality, a character in its very grain that fills us with a sense of individuality and beauty.

The point may be made the clearer if, for a moment, we compare the paint of

out of its surface quite all that there is to be got of texture and color. He does not make you feel the charm that resides in painted surface, simply for its own sake. In a sense, it scarcely matters



PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A HAWK

From a negative by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in Grosvenor House, London

Rembrandt with the paint of an Italian, say, like Raphael. When the latter has a portrait to make like the famous "Young Cardinal" in the Prado, or the "Baldassare Castiglione" in the Louvre, he makes it one of the world's masterpieces, both as an interpretation and as an example of draftsmanship, modeling, and style, but he does not get

whether he paints his portrait in oils or in water-colors.

THE CHARM OF REMBRANDT'S PIGMENT

Now Rembrandt makes you feel that he could not paint his portrait in anything save in oils, and that he is bent upon making every inch of his canvas show the intrinsic charm of oil paint. In

his hands it has a fat, unctuous quality, and it is saturated in light, so that the paint might be described as a kind of skin laid upon the canvas, following all the subtle modulations of form in the

of a jewel, of a flower, of the sea, or of the sky.

Furthermore, and this is the final element in painter's magic, a master like Rembrandt cannot manipulate pigment



PORTRAIT OF COPPENOL, THE WRITING-MASTER

From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg

object represented, and having an organic life of its own. The bony structure in a man's face is expressed in touches having a mysterious life in them. They state the fact, and in stating it they give you a new beauty to admire—the beauty of transparent pigment—which is a beauty as individualized and as haunting as the beauty

in this way without disclosing his own original quality. It is like the touch of the musician; one great violinist or pianist touches his instrument as no one else in the world could touch it. So Rembrandt lends to those rich living surfaces of his an accent which we recognize as though it were the accent of a word falling from his lips.

It was modified, of course, by the passage of time, and it would be very interesting, if the process were not too minute for our present purpose, to follow Rembrandt step by step through his long career, observing the evolution of his art from the productions of his youth to those of his old age. He was always learning, and there is always something to learn in contemplating his passage from one stage to another. But the main point is easily stated.

It is true that in his earlier years Rembrandt painted closely and even sometimes laboriously. He is never, at this time, hard and mechanical, like the mediocrities of his school; but he is very patient and careful in the definition of forms. Both in details of anatomical construction and in matters of costume he is a painstaking realist. But even in his formative years his carefulness has more elasticity than you will find in the freedom of most other men, and as time goes on his art steadily broadens, until, in his prime, his works are executed with superb ease and energy. In complete command of his instruments, knowing just what he wants to do and precisely how to do it, he builds up his massive portraits as though without conscious effort, deepening and enriching his color, making his light and air purer and fuller, more like the light and air of life itself, and altogether putting more clearly and more brilliantly the stamp of greatness upon his work. Armed at all points, a master come into his own, it is no wonder that he took the world by storm.

REMBRANDT AND SASKIA

For a number of years his vogue was such that he could scarcely find time to satisfy all of the patrons knocking at his door. He was as fashionable in his way as Lastman had been in his, and with infinitely more reason. Everything seemed destined to contribute to his happiness. Though not a particularly sociable man, he had many stanch friends, and he met in Saskia van Uylenborch the one woman in the world who was formed to make him the wife he wanted. Unavoidable domestic circumstances delayed their union for some years, but in 1634 they were able to

marry, and they then entered upon a life in which Rembrandt's genius expanded as though under the rays of the beneficent sun.

Portraits and other paintings came rapidly from his brush. Heart and mind brimmed over with vitality, and the consummate hand never failed him. Etching occupied him, too, and he added plate after plate to the long list of triumphs associated with his golden age. We see him, in the mind's eye, a type of all that is successful and contented. He rejoiced in his work, and his beloved Saskia filled his cup with bliss. When the little Titus came, it seemed as if the cup would run over. But by this time sorrow had already visited him more than once, death after death occurring in his family circle; and less than a year after the birth of his boy Saskia herself was in the grave. Nor was it by the untoward hand of fate alone that Rembrandt was destined to suffer. In his own character the seeds of trouble were implanted.

I have spoken of his beginning life with his feet firm fixed upon the ground. In just one respect his nature wanted stability—he had no business faculty whatever. As soon as he began to reap the fruits of his success, he took to buying works of art and the many expensive odds and ends that a painter likes to have about him. It filled him with rapture to see his beloved Saskia in fine clothes and jewels, and it never occurred to him that there might be an end to the prosperity which, at the moment, seemed to excuse his extravagance. His natural mood was the mood of that picture in which, with his wife upon his knee, he lifts a wine-glass in his hand and looks laughingly from beneath his plumed hat, a happy man, enjoying mundane pleasure to the full.

He was willing, too, to share his substance with others. His generosity was lavish to the point of indiscretion. It was not in his temperament to take thought of the morrow. Restraint irked him. "When I want to give my wits a rest," he would say, "I do not look for honors, but for liberty." And a flood of light is poured upon his history by that candid saying. His mind rebelled against prosaic cares; he neglected them,



PORTRAIT OF A JEWISH RABBI

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt
in the Berlin Gallery.*



PORTRAIT OF THE PREACHER JAN SYLVIUS

From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Berlin Gallery

and in the long run this neglect made him a bankrupt.

THE TRAGEDY OF HIS LATER YEARS

Misfortune, having marked him for its own, resolved to do its work thoroughly. The year of Saskia's death, 1642, was also the year in which he finished one of his greatest pictures, the military subject popularly known as "The Night Watch." This ought to have increased his fame, but Rembrandt unwittingly painted it for posterity

rather than for Captain Frans Banning Cocq and the other civic guardsmen of Amsterdam who commissioned the canvas. Each of those gentlemen wanted his portrait to be clearly visible, if not actually conspicuous in the composition. Rembrandt got interested in the design as a study of light and shade, and subordinated portraiture to dramatic effect. His clients were in a great taking over his indifference to their importance, and as the seventeenth-century Dutch art patron never had any notion of pamper-

ing the seventeenth-century Dutch painter, Rembrandt was the worse off for his independent way of "filling an order." Unwilling to cater to the whims

hand again and again for the gifts of the gods, working valiantly to regain the ground lost in the favor of the public. Though he could never find



"THE YOUNG WOMAN AT THE WINDOW"—PORTRAIT OF HENDRICKJE STOFFELS,
THE COMPANION OF REMBRANDT'S LATER YEARS

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting
by Rembrandt in the Berlin Gallery*

of wealthy patrons, he ceased to be fashionable, and his financial affairs fell into more and more serious disorder.

There are few pages in the history of the great painters more tragic than those which relate to the second part of Rembrandt's career. He reached out his

another Saskia, he found in Hendrickje Stoffels a companion who comforted him in many ways and was unquestionably a help to him in matters of business. Ultimately, when his home and his collections had been sacrificed to satisfy his creditors, she and Titus put their

shoulders to the wheel and labored strenuously to mend the painter's shattered fortunes. He had made enemies, but some of his friends were faithful, and there was many a commission to

genius shines forth in the mere vitality of his art, in the sweep and power of his stroke, which survives in full effectiveness down to the very end. What a stroke it is, how eloquent not



"AN OLD WOMAN WEIGHING MONEY"

From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Dresden Gallery

be executed before he died on Tuesday, October 8, 1669, and was buried in the old Wester Kerk of Amsterdam. But nothing can diminish our sense of the sadness of this period—the mortification, the financial worry, the grief over lost loved ones, the hardships of poverty—nothing unless it is the knowledge of Rembrandt's indomitable genius. That

merely of technical authority but of a lofty soul!

REMBRANDT'S HUMAN SYMPATHIES

Rembrandt drank in the inspiration of the Bible at his mother's knee, and he left pictures of religious themes to show that he could illustrate the divine narrative with the highest dignity and the

tenderest feeling. But it is man, in all his infinite variety and in all the chances of daily life, that chiefly serves to stir the depths of his imagination. Character was his ceaseless preoccupation. A great part of the business of his life was the portrayal of his contemporaries, and when he painted them he showed forth their hearts and brains, not only in their faces, but in their bodies, in their hands, in all that is implied by carriage and gesture. His parents occupied both his brush and his etching needle; he was forever making portraits of Saskia, of Titus, and afterward of Hendrickje Stoffels, and all his life long he was pondering his own features and telling as he drew them, far better than words could tell, of what lay beneath their surface.

What manner of ideal is it that we may discern there with his aid? Not an ideal of romantic yearning after beauty. Not the ideal of a poet in the ordinary sense of the word, seeing visions and

dreaming dreams. No, it was the ideal of a profoundly sympathetic human being, fascinated by the poignant meaning of the life around him, and impelled to express its touching beauty in terms of simplicity and truth. In his celebrated lecture Whistler speaks of art as being "selfishly occupied with her own perfection only," as having no desire to teach, but "seeking and finding the beautiful in all conditions and in all times, as did her high priest Rembrandt, when he saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks."

I looked with Whistler once at a proof of one of Rembrandt's finest etched portraits, the "Jan Sylvius," and on it the American had written these words: "Without flaw. Beautiful as a Greek marble or a canvas by Tintoret. A masterpiece in all its elements, beyond which there is nothing." With this tribute we may fitly close.

BECAUSE OF YOU

SWEET have I known the blossoms of the morning,
Tenderly tinted to their hearts of dew;
But now my flowers have found a fuller fragrance
Because of you.

Long have I worshiped in my soul's enshrining
High visions of the noble and the true;
Now all my aims and all my prayers are purer
Because of you.

Wise have I seen the uses of life's labor,
To all its puzzles found some answering clue;
But now my life has learned a nobler meaning
Because of you.

In the past days I chafed at pain and waiting,
Grasping at gladness as the children do;
Now is it sweet to wait and joy to suffer
Because of you.

In the long years of silences that part us,
Dimmed by my tears and darkened to my view,
Close shall I hold my memories and my madness
Because of you.

Whether our lips shall touch or hands shall hunger
Whether our love be fed or joys be few,
Life will be sweeter and more worth the living
Because of you!

Almon Hensley

THE HANDBOOK OF HYMEN

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "TELEMACHUS, FRIEND," "HOSTAGES TO MOMUS," ETC.

TIS the opinion of myself, Sander-son Pratt, who sets this down, that the educational system of the United States should be in the hands of the weather bureau. I can give you good reasons for it; and you can't tell me why our college professors shouldn't be transferred to the meteorological department. They have been learned to read; and they could very easily glance at the morning papers and then wire in to the main office what kind of weather to expect. But there's the other side of the proposition. I am going on to tell you how the weather furnished me and Idaho Green with a elegant education.

We was up in the Bitter Root Mountains over the Montana line prospecting for gold. A chin-whiskered man in Walla-Walla, carrying a line of hope as excess baggage, had grubstaked us; and there we was in the foothills pecking away, with enough grub on hand to last an army through a peace conference.

Along one day comes a mail-rider over the mountains from Carlos, and stops to eat three cans of greengages, and leave us a newspaper of modern date. This paper prints a system of premonitions of the weather, and the card it dealt Bitter Root Mountains from the bottom of the deck was "warmer and fair, with light westerly breezes."

That evening it begun to snow with the wind strong in the east. Me and Idaho moved camp into an old empty cabin higher up the mountain, thinking it was only a November flurry. But after falling three foot on a level it went to work in earnest; and we knew we was snowed in. We got in plenty of firewood before it got deep, and we had grub enough for two months, so we let the elements rage and cut up all they thought proper.

If you want to instigate the art of manslaughter just shut two men up in a eighteen- by twenty-foot cabin for a month. Human nature won't stand it.

When the first snowflakes fell me and Idaho Green laughed at each other's jokes and praised the stuff we turned out of a skillet and called bread. At the end of three weeks Idaho makes this kind of an edict to me. Says he:

"I never exactly hear sour milk dropping out of a balloon on the bottom of a tin pan, but I have an idea it would be music of the spears compared to this attenuated stream of asphyxiated thought that emanates out of your organs of conversation. The kind of half-masticated noises that you emit every day puts me in mind of a cow's cud, only she's lady enough to keep hers to herself, and you ain't."

"Mr. Green," says I, "you having been a friend of mine once, I have some hesitations in confessing to you that if I had my choice for society between you and a common, yellow, three-legged cur pup, one of the inmates of this here cabin would be wagging a tail just at present."

This way we goes on for two or three days, and then we quits speaking to one another. We divides up the cooking implements, and Idaho cooks his grub on one side of the fireplace, and me on the other. The snow is up to the windows, and we have to keep a fire all day.

You see, me and Idaho never had any education beyond reading, and doing "if John had three apples and James five" on a slate. We never had felt any special need for a university degree, though we had acquired a species of intrinsic intelligence in knocking around the world that we could use in emergen-

cies. But, snowbound in that cabin in the Bitter Roots, we felt for the first time that if we had studied Homer or Greek and fractions and the higher branches of information, we'd have had some resources in the line of meditation and private thought. I've seen them Eastern college fellows working in camps all through the West, and I never noticed but what education was less of a drawback to 'em than you would think. Why, once over on Snake River, when Andrew McWilliams' saddle horse got the bats, he sent a buckboard ten miles for one of these strangers that claimed to be a botanist. But that horse died.

II

ONE morning Idaho was poking around with a stick on top of a little shelf that was too high to reach. Two books fell down to the floor. I started toward 'em, but caught Idaho's eye. He speaks for the first time in a week.

"Don't burn your fingers," says he. "In spite of the fact that you're only fit to be the companion of a sleeping mud-turtle, I'll give you a square deal. And that's more than your parents did when they turned you loose in the world with the sociability of a rattlesnake and the bedside manner of a frozen turnip. I'll play you a game of seven-up, the winner to pick up his choice of the books, the loser to take the other."

We played; and Idaho won. He picked up his book; and I took mine. Then each of us got on his side of the house and went to reading.

I never was as glad to see a ten-ounce nugget as I was that book. And Idaho looked at his like a kid looks at a stick of candy.

Mine was a little book about five by six inches called "Herkimer's Handbook of Indispensable Information." I may be wrong, but I think that was the greatest book that ever was written. I've got it to-day; and I can stump you or any man fifty times in five minutes with the information in it. Talk about Solomon or the New York *Tribune*! Herkimer had cases on both of 'em. That man must have put in fifty years and traveled a million miles to find out all that stuff. There was the population of all cities in it, and the way to

tell a girl's age, and the number of teeth a camel has. It told you the longest tunnel in the world, the number of the stars, how long it takes for chicken-pox to break out, what a lady's neck ought to measure, the veto powers of Governors, the dates of the Roman aqueducts, how many pounds of rice going without three beers a day would buy, the average annual temperature of Augusta, Maine, the quantity of seed required to plant an acre of carrots in drills, antidotes for poisons, the number of hairs on a blond lady's head, how to preserve eggs, the height of all the mountains in the world, and the dates of all wars and battles, and how to restore drowned persons, and sunstroke, and the number of tacks in a pound, and how to make dynamite and flowers and beds, and what to do before the doctor comes—and a hundred times as many things besides. If there was anything Herkimer didn't know I didn't miss it out of the book.

I sat and read that book for four hours. All the wonders of education was compressed in it. I forgot the snow, and I forgot that me and old Idaho was on the outs. He was sitting still on a stool reading away with a kind of partly soft and partly mysterious, look shining through his tan-bark whiskers.

"Idaho," says I, "what kind of a book is yours?"

Idaho must have forgot, too, for he answered moderate, without any slander or malignity.

"Why," says he, "this here seems to be a volume by Homer K. M."

"Homer K. M. what?" I asks.

"Why, just Homer K. M.," says he.

"You're a liar," says I, a little riled that Idaho should try to put me up a tree. "No man is going 'round signing books with his initials. If it's Homer K. M. Spoopendyke, or Homer K. M. McSweeney, or Homer K. M. Jones, why don't you say so like a man instead of biting off the end of it like a calf chewing off the tail of a shirt on a clothes-line?"

"I put it to you straight, Sandy," says Idaho, quiet. "It's a poem book," says he, "by Homer K. M. I couldn't get color out of it at first, but there's a vein if you follow it up. I wouldn't have

missed this book for a pair of red blankets."

"You're welcome to it," says I. "What I want is a disinterested statement of facts for the mind to work on."

"What you've got," says Idaho, "is statistics, the lowest grade of information that exists. They'll poison your mind. Give me old K. M.'s system of surmises. He seems to be a kind of a wine agent. His regular toast is 'nothing doing,' and he seems to have a grouch, but he keeps it so well lubricated with booze that his worst kicks sound like an invitation to split a quart. But it's poetry," says Idaho, "and I have sensations of scorn for that truck of yours that tries to convey sense in feet and inches. When it comes to explaining the instinct of philosophy through the art of nature, old K. M. has got your man beat by drills, rows, paragraphs, chest measurement, and average annual rainfall."

So that's the way me and Idaho had it. Day and night all the excitement we got was studying our books. That snow-storm sure fixed us with a fine lot of attainments apiece. By the time the snow melted, if you had stepped up to me suddenly and said: "Sanderson Pratt, what would it cost per square foot to lay a roof with twenty by twenty-eight tin at nine dollars and fifty cents per box?" I'd have told you as quick as light could travel the length of a spade handle at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second. How many can do it? You wake up 'most any man you know in the middle of the night, and ask him quick to tell you the number of bones in the human skeleton exclusive of the teeth, or what percentage of the vote of the Nebraska Legislature overrules a veto. Will he tell you? Try him and see.

About what benefit Idaho got out of his poetry book I didn't exactly know. Idaho boosted the wine-agent every time he opened his mouth; but I wasn't so sure.

This Homer K. M., from what leaked out of his libretto through Idaho, seemed to me to be a kind of a dog who looked at life like it was a tin can tied to his tail. After running himself half to death, he sits down, hangs

his tongue out, and looks at the can and says:

"Oh, well, since we can't shake the growler, let's get it filled at the corner, and all have a drink on me."

Besides that, it seems he was a Persian; and I never hear of Persia producing anything worth mentioning unless it was Turkish rugs and Maltese cats.

III

THAT spring me and Idaho struck pay ore. It was a habit of ours to sell out quick and keep moving. We unloaded on our grubstaker for eight thousand dollars apiece; and then we drifted down to this little town of Rosa, on the Salmon River, to rest up, and get some human grub, and have our whiskers harvested.

Rosa was no mining-camp. It laid in the valley, and was as free of uproar and pestilence as one of them rural towns in the country. There was a three-mile trolley line champing its bit in the environs; and me and Idaho spent a week riding on one of the cars, dropping off of nights at the Sunset View Hotel. Being now well read as well as traveled, we was soon *pro re nata* with the best society in Rosa, and was invited out to the most dressed-up and licentious entertainments. It was at a piano recital and quail-eating contest in the city hall, for the benefit of the fire company, that me and Idaho first met Mrs. De Ormond Sampson, the queen of Rosa society.

Mrs. Sampson was a widow, and owned the only two-story house in town. It was painted yellow, and whichever way you looked from you could see it as plain as egg on the chin of an O'Grady on a Friday. Twenty-two men in Rosa besides me and Idaho was trying to stake a claim on that yellow house.

There was a dance after the song books and quail bones had been raked out of the Hall. Twenty-three of the bunch galloped over to Mrs. Sampson and asked for a dance. I side-stepped the two-step, and asked permission to escort her home. That's where I made a hit.

On the way home says she:

"Ain't the stars lovely and bright to-night, Mr. Pratt?"

"For the chance they've got," says I,

"they're humping themselves in a mighty creditable way. That big one you see is sixty-six billions of miles distant. It took thirty-six years for its light to reach us. With an eighteen-foot telescope you can see forty-three millions of 'em, including them of the thirteenth magnitude, which, if one was to go out now, you would keep on seeing it for twenty-seven hundred years."

"My!" says Mrs. Sampson. "I never knew that before. How warm it is! I'm as damp as I can be from dancing so much."

"That's easy to account for," says I. "When you happen to know that you've got two million sweat-glands working all at once. If every one of your perspiratory ducts, which are a quarter of an inch long, was placed end to end, they would reach a distance of seven miles."

"Lawdy!" says Mrs. Sampson. "It sounds like a irrigation ditch you was describing, Mr. Pratt. How do you get all this knowledge of information?"

"From observation, Mrs. Sampson," I tells her. "I keep my eyes open when I go about the world."

"Mr. Pratt," says she, "I always did admire a man of education. There are so few scholars among the sap-headed plug-uglies of this town that it is a real pleasure to converse with a gentleman of culture. I'd be gratified to have you call at my house whenever you feel so inclined."

And that was the way I got the goodwill of the lady in the yellow house. Every Tuesday and Friday evenings I used to go there and tell her about the wonders of the universe as discovered, tabulated, and compiled from nature by Herkimer. Idaho and the other gay Lutherans of the town got every minute of the rest of the week that they could.

I never imagined that Idaho was trying to work on Mrs. Sampson with old K. M.'s rules of courtship till one afternoon when I was on my way over to take her a basket of wild hog-plums. I met the lady coming down the lane that led to her house. Her eyes was snapping, and her hat made a dangerous dip over one eye.

"Mr. Pratt," she opens up, "this Mr. Green is a friend of yours, I believe."

"For nine years," says I.

"Cut him out," says she. "He's no gentleman!"

"Why, ma'am," says I, "he's a plain incumbent of the mountains, with asperities and the usual failings of a spend-thrift and a liar, but I never on the most momentous occasion had the heart to deny that he was a gentleman. It may be that in haberdashery and the sense of arrogance and display Idaho offends the eye, but inside, ma'am, I've found him impervious to the lower grades of crime and obesity. After nine years of Idaho's society, Mrs. Sampson," I winds up, "I should hate to impute him, and I should hate to see him imputed."

"It's right plausible of you, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson, "to take up the curmudgeons in your friend's behalf; but it don't alter the fact that he has made proposals to me sufficiently obnoxious to ruffle the ignominy of any lady."

"Why now, now, now!" says I. "Old Idaho do that! I could believe it of myself sooner. I never knew but one thing to deride in him; and a blizzard was responsible for that. Once while we was snow-bound in the mountains he become a prey to a kind of spurious and uneven poetry, which may have corrupted his demeanor."

"It has," says Mrs. Sampson. "Ever since I knew him, he has been reciting to me a lot of irreligious rhymes by some person he calls Ruby Ott, and who is no better than she should be, if you judge by her poetry."

"Then Idaho has struck a new book," says I, "for the one he had was by a man who writes under the *nom de plume* of K. M."

"He'd better have stuck to it," says Mrs. Sampson, "whatever it was. And to-day he caps the vortex. I get a bunch of flowers from him, and on 'em is pinned a note. Now, Mr. Pratt, you know a lady when you see her; and you know how I stand in Rosa society. Do you think for a moment that I'd skip out to the woods with a man along with a jug of wine and a loaf of bread, and go singing and cavorting up and down under the trees with him? I take a little claret with my meals, but I'm not in the habit of packing a jug of it into the brush

and raising Cain in any such style as that. And of course he'd bring his book of verses along too. He said so. Let him go on his scandalous picnics alone! Or let him take his Ruby Ott with him. I reckon she wouldn't kick unless it was on account of there being too much bread along. And what do you think of your gentleman friend now, Mr. Pratt?"

"Well, 'm," says I, "it may be that Idaho's invitation was a kind of poetry, and meant no harm. Maybe it belonged to the class of rhymes they call figurative. They offend law and order, but they get sent through the mails on the grounds that they mean something that they don't say. I'd be glad on Idaho's account if you'd overlook it," says I, "and let us extricate our minds from the low regions of poetry to the higher planes of fact and fancy. On a beautiful afternoon like this, Mrs. Sampson," I goes on, "we should let our thoughts dwell accordingly. Though it is warm here, we should remember that at the equator the line of perpetual frost is at an altitude of fifteen thousand feet. Between the latitudes of forty degrees and forty-nine degrees it is from four thousand to nine thousand feet."

"Oh, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson, "it's such a comfort to hear you say them beautiful facts after getting such a jar from that minx of a Ruby's poetry!"

"Let us sit on this log at the roadside," says I, "and forget the inhumanity and ribaldry of the poets. It is in the glorious columns of ascertained facts and legalized measures that beauty is to be found. In this very log we sit upon, Mrs. Sampson," says I, "is statistics more wonderful than any poem. The rings show it was sixty years old. At the depth of two thousand feet it would become coal in three thousand years. The deepest coal mine in the world is at Killingworth, near Newcastle. A box four feet long, three feet wide, and two feet eight inches deep will hold one ton of coal. If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound. A man's leg contains thirty bones. The Tower of London was burned in 1841."

"Go on, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson. "Them ideas is so original and soothing. I think statistics are just as lovely as they can be."

But it wasn't till two weeks later that I got all that was coming to me out of Herkimer.

One night I was waked up by folks hollering "Fire!" all around. I jumped up and dressed and went out of the hotel to enjoy the scene. When I seen it was Mrs. Sampson's house, I gave forth a kind of yell, and I was there in two minutes.

The whole lower story of the yellow house was in flames, and every masculine, feminine, and canine in Rosa was there, screeching and barking and getting in the way of the firemen. I saw Idaho trying to get away from six firemen who were holding him. They was telling him the whole place was on fire down-stairs, and no man could go in it and come out alive.

"Where's Mrs. Sampson?" I asks.

"She hasn't been seen," says one of the firemen. "She sleeps up-stairs. We've tried to get in, but we can't, and our company hasn't got any ladders yet."

I runs around to the light of the big blaze, and pulls the Hand-Book out of my inside pocket. I kind of laughed when I felt it in my hands—I reckon I was some daffy with the sensation of excitement.

"Herky, old boy," I says to it, as I flipped over the pages, "you ain't ever lied to me yet, and you ain't ever throwed me down at a scratch yet. Tell me what, old boy, tell me what!" says I.

I turned to "What to do in Case of Accidents," on page 117. I run my finger down the page, and struck it. Good old Herkimer, he never overlooked anything! It said:

SUFFOCATION FROM INHALING SMOKE OR GAS.—There is nothing better than flaxseed. Place a few grains in the outer corner of the eye.

I shoved the Hand-Book back in my pocket, and grabbed a boy that was running by.

"Here," says I, giving him some money, "run to the drug store and bring a dollar's worth of flaxseed. Hurry, and you'll get another one for yourself. Now," I sings out to the crowd, "we'll have Mrs. Sampson!" And I throws away my coat and hat.

Four of the firemen and citizens grabs

hold of me. It's sure death, they say, to go in the house, for the floors was beginning to fall through.

"How in blazes," I sings out, kind of laughing yet, but not feeling like it, "do you expect me to put flaxseed in a eye without the eye?"

I jabbed each elbow in a fireman's face, kicked the bark off of one citizen's shin, and tripped the other one with a side hold. And then I busted into the house. If I die first I'll write you a letter and tell you if it's any worse down there than the inside of that yellow house was; but don't believe it yet. I was a heap more cooked than the hurry-up orders of broiled chicken that you get in restaurants. The fire and smoke had me down on the floor twice, and was about to shame Herkimer, but the firemen helped me with their little stream of water, and I got to Mrs. Sampson's room. She'd lost conscientiousness from the smoke, so I wrapped her in the bed clothes and got her on my shoulder. Well, the floors wasn't as bad as they said, or I never could have done it—not by no means.

I carried her out fifty yards from the house and laid her on the grass. Then, of course, every one of them other twenty-two plaintiffs to the lady's hand crowded around with tin dippers of water ready to save her. And up runs the boy with the flaxseed.

I unwrapped the covers from Mrs. Sampson's head. She opens her eyes and says:

"Is that you, Mr. Pratt?"

"S-s-sh," says I. "Don't talk till you've had the remedy."

I runs my arm around her neck and raises her head, gentle, and breaks the bag of flaxseed with the other hand; and as easy as I could I bends over and slips three or four of the seeds in the outer corner of her eye.

Up gallops the village doc by this time, and snorts around, and grabs at

Mrs. Sampson's pulse, and wants to know what I mean by any such sand-blasted nonsense.

"Well, old Jalap and Jerusalem oak-seed," says I, "I'm no regular practitioner, but I'll show you my authority, anyway."

They fetch my coat, and I gets out the Hand-Book.

"Look on page 117," says I, "at the remedy for suffocation by smoke or gas. Flaxseed in the outer corner of the eye, it says. I don't know whether it works as a smoke consumer or whether it hikes the compound gastro-hippopotamus nerve into action, but Herkimer says it, and he was called to the case first. If you want to make it a consultation, there's no objection."

Old doc takes the book and looks at it by means of his specs and a fireman's lantern.

"Well, Mr. Pratt," says he, "you evidently got on the wrong line in reading your diagnosis. The recipe for suffocation says: 'Get the patient into fresh air as quickly as possible, and place in a reclining position.' The flaxseed remedy is for 'Dirt and Cinders in the Eye,' on the line above. But, after all——"

"See here," interrupts Mrs. Sampson, "I reckon I've got something to say in this consultation. That flaxseed done me more good than anything I ever tried." And then she raises up her head and lays it back on my arm again, and says: "Put some in the other eye, Sandy dear."

And so if you was to stop off at Rosa to-morrow, or any other day, you'd see a fine new yellow house with Mrs. Pratt, that was Mrs. Sampson, embellishing and adorning it. And if you was to step inside you'd see on the marble-top center table in the parlor "Herkimer's Hand-Book of Indispensable Information," all rebound in red morocco, and ready to be consulted on any subject pertaining to human happiness and wisdom.

THE STREAM

A-GIPSYING, a-gipsying, on silver feet I run;

I pity all earth's prisoners held captive by her bars.

By day my spray glows bright with all the colors of the sun;

At night my pools spread black and still to hold God's glorious stars.

Grace MacGowan Cooke

SPEAKER CANNON

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT, JR.

THE VETERAN REPRESENTATIVE FROM ILLINOIS WHO HOLDS THE OFFICE THAT STANDS SECOND ONLY TO THE PRESIDENCY AS A PRACTICAL POWER IN AMERICAN POLITICS

THE floor of the House of Representatives was wind-swept, one afternoon not long ago, with oratorical pleas urging the faithful of both parties to save the nation according to the widely conflicting plans of the leaders. Only the old hands were allowed to get into the debate. The others were there to vote as they were told; and among them were two young Congressmen sent to the capital from Illinois, who stood like outsiders just in front of the chairman of the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

If they felt as much out of their element as they looked, those two youthful members were lonely indeed. Yet in a moment they were set entirely at their ease. Some one had touched them from behind, his arm had gone round each man's shoulder, and when they saw who it was, instinctively their arms had gone around his. The Speaker, the source of all present power in that body, had come along to "make friends."

Hardly any happening, important or unimportant, could have been more characteristic of Joseph G. Cannon, or could have revealed more of his personality. The debate was a strenuous one, but not strenuous enough to disturb him in the least. The issue pending was not in so much danger that he did not have time to be kind to youngsters from his own State. He put his arms around them, as a moment later he might put his arms around the two Democrats then engaged in rhetorically belaboring all his fellow Republicans. Yet all the time he had his eyes on the business of the House.

Affection, subjective and objective, and

business, public and private, adjusted in that nice proportion which makes life happy for a man's self and useful to his neighbors, have been the springs of Uncle Joe Cannon's success—to use the homely title by which he is best known to Washington and the world at large. If he has any enemies—it would be a long hunt to find them—they are not likely to deny that, however keenly he fought them, he offered them, both before and after the fight, all the good-fellowship of his nature. That has always been his way—the way in which he has risen, step by step, from a country grocery to the chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

HOW CANNON CAME TO THE FRONT

Thirty-four years ago, when he first made up his mind to go to Congress, he was a self-taught young lawyer in eastern Illinois, who knew the world from practical experience of its rough places, and who had a natural aptitude for politics. He was elected largely because he "got out the Quaker vote." The son of a Quaker from North Carolina, he knew every Quaker family of consequence within driving distance. When he wanted office, therefore, though the mud was as sticky as glue and the streams were swollen to the danger-point, and there were no bridges, he made a house to house campaign throughout the district, told all the Friends who he was, and asked them for what he wanted. The good old people would listen gravely, he says, and reply:

"Yes, Joseph. We know thy good mother and we knew thy good father. We



JOSEPH G. CANNON, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

From a stereograph—copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

know thee as a good son. We will vote for thee."

That was in 1872. Every second year since, except in 1890, when McKinley and nearly every other Republican in the House was beaten also, he has been re-nominated by acclamation and reelected against the strongest opposition the Democrats can provide.

The Joe Cannon we know has been matured in the course of this long service in Congress. Some one has described him as a product of the Civil War. He is not so much of the war school, however, as of the Congressional school which had to wrestle with the problems entailed by the great conflict. He was seeking Republican leadership at the very epoch in the party's history when its highest places were sought by the greatest number of men and by the strongest men. It is not always easy to get the lead in a minority of two. What a developing fight it must have been, then, to contend for it in a majority which included such chieftains as Conkling, Frye, Blaine, and Reed!

A WATCH-DOG OF THE PUBLIC TREASURY

Cannon earned his position in Congress. Year by year he accumulated the equipment which means influence there. He did not rely primarily upon oratory, or wit, or organization, but upon his sympathetic knowledge of the American people and his practical understanding of their business interests. For twenty years he accustomed his colleagues to trust his mastery of industrial statistics and his wide acquaintance with the world of commerce. It is no wonder that he was soon a member of the committee on appropriations, or that he was chairman of that committee for a decade.

All this time Cannon was following a program which would have made enemies by the score for most men. It was his business to oppose any Congressman who appealed to the House for an increase over the allowances fixed by the committee. No one who can recall those days will suggest that he did his appointed work with any effort at conciliating his antagonists. On the contrary, he over-rode them without mercy. Yet to-day, after all the years he spent in that militant service, it is a matter of real doubt

if "Uncle Joe" ever alienated a single friend or acquaintance by fighting his plea for more money.

A SHREWD AND KINDLY PERSONALITY

What is the explanation? It is the other half of the combination suggested at the outset—affection. Like Abou-ben-Adhem, he is a man who loves his fellow-men. There is not a member of the House who has not felt the force of that regard. It exhales from Speaker Cannon as unconsciously as his smile. It is the key to his personality.

On the day of the vote on the rule to bring in the Statehood Bill without amendment, Representative Bede, of Minnesota, found occasion to reply to Mr. Payne, of New York, floor leader for the Republicans. The latter had argued against having the vote of New York's two Senators canceled, as might happen, by the vote of two Senators from Arizona.

"The gentleman refers to the two Senators from New York," observed Mr. Bede with a drawl which cleared the way for a good laugh. "Most people are trying to forget them."

"Bang!" went the Speaker's gavel, and there followed a severe admonition to Mr. Bede to show due respect to the members of the other House.

A few days later some one referred to Bede's joke.

"I should have been put to it to find the rule which declared Bede out of order," said the Speaker slowly; "but I know Adam Bede. I've campaigned with him; and I like him. I wasn't willing that he should stand up there and make a joke of a man we were all glad enough to go to see last year, just because he happens to be down this year."

There is one illustration of Uncle Joe Cannon's ways. Those two young Congressmen from his own State, to whom he paid more attention than to the floor leaders, could give another. Men who have gone to him in trouble could give a thousand. All would reveal the same quality—a kindly interest which strikes through all reserve because it is so clearly genuine. It was that, coupled with confidence in his proven business capacity and unassailed integrity, which elected him Speaker three years ago, practically without opposition. It was that, at the

close of his first Congress, which drew from the minority leader a resolution, adopted in what was called a joint caucus, crediting to him not alone the "fair, impartial, and able manner" which is ascribed to all retiring Speakers, but "sturdy common sense and genial good-humor, which have induced the members of the House itself at this session, in a degree almost unprecedented, in imitation of him, to display the same sterling American characteristics in their deliberations and mutual dealings."

Affection is, in fact, the most charac-

teristic thing about Joe Cannon. The cartoons have emphasized his cigar. The funny papers dwell constantly on his supposed tendency to indulge in profanity. The eye fixes itself on a short, extremely slender figure, garbed in flapping cloth, and surmounted by a mass of white beard and one of the keenest and kindest faces in the world. History will have much to say of the eventful record of his public service; but memory will regard him chiefly as one who instinctively puts his arm about his fellows and wakens in them the same simple affection.

MUSICIANS AND THEIR EARNINGS

BY W. J. HENDERSON

THE LARGEST FINANCIAL REWARDS, IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC, ARE THOSE OF THE GREAT OPERA SINGERS; BUT HANDSOME INCOMES ARE ALSO EARNED BY SOME OF THE LEADING COMPOSERS, CONDUCTORS, PIANISTS, AND VIOLINISTS

IN the musical world, as elsewhere, it is unfortunately true that those who earn most money are not those who do the most important work. The shower of gold falls not alike upon the just and the unjust, but appears to seek those who are most in the public eye. Creative genius is not paid as it ought to be. The easy-going world is prone to regard the person who presents the product of the creative mind as of far more value than the creative mind itself. The interpretative artist gets by far the largest financial rewards, most of the newspaper publicity, and pretty nearly all the public worship.

It has always been so, and probably will always be so. Beethoven, Verdi, Wagner, and Puccini are but names to the public. They are not personalities. No one takes any direct interest in them. They have lived, or still live, somewhere in the indefinite east, and cut musical garments of glory to fit the lords and

ladies of the world of song. We see and hear the lords and ladies. They convey to us the messages of the masters, and we lay our tributes at their feet.

When Beethoven was in the land of the living, he was always poor. He lived meanly and faced poverty often. He never knew luxury, and had only a distant bowing acquaintance with comfort. Since his time conditions have materially altered. Such a master would not to-day be continually obliged to look for help to some rich patron, unless he was a wild, impracticable fellow, like Wagner, with new notions not immediately acceptable to the world.

THE MAKERS OF OPERA

Wagner struggled almost in vain till the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria came to his aid. After that, he had plenty, and when he died he left to his widow and son copyrights worth some thirty thousand dollars a year, besides the exclu-

sive possession of "Parsifal," which has not yet been performed in Europe outside of Bayreuth. The revenues of the Wagner family are equal to an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year in this country. Hence it is safe to say that Wagner is the best-paid composer of the present. "Lohengrin" is performed oftener in Europe than any other opera, and Wagner's representations far outnumber those of any other master. His name and fame were in more than one sense a precious heritage to his family.

Next to Wagner, the most successful composer in Europe just now is Puccini, the creator of "Tosca," "La Bohème," and "Madame Butterfly." An estimate of his earnings is almost impossible to get, because he draws royalties from so many different sources and in so many different ways. A conservative calculation of his earnings, however, puts them at about twenty-five thousand dollars a year, which in the economical land of Italy makes him a prince. And although he does not earn so much as Wagner, he has one tremendous advantage over that master in that he is still alive, and may add to his list of successes.

Coming over the ocean to our own country, we find that we are conspicuously without any Wagners or Puccinis. Our great composers are yet in embryo. The money earned in the United States by the composition of high-class music is so little that it would scarcely be worth while to search for it. On the other hand, we are not wholly without producers of music which pays, and pays very well. The field of profit in this happy land lies in the composition of comic operettas and songs.

TWO WELL-PAID AMERICAN COMPOSERS

Reginald de Koven is the dean of the guild in this branch of industry. He has long been engaged in turning out operetta scores and songs suited to the atmosphere of the drawing-room in the hazy hours that follow dinner. Naturally his profits fluctuate. When he has a successful operetta on the boards, his royalties will easily reach a thousand dollars a week. That sum would come to him from one theater; but he sometimes has two or three pieces before the public in different places. It would probably

be a conservative estimate to say that he averages twelve hundred dollars a week for twenty-five weeks each year.

We must add to this his earnings from his songs. These compositions have a large sale, though it is seldom that any particular one proves to be such a favorite as was "Promise Me." Still, Mr. de Koven has written so many popular ballads that his income from this source must be somewhere in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars a year. He may therefore be rated at about thirty-five thousand dollars a year, which is good pay for a workingman, even in this country.

Quite as successful as Mr. de Koven is his colleague in the operetta field, Victor Herbert. This gentleman makes money by writing music which tickles the popular fancy, and as a rest and refreshment to his own mind composes serious music for connoisseurs. He is an all-round musician, who can turn off a slashing cake-walk or a soulful symphonic poem. He makes money out of the cake-walks and gets pleasure out of the symphonic poems. He can write songs, too, and some of his compositions in this line are among the most popular on the shelves of the dealers. His yearly income is quite equal to that of Mr. de Koven, and probably runs a few thousands beyond it.

There are other American writers of music who make huge profits. These are the carpenters of the vaudeville songs, the tunes intended for the gallery god to whistle as he leaves the theater. Such things are not compositions in the fair sense of the word. In almost every instance the melodic ideas are stolen from better music and adapted by these clever mechanics to the market which they supply; but as much as twelve thousand dollars has been made from a single song of this variety, and therefore as earners of money in the world of music the writers must have a passing mention.

THE SPOILED DARLINGS OF OPERA

The greatest money-getters in musical life are the spoiled darlings of the operatic stage. It is generally believed that their earnings are much exaggerated in the accounts printed in the daily newspapers. As a matter of fact, some of

them do not actually receive as much as we are told; but others get every cent of the published amounts. There have been cases of a singer having two contracts, one of them legally binding, and one for exhibition. The legal contract in these instances names a salary from two to three hundred dollars a night less than the figures in the paper intended, not as an evidence of good faith, but wholly for publication.

There has been a tendency recently to decrease operatic salaries. Heinrich Conried's earnest and devoted labors toward this end have not been entirely in vain. But there are some cases which even his far-reaching influence cannot touch. There is Adelina Patti, for instance. True, she is no longer an opera singer. True, she is in the sere and yellow leaf. True, her last tour in America was a pitiable failure. Nevertheless she gives her one or two concerts a year in the Albert Hall, in London—where two-thirds of the audience cannot hear her—to houses which are limited only by the capacity of the building. When Patti sang in opera for the late Henry E. Abbey, she received five thousand dollars a night—which is probably the highest salary ever paid to a musical performer of any kind.

JEAN DE RESZKE'S EARNINGS

Next to Patti in earning ability stood, and perhaps still stands, Jean de Reszke. When M. de Reszke first came to this country, he received a thousand dollars a performance; but so great was his success that he demanded higher terms, and Maurice Grau was glad to grant them. For some time his nightly honorarium was twelve hundred dollars, and later on it was raised to still higher figures. During his last season in New York he averaged about twenty-four hundred dollars a night, which included a guarantee of eighteen hundred dollars and a percentage of the box-office receipts. He is now living on his well-gotten gains in his Parisian home, and is teaching singing to forty pupils at the comfortable rate of twenty-five dollars an hour. It is hardly necessary to say that he does not teach them all in one hour.

Mme. Melba is another of the large earners of the opera stage, though her

income is by no means as good as it was some years ago, when her voice was in better condition. She is still able to command a fee of a thousand dollars a night, and an equally large one for singing two or three songs at a drawing-room function. Her vogue in London continues, and much of her prosperity is derived from it.

SEMBRICH, NORDICA, EAMES, AND CALVÉ

One of the richest women in the operatic world is Marcella Sembrich, the adorable colorature soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House. Her salary here is a thousand dollars a performance. It is frequently stated at higher figures, but these appear to be the true ones. They are large enough. She gives two song recitals in New York each season, which net her something like ten thousand dollars, so that with thirty appearances in opera she can count on forty thousand dollars for her winter's work. Nor is that all. She is a favorite star at private concerts, and those who engage her have to pay Mr. Conried double the amount of her fee, half for the singer and half for the manager. She appears at recitals in Boston and elsewhere, and at the close of the operatic season she sometimes remains in America to sing in music festivals. She also gives concerts during her vacations in Europe, and it is perfectly safe to put down her total income as not less than sixty-five thousand dollars a year. She lives moderately for one so well-to-do, and will leave a large fortune behind her when she is called away.

Lillian Nordica has been earning a thousand dollars a night for years, but she is receiving more than that now. Her fee is believed to be the largest paid to any of Mr. Conried's singers, but the exact sum is questionable. The best information puts it at eleven hundred and fifty dollars a performance. Mme. Nordica is a woman of wealth, a property-owner, and a shrewd buyer. Her annual earnings must be in the neighborhood of seventy thousand dollars. Emma Eames is another of the highly paid company. She has a palatial residence in Paris and a magnificent villa in Italy. Her salary is said to be eight hundred dollars a night, but her appearances are not very

numerous. She has, however, amassed a fortune in past years. Mme. Calvé belongs in the thousand-dollar class of singers, and her annual income is about forty thousand dollars.

THE TWO LEADING TENORS

Of the male opera singers now before the American public, only two belong to the highly paid class—Heinrich Knoté and Enrico Caruso. Knoté, capital performer that he is, owes his present place in the list rather to the crying scarcity of good German tenors than to any great drawing power as a popular attraction. Caruso, on the other hand, holds an assured position as the reigning favorite, and can command almost any figure he may choose. It so happens that Mr. Conried picked him off the bargain counter, and is reaping an enormous profit from him.

Caruso was engaged by Maurice Grau after his first success in London. When Mr. Grau gave up the Metropolitan, Mr. Conried took over the Caruso contract at one thousand dollars a performance, with a small increase each season. The agreement was for four years, and under it the great Italian tenor received last winter a nightly fee of eleven hundred dollars, although as a business proposition he is worth to the manager as much as Jean de Reszke ever was. However, Caruso sings in London each summer, and sometimes on the Continent. A year ago he visited Germany, and aroused great enthusiasm there. His fee never goes below a thousand dollars, and occasionally rises well above that figure, so that it is quite safe to say that he earns seventy-five thousand dollars a year. When he goes into retirement he may imitate the example of Farinelli and purchase a dukedom.

THE WIZARD OF THE PIANO

Among the instrumental performers, the greatest earner of money is Ignace Paderewski. Indeed, a pianist once said: "The only way to get rich in this profession is to be Paderewski."

The Polish player has made several visits to America, and each time has earned at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a season. Once his receipts topped two hundred thousand.

In Europe he does not make so much, but he takes in a sum almost equivalent in value. Paderewski's recitals in New York always crowd Carnegie Hall to its capacity, which, at his prices of admission, means the taking of five thousand dollars at the box-office. Four-fifths of this is clear profit. At this rate Paderewski is the most highly paid musician in the world. He is, however, a remarkable exception among instrumentalists, and no one else approaches him in earning power.

After Paderewski, the largest fees probably go to the youthful violinist Kubelik, who receives for his concerts in America five hundred dollars a performance. Josef Hofmann may be ranked third among the instrumentalists. Of the others, there are very few who get more than three hundred dollars a night, and as a rule their engagements are comparatively infrequent.

THE WIELDERS OF THE BATON

Lastly, mention should be made of the conductors, to whom not inconsiderable money-earning possibilities are open nowadays. At the head of this class stands Arthur Nikisch, conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and several other organizations. Herr Nikisch's income is twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Theodore Thomas used to get thirteen thousand dollars a year for leading the Chicago Orchestra, but he had to purchase all his music. Wilhelm Gericke, who recently resigned from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, received ten thousand dollars a year. Wasili Safonoff, who is to come from Moscow to direct the New York Philharmonic next season, will get twenty thousand dollars—the largest salary ever paid to a conductor in America; but he will have other duties besides that of training and leading the famous New York orchestra. He is also to teach harmony, orchestration, and the piano at the National Conservatory of Music.

To the vast majority of those who follow the magic wand of the tone-goddess, the calling cannot be called a lucrative one, for the rank and file of music's noble army are poorly paid. Still, as will be seen from the present article, the prizes of the profession are both numerous and handsome.

A DAUGHTER OF STORMS

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE DECENNIAL OF THE BLACK SHEEP," ETC

ETHERIDGE wrote a letter to Miss Demerest by the light of a candle in his bedroom.

"Dearest Cicely," he began, "at last I have found lodgings in a farmhouse about a mile along Flint Mountain from the new reservoir dam. Zenas Middleton is my landlord—a prosperous Yankee with a wife who looks, oddly enough, like a Swede or a Dane, and a daughter whom I haven't seen yet. Our dam goes on according to schedule, and my share in the supervision of it will be finished in a fortnight. Then I am promising myself a day or two with you before I am sent West on the canal job. When will our waiting be over, my dainty flower? How did a delicate bit of fairyland like you ever chance to care for a hulking human machine like me?"

"This New Hampshire hilltop is a bleak wilderness. While I am here in my attic room, listening for the supper-bell, the wind blows the rain against the shingles so that it sounds like the surf at Nantucket which you detested so much. Good night, Titania, and——"

Some one knocked at the door.

"Tea's ready," said a dull voice from the threshold.

The young engineer looked up from his table. He thanked his landlord's daughter and chuckled at the heavy, clumping footfall as she descended the stairs. Then he finished his letter.

"Mlle. Middleton has just appeared," he wrote. "Weight, one hundred and sixty pounds; height, five feet and nine inches; a blonde bruiser. You needn't be jealous. As ever, Lucas."

After supper, while the two women washed the dishes, Etheridge and Middleton sat smoking by the open door of the generous, pleasant kitchen. The

rain was unabated, but the strong easterly wind blew it away from the door.

"Up-stairs in my room," said Etheridge, "the noise on the roof made me think of the seashore."

The girl turned abruptly toward him, clasping a plate in the tight grip of her masculine hands.

"Of the sea?" she drawled. "Yes, I thought so, too."

"Come, Thora!" called her mother sharply. "Don't dawdle!"

At the tea-table Etheridge had not particularly regarded Thora, but now a momentary glimmer in her childish eyes arrested his attention. The impression which the girl made upon him was that of a docile animal. There was no life in her square face. She was well, if too strongly, featured, but her tightly rolled, lusterless yellow hair and the weary, submissive droop of her broad shoulders emphasized the picture of a typical farm woman overworked before her time. She resumed her task mechanically, and old Middleton sucked at his corn-cob pipe.

"We can't none of us say as to the noise of the seashore, Mr. Etheridge," he remarked affably. "None of us has been nigher to it than this farm—'cept mother, of course. Her kin followed the sea, but me and Thora was never in sight nor hearin' of it."

Etheridge went early to bed, although the following day was Sunday. His chamber was the only room on the attic floor. As he lifted his latch he heard a board creak complainingly behind him in the gloomy cavern of the garret.

"Anybody there?" he demanded, shading his lamp.

Thora advanced in the wavering circle of light.

"I came up here to listen," she said, "but it has died down. When it rains again I mean to get closer under the roof and listen. Good night." She descended a few steps down the stairs. "Is there any sound like that," she asked, "in the open sea?"

"Why, no," said Etheridge, puzzled. "There's no surf in the open sea."

"What kind of sound does it make out there, then?"

"I don't believe I could describe it very well, Miss Middleton, to one who doesn't know what the sea is like."

"I suppose not," Thora said, nodding gravely. "Good night;" and she vanished down the blackness of the stairwell.

II

ETHERIDGE spent Sunday morning over the blue prints on his table. When he had finished, he encountered Thora Middleton on the steps of the farmhouse. Her sleeves were rolled up over her graceful, rounded forearms, and she wore a man's cap, pulled not unbecomingly over her yellow hair.

"You don't seem to be bound for church," observed Etheridge. "Neither am I. I'm going to measure some stonework at the dam before dinner."

"Well, I'm going for a row on the pond," said Thora. "You didn't know I had a boat on the reservoir, did you?" She questioned him with her placid eyes. "I'll row you down to the dam if you wish," she proposed shyly.

"All right," agreed Etheridge.

He was a young man who did not like to be puzzled, and this girl puzzled him persistently. She led the way to the pond. It was a gusty morning after the rain, and the sky was dotted with drifting feathers of clouds. The flattened top of the hill stretched for perhaps half a mile, bared of trees save for dwarfed pines. Flint Mountain was the highest of the range, and the horizon was as straight as that on a Western prairie. A distant red barn stuck up against the sky like a fisherman's cottage on a sandy coast.

"You wouldn't think we were on a mountain, would you?" Thora said. "You'd hardly guess there was any land at all over yonder."

"That's so—we might be on an island," Etheridge suggested.

"Except we can't smell the salt, and except that the wind would be steadier. Out in the middle of the lake it will blow steadier, anyhow. We don't get many such lively mornings like this in summer. My boat is pulled up beyond those bushes."

They launched the clumsy skiff, and Etheridge examined the unpainted, box-like affair somewhat dubiously.

"Not very new, eh?" he commented.

"I've had it for a long time," said Thora, with frank pride. "Isn't it a fine boat? I don't know what I'd do without it." She stooped to adjust the oars, and rubbed her hand along the gunwale with a gesture that was almost a caress. "Get in, please, and I'll push off."

"Sha'n't I——"

"No, I'm going to row," insisted Thora, looking eagerly at some miniature whitecaps. "It will be splendid out there among the waves."

"Waves?" said Etheridge, laughing. "What, those ripples?"

She was facing him, and he noticed that her lips straightened wistfully.

"Maybe they are only ripples compared to real water," she said. "I call them waves. Sometimes they splash up so as to wet you." Her stroke was free and manly in spite of the awkward oars and fittings. "Have you been in boats much, Mr. Etheridge?" she continued.

"I helped build a lighthouse once," replied Etheridge. "The boating at Thunder Inlet was not so pleasant as this. It was hardly safe at times."

"But in a good boat like mine, so"—Thora paused, as if afraid to use an unfamiliar word—"so seaworthy," she said.

Etheridge laughed again.

"Why, Miss Middleton," he exclaimed, "this plaything couldn't last a minute in a capful of wind on salt water."

One of the oars jammed suddenly, and she turned sideways to release it. Etheridge, with a qualm of self-reproach, saw that he had hurt her, although she smiled bravely and tugged at the oars with redoubled vim.

"I'm afraid you don't understand

how savage Thunder Inlet can be," he said kindly. "Most people who have never seen the ocean fancy it is always blue and lovely, but——"

"It isn't blue," interrupted Thora. "I know the color of the sea in a storm. Look!" She pointed to a patch of pine-trees. "A sort of greenish black—a hungry color, I call it. And the foam when the waves break isn't white, as it is here, but—well, like old snow. And it hisses."

"I dare say your mother has described it to you," said Etheridge, rather startled.

"My mother will tell me nothing about the sea," sighed Thora. "I have never heard her speak of it. All her brothers were drowned on the Banks. Do you know where the Banks are, Mr. Etheridge?"

As she paddled along the narrowing lake, Etheridge talked to her of the Banks and of their dangers. He described a gale which he had witnessed from a Cunarder's deck off the Irish coast, and he told the story of the Samoa hurricane as he had heard it from an old sergeant of marines. Thora leaned forward, holding her chin in her hands, while the boat drifted with the current.

They grounded the boat and followed a path to the dam. Etheridge tried to explain the different features of the work, but Thora did not seem to understand, and responded with listless monosyllables. Piqued a trifle by his inability to interest her in a thing that was so interesting to him, Etheridge guided his companion to the top of the dam and pointed at the view of the valley, which opened out over the course of a mountain stream. The peaceful landscape was softened by the mantle of September haze.

"It's like a picture in a fairy book, isn't it?" he said.

"How should I know?" said Thora sullenly. "All I know is that I am sick of it. I hate it!" She mounted a higher stone. "Will the water ever run over here where we are standing?"

"I hope not," Etheridge answered. "If it does, our firm will be minus some reputation—look out!"

The girl, leaning forward, had lost her balance. Etheridge jumped up be-

side her on the insecure pinnacle of the rock. The impetus of his spring tilted the stone ever so slightly, but enough to jeopardize their footing. Beneath them was a sheer fall of twenty yards into the oozy slime. Etheridge slipped; his knee cracked against the jagged edge, and his wits floated away from him in a mist of pain. Thora caught his forearm, bracing backward.

"All right!" she said.

But their plight belied her words. She had nothing to cling to. Etheridge was a heavy man, and his dead weight was pulling her with him.

"Let go!" he gasped, fighting white-lipped against dizziness.

"All right!" repeated Thora.

She flung herself breast down on the boulder, and anchored her knees about it so that she was astride. Etheridge's left leg dangled helplessly, but he managed to dig his other foot into a crevice. Thora raised him, inch by inch. They were both breathless, and after Etheridge was out of danger neither of them spoke for nearly a minute.

"Can you walk?" at length asked Thora.

"I can try," said Etheridge, and felt his knee-cap gingerly. "Must have torn a sinew," he reported. "Bone seems to be all there. No, you needn't lift me. You've done enough"; and he groaned in masculine disgust at his physical dependence on a woman.

"I'd have done more than that," Thora said simply.

"Well, I owe you a great deal," mumbled Etheridge.

He was afraid to say more, and he tried to rise. Thora supported his elbow in the crook of her arm. The injury was not very severe, after all, and Etheridge was able to limp to the landing-place. She rowed him across the glassy lake and helped him to hobble ashore.

"It's been of some use," she asserted. "It's not altogether a—plaything."

"Oh, you mean the boat!" said Etheridge. "Yes, it's been of use to-day, certainly. And I can never thank you enough, or in——"

He was about to add "in the right way," when he checked himself. Nevertheless, this was the thought uppermost in his mind—that even a man of grace-

ful speech could not have hit upon the apt phrase of gratitude for this girl.

III

HIS stiffened knee housed Etheridge only for three or four days. Mrs. Middleton took good care of him, and he amused himself by composing for Cicely a semi-burlesque account of his misadventure. He received an answer from his *fiancée*, written in a similar vein, but the concluding paragraph made him think.

"Of course," wrote Cicely, "the Amazonian damsel is wildly in love with you. You say that you haven't been able to thank her. Well, Lucas, the best way for you to show your gratitude would be to leave your quarters in the farmhouse and keep yourself secluded among your Italians until it is time for you to quit that romantic mountain forever."

Etheridge smoothed the letter on the arm of his rocking-chair and gazed moodily out of the kitchen window at Thora, who was picking flowers in the old-fashioned garden. Mrs. Middleton was fond of sweet peas, and her daughter made it her duty to gather them, but with an indifference which was comic, tearing at the stems without seeming to notice what sort of blossoms they bore, if, indeed, they bore any blossoms at all.

He read again Cicely's final paragraph. Etheridge was a wholesome-minded young man. He did not propose to speculate whether Cicely had hit upon the truth or no, and much less was he inclined to experiment with the situation. He had interested Thora strangely with stories of the sea. A lonely farm girl in a New England solitude would be interested naturally and inevitably in anybody who could tell her things she liked to hear. So he dismissed the matter from his attention, and next day he resumed work at the dam.

Etheridge saw little of Thora after that. He spent the evenings at his table with his plans. On Sunday he drove to the village to interview some local contractors. Later in the week his strapped valise was ready on Mr. Middleton's front steps. A brisk wind swept over the hilltop.

"Good-by, Mrs. Middleton," said

Etheridge, climbing into the buckboard. "Good-by, Zenas. I won't forget your hospitality, and—where's Thora?"

"I guess Thora's on the lake," replied the farmer's wife. "She wouldn't miss weather like this."

"Tell her good-by for me. It's a breezy day for boating."

"I'd ought to smash up that boat for kindling," grumbled Middleton, "but nothing's happened to Thora yet in it."

"You must see that nothing ever does happen to her," concluded Etheridge cordially. "I wouldn't like to hear of trouble coming to anybody who'd saved my life, or the next thing to it. If a way should turn up by which I can repay her goodness and yours, you'll let me know, won't you?"

IV

THE Western canal and a government levee on the lower Mississippi consumed Etheridge's winter. He sandwiched in a brief visit to Cicely. A visit of four days, he afterward assured himself, could hardly have been otherwise than unsatisfactory. Miss Demerest spent most of her winter in Florida and Egypt. She had many friends. The beginning of May found Etheridge on the northerly coast of Massachusetts, building a breakwater at Buryhead.

One morning he received a letter from Zenas Middleton, which had been forwarded from his firm's office.

"You instructed me that I needn't balk at asking a favor," wrote Zenas. "Mother has been sickly, and the doctor says how she needs sea air. I thought you might know of a handy place on the shore where mother could board for a spell. She wouldn't want anything high-toned. She'll be there about a month, leaving me and Thora to tend farm."

Etheridge answered immediately, advising Mrs. Middleton to come to Buryhead, which was not more than a day's journey from Flint Mountain. He could secure quarters for her in the modest hotel where he was staying. The landlady would take excellent care of her. Etheridge had not forgotten, nor did he intend to forget, the kindness of the Middletons when he was crippled; and he was genuinely glad to do them a service. He would have told Miss Dem-

erest about it had she not been yachting with the Gorhams in their schooner, the *Cleopatra*, and temporarily out of reach of correspondence. On the day appointed for the invalid's arrival Etheridge left his work and drove a mile inland to the Buryhead station. He saw two feminine figures instead of one waiting for him on the platform.

"Yes, Thora came along too, at the last minute," explained Mrs. Middleton. "Zenas reckoned it would be safer. He's silly, the way he worries over me!"

Thora's speech did not extend beyond the formalities. She sat beside the driver, and kept her back uncompromisingly turned toward her mother and Etheridge on the rear seat. From a rise of ground near the railroad they had their first glimpse of the ocean, stretching off to meet the sky, and motionless as a sheet of burnished steel. Etheridge noted a nervous tremor in Mrs. Middleton's eyes as she watched her daughter. Thora did not move. She did not speak until they had dismounted and her mother was making friends with the ample widow who presided over the little hotel on the harbor front.

"My boat could weather that!" said Thora, waving her hand at the afternoonglint of the lifeless sea.

She was paler than usual, Etheridge thought. When he returned for supper the table had been cleared of all plates except his own. On the porch he stumbled against Thora. The night was still and breathless, and the harbor was without a sound except that from far out in the darkness came the faint rattle of an anchor-chain.

"That's funny," commented Etheridge. "I saw no vessel come around the point before sundown. Did you?"

"No," said Thora. "I think she's just sailed in. There's a ship's light out there. Perhaps she's getting out of the way of the storm."

"What storm?"

"There ought to be a storm pretty soon," the girl said quietly.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," laughed Etheridge. "There's no more chance of a wind than there would be of thunder on Christmas."

He joined the loungers on the long wharf, and gossiped with Captain Bun-

ker, an ancient salt for whom he had a liking. While they were discussing the strange arrival in the harbor, an electric launch nosed its path through the shadow to the landing-stage and a yacht steward climbed up the steps.

"By nation, it's just as well ye put in!" said old Bunker to the sailor on the launch. "It's going for to blow come morning. What vessel, mate?"

"Schooner yacht *Cleopatra*, out of Boston," the sailor answered.

"Mr. Gorham's?" demanded Etheridge incredulously.

He scrawled a note to Cicely by the glare of the launch's stern light, promising to visit her the next forenoon if the *Cleopatra* was in port. When he went back to the hotel, Thora was still on the veranda, leaning listlessly against a narrow pillar. The night had thickened, and the harbor moaned softly and timidly, as if with a newly found voice.

"What in the world put the notion of a storm in your mind?" asked Etheridge.

"Oh, I don't know," she said slowly. "I sort of felt it. Sometimes you feel things you can't talk about. You're sorry I came with mother, aren't you?"

"Good heavens, no!" blurted Etheridge in bewilderment. "Why should I be?"

V

A BANGING blind roused Etheridge at dawn, and he sprang to the window anxiously. There did not seem to be much wind. The morning, indeed, was foggy, and the off-shore breeze blew clouds of coppery mist intermittently toward the harbor. Etheridge tossed on his oilskins and hurried out to the half-finished breakwater. Haynes, his foreman, was there before him.

From the extremity of the stonework Etheridge could make out that the gale blew stronger beyond Topsail Point, piling up great waves in the open sea. He left Haynes on guard at the breakwater with a dozen laborers, and outlined every precaution.

After an hour or so, Etheridge tramped for the village. He could not escape a certain apprehension. Of course it was highly improbable that anything could happen to a vessel of the

rating and equipment of the Cleopatra—and yet, Cicely was Cicely.

He determined to carry out his promise to board the yacht, and went to the hotel to change his working clothes. He was halted in the corridor by Thora. She beckoned him silently into the gloomy little parlor.

He could not see her face plainly, and he was quite unprepared for the hardened, steady, metallic tone with which she spoke.

"Some ladies have visited you," said Thora. "Two ladies—Miss Demerest and another. Men on the wharf told them you lived here. Then Miss Demerest called me by my name without being told. And she wrote this letter to you and went away."

"Went away?" echoed Etheridge. "Went where?"

Thora withdrew from him to the window and contemplated the whirling fog. Her fists were clenched, and she sobbed once, dry-eyed.

"Good Lord!" groaned Etheridge, half suspecting.

He read Cicely's hastily penciled note. As he feared, it was the senseless outburst of a hysterical girl, shaken by a sleepless night of fear and by what had seemed to her the perilous expedition of making land.

Cicely was sorry to *intrude*—underlined—upon the Middletons and Mr. Etheridge. She had come to the hotel with Mrs. Gorham because there was nowhere else for them to stay. Under the infamous circumstances she could not remain. So now she had insisted that they should go back to Mr. Gorham's yacht in spite of the *danger*—much underlined. Cicely hoped that Etheridge would never insult her by attempting to explain.

Etheridge's first impulse, on the contrary, was to smile tenderly at poor Cicely's wild imaginings. The whole silly affair would be soon a nightmare to her. He must lose no time, and he moved hastily toward the door.

"Wait!" said Thora.

"I'm going to persuade those ladies to come ashore again," explained Etheridge. "Miss Demerest—who wrote this——"

"Yes," interrupted the girl. "She

wrote what she had to say to you. But what she had to say to me—she spoke." Etheridge winced. "She spoke to me," went on Thora wearily, "and she said that she would leave you to me—and she said other things I will not remember—and then the older lady came in and took her away, crying."

"Of course she cried," said Etheridge. "Miss Demerest was not herself. You will forgive her after you know. I will see that you do know, Thora. I will see that you do know how good and kind Miss Demerest really is. It will torment her cruelly when she realizes what she has said to you. So we must make it easy for her——"

"Oh, yes, we must make it easy for Miss Demerest."

"Exactly," pursued Etheridge eagerly. "That is why I am going to her at once."

He buckled his coat and put on his dripping sou'wester.

"Miss Demerest told me," said Thora in her mechanical monotone, "that I kept you from her wrongfully."

"Wrongfully?"

"Because you belonged to her. Did she speak the truth when she told me I was keeping you from her?"

"Oh, it is absurd to hold her to what she said!" protested Etheridge. "You shall see how quickly she will confess the injustice she's done you. Why, I believe the storm has stolen your brains as well as hers! It shall be as clear to-morrow as to-morrow's sun."

Etheridge hastened to the nearest strip of beach, where half a dozen boats were grounded. He could see in the cove of Topsail Point the Cleopatra, fantom-like in the swirl of mist. A solitary boy lay on the sand in the shelter of an overturned dory.

"Want to row with me to the yacht?" queried Etheridge.

"Don't guess so," retorted the youth, grinning vacantly. "Maybe ye'll find somebody over t' the wharf. I got suthin' else to do." Etheridge looked at the harbor. There was a heavy, oily swell, but it did not appear in the least dangerous. "I'll go holler for Abe Hutchins," proposed the boy. "He'll put ye aboard. Shucks! 'Tain't nothin' to do."

"All right," said Etheridge. "Holler for Abe."

"Well, durn me," exclaimed the youngster, "if that schooner ain't gettin' ready for to make sail!"

Etheridge started. In fact he could dimly distinguish some sort of activity on the Cleopatra's deck.

"Hang Abe Hutchins!" he sniffed energetically. "Here, shove me off, will you? I'm bound to board that yacht, whatever happens."

The thought of missing an immediate interview with Cicely clinched his determination, and he appropriated a boat haphazard. The boy shoved him off. Etheridge shipped the oars and pulled for the yacht with all his strength.

The boat slid easily over the long, rolling waves. The scurrying wreaths of fog which skimmed the water now and then were Etheridge's only difficulty. They hung lower than he had anticipated, and occasionally he lost his course. Emerging once from the mist, he stood up to recover the direction of the schooner, and thought he heard the faint clank of hoisting tackle. His next stroke was doubly vigorous, and one of the rotten oars snapped short. Etheridge sprawled ignominiously on his back. The other oar slipped from his grasp, and the boat wallowed sideways. The fog descended on him again. It was so thick that when he yelled through his hands, trumpet fashion, his voice was muffled and sodden.

Except to shout, there was nothing for him to do until the fog rose. It did not seem possible that he should drift out to sea into the gale beyond the point before being discovered either from the yacht or from the shore. While he shouted he measured the visible water around him, thinking at every breath that it was increasing, and that the cloud of mist was breaking away.

Suddenly he saw a boat's black prow poking through the gray shroud. The streaming yellow hair of the single oarsman glowed against the murky background.

"Thora!" he cried.

She did not speak until she had laid her boat alongside his with unexpected skill, holding to the gunwale by her powerful hand.

"Come!" she commanded. "Can you?"

Etheridge floundered at her feet, and Thora resumed her oars. The man, mastered by wonder and admiration, stared at her blankly. His spirit was touched and awed as by a miracle in the uncanny solitude of that fog-cloaked sea. Thora's eyes, habitually dull, now shone like twin sapphires enchanted into life. Her figure, no longer drooping and overburdened, seemed to be transformed so that every curve and line of it was vibrant and beautiful, and around her glorified, eagerly joyous face danced the halo of golden hair.

"So," she said, speaking in rhythm to the sweep of the oars, "we will find what this sea has to give. It is good when a dream comes true!"

She laughed with infinite satisfaction, tossing up her happy face to the wind. Etheridge marveled that he had ever thought her uncomely. Her deep voice rang like the strings of a 'cello.

"Let me take an oar," he faltered. "You're heading too far to the right, I think. Better try for the beach below the point. There's quiet water there."

"Oh, no!" said Thora. "Oh, no, I will take you to her."

"To the yacht?"

"Yes," she declared. "And to her who is there—your lady who fears the sea—my sea!"

The fog lifted, and the Cleopatra swung not a hundred yards away.

"To be in love!" breathed Thora contentedly. "That is life, is it not?"

"Well, we—Miss Demerest and I—have been in love for a long time," stammered Etheridge. "It's no secret."

"Before you came to the mountain?"

"Why, yes."

"I was in love before then, too," said Thora. "But it was a secret!"

Etheridge's heart gave a tiny leap of relief.

"If I have a right to say so," he hazarded, "I wish you every happiness."

"And I shall have it!" Thora cried boastfully. "It has been given to me. Everybody to his own!"

She grasped both oars in one hand, and waved her arm with a curious movement at the ragged horizon. Beyond Topsail Point the gigantic green rollers were

flecked with white. A vagrant, storm-perplexed gull dipped out of the sky.

"Everybody to his own," repeated Thora more quietly. "And I bring you to your own, Mr. Etheridge," she added with a gay intensity which was not quite mirth. "To the lady who told me—what I have forgotten!"

Half a dozen sailors in oilskins shimmering like bronze leaned over the rail of the schooner, where a rope ladder hung. A thin line whirled into Thora's arms. Etheridge gripped the ladder. To steady himself, he rested his hand on Thora's shoulder, and against his will he fancied that her lips brushed it.

"Leave me the line, and up you go," he said.

"You first!" she insisted.

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Etheridge.

Suddenly Thora pushed an oar-blade against the yacht's white side. The maneuver left Etheridge dangling to the ladder helplessly. A sailor guffawed, and Etheridge, swallowing his wrath, climbed to the deck. He was conscious that he was cutting a contemptible figure, but the sight of Miss Demerest, huddled in a companionway, drove from his mind all thoughts of chagrin, and indeed of everything except her penitential face. He was glad enough to follow her to the lee of a deck-house, and to tell her over and over again that she was forgiven.

VI

At length Cicely, tearful and subdued, introduced Etheridge to the Gorhams in the cabin of the yacht.

"A risky little voyage you had through the fog," said Mr. Gorham; "but your crew seemed to know her business."

Etheridge tried to joke at the inglorious episode, and turned to Cicely with an uneasy laugh.

"I'll fetch Miss Middleton below," he suggested. "This is twice she's rescued me from an ugly scrape."

He hastened with Gorham to the deck. It had escaped his attention that a reeking smother of mist was settling on the Cleopatra.

"Young woman cast off and started ashore, sir," said a stupid-eyed sailor, "maybe five minutes ago."

"What?" expostulated Gorham.

"Couldn't stop her, begging your pardon, sir."

Etheridge darted to the rail and peered toward the wharves. He could not see ten feet.

"She was headed the other way," the sailor said. "Toward the point. Weather thickened quick, sir."

"Can't you lower a boat?" asked Etheridge of Gorham.

"Of course," replied the other, pursing his lips. "But it will be like looking for a needle in a haystack until this stuff clears. Besides, as I said before, the girl seems to know her business. Knew what she was doing, didn't she, Olaf? Wasn't afraid, eh?"

"She was singing a song of the old country when she pulled off, sir," chuckled the Norwegian.

"I shall have to ask some of your men to put me ashore anyhow, Mr. Gorham," said Etheridge ruefully. "Perhaps at the same time we might——"

A vagary of the gale lifted the misty barrier which had screened the headland of Topsail Point. The picture of the tossing sea beyond was framed on one side by the swirl of fog, on the other by the rocky bluff. Midway between them, poised bird-like on the snowy crest of a great wave, a black rowboat made a distant blot against the lurid sky. A yellow-haired girl stood upright in the boat, stretching out her hands to welcome the oncoming rush of the remorseless tempest. Then the fog drew together sharply, like the stage-curtains of a theater.

Men on the Cleopatra's deck bustled about, making ready the cutter. Etheridge's deadened brain finally became aware of the speech of the yacht's sailing-master.

"It's no use, Mr. Gorham," the grizzled veteran was saying. "No use, sir, on earth! The wind has caught her. It's blowing her out faster than four men could row in that blind mess. And it's a lifeboat's work yonder. She's found the open sea by this!"

"That settles it, then!" sighed Gorham, striking his fist on the rail.

Etheridge groped for a stanchion.

"Yes, she's found the open sea!" he repeated senselessly. "She's found the open sea!"

LIGHT VERSE

THE BOOKWORM'S PLAINT

ONE night a bookworm crawled out lazily,
And, sitting on my ink-well, gazed at me
With air forlorn and manner somewhat stale.

I asked him why it was he looked so pale.
"I fear," said he,

"This diet's killing me.

Of late I've had to feed too much on Style;
I've found no beef of substance this long while.

It seems to me that in our modern books
We get too much of sauces from our cooks,
And not enough of solid, wholesome food
To satisfy our appetites for good.

It seems as if our literary clan
Were victims to some culinary plan
In which it makes no difference 'neath the sun

Just what you cook, but how the thing is done.

And as for me, who have to eat my way
Through all the new creations of the day,
Must feed on words full of fine technique,
On poems that to me are so much Greek,
On highly polished sequences of words
As void of meaning as the chirps of birds,
Through which to-day our writers win their bays—

I feel as if I'd dined on mayonnaise;
And who'd grow fat

On that?"

Poor worm! Indeed his was a sorry plight

As he presented it to me that night,
And taking pity on him I straightway
Gave him a meal of Mr. Thackeray,
With just a slice or two of good old Lamb,
Topped off with one deep draft of O.

Khayyam—

Whereat with grateful look back home he crept,

And from his later snores I judge he slept
The good sound sleep of those who are discreet,

And, 'stead of sauces, feed on solid meat!

John Kendrick Bangs

A YEARN IN SUMMER

I WOULD gladly be a bummer,
Through the green and drowsy summer,

In some shady, undulating, soporific little place.

In a hammock lying prone,
Never moving, breathing only,
With an African attendant hired to fan my glowing face.

I should like to sit in porches
By the starlight's twinkling torches

Close to some delicious maiden dowered
with fascinating looks;
One of those attractive creatures
Of such perfect form and features
As you always meet in summer-time—ac-
cording to the books.

Through the dells I'd fain skedaddle—
I should like to wade and paddle,
I should like to "make the welkin ring,"
however that is done;
I should like to drop a hooklet
In some little babbling brooklet,
Catching fishlets—also snaglets—which I'm
sure is rare good fun.

Or upon a yacht expensive
I should like a trip extensive,
With a coterie of kindred souls to be the
vessel's crew;
And we'd sail to Umatilla,
Madagascar, and Manila,
Making glad the golden moments as we
bounded o'er the blue.

I'd enjoy a hand at tennis;
Or I'd like to go to Venice,
There to sweep along the Grand Canal be-
hind a gondolier;
Or I'd like to be devoting
Days and nights to motor-boating
Or to racing in an auto on a roadway flat
and clear.

I should like to ride and bike, too—
There are lots of things I'd like to
Do if any one should ask me what vaca-
tion I'd prefer;
But I find that my vacations
Are not swamped with invitations
Since I'm living in a hall-room at eleven
dollars per!

Wallace Irwin

BEWITCHED

ARE you sorceress or Circe,
Never warmed with thought of mercy,
Calmly binding me within your cruel
snare?

Have you charmed the tender skies
Till they linger in your eyes?

Have you deftly wound the sunlight in
your hair?

Deep enchantress, witch, or fairy,
Do you join with comrades airy,
Swiftly flying on the racing clouds
above?

Are you these, oh, nymph unruly?

Are you these, or are you truly

A distracting mortal maiden, whom I
love?

Doris Webb

THE STRIKING STORKS

THE storks went on a strike one day
 For shorter hours or bigger pay,
 Maintaining that it wasn't right
 That they should work both day and night.
 "Besides," they said, "the crop this year
 Is very much too large, we hear.
 We'll hold all babies now in sight,
 And make a corner, good and tight."

At first the world was rather glad;
 It slept at night, which wasn't bad,
 It used no anticolic pills,
 And saved a lot on doctor bills.
 The nursing-bottle companies failed,
 Perambulator dealers railed,
 The milkmen ceased to Pasteurize,
 And Christmas trees grew quite a size.

But having had things all its way,
 The world got tired of too much play.
 It missed the shoes with battered toes,
 It missed the little frilly clothes,
 It longed for drums and horns and dolls,
 For pencil-scratches on the walls,
 It wanted babies, good or bad—
 In short, the world was baby mad!

And so one day, in Babyland,
 With hollow stumps on every hand,
 The striking storks, no longer tired,
 Perceived that mischief had transpired.
 A doctor, large and fat and round,
 His satchel open on the ground,
 Was stealing babies, black and white,
 From all the stumps, with all his might.

The storks had no redress, they knew,
 For "scabs" were plenty, storks were few;
 And so, from being in arrears,
 The census boomed the next few years!

Mary Roberts Rinehart

CANDIED SWEETS

BONBONS bought from Cuyler—
 She is fond of sweets!
 Caramels beguile her,
 And a lot she eats:
 Sweet-tooth—you would guess it
 From the lips of rose!
 Sweetheart—I confess it,
 And she knows!

When I lean above her
 And in rapture say
 How I dare to love her
 Better every day,
 She knows how to smother
 Her emotion well;
 She just takes another
 Caramel!

Some time, never doubt it,
 She will answer me—
 No *perhaps* about it,
 All sincerity!
 I, if ever man did,
 Candid love prefer;
 It is always candied
 Sweets from her!

Julian Durand

MODES, MOODS, AND A MAID

BERYL in a bathing-suit rather takes
 my eye;
 Pert insouciance marks her now, with her
 cap awry,
 Curls a-flutter, sandals trim, little feet a-
 twinkle,
 Taffetas and braid soutache—salt sea just a
 sprinkle!

Beryl in her winter furs somehow seems so
 frigid;
 Freezes me with dignity, most polite but
 rigid.
 Gorgeous in an opera gown she frowns at
 love's insistence,
 So, perforce, I too must frown and sadly
 keep my distance.

Beryl in a party frock, furbelowed and
 fussed,
 Says caresses will not do lest her frills be
 mussed.
 Some day, surely, she will don veil and
 orange-flowers;
 Time, you slow poke, whet your scythe;
 mow away the hours!

Meanwhile in her bathing-suit, Beryl takes
 my eye—
 Pert, insouciant, sandal-shod, and her cap
 awry!
 Grace Stone Field

BALLADE OF THE DISCONSOLATE
HEART

THE rose of June had breathed her name
 Into the moonlit summer air;
 The fragrant rumor stirred to flame
 A hundred hearts from pale despair;
 An envious bloom the roses wear
 Since, tripping in her stateliest gown,
 More sweet than they, more debonair,
 The Lady Betty came to town!

Through many days the beaus' acclaim
 Hath held her queen beyond compare;
 Through many nights the ancient game
 The beaus have played, though none
 might dare
 To step within the silken snare;
 For none there are to brave her frown,
 Though stout hearts strive her smile to
 share

When Betty holds her court in town!
 The rout is done; the beaus proclaim
 Their brows the gloom of night must
 wear:
 The roses fall; the poets frame
 Their sunset songs, and joys forswear;
 Mayhap the maidens rend their hair,
 And sage and minstrel, beau and
 clown,
 Fare on beneath the cloud of care—
 The Lady Betty's left the town!

ENVOY

Princess, through all the praise and prayer
 I bring this rhyme thy day to crown;
 More humbly than these brave and fair,
 I prithee, sweet, come back to town!

Thomas Wood Stevens

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

IV—THE CARNEGIE COMPANY UNDER FRICK

The Rise of Henry Clay Frick, Who Was for Years the Active Head of the Carnegie Company—His Mastery of the Coke Business and His Feats of Financiering—How He Fought the Battle of Homestead and Ushered in the Era of Machinery—The Dramatic Story of Henry W. Oliver, and an Inside View of the Workings of the Famous "Carnegie System"

THE year before Andrew Carnegie entered the iron business, a shy fourteen-year-old boy got his first job as errand-boy in a village store at Mount Pleasant, forty miles from Pittsburgh. It was the year in which Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant, a time of tremendous excitement and anxiety. There were not as many people in Mount Pleasant as there are to-day in the Frick Building, Pittsburgh; but it seemed like a populous place to the boy who had been brought up on a lonely little farm half a mile from the nearest neighbor. His parents were quiet, plodding Swiss-Germans, who made the least possible amount of money by doing the greatest possible amount of work. In the winters he had learned to read and write at the schoolhouse. In the summers he had carried buttermilk to the pigs and oatmeal-water to his father. He seemed in every

way an ordinary, barefooted little youngster, with nothing in his favor except that he had been born in the United States.

The boy's name was Henry Clay Frick.

There is a little village called Frick in the Swiss canton of Aargau, not far from Basle; and a century and a half ago several families left the village and settled in Pennsylvania. Their descendants were plain, inconspicuous people. One of the boy's grandfathers made horse-shoes and the other made whisky. The boy was not fond of mischief, like Bill Jones, nor a student, like Andy Carnegie. He was serious, self-contained, and more dignified than most boys. He had few of the privileges of childhood, for the few dollars he earned were spent for his board and clothes. At eighteen he had become a man.

"Away back in 1867," said an old

Pittsburgh iron-maker. "I was tramping through western Pennsylvania, looking for ore. At night I came to a small village, and at once went to the store to

plate of cheese and crackers. The young man's name, as I learned afterward, was Henry C. Frick."

There was a strange new trade just



HENRY CLAY FRICK, FORMERLY A PARTNER OF ANDREW CARNEGIE, AND NOW A POWERFUL FACTOR IN THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From the portrait by Theobald Chartran, by courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company, New York

get some food. There was a bright young fellow behind the counter. 'I'll give you the best we have,' he said, when I asked for something to eat. He went to the rear of the store and came back with a

beginning near the village of Mount Pleasant, where the boy was working. It was called coke-making. Coal was dug up and baked in brick ovens until it turned into crisp gray lumps. Then it



JULIAN KENNEDY, FORMERLY IN CHARGE OF
THE HOMESTEAD WORKS, AND NOW THE
DEAN OF THE STEEL ENGINEERS
OF PITTSBURGH

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

was used by the iron-makers when they smelted the iron ore. It was a picturesque process, with its blazing ovens and fierce-looking workmen. The boy was only earning three dollars and fifty cents a week, but in four or five years he had saved enough to buy a small piece of coal land, and his brain was full of schemes to get capital. He was determined to make coke. At nineteen his grandfather noticed what an able young man he had become and employed him as book-keeper in a distillery. There were coke ovens near the distillery, and the boy was not satisfied until he had persuaded his grandfather and uncle to buy some of them.

Then came the panic of 1873. The price of coke dropped to ninety cents a ton—less than cost. The coke-makers lost hope and wanted to sell at any price. Half of them toppled over into bankruptcy. By this time the boy had become a full-grown man of twenty-four. At the time when every one in the district was cursing coke, he quietly made up his own mind to stake his future on it. Public opinion had no more effect upon

him than the spray has upon Gibraltar. And so it happened that Mr. Mellon, a Pittsburgh banker, received a letter requesting the loan of twenty thousand dollars, signed with the unknown name of Henry C. Frick. The writer offered no security, but promised big profits if the money was invested at once.

"Better investigate this man's proposition," said the banker.

His partner went to Mount Pleasant and inquired for H. C. Frick.

"That's the young fellow that keeps books for his grandfather, old Oberholt," said a villager. "He's got a room in one of them little cottages over near the distillery."

The banker had expected to meet a man of wealth and property. Instead he found a short, thick-set young clerk who was living in one room of a coal-miner's shanty. It was nothing but a shack of rough boards, with a miner and his family occupying the remaining rooms; but the young clerk's corner was so clean, neat, and businesslike that the banker was impressed very favorably. The man who to-day occupies a Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, and



AZOR R. HUNT, THE PRESENT MANAGER OF
THE IMMENSE HOMESTEAD STEEL WORKS,
NEAR PITTSBURGH

From a photograph by Rosser, New York

owns the finest skyscraper in Pittsburgh, was at that time putting every possible cent of his nine-hundred-dollar salary into coal lands, and had nothing left for luxuries.

The banker had worked his own way up from poverty. He had been a Mississippi pilot and coal-dealer. Conse-

Frick was the coke king, with eleven thousand workmen obeying his orders. His twenty thousand dollars of borrowed capital had grown to five millions, mostly his own. There were fifteen thousand coke ovens in the entire Connellsville region, and ten thousand of them belonged to the resolute, masterful



IN THE CONNELLSVILLE REGION—PART OF A ROW OF COKE OVENS, SHOWING HOW THEY ARE FILLED WITH COAL FROM ABOVE

quently he gave a fair hearing to the young clerk, and saw that the scheme was safe and well planned. He was also a well-known Methodist and prohibitionist, and when the shrewd clerk suggested that the distillery should be shut down and its warehouse used for a Methodist church, there was no longer any hesitation about closing the deal. The twenty thousand dollars was given to young Frick, and he became at a bound the foremost coke-maker in the district.

FRICK AS THE KING OF COKE

In two years more the pendulum had swung back to prosperity. Coke leaped to three dollars a ton, then four, then five. Frick & Company made a hundred per cent in 1875, and every dollar of profit was spent in buying more land and building more ovens. By 1889 Henry Clay

man who had not only dared to dream of millions in a coal-miner's shanty, but had made that dream come true.

Frick brought order out of chaos in the coke business. He invited his ablest competitors—such men as E. M. Ferguson and S. L. Schoonmaker—into partnership, and forced out or bought out the others. This prevented the cutthroat competition which had kept the coke-makers poor. Next came the question of labor. Frick tried making contracts with the trade unions, and failed. Then he took a step which entirely changed the whole labor situation in western Pennsylvania—he brought in the Huns and the Slavs. For a time this meant a race war, but with the aid of Pinkertons Frick utterly destroyed the unions.

It was not so much a question of wages as of authority. Frick was not a labor-



A NEW MACHINE WHICH DRAWS COKE FROM THE OVENS AND LOADS IT UPON CARS

From a photograph by Dozens, Uniontown, Pennsylvania

crusher; but he abhorred revolt and disorder. On the whole, he has raised wages, abolished abuses, and improved the mines and villages since his word became law. His first trouble with the Huns and Slavs was, in fact, to prevent them from compelling their wives, mothers, and sisters to work at the scorching ovens. A State law had been passed forbidding female labor at the ovens, and the newcomers declared a strike when Frick enforced it.

Whatever Mr. Frick touched he improved. He found two dozen coke ovens in the Connellsville region, and left twelve thousand belonging to his own company. He found shanties and left comfortable cottages. He found a few hundred laborers, with irregular work and small pay, and left eighteen thousand workmen with steady jobs and fair wages. He found crude little plants, operating on a small scale at high cost, and left a ten-million-dollar corporation. In his childhood village of Mount Pleasant, where he worked for sixty cents a day, there stands to-day the largest coke plant in the world, operating nine hundred and eight ovens and filling one hundred and twenty-five cars every twenty-four hours.

THE REGION OF THE "H. C. F. C. CO."

This province of Connellsville, over which Mr. Frick had become the indus-

trial governor, contains about a hundred and fifty square miles. Underneath its grassy slopes lies buried an immense field of coal, peculiarly suitable for coke-making. To most people, all coal looks alike; but to the "coal sharp," there are as many kinds of coal as there are of breakfast food. And it is generally agreed that Connellsville coal makes the highest-grade coke. It has a harder fiber, carries the burden of a furnace better, and gives a hotter fire, than the coke made from other coals. At the Chicago World's Fair, Mr. Frick called attention to Connellsville by giving an eighty-thousand-dollar exhibition of its coke.

To-day the Connellsville region is from end to end the Land of Frick. On every hand you see the symbol of his ownership, "H. C. F. C. Co.," although his company is now only one of the counters of the Steel Trust's department store. It is a land of flame and smoke, of rusty rivers, green hills cleft by winding railroads, checkerboard villages, and sullen, swarthy Huns and Slavs. Here muscle still holds the fort against machinery. Workmen dash like salamanders from fire to fire. A stranger from Mars might easily imagine that it was a region of little walled towns, with fires built in the walls to repel invaders.

The long rows of ovens curve around

each cluster of cottages, and as the men shout and shovel around the blazing ramparts, their desperate vigor is far more suggestive of war than peace. The men battle with fire and the women with smoke. Everybody works. The superin-

control of the Frick company. Mr. Carnegie's keen eye took notice of the unerring judgment of Frick. Here, at last, was a real industrial general, to whom he could entrust the command of his whole army. For seven years he watched



HENRY W. OLIVER, THE FIRST PITTSBURGHER WHO APPRECIATED
THE IMPORTANCE OF LAKE SUPERIOR ORE

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

tendents look forward to offices in the steel and marble Frick building, in Pittsburgh; the workmen dream of five thousand dollars apiece and little farms on the Danube. It would be impossible to live in the Connellsville region without hopes and dreams.

FRICK ENTERS THE CARNEGIE COMPANY

Until 1882, the Carnegie company owned no coke ovens. Then it bought

Frick, and every year his admiration increased. His growing company needed an organizer. And so, in 1889, he appointed Frick commander-in-chief of all his forces.

Without the investment of a dollar, Frick became a partner in the Carnegie company. Carnegie gave him five per cent of the stock, for which Frick gave his notes. The stock paid for itself in a few years of big profits. Later, Frick



THOMAS LYNCH, OF PITTSBURGH, PRESIDENT
OF THE H. C. FRICK COKE COMPANY

got six per cent more, on the same terms; but in a year of low profits he sold back five per cent to Carnegie.

The Carnegie company moved now from the age of millions to the age of many millions. Instead of fourteen partners, there were practically only three—Andrew Carnegie, Henry Phipps, and Henry C. Frick. As the business grew, the number of original partners diminished. Some had died; most of the others had withdrawn willingly, leaving Andrew Carnegie, as they thought, to be the Casabianca of the Pittsburgh steel trade.

All other iron and steel magnates, with the exception of Carnegie, lived in Pittsburgh and were swayed constantly by the local gossip, by the labor troubles, and by the rumors of competition and low prices that floated from office to office. To-day they were elated; to-morrow they were depressed. To-day they bought; to-morrow they sold.

Carnegie, on the other hand, deliberately placed himself where these little ups and downs were unnoticed. As he sat on the deck of a Pacific steamer, or fished for trout in a Highland loch, the news that Coleman had quarreled with Shinn, or that the coke-drawers wanted five cents a day more, was of small

consequence. One thing he knew—that civilization needed steel and was able to pay for it. All else was not worth troubling about. And so in good times he whipped on his workers to beat every previous record; and in bad times, when prices were low, he bought other plants or built new ones.

THE ANNEXATION OF HOMESTEAD

The way in which he came into possession of the great Homestead works is a striking illustration of what his competitors called "Carnegie luck." In 1880 seven of these competitors, all able and wealthy men, raised a quarter of a million and built a steel-mill to get some of the Carnegie company's business. Up to this time Carnegie had been the only maker of steel rails in the Pittsburgh district; but this new plant promised to produce three hundred thousand tons a year. For a while it looked as if the profits would be cut in two; and if the Homestead mill had been ably managed, the history of steel might have had a different set of heroes.

The new plant was running full blast fifteen months after the first spade had been put into the ground—a record-breaking achievement. It began with a



S. L. SCHOONMAKER, OF NEW YORK, ONE OF
H. C. FRICK'S FIRST PARTNERS

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

blare of trumpets. Two hundred tons of rails a day were squeezed into shape between its whirling rollers. Its equipment was the best that money and brains could make. Advance orders had been booked. Apparently, the new firm had a mort-

outs, strikes, riots, and quarrels among the partners. The price of steel began to fall. Trade grew worse daily. More capital was demanded of the stockholders. It was only an eclipse of the sun at noon, but the owners of the new concern



ALVA C. DINKEY, OF PITTSBURGH, THE PRESENT PRESIDENT OF
THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

gage on prosperity, when suddenly the whole enterprise was paralyzed by a series of labor troubles. The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers rose up and dealt the company blow after blow.

The association was not then the fragment that it is to-day. It numbered seventy thousand members. There was scarcely a non-union steel worker in the United States. It was six years old, and flushed with a dozen small victories.

For several months there were lock-

believed that night had come. They decided to sell out to Carnegie, but they were afraid that he would get the best of the deal, and held several meetings to rehearse what they would say to him. Then they called him in. It was one of the dramatic moments of the story of steel.

"Gentlemen," said Carnegie, "I am willing to do what you say—and more. I will give you every dollar that Homestead has cost you, and I will invite you all into our company as partners."

The partners were speechless. They were loaded to the muzzle against trickery, but this square deal disarmed them. They moved to adjourn. Next morning one of them, W. H. Singer, entered Carnegie's office and said:

Carnegie with the feeling of complacency which a man possesses after having traded a balky horse for a corner lot.

In a short time the labor troubles were smoothed out. Prices rose. Business revived. And in two years the Homestead



JAMES GAYLEY, OF NEW YORK, ONE OF THE CARNEGIE PARTNERS,
NOW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
STEEL CORPORATION

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York

"Were you in earnest yesterday? Would you really take me for a partner?"

"Of course I would," replied Carnegie. "Shake, pard."

Singer remained a partner of Carnegie to the end, and saw the fifty thousand dollars which he had invested swell into many millions. As for his associates, they were suspicious of Carnegie and disgusted with steel. They took their pay in notes, and handed Homestead to

plant had paid for itself. Practically, the Carnegie company got it for nothing—nothing but pluck and enterprise and faith in the future of steel.

To the further amazement of Pittsburgh, as soon as the company had bought this "gold brick" Homestead plant, hundreds of thousands were spent in improving it. Julian Kennedy was put in charge—a man who, as an all-around steel engineer, has probably never had a superior in any country. Kennedy had

beaten even Captain Jones as a steel-maker, and now he set to work to make a steel-mill which was then, and is to-day, the wonder of the engineering world. Instead of making steel ingots and bars, which had to be sold as mere raw material, the Homestead works began to produce beams, girders, and all manner of structural shapes. At that time there was no strong demand for such things, and Pittsburgh once more prophesied failure for Carnegie and Phipps.

As if the very stars in their courses were silent partners of the two comrades who had battled up to greatness from Barefoot Square, the skyscraper age began in the same year that this Homestead mill was finished. The Rookery, in Chicago—first of all the giant steel buildings which give distinctiveness to American cities—was built in 1887, and others followed in quick succession. At the same time came a boom in the building of steel bridges. The Pittsburgh croakers gasped to see the Homestead "failure" running night and day to catch up with its orders. Carnegie had foreseen the coming of a steel-ribbed civilization, and his company was now the owner of the best steel-works in existence.

Years afterward, Mr. Carnegie was sitting in the home of his friend, James G. Blaine. Pointing to the ceiling, he said:

"There is a steel beam there that was made in my Homestead mill. The mill cost me a million to build, but I made a clear million in profits before any one else had time to build one like it. I started ahead of them all, and so I was able to hold the cream of the business."

THE CONQUEST OF DUQUESNE

Take one more illustration of the "Carnegie luck" and the Frick financiering—the acquisition of the magnificent steel-works at Duquesne without the outlay of a single dollar. Nothing that equals this financial legerdemain has ever been known before or since in the iron and steel trade. Among all the industrial battles fought and won by Carnegie and his captains, the victory of Duquesne will always stand out as the most complete and decisive.

Three years after the capture of Homestead by the Carnegie group, three or four of the seven defeated competi-

tors took their purchase money, added twice as much to it, and began to build a second steel-mill. They had realized their mistake in parting with the Homestead works, and they were determined to "beat Carnegie this time." They bought a tract of land on the Monongahela River, a few miles above Homestead, and in three years had a plant which was a marvel for handiness and speed. It was practically a "continuous" mill—one in which the steel ingots did not require to be reheated, but were sent continuously through the whole process of rail-making. Dozens of new labor-saving devices were introduced. The partners had lost Homestead because of labor troubles, and in the Duquesne works they had as few workmen as possible. In fact, so successful were they in replacing men by machinery that the labor cost of their steel was cut exactly in half.

The Carnegie company at once showed fight. The Duquesne company was kept out of the rail pool. It found itself fenced out—ostracized—boycotted. It was compelled to pick up the crumbs from the table at which its competitors were dining. Necessity compelled it to accept undesirable contracts. The steel went out, but the money did not come in.

Then the Duquesne manager repeated the mistake of Homestead, and picked a quarrel with the Amalgamated Association. Offensive signs were nailed up at the gates, announcing that "No Union Men Are Allowed on These Works." All these difficulties set the partners wrangling, as they had before; and at the psychological moment Frick made an offer of six hundred thousand dollars for the plant. This was about half what it had cost, and the suggestion did not help to put the partners in a more optimistic mood. A year later he raised the price to a million dollars, payable in bonds, not cash, and his offer was accepted.

The Carnegie company took possession, speeded up the steel-mill to a Captain Jones gait, and in less than one year cleared a million dollars' profit. Carnegie had captured the Port Arthur of his competitors, and it had not cost him a drop of blood nor an ounce of powder. In twelve months there was not

a nickel less in the Carnegie treasury, and he was the master of a steel city which to-day makes more than three per cent of all the steel in the world. By the time the bonds came due, the Duquesne plant had paid for itself six times over. And so, in 1890, Carnegie, Phipps, and Frick secured another province in the steel world for nothing—nothing except the skilful use of those business methods which our generals of industry have either practised or permitted.

A MARVELOUS INDUSTRIAL MECHANISM

Thomas Morrison, a distant relation of Andrew Carnegie, was put in charge of Duquesne. He was young and inexperienced; but the responsibility ripened him at once into an able manager. He made peace with the workmen and started the immense plant on its record-breaking career. For four years the Duquesne furnaces held the world's record. In one month they made more iron than all the furnaces in the United States had produced during President Monroe's first term of office. An output of twenty-six hundred and fifty tons of iron a day from four furnaces was an achievement that would have seemed absolutely incredible not long before.

Money was lavished on Duquesne to make it as nearly as possible automatic. It is said that an inventive friend of Charles M. Schwab approached him one day and said:

"Will you back me in selling a non-nicotine, continuous tobacco pipe?"

"No," replied Schwab, "but I'll back you if you'll invent a continuous steel-mill."

This incident implanted the project of a wholly continuous steel-mill in the mind of Mr. Schwab. He proposed it to Mr. Carnegie, who said:

"Good! Go ahead and build one."

The final result is a mill which is so well arranged as to be practically one great machine. At one end stand the furnaces and ore piles; at the other the steel bars drop into the cooling-pit at the rate of one a second, and the loaded freight-cars twist noisily out of the yard.

By 1892 the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, had grown into a twenty-five million dollar concern, and under the

leadership of Frick it was becoming a complete industrial unit. The scattered works were unified by the building of the Union Railway. The different railroads had been making trouble about their "rights" inside the yards of the steel-plants. Frick settled the dispute by putting all the railroads outside the fence, and constructing a company road. This improvement at once saved enough in switching-charges alone to pay interest on the cost of the whole railroad. The ejected railroads, to prove that they cherished no resentment, granted a rebate of twenty-five cents a ton on ore. Which of them could dare to quarrel with a company that handled sixteen million tons of freight a year? Thus the Union Railroad, like the Homestead and Duquesne steel-works, was made to pay for itself in a few months.

The fourth step in the development of this corporate socialism was the acquiring of ore mines in the Lake Superior region. This, too, was managed so that the property did not cost the company a dollar. It was also a miracle of "high finance," but one in which no competitor was disabled.

OLIVER AND THE ORE FIELDS

Among the boyhood companions of Andrew Carnegie in Allegheny there had been a boy called Harry Oliver. He had grown up to be a shrewd business man—one who made fortunes cheerfully and lost them cheerfully. He was a steel-maker, but had never been in any Carnegie enterprise. Harry and Andy had been messenger-boys together. Soon after Lon Merritt had opened up the Mesaba Range in 1892, Oliver saw its value, and bought a large tract of land there. About the time his mines were beginning to ship ore, he met Frick one morning in Pittsburgh.

"Why cannot we go in with you in this Mesaba ore business?" asked Frick.

"On what terms?" replied Oliver.

"Well," said Frick, "give us five-sixths of your ore stock and we'll lend you half a million dollars to develop the mines."

"Agreed," said Oliver, and so a property which is to-day worth tens of millions was obtained as a gift from Oliver, who did his best day's work when he

made an alliance with the powerful Carnegie group.

Four years later, Frick and Oliver joined forces with John D. Rockefeller in the Lake Superior ore business. This combination created a panic among the other mine-owners. Ore dropped from six dollars a ton to less than three. Dozens of mines, worth millions, were tossed on the bargain counter and sold to Frick and Oliver for thousands. Rockefeller showed no desire to buy mines, but merely stipulated that his railroads and steamships should have the carrying of the ore to the Lake Erie ports. He went further, and leased the mines which he had already acquired to Frick and Oliver, for a royalty of twenty-five cents a ton. This was forty cents below the usual price, and meant more millions to the Carnegie-Phipps-Frick combination.

For a year or more Oliver worked like a beaver, buying in mines from the demoralized owners. When the panic was over, the Carnegie company figured up its winnings, and found that it was the possessor of a hundred million tons of ore, which Charles M. Schwab has since valued at a dollar a ton. It had bought in a hundred million dollars' worth of raw material for the price of a few farms.

OLIVER'S PICTURESQUE CAREER

Henry W. Oliver was one of the most picturesque knights errant of Pittsburgh. His life was a series of magnificent climaxes, of startling successes and crashing failures. He packed the experiences of half a dozen lifetimes into one. As a business man he was a marvel of force and elasticity. The harder he was thrown down, the higher he would rebound. His optimism was at all times invulnerable. In his power of recuperation he had no equal in his generation. His parents were poor Irish people, who emigrated from County Tyrone when he was a small boy. His first job was as messenger in a Pittsburgh telegraph-office. When the first shot of the Civil War was fired, he sprang to the defense of the Union, and continued to be a prominent Republican until his death.

His first rise and fall was in the nut and bolt business. In this enterprise his

employees at one time saved him from failure by working for two weeks without wages. For years he plunged from one scheme to another, incidentally founding the pressed steel car industry. In 1892 he was elected a delegate to the national Republican convention at Minneapolis. While there, he heard for the first time of the discovery of the Mesaba Range, and hurried up to Duluth. He found the town crowded with prospectors. Every hotel was full, and he was obliged to sleep on a billiard-table.

The next morning he bought a horse and rode through the wilderness to the new ore mines. It was a rough ride for a man unused to the woods. At night he lay on the ground and listened to the howling of the timber-wolves. When he reached the camp of the Merritt brothers, they showed him iron mines out of which the ore could be dug like sand. Here were scores, perhaps hundreds, of millions of tons, and no one in Pittsburgh had as yet bought a pound of it. Oliver leased a large mine from the Merritts, and on his return to Pittsburgh Frick became his partner. Nine years afterward that ride through the wilderness netted him thirteen million dollars. It made him, in the Carnegie company, the man behind the ore.

As Carnegie said to me, "Harry Oliver was a man who saw far ahead. He could not carry all the game he had captured, and appealed to the Carnegie company to join him. It did, and carried the treasure safely through with its money and credit."

"The Oliver luck" is a Pittsburgh phrase. Strictly speaking, it meant a compound of one part chance and two parts energy—the "luck" of a man who falls out of a three-story window and invents a flying-machine. His creditors were always the first to lend him more money when he was in difficulties. When he bought his first Mesaba mine, he gave a check for the price—five thousand dollars—although he had not a cent on deposit at the time. He telegraphed to the bank to cash the check, and had no trouble in carrying the deal through. The insignificant fact that he had no money available never blocked the plans of Harry Oliver.

He was never the servant of other

people's opinions. On one occasion he sent an agent to report on a piece of mining land. The agent wrote back a long report, unfavorable in every particular.

"I think he's mistaken," said Oliver. "I'll take it."

In a short time the land proved to be worth double what he had paid for it. No one bore the risks of commerce more easily than Oliver. When his partners grumbled at the large amount of money that he was spending on a new mine, he replied cheerily:

"Well, if it does fail, we'll have the finest mining-shaft in the world!"

After Rockefeller had squeezed out the Merritt brothers, he became Oliver's landlord, and during 1894 Oliver was forty thousand dollars behind in his payments. The Rockefeller agents demanded an immediate settlement. Oliver hurried to New York, but was not allowed to see Rockefeller.

"I trust you will remember that this is not a charitable institution, Mr. Oliver," said one of the junior partners.

As Oliver walked out of the office, he met a negro porter in the hall. Slipping a twenty-dollar bill in the porter's hand, he said:

"See here, George, is Mr. John D. Rockefeller in that inside room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said Oliver, "when these other men go to lunch, you might accidentally leave his door unlocked, that's all."

Oliver waited in the hall until he saw the junior partners vanish down the elevator; then he slipped into the inside room and found his dreaded creditor fast asleep, with a handkerchief over his face. In about ten minutes Rockefeller awoke, and Oliver told his story. It impressed Rockefeller favorably, and in a few minutes more he wrote a short note, affixed his magic signature, and Oliver was saved.

BRINGING THE ORE TO PITTSBURGH

The Carnegie company had now ore enough to last for generations; but it was a thousand miles from Pittsburgh, over land and lake. The next problem to solve was that of cheap transportation. There was a rickety, penniless little rail-

way which owned a "right of way and two streaks of rust" from Pittsburgh to Lake Erie. It had terminal facilities at Conneaut, and there was no reason why it should not have done business. But it had been a failure from the first, staggering from one misfortune to another. Andrew Carnegie went to its president and said:

"Your railroad is on the verge of bankruptcy. Let me reorganize it. I will extend it to our steel-works and make it one of the best roads in the world. I will pay you in bonds, which our enormous traffic will make gilded."

The president consented, glad to escape from his financial difficulties so happily.

In fifteen months the two hundred and twelve miles of this road were entirely rebuilt. They were laid with heavy steel rails, and strong steel bridges replaced the ramshackle wooden trestles. The most powerful locomotives ever built, up to that time, were put on the line. To-day the Bessemer & Lake Erie, as it is called, has a hundred locomotives and ten thousand cars. Its cost of carrying freight is less than that of any other American railroad; and it was acquired without the withdrawal of one dollar in cash from the Carnegie treasury. Carnegie himself deserves all the credit for this purchase, as all his partners disapproved of it.

Until 1899 the Rockefeller ore fleet carried all the Carnegie ore. Then a small fleet of six vessels was bought—by means of an issue of bonds, as usual. This fleet has grown yearly until to-day it has one hundred and sixteen vessels, carrying more than ten million tons of ore in a season, and earning a gross income of nearly ten million dollars. This was the last link in the chain. The Carnegie company had wiped out all the middlemen, and now owned all its means of production and distribution. It pocketed all the profits, from the ore in the ground to the finished rail and girder. As an elaborate industrial machine for making and marketing steel, it had no equal either in Europe or the United States. And at the top of this mammoth structure of commercial feudalism stood three men who had been

moneyless clerks less than two-score years before. In the short span of a single lifetime they had made themselves the masters of a wealth so great that it surpassed all the hereditary fortunes swollen by centuries of privilege.

THE DANGERS OF THE STEEL INDUSTRY

It must not be inferred from this romance of easily won wealth that every steel-works is a gold mine. Far from it. Few industries, if any, have been as hazardous, as variable, as full of whims and sudden changes. Mr. Carnegie loves to quote the lines of "Hudibras":

Ah, me! What perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron!

A steel-mill requires more varieties of skill than almost any other industry. The work is complex at every step, and one mistake may mean wreckage. The first owners of the Homestead plant failed because they lacked one species of skill only—the skill to manage the workmen. The first owners of Duquesne had an almost perfect plant, but failed to make profitable sales. In the eighties, when the Carnegie company was making forty per cent, a body of English capitalists spent a million dollars on the Victoria furnace at Goshen, Virginia, and failed completely through bad management. The same furnace is running full blast to-day, pouring out fifty thousand tons a year.

Even the largest steel corporations have had their serious troubles. The Cambria plant was twice in difficulties, and once sold by the sheriff. The Joliet works was sold at auction. The Bethlehem company was twice compelled to mortgage its plant. The Chicago steel-works was mortgaged and its shares sold at fifty cents on the dollar. The Troy Iron & Steel Company was reorganized several times. The Superior Iron Company's shares dropped to less than sixteen. On several occasions the Carnegie company had to squeeze through such narrow channels that some of the frightened partners leaped overboard. Many a time Carnegie had to call a halt in some department that was losing money. In 1887, for instance, there was a loss of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on

one order for armor-plate. Four-fifths of the plates had been rejected.

"Take no more orders," telegraphed Carnegie.

Soon afterward, his partners took an order at an advance of twenty-two dollars a ton and made large profits.

In his earlier days, Mr. Carnegie appeared to have no clearly defined policy; but he learned by mistakes, and never made the same mistake twice. On one occasion he and Pullman, of Chicago, were talking over their early days.

"Andrew," said Pullman, "the fellows that knew us in those days said we were making mistakes."

"So we were," responded Carnegie, "but the percentage was on our side."

Carnegie was always teachable, and large enough to associate himself with men who had the qualities which he lacked. To paraphrase Marcus Aurelius, he might well declare:

"To Colonel Thomas Scott I owe the ambition to conduct large and venturesome business operations.

"To my brother Thomas I owe my appreciation of the value of friendship in business affairs.

"From John Vandevort I learned to value travel and play.

"From Andrew Kloman I learned the profitableness of iron.

"From Henry Phipps I learned the necessity of patiently mastering details.

"From Captain W. R. Jones I learned to appreciate intelligent and free-spirited workmen and superintendents."

And so on. If this list of instructors were made complete, it would fill several pages. With the exception of Frick, Carnegie's later associates were mainly energetic young men who were content to be part of the Carnegie machine. When compelled to choose between ability and faithfulness, he has invariably chosen the latter. His motto has generally been, "Better have an obedient young mediocrity than a mature genius who is self-willed and disloyal." But in most cases he gave a free hand to every man who produced results.

THE CARNEGIE SYSTEM

Little by little what we may call the Carnegie system was developed.

Roughly speaking, Mr. Carnegie was the first steel-maker who introduced department-store principles into the iron and steel business. His corporation was a large establishment run by a few highly skilled superintendents, and by a crowd of young clerks who were taught to do one thing fairly well. Partnerships were dangled before the eyes of these young clerks until they were fevered with ambition. It was a system of make or break. Every young officer who served under General Carnegie was either a millionaire or a physical wreck in a few years. "No system has ever made so many men wealthy in so short a time," says Jeans, the steel historian of England.

Carnegie made every moment of the working day important. Every job was a race. In the selling of his steel he hamstrung competition by a high tariff and a rail pool; but in the making of the steel he stimulated competition almost to the point of ferocity. Every superintendent was pitted against every other. The heaven of a partnership and the hell of dismissal goaded the bosses and sub-bosses into a furious activity that put the Carnegie company far in advance of all its competitors. No matter how much the sweltering furnacemen toiled, no matter how amazing was the achievement of to-day, to-morrow the same order came from the terrible general—"More!"

But it was a Napoleonic republic, this Carnegie corporation. Every private soldier felt that he carried the baton of a marshal in his knapsack. Never before, in so prosperous a business, were there so few stupid relatives and favorites in places of authority. Out of thirty-three superintendents, only three were school-trained. The others had risen from the ranks. Not one had invested a dollar, yet all held stock. They were the "fittest" who survived. There were no figurehead directors. Every man had his work, and he held his place just as long as he could do the work better than any one else. The moment a man showed signs of weakness or inefficiency, he was immediately dropped, or pigeon-holed into some political office. There was a scrap-heap for men as well as for machinery.

"Take away all our factories," said Carnegie in an eloquent moment, "take away all our trade, our avenues of transportation, our money. Leave me nothing but our organization, and in four years I shall have reestablished myself."

He imprinted this idea indelibly upon the mind of an English editor on one occasion. The editor had asked him to write an article on "Organization in Business."

"Yes," replied Carnegie, "I can write you an article on that subject, but my price may be too high for you."

"Oh, that will be all right," said the delighted editor. "Name your own price, Mr. Carnegie."

"Well, I couldn't let you have it at less than the knowledge has cost me, could I?" responded the steel king. "Suppose we say five million dollars, which will be very much less than cost!"

CARNEGIE AS A BUSINESS MAN

Andrew Carnegie was never a speculator, seldom a pioneer. He had millions for an improvement, but not a cent for a gamble. He never bought or sold a share of stock through a stock exchange. The moment Wall Street stepped in he stepped out.

"Speculation is the counterfeit of business," he says. "It is a parasite which feeds upon values, and creates none."

Much of his commercial daring was more apparent than real. Generally, he waited until a new invention had been thoroughly tested by other men; then, if it was satisfactory, he rushed in with a vigor and vim that caused the outside world to regard him as the original pioneer. This occurred in the making of iron bridges, Bessemer steel, open-hearth steel, structural iron, and in the owning of Lake Superior ore lands. Others did the exploring and cut the first paths; then Carnegie transformed the rough paths into wide, smooth roads.

No business man ever scattered his interests so widely at first, nor concentrated them so completely as soon as he had established himself, as Andrew Carnegie. After 1873, there was nothing in the world for him but steel. Almost every rich American who has made his fortune in industry has shifted his cap-

ital into railroad, bank, or real estate investments, for the sake of security and social standing. To this rule Mr. Carnegie is the most notable exception. He became, and he remains, the greatest of all steel capitalists.

Year after year the bulk of his profits went back into the business. No alluring scheme could side-track him. No persuasive company-promoter could make the slightest impression upon his armor-plated indifference. And he inspired the same spirit of concentration in his partners.

"I would no more have thought of buying stocks than of flying," said Clemson, one of the young partners. "If any one of us had dickered with stocks, I'm sure Carnegie would have discharged him."

Carnegie never impoverished his business by squeezing out of it the highest possible dividends. Not one of his steel-mills was allowed to go begging.

Carnegie's unwavering policy was to fertilize the soil from which his millions grew. He pushed past failures with the brute force of capital. In dull times he spent the money he had made in good times, repairing, improving, and enlarging his works. During the stagnant year of 1876 he ordered a new big furnace built at the Edgar Thomson works, to the surprise of Pittsburghers.

"Carnegie must have faith in the future," wrote a puzzled editor.

At every yearly meeting of the partners, Mr. Carnegie asked the question: "Well, what shall we throw away this year?"

He was the first steel-maker to throw good machinery on the scrap-heap merely because it was a little out of date.

"If I could reduce the cost of rails ten cents a ton, I'd spend a million dollars gladly," he said to his friend Miller.

At one Saturday noon meeting of the Carnegie directors on January 7, 1899, in less than thirty minutes the immense sum of two million, five hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars was voted to be spent on improvements. In two years twenty millions were expended.

"I gave Thomas a quarter of a million for his patents, and as there was some little indefiniteness about one point in the

contract, I gave him fifty thousand more," said Carnegie airily to the writer. Thomas and Gilchrist, two young English chemists, were the inventors of the "basic process," by means of which steel could be made from ores that were high in phosphorus. "Those two young men did more for England's greatness than all her kings and queens put together," said he. "Moses struck the rock and brought forth water, but they struck the useless phosphorus ore and transformed it into steel—a greater miracle."

When the pioneers had demonstrated the value of chemistry to the iron and steel industry, Carnegie brought Dr. Fricke from Germany and paid him a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year to be the company's chemist. "This was considered an enormous salary," he said to me. "The other steel men said, 'We cannot afford to pay such salaries to German scientists.' But I replied, 'We cannot afford to be without them.'"

Before the first year was out, Dr. Fricke had earned his salary over and over again, by enabling the company to use ores that were considered by steel men to be unavailable.

PROFITABLE PUBLICITY

And while his partners and forty-five thousand swarthy workmen labored on under the blackened skies of Pennsylvania, Carnegie himself was waging a politico-social campaign in all parts of the world. He became the personal friend of every political leader of national prominence. He was always ready to subscribe to a worthy campaign fund.

"How would you like to invest ten thousand dollars in the Senatorial fight in ———?" wrote James G. Blaine in 1886.

Congressmen were invited to select theater parties, or to dinners at which they met literary and philosophical celebrities. Titled Europeans were taken to see the wonders of Homestead or Duquesne. Speeches were made and books were written.

All this was publicity. It was the most effective sort of advertising. It was an essential part of the Carnegie system. There was nothing sordid about it. The simple fact was shown that a man of many friends and many interests

is more likely to succeed in business than a man of few friends and few interests. More things than kissing go by favor, and on several occasions the friendly offices of the government enabled the Carnegie company to collect debts or secure orders.

Every sales agent imitated his chief on a smaller scale. He was ordered to join the most fashionable clubs, to subscribe generously to all popular causes, and to keep himself favorably in the public eye. "Big contracts are always more likely to be made over the nuts and wine than across a desk," said Mr. Carnegie. When Millard Hunsiker was sent to get orders from Japan, for instance, he went in a blaze of military glory and social prestige. Hunsiker was a tall, well-built man, the Beau Brummel of the Carnegie company. A few months before sailing he secured an appointment as colonel on the Governor of Pennsylvania's staff. This gave him a right to a title and to a uniform, both of which proved astonishingly effective in smoothing his path in Tokio and Yokohama. The Asiatic mind was doubly impressed by his prices and his full regimentals, and he was soon cabling back to Pittsburgh the most satisfactory orders for steel rails and armor-plate. To-day Colonel Hunsiker is in charge of the London office of the United States Steel Corporation, and deserves a large share of credit for its exports of more than a million tons a year.

LARGE SCHEMES AND SMALL DETAILS

The daily report from every department was a strong feature of the Carnegie system. It made the yesterdays into a whip of many lashes to urge to-day on to still greater speed. It transformed the iron and steel business from a monthly to a daily affair. Instead of being an absentee employer, Carnegie became practically ubiquitous by means of these reports.

"We always felt as if he were right behind us," said one of his younger partners.

Without the use of any spy system, he often surprised his superintendents by knowing more about their department than they did. On one occasion the superintendent at Homestead made a

mistake in calculating the cost of some improvements. The work when done cost a hundred thousand dollars more than his estimate. Thinking that this might escape Carnegie's notice, he avoided any mention of it at the next stockholders' meeting. The meeting concluded, and Carnegie showed no sign that he was aware of the superintendent's blunder, not wishing to humiliate him in the presence of the others. But as the superintendent was about to leave the room, Carnegie took him by the arm and said quietly:

"By the way, John, what about that extra expense in your mill?"

Everything on a large scale—quantity, quantity, quantity—this was the keynote of the system. Customers looking for small lots might go elsewhere and welcome. So might those who wanted steel of unusual shape or quality. The Carnegie company waged a stubborn battle with the architects of bridges and skyscrapers, to compel them to standardize their material. According to British and German custom, every architect at first designed all manner of unique and artistic structures, which the steel-makers were supposed to reproduce. In the early eighties architects knew little or nothing of steel, or of the limitations of a rolling-mill. Moreover, the idea of buying bridges by the yard and buildings by the story threatened both the prestige and profit of their profession. So they fought the Carnegie plan of making structural steel into standard sizes, and lost, as every profession must that puts its own convenience against the onward march of the world. To-day, if a builder orders a special size, the steel company will say:

"We don't make that size, but if you'll pay three thousand dollars for a new set of rolls, and give us a big order, we'll make 'em for you. Otherwise, we shall have to ask you to select from our catalogue."

With all his caution in new departures, it may fairly be said that Andrew Carnegie was as a rule about ten years ahead of Pittsburgh. The average citizen regarded him as a reckless plunger. Most Pittsburgh steel-makers in their hearts considered him an impertinent outsider, who has blundered into their world by

accident, and who would soon find his level again in a railroad clerkship. Even now his success is looked upon by many as having been an industrial miracle, a phenomenon which can never occur again.

The older men remember when he was the biggest borrower in Pennsylvania. He bought the brains of the State, even when he had to borrow the money to do it. Again and again, when his fellow steel-makers were scrambling to get out of their hazardous business into something "safe," such as real estate, or banking, or railroads, Carnegie deliberately staked his whole winnings upon the future of steel. He never bought a foot of land nor a share of stock except in the building up of his own business.

Pittsburgh has moved ahead, but it is always the same distance behind Carnegie. In 1898, at a Chamber of Commerce banquet there, the steel king said:

"If I were Czar of Pittsburgh I would buy a large tract of coal land as near by as possible, and give the city a municipal gas plant."

That was eight years ago, yet the leading citizens and Chamber of Commerce officials still refer with amused unbelief to "Mr. Carnegie's Utopian plan," and all the while they are paying a double price for illuminating gas to a private company.

HAND LABOR AND MACHINERY

The year 1892 marked a turning-point, both in the history of the Carnegie company and the iron and steel world. The long war between labor and machinery ended in a complete victory for machinery. Since 1892 labor has been a passive factor in the steel business, without a will or a voice with regard to the sale of itself. The era of machinery, which had begun about 1870 with the Bessemer converter and the improved rolling-mill, became supreme with the failure of the Homestead strike. In the long history of labor wars there was never one as bitter as this, nor one in which the real issue was so completely overlooked by the general public.

The Homestead strike was not a matter of wages, or hours, or conditions of employment. It was not a duel between Frick and the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. It was not a

struggle between individuals or organizations. It was much more. It was a conflict between the old way and the new way—between production by muscle and sweat and production by automatic machinery.

Before the decisive battle of Homestead the workmen had names; after it they had numbers. Especially in the earlier days of the puddlers, when iron was refined by strong arms and skilful hands, the labor union was a power. Its officials went to Congress on tariff-raising expeditions in the same Pullman car with the steel barons. They had to be consulted with regard to improvements, as well as with regard to matters of hours and wages. In the steel-mill the chief roller, invariably a man of force and skill, was the king-pin of the whole plant. He stood practically above both employers and workmen.

But after the Waterloo of Homestead the union official became as extinct as the dodo, and the "high roller" was brought low. Henceforth the iron-worker of the stage, brawny, deep-chested, and defiant, became an almost unknown type. In his place stood a narrow-chested, pale-faced young man, or a stolid Slav, pushing buttons or pulling levers.

Captain Jones — who, strangely enough, was more responsible for the dawn of the era of machinery than any other one man—came into close personal touch with his workmen, and tolerated the unions.

"I have always found it best to treat men well," he said. "They should be made to feel that the company is interested in their welfare. Make the works a pleasant place for them. All haughty and disdainful treatment of men has a decidedly bad effect on them."

In his day the question of labor was of first importance. Success or failure depended upon whether the workmen were willing or unruly. Captain Jones went so far as to draw up a labor formula, which he gave to the Carnegie company.

"We must steer clear of the West," he said, "where men are accustomed to infernally high wages. We must steer clear, as far as we can, of Englishmen, who are great sticklers for high wages, small production, and strikes. My ex-

perience has shown that Germans, Irish, Swedes, and what I denominate Buckwheats—young American country boys—judiciously mixed, make the most effective and tractable force you can find. Scotchmen do very well, are honest and faithful. Welsh can be used in limited numbers. But mark me, Englishmen have been the worst class of men I have had anything to do with."

To an old-timer like David Thomas, an iron-works was a school as well as a money-making enterprise. Men, as well as iron, were to be refined. It was even more important to get a high grade of men than to dig a high grade of ore. Every workman was studied and trained as far as his natural ability would permit. He was regarded by his employer, not as a mere automatic unit of energy, but as a human being with likes, dislikes, and possibilities.

When John Fritz first took charge of the Bethlehem works, for instance, the sub-bosses said to him:

"Now, the first thing to do is to fire Parry."

"What's the matter with Parry?" inquired Fritz.

"Oh, he's one of our best furnace-men," replied the sub-bosses, "but he keeps the whole works in a state of turmoil. No living man can get along with him."

"Well, we'll see later about Parry," said Fritz. "At present I've neither friends to reward nor enemies to punish."

In a couple of days Parry, an able but crotchety fellow, strode into Mr. Fritz's office.

"See here, Mr. Fritz," he said, "I've got a new idea for the furnace."

"Good, Parry," replied Fritz; "take this sheet of paper and show me what it is."

Parry made a clumsy drawing, but Fritz saw at once that while the idea was crude, it was new, and could be improved.

"It looks like a fine idea, Parry," he said; "give me a couple of days to think it over."

Parry went back to his furnace highly pleased with the new superintendent, and Fritz altered the original suggestion until it became workable.

"I find your invention is a good

thing," reported Fritz. "You can go ahead and have it done."

After this the aggressive Parry became one of the most tractable men in the works. The incident illustrates the close personal relation that existed between master and man before machinery came between them.

THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION

In such conditions the labor unions flourished. A few years before the Civil War, when the price of bar iron had jumped to eight cents a pound, the United Sons of Vulcan was organized, and in 1865 employers and workmen met for the first time in Pittsburgh to make a wage contract. Ten years later the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers was formed, and soon claimed eighty thousand members. All through the eighties it held its men together and wielded great power. Even employers admit that it did useful work for the whole trade. It equalized conditions and steadied business.

But as the use of machinery increased, the labor unions became intolerable, from the employers' point of view. They had based wages upon output, and as machinery increased the output, they demanded that wages should be raised accordingly.

"The profits of machinery should go to capital," said the employers, "because it is capital and not labor that has paid for the machinery."

The workmen, on the other hand, being accustomed to measure a day's work by the amount of iron and steel that they produced, felt that they were being robbed of their rightful dues when they compared their pay-envelopes with their output.

The old trade union motto, "Labor creates all wealth," was passing out of date in the steel-mills. For example, in one of Carnegie's new mills, three thousand workmen made as much steel as ten thousand could have made a few years before. A wire rod roller in 1882 got two dollars and twelve cents a ton; to-day he gets twelve cents only, yet his wages are higher now than formerly. If he were paid at the old rate to-day, he would make more than four hundred dollars a week. A century ago, when

iron was made by labor alone, all the forty-four furnaces in Pennsylvania produced no more iron in a year than the nine Edgar Thomson furnaces can make now in a week. Two centuries ago, a furnace that made four hundred tons a year was prosperous; to-day a furnace makes about eight hundred tons per man per year. Such has been the extraordinary shrinkage of labor as a factor in the production of iron and steel.

For several years before the Homestead strike it was seen by employers that the Amalgamated Association would have to adapt itself to the new conditions or be broken up. But the association was strong and obstinate, and they were afraid of it. B. F. Jones, steel baron and apostle of high tariff, dared not fight the association because of the danger to his political prestige. Andrew Carnegie dared not for fear of loss to his general reputation as a philanthropist and friend of labor. Yet both Jones and Carnegie were anxious to go to its funeral. Happily for them, at the right time came the right man to do the work—a man who was unhampered by social or political prestige, who was in himself the incarnation of the new period of machinery and organization.

"It was a question," said Frick, "as to which should manage the works—the proprietors or the workmen."

THE GREAT HOMESTEAD STRIKE

The immediate cause of the strike was trivial. It involved only three hundred and twenty-five out of the thirty-eight hundred men; and the tragic nature of the five months' struggle, upon which the greater part of the public attention has been concentrated, was trivial in comparison with the real issue which it decided.

As this is a story of money and the men who got it, it is not necessary to retell the battle of Homestead. The main fact to remember about the downfall of the Amalgamated Association is that it was broken to pieces, not by Henry C. Frick, but by the inventor and the chemist. It was a puddlers' organization that outlived the trade of puddling. It went down because it had its face to the past. It was practically a labor feudalism, in which a small number of high-

wage workmen ruled a dues-paying mob of low-wage workmen.

"The Amalgamated Association was putting a tax on improvements, and it had to go," says Lovejoy, who acted as Frick's chief aide-de-camp.

As so often happens with labor organizations, the Amalgamated was again and again sacrificed by leaders who developed political ambitions. Its presidents were bagged, one after another, by political bosses. Joseph Bishop, its first president, was given a State House job in Columbus, Ohio. William Weihe became an immigration judge at Ellis Island. M. M. Garland was made surveyor of the port at Pittsburgh. Miles Humphreys entered the Pittsburgh fire department as chief. John Jarrett became a high tariff orator in the famous tin-plate campaign. All five were men of character and ability, but they forsook the organization that had chosen them as its leaders.

Since the Homestead defeat, the steel trade has been practically unorganized. To-day the Amalgamated has not more than ten thousand members. There is not a union steel-mill in the United States. Frick made the fight, but all steel-makers shared the spoils of victory. Capital was set free for the first time to make sweeping improvements.

"A few months after the strike was ended," said Mr. Frick to the writer, "we put machinery in the beam-yard that displaced four hundred men."

Whether labor has suffered in the long run is still a matter of bitter debate.

"After all," said one of the ex-presidents of the Amalgamated, "there are more men employed in the iron and steel trade to-day than ever before, and the work is easier."

The more machinery, the more workmen, has been the rule. Machinery means cheaper steel; cheaper steel means more uses and a greater demand. From the social point of view, the fifty-year fight against machinery made by the workmen was in every way a blunder.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE STRIKE

Now that the smoke of the battle has cleared away, the facts may be told without prejudice or passion. It should be stated, in the first place, that the

workmen of Homestead were not lawless rioters. No more orderly community could have been found than Homestead, before and after the Pinkerton invasion. In the six months previous to the strike there had been but three arrests, and those for drunkenness only. There are no people so law-abiding that they cannot be irritated into violence, and Homestead felt itself to be in a state of siege. A nine-foot fence, topped by barbed wire, and defended with search-lights and port-holes, had been built around the works. Stories were told about the shooting of strikers by Pinkertons, hired by Frick, in the coke regions. The workmen had a conviction, almost a religious belief, that no outsiders had a right to come in and take their places during a strike. Andrew Carnegie himself had said, a few years before:

"There is an unwritten law among the best workmen, 'Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job.'"

A Presidential election was at hand, and the partisan howling of politicians made cool reasoning impossible. Democratic editors were shrieking that "slavery had its *Legree*, protection its Frick." Free-trade propagandists stood behind the strikers and cheered them on to the bitterest resistance. Every incident was exaggerated. It was not the loss of life which attracted attention, but rather the dramatic and political nature of the struggle. Twice the damage has been done in other strikes of which the public has heard comparatively little.

While the question was not in reality one of wages but of authority, the immense profits of the Carnegie company were held to be sufficient reason why it should surrender to the workmen. On the day before the Homestead mills were closed, all the Carnegie properties were organized into the Carnegie Steel Company, capitalized at twenty million dollars—twice their previous capitalization. "Millions for them, and Pinkertons for us," said the workmen.

Grover Cleveland, who, as many think, owed his first election to the Homestead strike, became the spokesman of the strikers when he said:

"Scenes are enacted in the very abiding-place of high protection that mock

the hopes of toil and demonstrate the falsity that protection is a boon to toilers."

And so the violence that occurred at Homestead was practically predestinated by a series of circumstances outside and inside of the steel business.

CARNEGIE AND FRICK AS EMPLOYERS

In the second place, it should be stated that neither Carnegie nor Frick was unfair or oppressive as an employer.

"Carnegie was always the first to sign the scale," said a veteran unionist.

"He was the best employer in the world," said Thomas N. Miller. "There was not a mean bone in his body when it came to paying his men. His idea of retrenchment was not to order a reduction of wages, but to cut out middlemen, buy better machinery, and goad managers. Most of the early iron and steel men were hard and close-fisted; but Carnegie was always both just and generous. In fact, his idea was that the workmen should receive all the profit of their work just as soon as they showed themselves competent to take charge of the business."

Carnegie had been an employer for twenty-six years, and had never had a serious dispute with his men. He had a knack of going over the heads of walking delegates and reaching the rank and file. He was the "little boss." He knew hundreds of his workmen by name, and their affection for him was increased by his cheery friendliness.

His partners, Mr. Phipps informs me, thought that he was too yielding to the labor unions. They rejoiced that he was in Scotland when the Homestead clash occurred, and when he cabled that he would start for Pittsburgh by the next steamer, they begged him to stay away.

"The welfare of the company," said Mr. Phipps, "required that Mr. Carnegie should not be in this country, because he was always disposed to grant the demands of labor, however unreasonable."

As a keen man of business, Carnegie knew that it was foolish to hire Pinkertons and strike-breakers. Green hands are useless in a steel-mill, and skilled men are scarce. Better wait six months than ruin the whole plant. He knew

human nature better than Frick did. To him labor meant living people, not a mere productive force.

"It is subjecting men to too great a strain," he said, "to stand by and see their places filled by outsiders."

Neither was Frick a labor-crusher, at any period of his career. He never opposed unions that would make and keep contracts, and permit him to introduce improvements. He was always approachable, and ready to hear a grievance. His first order, when the strike began was:

"Don't let the women and children suffer."

The lowest wages paid at Homestead were a dollar and forty cents for ten hours' work; the highest were twelve dollars for eight hours. The average pay of a roller was about eight dollars a day. Stories are told of rollers who made seventy-five and even a hundred dollars a day, when the improved machinery was first introduced. During the strike two mill-workers, who gave bail for a prisoner, were found to possess twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of real estate between them. Hugh O'Donnell, the leader of the strike, owned a three-thousand-dollar residence, comfortably furnished.

For the work done by a roller, eight dollars a day was fair pay. His position was a responsible one. Success depended largely upon his judgment. At that time a roller had from fifteen to twenty men under him, so that he was an officer and not a private soldier in the army of steel workers. Carnegie had every reason to believe that he was paying fair wages. Indeed, no other employer was paying so high a rate.

If Carnegie had been on the spot, the strike might still have occurred. Indeed, it had to come. But his way of settling it would have been to shut down and wait until the men surrendered. He would not have forced matters by sending Pinkertons and non-unionists to Homestead. He would have shown more patience and diplomacy than Frick.

HOMESTEAD AFTER THE STRIKE

After the strike the Homestead mills opened as non-union, Charles M. Schwab undertook the difficult job of superin-

tendent, and the vast six-million-dollar plant was soon running as smoothly as a watch. Jones & Laughlin, who owned the second largest steel-works in Pittsburgh, soon after declared their mills to be non-union. In Chicago the Amalgamated maintained an insecure footing until 1901. Then the workmen were ordered to strike by one of the chief officials of the union. They refused. He pleaded with them for four hours, without success. Then he sprang to the platform, seized their charter from the wall and tore it into shreds.

"I brand you as cowards!" he shouted.

The men sat in stolid silence. They had come into the hall as unionists; they walked out as non-unionists. One more feeble struggle with the United States Steel Corporation, and the mighty Amalgamated was in the dust. The era of machinery was in full swing.

Frick, Schwab, and Dinkey now proceeded to make Homestead one of the world's wonders. Julian Kennedy had already made it the best plant of its kind; but it was now perfected into a vast organic whole, as automatic and continuous as brains and millions could make it. For centuries the great iron pillar at Delhi, in India, had been regarded as the most wonderful iron product of the human race. It weighed seventeen tons. How it was made had been an age-long mystery. But here in a young republic, in a spot that had been a wilderness a hundred years before, immense white-hot ingots of steel, each one five or six times heavier than the Delhi pillar, were being flicked about as though they were cakes of soap. Here the molten metal was not carried in hand-dippers by sweating slaves, but in steel tank-cars hauled by locomotives. Here the power that moved the wheels and lifted the burdens was not a thousand half-naked laborers at the end of a rope, but the omnipotence of electricity at the end of a wire. Here there was the touch of a button, not the crack of a whip.

In Homestead fact has beaten fancy. The mechanic has outdone the poet! American days surpass the Arabian Nights. It is the dream of Archimedes come true. The tropical imagination of the East told of a flying carpet that could

lift and carry one or two people from place to place; but it could not conceive of the hand of a boy raising at once the whole population of a country. Yet at the Homestead works there is a hydraulic press which has power to lift up all the people in the State of Idaho. Compared to it, the hammer of Thor was a baby's plaything.

THE ERA OF MACHINERY

To describe all the processes in this amazing era of machinery would fill an encyclopedia; but here, for instance, is the story of a steel rail, made at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works. Starting at the ore yards, we see a vast pile of ore containing, perhaps, half a million tons. Near by are the bins for the coke and limestone. Properly mixed, these three materials go in a continuous stream of cars to a row of eleven big furnaces. The furnaces are insatiable monsters. They must be fed with ten tons every minute.

Every little while the furnaces are "tapped," and the molten iron flows into a train of small cars, which hurries off to the great mixer. This is a steel box on rockers. The cars are emptied into the mixer, which rocks up and down till the iron is all of one quality. Then a second train puffs up, receives a load of iron, about two hundred tons, from the mixer, and scurries away to four Bessemer converters. These blow iron into steel at the rate of four tons a minute.

The converters spout their steel into big ladles, which pour the spluttering fluid into molds, pushed into position on a third train. When the molds are filled, the train runs about fifty yards away and stops. As soon as the steel is cooled into red-hot ingots, they are taken out and put into gas ovens so that they will not become cold. From here, one at a time, they are jerked out and dropped upon a small electric car, which rushes them to the rollers to be squeezed into shape.

Back and forward they plunge through the rolls, which are operated very much as is the wringer of a laundry. Every time an ingot goes between the rolls it becomes longer and thinner. Soon it looks

like a flaming red worm, twisting and squirming to escape. Sparks splash from it as it writhes and springs savagely at the rolls. You notice that it is now a rail.

In a second it is switched to another track, and springs away as if it had succeeded in escaping from its tormentors. If it thinks so, it is mistaken. Two whirling saws cut off its ends, with a sudden shriek and blaze of fireworks. Steel hands grip it again and fling it through a cold rolling-machine, so that its surface may be hardened. Nothing now remains except to straighten it and drill holes in the ends. Its agony is ended.

No human hand has touched it, from beginning to end. The only hand labor is the drilling of the holes. As you follow it in its course you see very few workmen. Here and there you notice small switch-towers, in which are quick-eyed men. There are no swarthy Samsons. Most of the men are alert, but not muscular. The day of brute force has set.

Here is the secret of the profits. It is not the high tariff that has brought the millions into the steel treasuries, although the tariff was an indispensable aid up to fifteen years ago. It is not the exploitation of labor, nor the plunder of weaker capitalists, nor the watering of stock. It is not primarily the possession of vast natural resources, as Europeans claim. The secret of American supremacy in the steel business is in the application of intelligence to every department. Here the inventor is appreciated. The ability to invent and to improve has risen to the dignity of a profession. The man who would have been a puddler fifty years ago is to-day probably a machinist or an electrical expert.

The Carnegie company swept past all its competitors because it laid hold of these new forces of the nineteenth century. It focused the most energy and the most intelligence upon its business. It paid the highest price for brains. It hitched Ambition and Enthusiasm to its car. And, as we shall see in the next chapter, it staked all its men and all its millions on the future of steel, and won.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The remarkable career of Charles M. Schwab, and how he rose from a day-laborer's work to the presidency of the Steel Trust, will be told next month; also the romantic history of the forty young workmen whose faithfulness to Andrew Carnegie was rewarded by a shower of millions.

FIRE FIGHT FIRE

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

HARDLY had Dr. Deane Miller landed at the Dorian Club's boat-house to take on more supplies for the rest of his hunting-trip, when Merle, the pop-eyed negro boy, thrust into his hand a telegram marked "Rush."

Dr. Miller ripped open the envelope with a large, well-tanned forefinger, and this message flashed into his brain:

Come at once; stop for nothing; urgent operation; must have you. BENEDICT.

The doctor pursed his lips into a "Whee-e-ew!" of annoyed surprise, and shoved back his canvas hunting-cap. His curly hair—he hated it—lay heavily clustered on his forehead; his eyes ached with the sunlight and the glare of the Lower Bay; he was dog-tired all over. Decidedly this message did not please him. He turned it over meditatively, as if he might find on the other side some solution to the difficulties of a twenty-mile train-ride and a delicate operation at the other end, without even so much as a change of raiment; but the blank yellow paper offered him no counsel.

"Hang this!" he grumbled, striking the paper with his big left hand. "Hang it! Can't a fellow clear out for a couple of weeks to shoot ducks and try to forget a girl"—he groaned at certain memories—"without this sort of thing yanking him back to work again? If I was what she called me—a coward—I'd fake up some excuse, or say I never got the message; Merle, here, isn't above money and without price—but no, guess I'll have to cut for town."

Out came his watch. Twelve minutes to train-time—no, the electrics couldn't possibly do it.

"Here, Merle, you blackbird!" he commanded, weighing a half-dollar sug-

gestively in his broad palm. "You bring me a telegraph-blank and rustle me up a cab the quickest you ever did in your life! While it's coming, fix me a basket with sandwiches and a bottle of—no, I can't even have *that* if I'm to operate! Well, make it 'Pollinaris! Scoot, now, you calcined charcoal!"

II

DR. MILLER'S entrance into the operating-room of the Trall Hospital, clad in full khaki hunting-togs, with even his revolver and cartridges girded around his equator like the rings of Saturn, caused a flutter of consternation among the three prim nurses waiting beside the little glass and iron table. The Trall Hospital, private, sedate, conservative, maintained its dignity even in the face of life and death emergencies. Dr. Miller was, at times, a disturbing factor in its routine, though an absolutely indispensable one. The three nurses, not having been informed regarding the situation, exchanged scandalized glances.

"Where's Benedict?" demanded Miller curtly of Miss Willett, quelling the young women with a sweep of his eye—an eye which never yet had been disobeyed.

"Hullo, there, doctor!" answered a voice from the sterilizing-room. "I'm washing up. Say, but I'm glad you're here, though! Come on and scrub."

Miller strode through the door.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Trouble enough—patient's just being etherized now. I was never so relieved in all my life as when I got your wire saying you'd be here. Everything's figured out to a T. If you'd been late, though——"

Benedict looked around with a gri-

mace as he soused his hands in the third solution, preparatory to drying them on a sterilized towel.

"Who is it? What is it?" Miller persisted, the while he slipped his operating-tunic over his coat and took a handful of green-soap. He glanced sharply at the younger man, his class-mate of five years ago, now his assistant at the Trall.

"Young woman, about twenty-five or so," answered Benedict. "Didn't get the name very well, but I think she's from Hillingdon. No matter—she's a stranger here, anyway."

"Well, what's the difficulty?" interrogated Miller, a shade of impatience rising in his voice. The word "Hillingdon" recalled the bitter quarrel, the shame of being misunderstood, the curt dismissal—all the miserable affair which his hunting-trip had so signally failed to obliterate. "Well, what is it?"

"Aneurism of the left jugular."

"So?"

"Yes—rather unusual, eh?"

"I should say so. Badly distended?"

"Liable to end fatally any hour—been coming on for some time, but diagnosed as neuralgia or some such foolishness—very unfortunate error of some local doctor down there."

"Why didn't you call in Ferrell, or go ahead with it yourself?"

Benedict shook his head.

"No, no," he answered, "I thought we'd better wait for you. Don't want to throw bouquets, you know, but——"

"There now, that'll do!" grumbled Miller, rinsing his hands. Miller was impervious to compliments. Not even the fact that at twenty-nine, only four years out of college, he was already something of an authority on aneurisms, could upset his strictly impersonal attitude toward his own skill. "Everything all ready?" he went on. "Hemostats? Scalpels? Silver wire? Must have it very fine, you know—can't wrap a jugular with ship's cable!"

"You'll find everything correct," Benedict assured him. "There, she's being brought in now!"

The quiet opening of a door and the roll of rubber-tired wheels, joined with a sickish whiff of ether, heralded the introduction of the patient into the bright

glare of the operating-room. Miller heard a whispering and a shuffle of feet as the orderly and nurses laid the woman on the table; then a slight scraping noise told that they were dragging the instrument-stands into position. Benedict walked out to take his place; Miller gave his hands a last dip, a final drying, and followed him.

For a moment he did not see the face of the woman; then Miss Willett drew from it the sterilized cloth, and—Miller's heart gave a sick jump; all the blood in him seemed rushing to it, leaving his ruddy face as gray as winter's dawn. His stout knees trembled; and that steady hand of his, which had so often held the even balance between life and death—where was now its cunning? Little glistening diamonds of sweat came prickling out all over his forehead.

He stepped back into the sterilizing-room, shaking like a frightened child.

"Oh, Lord!" he gasped. "You—Isabelle! Benedict," he called a moment later, in a choking voice, "come out here!"

The assistant surgeon came to him.

"Say, Benedict, I—I——" stammered Miller. "Say, what does this mean? How did Isa—she—this patient get here? She—she—why——" He choked, stared, remained speechless.

"What in time's the matter with you?" questioned Benedict, alarmed. "Touch of sun?"

"No, no—nothing! Just tell me the—the circumstances, can't you?"

"Why, there's nothing much to tell. Got a telephone from Mrs. Dill, up there on Benton Avenue, you know, last night. Went up. Found she had a friend visiting from Hillingdon—this woman here. Pain in throat, abnormal pulsation, and all that sort of thing—made the examination—found the aneurism, that's all. Had her kept quiet till this morning—then brought here. Consultation. Decided to wire you on the chance—you said you'd be at the Dorian today. Well, you're here, and so's the patient—everything all right so far. Get it? Anything our of order? . . ."

"No, no, but——"

"But what? Here's your patient all anesthetized and waiting. It's up to



GATHERING UP THE UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN IN HIS STRONG ARMS, HE BEARS HER OUT OF THE
FIERCELY FLAMING PLACE

you now. If there's any irregularity anywhere, let it go till later. Professional etiquette—if that's it—can't stand in the way now! What's up, eh? You look like a cadaver, and that's a fact! Pull up, Miller, and come along out here!"

The assistant seemed to have taken control; Miller was, for a moment, as clay in his hands. But only for a moment; then he elbowed Benedict out through the door.

"All right," he said. "Get everything ready; I'll be there in a minute." He gripped his strong, sterile hands together so tight that the knuckles whitened under the tan; he clinched his teeth till the big jaw-muscles bunched like cordage. "Now, boy!"

III

DR. MILLER'S hand was steel and his eyes were as glass when he made the primary incision. His voice was even and low:

"Clip, here—now the scalpel—no, no, the other one—forceps—hold here—so—that's right!"

He was beginning one of the most curious, difficult, and dangerous operations known to surgery—that of exposing and wrapping with silver wire a weakened, swollen artery of vital importance. "Aneurism" is a word of dread; if one bursts, or if the surgeon's knife slips, cutting the distended walls—farewell!

Miller's knife did not slip; his hand, large and strong, held the keen scalpel with a fine precision of which an etcher might be jealous. His eyes did not wander higher than the patient's throat; all sense of her personality was gulfed in that almost mechanical accuracy, that nerveless, deliberate skill which from the beginning of his career had marked him as one of the few. His face, nevertheless, continued to be putty-gray, and the little diamonds on his forehead did not evaporate.

Benedict seconded him like the able assistant he was; Miss Willett stood at the head of the table, ether-cone in hand; the other two passed instruments, took them from their glass trays of solution, dropped them back, when used, into other solutions. Quiet brooded be-

neath the glare from the broad skylight—quiet except for the deep breathing of the patient, the clink of the instruments in their trays, or the cool words of the surgeon. The artery lay exposed.

"Now the wire!" commanded Miller; and Miss Schwenk, the second nurse, reached it to him with silver forceps.

"Brrrrrrrrrrrr!"

Through the hospital thrilled and vibrated a harsh electric gong, the gong that meant only one emergency—fire!

Benedict started nervously; the nurses shifted positions a trifle. Miller knitted his broad brows, but otherwise paid no more heed to the strident alarm than if it had been a summons to dinner. He looped the first strand of silver, dexterously introduced the second, then said impersonally:

"Lock the door, please, Miss Schwenk. Lock both doors!"

The nurse hesitated. Through the reek of ether an acrid odor of smoke had filtered into the windowless room; and over the skylight there was drawing something like a bluish veil. Far down the street jangled a faint distant clangor of bells, mingled with a thin wail of fire-engine whistles.

"Lock—the—doors!" repeated Miller, and this time his eyes were on Miss Schwenk.

She gave a nervous little giggle, quite unprofessionally feminine, and obeyed.

"Now bring me the keys," murmured the surgeon, bending to his work. "Lay them right here, please."

His glance indicated a little clear space on the operating-table. Miss Schwenk obeyed again.

"Thank you," said Miller courteously.

The operation continued, Miller icy-cool, the others beginning to fidget a trifle. The engines were drawing near; cries, shouts, hoarse bawlings sounded outside; they heard the clang of the chief's wagon hurling down the street; the clattering hoofs, the thundering wheels, as the great machines whirled on. A crowd was gathering—the noise welled up as the tide wells against a cliff-shore.

Some one rattled the handle of the operating-room door, screeched "Out!

Out! East wing's goin' fast!" and then rushed off down the corridor, where immense chaos reigned—whence came cries, groans, the sound of hurrying feet, screams of terror, as nurses and orderlies rushed the patients unceremoniously, in wheel-chairs or in their arms, over into the west wing, to temporary safety.

Then, over all that tumult from within and without, blared the hoarse whistle of the heating-plant—three long, bellowing blasts as from a brazen, tortured Minotaur—the signal of extreme emergency—"All out!" And at that sound the tumult waxed into a hurricane of rushing terror.

"Quiet, Miss Chase!" commanded Miller. "Ten minutes, and this patient can be moved—not before! Please sterilize this clamp!"

Calmly he made another loop with the silver wire. Thicker and thicker the smoke puffed in around the door which communicated with the corridor; across the skylight whirled a darkening veil. Miss Schwenk began to sob hysterically.

"Quiet! Quiet!" repeated the surgeon; but Benedict, pale to the lips, interrupted him:

"Really, Miller, this is——"

"Shh-h-h! Hold that hemostat!"

"But—but—five of us—we'll be cut off in——"

"Remember you're a surgeon!" was Miller's only answer, yet it covered Benedict's drawn face with a hot flush.

Outside, the engines were whirling and puffing; the tumult was that of a great concourse. Inside, the operating-room door was beginning to smoke; the air was thick and blue, difficult to breathe. The skylight was obscured; burning brands and cinders were whirling down upon it, faster and faster. It was growing dark.

"Miss Chase, the lights, please!" commanded Miller.

The wires, he knew, came in from the front, and were as yet intact. As Miss Chase clicked the switch-button, a bright, warm radiance filled the white-walled room. A louder shouting rose outside. The crowd, mistaking the glow from the skylight for the glare of fire, believed the operating-pavilion itself invaded.

Miller glanced up for an instant with contracted brows.

"You can go now," said he to the women. "Benedict and I can finish this alone. Get out as quick as you can, and shut the door after you, *tight!* Down the basement stairs and out through the laundry. Understand?"

Two of the nurses, with scared but grateful glances, took unceremonious leave. The key grated; footsteps pattered out through the sterilizing-room—then came a gush of smoke as the corridor door opened and closed. The iron stairs into the basement faintly echoed their running steps—they were gone.

"Well?" asked Miller, looking up and seeing Miss Willett still at the patient's head.

"I'll stay!" said she. "The pavilion won't cave in for five minutes yet, I'm sure—maybe more. I won't desert! Go on!"

She spoke rapidly, with the fever of a gambling chance in her eyes—eyes with dilated pupils and dark, inscrutable depths, that rested upon Miller with a look which no son of Adam ever misunderstands. Miller did not misunderstand—he simply did not care.

"Oh, very well, as you like," he answered. "But go any time you please; nothing but the dressings to do now."

"In that case," spoke up Benedict, "I'm going! You and she can finish all right—this place is afire now—it'll cave in any minute! Look at that door—burning! I'm off!"

He laid down the hemostat he was holding, stood up, and faced Miller defiantly, his face twitching, his eyes glittering in the electric glare; all around him curled and eddied the thickening smoke.

"Sit down!" said Miller. "Don't be a coward!" His firm hands made the last loop. "Don't let any one ever call you *that!* It hurts; I know! Hand me over those dressings now, and *sit down!*"

Benedict, with an oath, started for the door. As he came around the end of the operating-table, Miller, holding his needle in his left hand, flung back his tunic with the right and whipped out his long-nosed revolver.

"*You sit down!*" said he. "I've got

some fire of my own, right here, and it's quicker than what's outside, too! Take your choice—but remember I can't miss at such short range! There, that's right, I knew you'd be reasonable. Hand that tray of bichloride over here—I've got to sterilize my fingers. That gun's aseptic."

He dabbled his hand in the sublimate, carefully dried it on the sterile sheet, and started on the dressings. Benedict crouched in his chair beside the table, dazed, mechanical, obeying as a whipped dog obeys. Miss Willett, breathing hard, helped apply the collodion, the cotton, and the bandages.

The task was nearly done—the blazing corridor door was warping inward; thin little tongues of fire licked up along the panels. Outside reigned pandemonium as the fire spread—spread toward the west wing, unheeding the engines, which shook and sobbed and spat glowing cinders up into the smoky pall. The skylight, all drifted over with firebrands, was sagging, fusing; the air inside the operating-room seemed glowing like a furnace, in the electric glare. Then something shook and gave; a roar burst up into the sky; through the fire-shot smoke flared a glorious fan of radiance, and the multitude shouted hoarsely—the east wing had fallen in like a cardboard-house, and the brick operating-pavilion, with blazing roof and cracking walls, was standing alone in that carnival of flame.

"Hose, here *hose!*" the shout rang. "*Crash!*" went the skylight as a stream

hit it; down jingled and clattered a shower of glass, down soused a torrent of muddy water. Miller's big arms and body shielded the woman's face; smoke poured in, down, all about them—gray, greasy, strangling smoke.

"That blanket! That blanket!" cried Miller in a choking gasp. "There! Now, raise the shoulders! That's right! Now under—now over—so! . . ."

The woman lay wrapped, head and all, like a monster cocoon.

Smash! smash! The door from the etherizing-room trembles, breaks, gives—sharp spurs of firemen's axes splinter it, shatter the lock—the door breaks down—two, three firemen stumble in, heads muffled, axes in gloved hands.

"Out! Out!" they roar dully. "Only chance is through de winder out here in de nex' room! *Clear out!*"

One seizes Miss Willett and carries her off bodily through the curling smoke. Benedict, shielding his head with his hands, rushes out wildly. Then comes a sudden dash of waters all over Miller and the woman, as some other firemen get a line of hose up the ladder into the next room.

"Wait! Hold on!" yells Miller. "Turn that the other way!"

And gathering up in his strong arms, as if she had been a child, the unconscious woman who had branded him a coward, he bears her out of the now fiercely flaming place, through the window of the etherizing-room, down the swaying, smoking ladder.

THE CALL OF THE TROPICS

Out of the brazen city's clam'rous mouth
A message came to-day; methought I heard
A sudden song-burst from a hidden bird,
Far in some tropic island of the south.

What charm is there that on my spirit lies?
I know not now, but only that the day
And all the mocking glitter of Broadway,
Have faded even as a dream that dies.

While sweet and swift from out the years of yore
Some memory floats, a breath of palms, perhaps,
A parrot's cry, and then the distant lapse
Of dreaming sea-waves on a dreaming shore.

It is the tropics' call, and joy nor grief
Has power to bind me now, as forth I go
Far from the Northland with its storm and snow,
To stray heart-careless on a coral reef.

Walter Adolf Robert:

THE ENDURANCE LIMIT

BY W. BERT FOSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE RECKLESSNESS OF EDWY," ETC.

PARSONS came out of the big office building on Fourth Avenue smiling. He had smiled the fortnight before when Cameron "turned down" the novelette on which he had been at work the better part of six weeks. It was exactly the sort of story that Cameron usually liked; but unfortunately somebody had been ahead of Parsons with a somewhat similar idea.

"Try us again—try us again, Mr. Parsons!" the editor had said cordially.

Parsons had tried. He had spent this last fortnight in soul-sweating labor over a second manuscript, and—well, he was carrying it gingerly in his hand now as he came out of the building in which the offices of the *Week-End* were situated. There was a feeling at the back of his mind that he might as well drop the story—like a dead kitten—in the nearest refuse can.

There are some experiences which, months or years afterward, we can tell over again and laugh at their humor; at the time of their occurrence, however, they are tragic. It is tragic when a man has not eaten for thirty-six hours, has not a penny in his pocket, and carries in his hand a rejected manuscript which he had expected to bring him the wherewithal to hush the cravings of an insistent appetite and to satisfy the demands of a more than insistent landlord.

Parsons walked steadily, but involuntarily, toward his cheerless room, which, he felt confident, would not offer him shelter much longer. It was in a "studio" building; the landlord was accustomed to giving impecunious Bohemians a short shrift.

Parsons had been a year now in the city. They had all discouraged him at home. His brother had even intimated, perhaps not without some truth, that he

was leaving just at the opening of the spring in order to escape the farm work.

That drudgery *had*, heretofore, seemed depressing to Parsons. To-day, as he had passed the new-turned mold in Union Square, where the gardeners were getting the beds ready, he had remembered how fine a thing it used to be to go in from work with a healthy appetite and—have it satisfied. Not that he had any intention of giving up and going home! How Ben would laugh and chaff him, if he did. Still——

He had a vision of his sister-in-law's temptingly laid supper-table, and the remembrance was enough to bring the salt drops to his eyes and a lump to his parched throat.

"Good God!" he thought, clenching his hands. "I'm getting to be a baby. I couldn't go back—how'd I pay my fare home, anyway? I couldn't ask Ben for it."

He dropped into a chair, resting his elbows on the arms of the seat, and his head bowed in his hands. That gnawing in his stomach was terrible. He might find somebody to take this story that he had brought back. He knew it was a good one, only Cameron didn't want it. Yet Parsons hadn't the pluck to take it into a second office. He had pretty nearly reached the endurance limit.

Suddenly he saw a letter lying on the floor where the postman had pitched it, and stupidly read the card printed in the corner: "The New Century Reversible Collar, Princeton Building, New York." The words reminded him vaguely of something, or somebody, but he could not think what, or whom, until, on opening the envelope, he saw Gerry Birdsall's name signed at the bottom of the letter.

"Oh, Ben wrote me that Birdsall had

come on to New York to accept a good position. He's a hustler—he'll get along anywhere. Wish I were he," murmured Parsons.

A year before he would not have been guilty of wishing himself like the rather coarse and extremely volatile Gerry Birdsall. But the letter gave a new trend to his thought. He read it once carelessly; then he awoke to its meaning and devoured it with glistening eyes, while the color rose in his cheeks.

We are looking for short fiction of a high quality—not like that usually found in trade papers. We feel sure that you can supply some of these stories, and would consider it a favor if you would call upon us at your convenience—the sooner the better—when we can better explain our needs. Ask for our Mr. Birdsall.

At another time Parsons might have shrunk from writing for an advertising medium, pure and simple; but when a man's stomach cries out for food, it is no time for hesitation.

The Princeton Building was not five blocks away. When he had climbed the stairs just now it seemed as though he could hardly drag one foot after the other; but hope is a wonderful revivifier. These trade journals always paid fairly well, and promptly, too. He might have something—this very manuscript Cameron had refused to-day might do. Parsons bustled into his coat, seized the manuscript in question, and locked his door.

He trod the pavement with hopeful stride. It was not yet noon, and Birdsall was probably in his office. At the door Parsons halted a moment. The old hopelessness smote him again; but that was because of his physical condition. He crowded down the thought of his clamoring hunger, brushed an imaginary speck from his coat, settled his hat firmly on his head, and stepped briskly into the office of the New Century Reversible Collar Company.

The place had every appearance of a business that was outgrowing its quarters. Desks were crowded together, with narrow aisles between. An unbearable clatter of writing-machines smote upon his ear.

He saw Birdsall come hastily toward him from the other end of the long room.

The "hustler" looked much the same as formerly, though he had an air of increased prosperity, and even additional assurance.

"I didn't expect to hear from you so quickly, Parsons," he said cordially, offering his hand. "Got your address from Ben. Ben says you're doing well here. I've read some of your stories myself in the *Week-End*. That about the man who owned the pet alligator was great—*great!*" He laughed in his boisterous way at the remembrance of it. "We can't talk here. Can't hear ourselves think, much less talk. They'll give me a private office as soon as we get our new quarters on the next floor. I tell you, the business is booming."

"So it seems," observed Parsons, trying to show appreciation.

"Well, why shouldn't it?" demanded Birdsall in his belligerent way. "This collar of ours is a great thing. Not new—of course not. Nothing is new in this world. But people had forgotten the days of the old-fashioned reversible paper collar. We want to remind 'em of it. That's what I want you for—and some other bright fellows that can write."

"You are going to publish a trade paper?" asked Parsons tentatively.

"Better than that!" cried Birdsall, with another laugh. "It's a great idea; you'll say so yourself. I tell you what, Mr. Parsons. Are you in great haste? No? Suppose you go out to lunch with me? We can talk in the restaurant. It's noisy here. You'll come? All right! I'll be with you in a jiffy."

The room swam around Parsons as he stood there by the door waiting for Birdsall's return. A year ago he would have politely but firmly refused the invitation to lunch at Gerry Birdsall's expense. He did not like the fellow. It seemed a blackguard trick to eat with him under these conditions; but his will was not strong enough to say "No!"

II

TEN minutes later they were on opposite sides of a table in a quiet corner of the dining-room of a hotel, and the waiter had put the soup before them. Parsons ate it slowly, spoonful after spoonful, while Birdsall talked.

"No, it isn't a trade magazine. There's nothing in that. It's been worked to death. Nobody reads trade papers but the retail dealers. We've reached them—as well as we can. The thing is to make a demand for our collars. And I believe I've struck the right idea. There isn't a man of thirty in these United States—native-born, I mean—who won't remember the old-fashioned paper collar. To get the people to buy reversible collars, they've got to be reminded of them. Advertising is all very well; but there are many people on whom any sort of newspapers or poster advertising hasn't the least effect. Those are the people we wish to reach."

"I don't see——" began Parsons, letting the waiter remove the empty soup-dish.

"Don't see where you come in, eh?" asked Birdsall. "Well, I'll tell you. We want you—and some other writers, if we can get 'em—to write stories which will remind the readers of these collars. Not of the New Century Reversible Collar in particular. Oh, no! That wouldn't do at all. But the idea is to mention a reversible collar in the course of the story, in such a way that the reader will be reminded that there *is* such a thing. Do you see the point?"

"Why," murmured the hopeless Parsons, "I don't just understand how it can be done."

"Easiest thing in the world. A man with your powers of description should find no trouble at all. See here! That a manuscript you got there?" He eyed the envelope Parsons had laid upon the table. The latter nodded. "Sold it yet?" asked Birdsall bluntly.

"No," Parsons said, dry voiced.

"Let me read it, will you? I'll bet my idea could be worked into this very story. Why, I lay awake one whole night and planned how the reversible collar business could be worked into every story I had read for the past six months. Could have used it in that pet alligator story of yours. That was a good yarn, Parsons!"

He reached for the manuscript, and Parsons did not stay his hand. Birdsall neglected his luncheon while he perused the typewritten sheets swiftly. He evidently enjoyed the story, too, as Par-

sons could see when he raised his own eyes from his plate.

"Fine!" cried the advertising man. "Why, Parsons, here's the place right here. See where *Shabby* turns his wagon through the puddle so as to splash *Featherstone* with muddy water? The man isn't presentable to go to the deacon's house, and has to borrow a coat from the fellow trimming the hedge. You've got it here that he puts a silk handkerchief around his neck to hide his soiled collar. Just make that collar reversible—simplest thing in the world! Have to change only a few sentences. And this is a good story. You won't have any trouble selling it."

"But if I can change it, as you suggest, and should sell it to you, what would you do with it?" queried Parsons, again eager.

"That's the point!" cried Birdsall. "I'm not going to buy it of you. You're to sell it just the same, wherever you please. The better the class of magazine you get it into, the better you'll suit us, and—the bigger money we'll pay you for it."

"But you say you don't want to buy the story," said the mystified Parsons.

"You don't see it!" laughed Birdsall, enjoying his amazement. "You see, if we bought these stories and tried to dispose of them, the editors would be 'next' to the advertising of the collar at once. But you can sell the stories as usual, and we'll pay you a lump sum for each one published which mentions reversible collars. For instance, if you made the change I suggest in this story, and sold it to the *Week-End*, or to *Grassleaves*, we'd be willing to pay you twenty-five dollars. You'd get more than that from the editor, of course, and this would be in addition to your usual check."

Parsons gazed at him open-mouthed. "What do you think of it? How does it strike you?"

"It certainly is a great idea—and does you credit, Mr. Birdsall," Parsons finally said slowly. But the flush rose in his cheek. "Let me understand you. This matter of the reversible collars is to be a secret between you and me?"

"Sure!"

"The editors are not supposed to know it?"

"Of course not. If they knew it, they'd cut it out in a hurry. What they don't know won't hurt 'em."

"But I shall be buncoing them—isn't that it?"

"Nonsense! It's not really an advertisement. You don't mention the New Century. You might mention a man wearing a coat-shirt; that wouldn't advertise any particular brand of shirt, would it?"

Birdsall's laugh rang out again, but his eyes narrowed as he scrutinized Parsons' face. The other looked confused. A dozen thoughts flashed through his mind. Two returned with persistency. He had no money, and the landlord would not wait longer than to-morrow noon.

"You—you would pay me twenty-five dollars if I sold this story to *Grass-leaves*?" he asked. He was sure of selling the tale in that office, only he would have to wait for payment until publication.

"Well, ordinarily," said Birdsall slowly, "I wouldn't be allowed to give a check until the story appeared in the magazine. But I want you to do this. I want you to use the idea in this story. It's great! I tell you what, Parsons. If you'll make the change I suggest—perhaps you can do it better than the way I thought of—and show me the manuscript, I'll hand you the twenty-five—spot cash." He laughed again. "Is it a bargain?"

"I—I'll see," stammered Parsons.

Twenty-five dollars! It meant salvation to Parsons—food, shelter, a chance to pull himself together.

"Come, don't hesitate!" cried Birdsall. "All nonsense about its not being square. I wouldn't ask you to do anything underhanded. It's all right. Bring the story over to me in the morning, will you? I'll arrange for the twenty-five meanwhile—though you don't look as though you were short of 'the ready.' Ben said you were making money."

"I—I think I will do it, Mr. Birdsall," murmured Parsons. "Now—if you'll excuse me——"

The luncheon was over. Both rose.

"Jove, I didn't know it was so late! I must get back. I'll look for you in

the morning, bright and early, Parsons," said Birdsall, and shook hands again before he left the writer.

Parsons followed him out into the street. Somehow the sunshine seemed brighter, the air sweeter, the street more clean than when he entered the restaurant.

He turned toward his room again, gripping the manuscript story jealously. As he walked the change suggested by Birdsall evolved itself naturally in Parsons' mind. It was a simple thing to do—a very small thing, indeed.

"Really, it couldn't be called advertising," he muttered. "Nobody would suspect such a thing. Cameron—none of them would see the point. It certainly *is* a great idea. That Birdsall is a bright fellow, and no mistake!" His heart warmed toward the man. "And that food was good! Twenty-five dollars would be enough to set me on my feet again. I'm not down and out, after all! Ben evidently believes in me, too—good old Ben!"

He went on, muttering. By and by his step lagged. The flush went out of his cheek, and he forgot the luncheon which he had eaten. That is, his mind forgot it; his stomach was still grateful.

Certainly this scheme of selling an advertising story to an unsuspecting editor was not particularly nice. It was not just—well, in the highest sense, perhaps, honorable. But then——

"Pshaw! Somebody else will snap at it if I don't," Parsons told himself. "I needn't do it after this once, if I don't want to. Twenty-five dollars! Ye gods and little fishes!"

He groaned, going on with his head down, and so reached the house and climbed wearily to his room again. An Italian boy was going from studio to studio, selling bunches of lilacs—the first spring flower that comes to New York. A whiff of this reminded Parsons of the great bush by the back door at home. They would be just blooming now.

"Guess old Ben—and Mary—would be glad to see me," he thought.

But he sat down before his table, opened the manuscript, found the place where *Featherstone* meets with his unfortunate accident, and took up his pen.

Easy enough to change it. It would not hurt the look of the manuscript much. But then——

For some minutes he sat there with the pen hanging fire. Then, desperately, he began to change the text of his story.

Yet, now and then, he stopped, and his mind wandered from the tale. When it was done there were two pages somewhat marred by erasures and re-written words and phrases. Ordinarily he would have let them go; but it smote him that the editor of *Grassleaves* might suspect something.

He moved over to his typewriter and rapidly re-copied the two sheets. After reading them for errors, he inserted the sheets in the story in their proper place. Nobody would suspect now!

"Suspect!" Parsons groaned again. "It's a dirty trick!" he muttered. Then he sat far into the evening, without a light in the room, and fought it out.

Before the house-agent's appearance in the morning, such small possessions as he had, with his typewriter, were placed under the care of a fellow-lodger in the house.

"I'm going home for a while," Parsons told him. "Going to take a vacation—a walking tour, I reckon. When the spring comes I always get the *wanderlust*."

"Lucky devil!" exclaimed the hard-

working Bohemian, in whom he confided. "Wish I had the luck with my pictures that you have with your stories, Parsons."

Parsons dropped two letters into the box on the corner, using his last two stamps. One was to the landlord, promising to pay his accrued room rent as soon as possible. The other was to Birdsall, at the New Century Reversible Collar Company.

"Dear sir," the latter read, "I have decided that I shall be unable to accept your kind offer of yesterday, as I start on a little jaunt to-day—a much-needed vacation—and may not be in town again until fall."

"That's just like these independent writer chaps," grumbled Birdsall when he received the note. "I guess Ben was right. His brother must be making money."

That evening, some miles beyond the confines of the city, a dusty and travel-worn young man was leaning over a farm-gate.

"Well, you look honest," the farmer was saying, in reply to Parsons' carefully worded request. "Come in and help with the chores, cut a little wood in the morning, and you're welcome to a blanket in the barn and supper and breakfast. Walkin' far?"

"I'm going home," said Parsons.

HOME

A DISTANT river, glimpsed through deep-leaved trees.
A field of fragment flint, blue, gray, and red.
Rocks overgrown with twigs of trailing vines,
Thick-hung with clusters of the green wild-grape.

Old chestnut groves, the haunt of drowsy cows,
Full-uddered kine, chewing a sleepy cud;
Or, at the gate, around the dripping trough,
Docile and lowing, waiting the milking-time.

Lanes where the wild rose blooms, murmurous with bees;
The bumblebee tumbling his frowsy head,
Rumbling and raging in the bellflower's bells,
Drunken with honey, singing himself asleep.

Old in romance, a shadowy belt of woods;
A house, wide-porched, before which sweeps a lawn
Gray-boled with beeches and where elder blooms;
And on the lawn, whiter of hand than milk,
And sweeter of breath than is the elder bloom,
A woman with a wild rose in her hair.



JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston

THE CANADIANS IN THE UNITED STATES

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE AMERICANS WHO HAVE COME TO US FROM OUR NEIGHBOR COUNTRY, THE GREAT DOMINION OF CANADA—THE QUALITIES THAT BRING THEM TO THE FRONT, THEIR MORAL INFLUENCE UPON OUR NATIONAL LIFE, AND THEIR SUCCESS IN MANY CALLINGS

THERE are about fifteen hundred thousand Canadians in the United States—or nearly three millions, if we count those of Canadian descent. No one knows the exact number, for the friendly reason that they are allowed to come and go as they please. So far as our Immigration Bureau is concerned, Canada is prac-

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the seventh in a series of articles on the leading races that have contributed to the making of the United States. The first paper, on "The Jew in America," appeared in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for January; the second, on "The Sons of Old Scotland," in the February number; the third, on "The Germans in America," in the March number; the fourth, on "The Irish in America," in the April number; the fifth, on "The English in America," in the May number; and the sixth, on "The French in America," in the June number.

Next month's article will be on the Scandinavian races, including the Swedes, the Norwegians, and the Danes. Other important nationalities will be treated later, including the Welsh, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Italians, and, finally, the Americans.



ALFRED LUCKING, FORMERLY CONGRESSMAN
FROM MICHIGAN

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit



PHILIP PITT CAMPBELL, CONGRESSMAN FROM
KANSAS

From a photograph by Prince, Washington

tically the forty-sixth State of the Union. Whatever barriers now remain along the boundary are erected only against the commodities of commerce, not against the

men and women of either country. Of all the peoples of the world, the Canadians are the only ones who are permitted to enter the United States unchallenged.



JAMES T. MCCLEARY, CONGRESSMAN FROM
MINNESOTA

From a photograph by Bell, Washington



JAMES A. HUGHES, CONGRESSMAN FROM WEST
VIRGINIA

From a photograph by Doxter, Huntington

At the magic words, "Native Canadian," all our doors fly open and all our door-keepers step aside.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS

The fact that Canadians are our fellow Americans, in the larger sense, is being recognized more clearly every year.

We have lived at peace with Canada for nearly a century, but we have never before been so neighborly as we are to-day. The tide of emigration and capital is flowing both ways. A hundred and fifty thousand of our Western farmers and their families have recently been drawn across the border by offers of cheap



JACOB H. GALLINGER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

From a photograph by Kimball, Concord, New Hampshire

Our Post-Office Département has united the two countries in the bonds of postal matrimony, so that letters and money-orders are carried across the line at domestic rates. Two hundred and fifty passenger trains a day, on sixteen railroads, run back and forward like shuttles and weave the two halves of the continent together. To find the total daily traffic, which has increased wonderfully in the last few years, we must add three hundred electric cars and about seven hundred passenger vessels of all sorts.

land; and since 1900, so says a Montreal banker, our capitalists have invested twenty-five millions in Canadian enterprises. Uncle Sam has learned to regard Miss Canada as one of his best customers. Last year, for instance, her business at his store amounted to more than three million dollars a week, which was eleven per cent of his total sales to outside purchasers.

We cooperate with the Canadians in all manner of enterprises. We trade our steel for their lumber, and our cotton for

their cheese. We recuperate at their summer resorts, while they never miss our world's fairs. We send them plays and they send us lectures. We read the books of Sir Gilbert Parker and Charles W. Gordon; and they, having few magazines of their own, read ours to such an extent that every American magazine of the first class keeps its Canadian constituency constantly in mind.

If it were not for the French Canadians, the wheels would stop in scores of the New England factories and cotton-mills. Until recently these thrifty and industrious people were not a permanent element in our population. They came and went over the border like flocks of birds. But now many of them are settling down and becoming American citizens, although they cling tenaciously to their French language and their conservative ways. They point with pride, as they should, to the fact that the brilliant premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is of their race.

From a list of more than two hundred names of eminent Canadians now living in the United States—a list carefully compiled for this article—it appears that the principal human exports of Canada are professors, preachers, doctors, and au-



THOMAS KEARNS, FORMERLY UNITED STATES
SENATOR FROM UTAH

From a photograph by Chase, Salt Lake City

thors. All four might, however, be properly classed under the head of authors, for with scarcely an exception the professors, preachers, and doctors have launched at least one little vessel upon the sea of literature. Owing, perhaps, to the strong Scottish influences in the land of his early training, a Canadian has invariably a high reverence for learning. Go where you will among the Scotch-English Canadians, and you will find, even in the poorest homes, a little shelf of books. To be an author, to write a book of merit and power, is the typical Canadian ambition.

CANADIAN-AMERICAN EDUCATORS

Among the thirty-eight professors in this list, the one who stands easily at the head is Jacob G. Schurman, who has been for fourteen years the president of Cornell. In all respects he is a representative Canadian of the highest type. All his honors, and they have been many, President Schurman owes to himself. His first glimpse of the world was from the windows of a little farmhouse on Prince Edward Island. At thirteen he was the errand-boy of the village store. Then his mind awoke and he swept everything before him in half a dozen colleges, rising from post to post until he became the



THE LATE MARTIN T. McMAHON, JUDGE OF THE
NEW YORK COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS

From a photograph by Anderson, New York

head of one of the great American universities. And to say that Jacob Gould Schurman is a university president is not enough. He has grown to be a moral force in public affairs—one of the few men who may rightly be called the spokesmen of the national conscience.

The "grand old man" among the professors is one who holds the doctor's degree of sixteen universities, and who is the only American since Franklin to be an associate of the Institute of France—Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer. For fifty-two years Professor Newcomb has taught the American people the story of the stars, and he is still at work on cosmic problems in his Washington home. He is the oldest on our Canadian list, and Professor Robert K. Duncan, who has been called the American Huxley, is the youngest. Professor Duncan has become known as one of our most optimistic scientists since the publication of his book "The New Knowledge."

Others who have risen above the rank and file of professorship are James T. McCleary, an educator whose work was so highly appreciated by the people of Minnesota that they sent him to Congress as a reward; James A. McLean, president of the University of Idaho;



ELGIN R. L. GOULD, FORMERLY CITY CHAMBERLAIN OF NEW YORK

From a photograph by Pash, New York

James Reid, president of the Montana State College; J. E. LeRossignol, of the University of Denver; George Neil Stewart, Frank R. Lillie, and L. F. Barker, of Chicago University; James P. McMurrich and James A. Craig, of the University of Michigan; Silas M. MacVane, of Harvard; James E. Creighton, of Cornell; F. H. Sykes, of Columbia; and Henry R. Fairclough, of Leland Stanford. It was recently stated that twenty-four of the professors in Chicago University are Canadians.

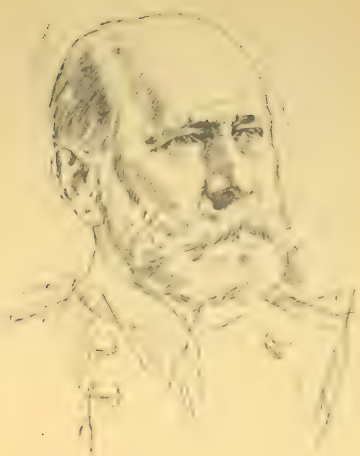
THE CANADIAN CONSCIENCE

Following closely after the thirty-eight professors come thirty-one preachers. Learning and religion, apparently, are to Canadians the two most important things in life. They have always had the reputation of being a serious people, who put their duties first and their privileges second. On the humorous side they are deficient, and freely admit it. "We have a national antipathy to a joke," says the *Canadian Magazine*. In her whole history, Canada has produced but one humorist of wide reputation—Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, who wrote under the name of Sam Slick. Even he, when his fame as a humorist was established,



JOHN MACVICAR, FORMERLY MAYOR OF DES MOINES, IOWA

From a photograph by Webster, Des Moines



BRIGADIER-GENERAL MICHAEL R. MORGAN, A
MEMBER OF GRANT'S STAFF DURING
THE CIVIL WAR

From a photograph by Zimmerman, St. Paul

fled to England for the remainder of his life.

Imagine a land of nearly four million square miles, and not one comic paper! If a Canadian writer does pen a humorous article in a moment of weakness, he is obliged to send it out anonymously. If he confesses his guilt, the consequences are sometimes serious. Recently a professor in an Ontario college, so a Canadian editor tells me, wrote a witty story for a New York magazine. As soon as it appeared, he was solemnly requested to send in his resignation.

The reason for their gravity is plain to see. To the Canadians life is not a song and dance. It is a hand-to-hand struggle against stern natural forces—against immense forests, swift rivers, long winters, and vast lonely spaces of land and lake. Nature, wherever they meet it, has no comic aspect, and the shady side of the street is the widest. They are consequently a serious people, well fitted to be teachers of the lighter-minded; and there are to-day hundreds of earnest preachers scattered up and down the United States whose characters were molded in Canadian homes. The Canadian conscience, in fact, has become an important moral fac-

tor in this country; and scarcely a month passes that some Canadian prophet of the higher life does not thunder against wrong-doing as he sees it.

CANADIANS IN THE PULPIT

The most widely known of the Canadian preachers is Bishop Charles H. Fowler, who has added to the strength of the Methodist Church not only in this country, but in Europe, Asia, and South America as well. Another minister of the same faith, popularly known several years ago as "President McKinley's pastor," is the Rev. Hugh Johnston, now at the head of his denomination in Baltimore. Joseph F. Berry, also a Methodist bishop, James H. Potts, one of Detroit's pulpit orators, and Edmund M. Mills, of New York, are also Methodist preachers of wide reputation. The latter has the unique fame of having beaten all records in the raising of money for religious purposes. Seven years ago he was appointed to accomplish the apparently impossible task of collecting twenty million dollars as a Twentieth Century Thank-Offering Fund, and actually succeeded in gathering together the whole amount, with nearly a million more for good measure.



SILAS M. MACVANE, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY
AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

From a photograph by Pach, Cambridge

Two of the most eminent leaders of the Roman Catholic Church are Canadians by birth—Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, and Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco. So are four bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church—C. P. Anderson, of Chicago; A. L. Williams, of Nebraska; W. W. Niles, of New Hampshire; and P. T. Rowe, of Alaska. Two

Dr. Ball is still president of Keuka College, New York, which was established by him in 1892. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, too, the most prominent Baptist pastor in New York, and author of a score of books, is an Americanized Canadian.

In the Presbyterian body the two most conspicuous ministers are F. R. Beattie, of



SIMON NEWCOMB, THE FAMOUS ASTRONOMER, ONE OF THE FOREMOST
AMERICAN SCIENTISTS

From a photograph by Bachrach, Washington

other Episcopal clergymen on our list who have been in the public eye are W. A. Crawford-Frost, who is now an instructor at the Baltimore Medical College, and Braddin Hamilton, whose outspoken sermons in a Newport church made one of the year's sensations in 1900.

Among the Baptist ministers of Canadian lineage the most picturesque figure is the venerable George H. Ball, now nearly ninety years of age, who was one of the charter members of the Republican party.

Louisville, and Robert F. Coyle, of Denver; and in the Congregational denomination Joseph H. George, president of a theological college in Chicago, and Philip S. Moxom, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who has been a moral force in the New England States for many years.

CANADIAN LEADERS IN MEDICINE

Coming to the doctors, of whom there are twenty-four on our list, the one who has undeniably caused the greatest amount

of Discussion during the past twelve months is William Osler, who recently became regius professor of medicine at Oxford after sixteen years' service at Johns Hopkins. Canada gave us Osler, and Osler has given us so many new and startling ideas that we scarcely know whether to place him among the philosophers or the humorists. With regard

The oldest doctor on the list is Charles H. Shepard, of Brooklyn, eighty-one years of age, to whom is due the credit of having built in 1863 the first Turkish bath establishment in America. The most learned doctor is J. C. Webster, of Chicago, if we may judge him from the thirteen academic letters after his name; and the most traveled one is a lady—Mrs.



WILLIAM OSLER, FOR SIXTEEN YEARS PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

From a photograph by Hills & Saunders, Oxford

to his facetious suggestion that people should consider their usefulness ended at forty, and should be chloroformed at sixty, this at least may be said—that Dr. Osler himself is now fifty-seven; that two of his brothers, older than himself, hold important places in Canadian public life; and that his mother is still hale and hearty in her ninety-ninth year.

Saleni Armstrong-Hopkins, who has a long record of medical work accomplished in India as well as in several States of the Union. Dr. Wolfred Nelson, of New York, is one of the world's leading authorities on tropical diseases; as is Dr. Thomas P. Hall, of Chicago, on the medical uses of electricity. Others, whose names are beacon-lights in their profes-



THE MOST REV. JAMES E. QUIGLEY, ROMAN
CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO

From a photograph



THE REV. CHARLES H. FOWLER, METHODIST
EPISCOPAL BISHOP

From a photograph by Garber, New York

sion, are Sanger Brown and John R. Kippax, of Chicago; E. J. A. Rogers, of Denver; Walter Courtney, of Minnesota; and three in California—Daniel McLean,

William F. McNutt, and D. W. Montgomery.

Right here a word should be said in appreciation of Canadian nurses. For the



THE RIGHT REV. CHARLES P. ANDERSON, PRO-
TESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF CHICAGO

From a photograph by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler, Chicago



THE REV. ROBERT S. MACARTHUR, A PROMI-
NENT BAPTIST CLERGYMAN OF NEW YORK

From a photograph by Tush, New York

past fifteen years or more these northern girls have been doing the greater part of the work in our hospitals. They are nurses by nature, it seems. In New York or Chicago, when a doctor is telephoning for a nurse, he will often say, "Send a Canadian"; as the general impression is that Canadian nurses have the steadiest nerves and are the most reliable.

CANADIANS IN PUBLIC LIFE

The men of Canadian birth who sit under the gavel of Speaker Cannon are from widely distant parts of the country. James A. Hughes is from West Virginia; Duncan E. McKinlay from California; P. P. Campbell from Kansas; and James T. McCleary from Minnesota. Alfred Lucking, who was a member of the last Congress, hails from Detroit. The latter city, which has always been a favorite with Canadians, was also the home of the late Senator James McMillan, a man of great force and liberality.

In the United States Senate we find Jacob H. Gallinger, who has represented New Hampshire for fifteen years. Ex-Senator Thomas Kearns, too, now one of Utah's foremost men of capital, was born on a little farm near Woodstock, Ontario.

When statesmen of Canadian birth are the subject of conversation, Iowans invariably point out John MacVicar, who is not only a former mayor of Des Moines, but also the head of the League of American Municipalities. He is the mayor of the mayors, as we might say. Kansans tell you of the Populist leaders, Mrs. Annie L. Diggs and the late Congressman Jerry Simpson. And New Yorkers who are in touch with recent political changes call

attention to William B. Ellison, the new gas commissioner whose office is just now a storm-center of reform.

SOLDIERS, ENGINEERS, AND LAWYERS

In war as well as in peace the Canadians have stood by us, though to a less degree. They are too humane and too level-headed to become military enthusiasts; but when the Union was in danger, forty thousand of them left their homes to wear the blue. Our two most distinguished Canadian-born soldiers are

Brigadier-General Michael R. Morgan, of St. Paul, who was on Grant's staff in Virginia, and Colonel James G. C. Lee, now in Texas, who also did good service with the Army of the Potomac, and who was chief quartermaster of the Department of the Lakes when he retired six years ago.

Coming to engineers, we find not so many, but they are of high rank. There are James Douglas, who has twice been president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and is now the pres-

ident of the New York Canadian Society; George H. Frost, founder of the *Engineering News*, of New York; Joseph P. Frizell, who knows more about hydraulic engineering than any other man in Boston, and John A. L. Waddell, of Kansas City, whose work at the Tokio University earned him the title of knight commander of the Order of the Rising Sun.

In law, as in medicine and theology, there are so many that we can do no more than name a few who are typical of the rest. To represent the far West, we may nominate Judge Merritt J. Gordon, of Spokane. In the Middle States we may choose three—David S. Wegg, of Chicago, ex-president of the Northern Pa-



PALMER COX, CREATOR OF "THE BROWNIES"

From a photograph by Davis & Eickemeyer, New York

cific Railroad; Chief Justice William A. Johnston, of Kansas; and Judge H. R. Brill, of St. Paul. And to represent the East, we may suggest the names of five—Judge Ashley M. Gould, of Washington; Judge John M. Davy, an ex-Congressman of Rochester; and John Hall Deane, Stillman F. Kneeland, and the late Judge Martin T. McMahon, of New York. If it had not been for the effective work of the last-named, the disgrace of the debtors' prison might still exist in the Empire State.

CANADIAN ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

Moving ahead to the dramatic profession, we are surprised to find a large group of Canadians whose names are almost as familiar as the names of our States. In Canada, the theater has always been less popular than the church. Speaking generally, the people are sober-minded, practical, and non-emotional. They prefer a lecture to a comic opera. And yet they have given us Clara Morris, who stood unrivaled in emotional rôles, and Margaret Anglin, upon whom the mantle of the elder actress seems to have fallen.

As I said before, Canada is a land without a humorist, yet it has sent us May



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, POET, NOVELIST,
AND HISTORIAN

From a photograph by Pirie McDonald, New York



AGNES C. LAUT, THE NOVELIST OF THE
CANADIAN NORTHWEST

From a photograph

Irwin, "the woman who makes you laugh"; Marie Dressler, one of the funniest of burlesque actresses; and May Robson, whose character work has lifted her to the front rank as an entertainer. James K. Hackett, a typical representative of the romantic school, made his first appearance on life's stage in Canada. So did the dainty Christie McDonald; the queenly Julia Arthur, now in private life; Eugene Cowles, the basso, who is best remembered as *Will Scarlet* in "Robin Hood"; and the famous prima donna Albani, who was so well known to American audiences a generation ago.

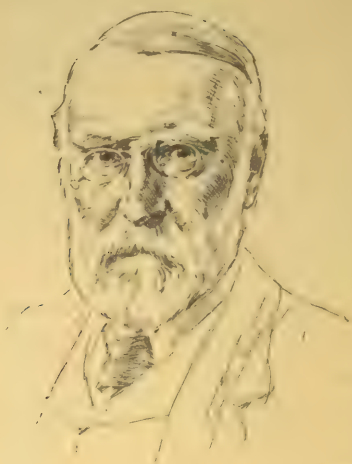
IN LITERATURE, ART, AND JOURNALISM

Canada sends us poets, too, from underneath her cold gray sky. She kindled the divine fire in Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts. She inspired the tragic prose-epics of Norman Duncan, from whom we are learning to expect the highest work. And she planted the seeds of imagination in the brain of Palmer Cox, the creator of the comical *Brownies*. To this artistic group we may add one of our most promising novelists, Miss Agnes C. Laut, who first learned the art of storytelling amid the prairies and mountain-ranges of northwestern Canada; Alex-



JAMES I. BUCHANAN, BANKER AND BUSINESS-MAN OF PITTSBURGH

From a photograph by Savory, New York



JAMES DOUGLAS, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CANADIAN SOCIETY

From a photograph by Gessford, New York

ander Phimister Proctor, the New York sculptor; and Horatio Walker, a painter whose studies of peasant life qualify him for the title of the Canadian Millet.

Seeing that Canadians take as naturally to ink as ducks to water, we are not astonished to find them among the newspaper men of all States. In New Haven, everybody knows Alexander Troup, founder of the *Union*. Frank F. Peard is equally well known in Syracuse. Slason Thompson is a familiar name in Chicago. Professor Thomas Shaw wields the blue pencil on the *Farmer*, in Minneapolis. New York has Herbert F. Gunnison, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*; Acton Davies, dramatic critic of the *Evening Sun*; and James Creelman, the war correspondent. One Canadian pen-pusher, Hubert P. Whitmarsh, went to the Philippines several years ago to write magazine articles and acquired such a grasp of the situation that he is now governor of a province in that region.

As far as newspaper men are concerned, there has never been any boundary between the two countries. The greatest of all Canadian journalists, George Brown, founder of the *Toronto Globe*, learned his profession in New York. The versatile editor of the *Toronto Saturday*

Night, E. E. Sheppard, was educated in West Virginia and received the finishing touches in Texas. The Canadian press cannot accuse us of taking away its cleverest writers without giving back something in return.

IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

At our own favorite game of business, the Canadians take away the big prizes with remarkable frequency. Every American railroad has its corps of Canadians in places of responsibility. That railway Napoleon of the Northwest, James J. Hill, laid the solid foundations of his towering career in Ontario. His parents were Irish; but he himself knew no country except Canada until he was sixteen years old. What Hill has done for himself and for the United States sounds like a tale of Rome in its heroic days. When President Pierce was in the White House, young Hill was unloading freight on a Red River boat. To-day, he is the master of six thousand miles of railway and of as much iron ore as would keep the Steel Trust busy for twenty years or longer.

Two lesser leaders in the railroad world—Alfred Sully, of New Jersey, and Nicholas Monsarrat, of Ohio—got their

first childhood impressions of railways in Canada. The late Samuel R. Callaway, too, who was for years the president of the New York Central, took his earliest lessons in railroading on the Canadian Grand Trunk. In part payment of our debt to Canada for railway men, we have

Wallace Downey, whose firm built a famous yacht for the German Emperor; and the oldest is William W. Bates, who is now in Denver, enjoying the autumn of a fruitful life.

At the head of the Fuller Construction Company, which holds a world-wide rep-



JAMES J. HILL, THE GREAT RAILROAD-BUILDER OF THE NORTHWEST

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

given her Sir William C. Van Horne, whose name is so inseparably connected with the Canadian Pacific, and Charles M. Hays, of the Grand Trunk.

In shipping, as well as in railroading, the Canadians have been conspicuous. Their prowess as yachtsmen is known in every American city on the Great Lakes. The founder of the Cunard line—whose son, Sir Edward Cunard, lived for thirty years in New York—began life as the son of a poor mechanic in Nova Scotia. Among living ship-builders, the one who stands most centrally in the limelight is

utation as the champion builder of skyscrapers, is Harry St. Francis Black, who was born and educated in the little college town of Coburg, in Ontario. The Flatiron Building, by the way, stands as the most imposing monument to the skill of this company. In Maine, every one knows E. T. Burrowes, of Portland, both as a manufacturer and as a prohibitionist. In Cleveland, there are two Canadian business men in the front rank—Ryerson Ritchie, at one time president of the Chamber of Commerce, and George T. Worthington, who is the owner of fifty



CLARA MORRIS, THE MOST FAMOUS EMOTIONAL
ACTRESS OF HER DAY ON THE
AMERICAN STAGE

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

quarries or more. In Salt Lake City, we find William S. McCornick in the front row of bankers. Pittsburghers point to J. I. Buchanan, who is not only the head of the Pittsburgh Trust Company, but of half a dozen other big enterprises as well. And New Yorkers, when Mayor Low sat in the City Hall, became very familiar with the name of E. R. L. Gould, the city chamberlain. Mr. Gould may be described as a professor who evolved into a man of affairs, and who has become one of the most useful citizens of New York. His greatest achievement has been in making it possible for hundreds of families with small incomes to own their own homes in the suburbs.

There are two Canadian-born pioneers of the Wisconsin lumber business whose lives present a remarkable parallel—Alexander Stewart and Isaac Stephenson. Both men were born in 1829 in New Brunswick. The parents of both were poor. Both went to Wisconsin. Both became lumber-dealers. Both got rich. Both became Republicans and rose in the political world. Both were elected to Congress. Both are still alive and active, at seventy-seven years of age. And these

two veterans, with twin careers, are now living in small Wisconsin towns a hundred miles apart.

THE TIES OF TWO KINDRED NATIONS

Such, in brief, are the types of Americans we get from Canada. No doubt I have omitted many who are as eminent as these. In proportion to her population, Canada has perhaps been more generous to us than any other country, with the exception of Ireland. There are comparatively few families in Canada which have not given at least one citizen to the United States.

A striking statement, illustrating this point, was recently made by J. S. Willison, editor of the *Toronto News*, in a speech delivered before the Canadian Society of Boston. Mr. Willison said:

I am one of a family of six, all born on Canadian soil and of British stock. For many years my two sisters have lived in one of the border States, the wives of Canadians who are American citizens. One brother settled long ago on the sunny slopes of California. The other two have made their homes in one of the Western agricultural States. All are American citizens. My father lives under this flag. My good old mother is taking her long sleep



JAMES K. HACKETT, AN ACTOR WHO IS A FAVORITE IN ROMANTIC ROLES, AND WHO IS ALSO A MANAGER

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus

beneath the sod of your Western prairie. All over my country there are men and women who have just such close and cherished relations with citizens of this republic.

The Canadians have intermingled with us to such an extent that we do not now regard them as foreigners. In fact, our relations with Canada have become almost ideal. Nowhere else in the world are there two countries which live side by side with less friction or more good-will and friendly intercourse.

Hundreds of Canadian students are attending our colleges and universities, not because of any inferiority in their own institutions of learning, but in order that they may have a broader outlook upon life in general. In the past seventy-five

years, nine hundred Canadians have graduated from Harvard alone.

We reciprocate by flocking in thousands to the magnificent summer resorts of Canada. We fish in the lakes of Muskoka and sail upon the rivers of Quebec. In short, there is no people with whom we are so intimate, with whom we feel so thoroughly at home, as with our neighbors who inhabit the northern half of this mighty continent.

Looking ahead, there is not even the smallest cloud on the horizon. The prosperity of each country is a help and a satisfaction to the other. In the long future, as in the present, we shall both continue to work out the problems of self-government, and to press along every road that slopes upward to a higher civilization.

THE STRONG

*Across the world and back again,
And up and down the sea,
Press on the daring, dauntless men,
Brave-hearted and foot-free.*

WHEN the earth was filled with riot and rage
In the first gray light of morn,
From the iron strength of an iron age
A wonderful race was born.
As a weakling wolf by its mates is torn,
They worried the lesser tribe
Till alone they stood in their manlihood,
Alert and unsatisfied.

And in open battle each wooed his mate
With a slaughter and flame and mirth;
And their love was great as the might of hate,
When the red ranks guess its worth.
And their sons were blooded before their birth
And strong on the days they died;
And like son and son sprang they still each one,
Alert and unsatisfied.

And never and never their race shall die,
Though a new breed comes apace
Who are listless of foot and soft of eye,
With a woman's fear and face.
For in no one land lies the old clan's place,
But, masters of space and tide,
Do they force them bold to the earth's last hold,
Alert and unsatisfied.

When the world was filled with riot and wrath
Came they who were unafraid,
And their strength has blazoned the utmost path
Where the limits of man are laid.
Faithful and fearless and undismayed
When the weakling's doom is cried,
Shall the Lord delight in his men of might,
Alert and unsatisfied.

Theodosia Garrison



SHE LOOKED UPON ME, AND FEAR CAME INTO HER FACE

[See story "The Look in the Face," page 489]

THE LOOK IN THE FACE

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

"IT will make me glad to tell you about a man whom I wished to kill," said Half-a-Day, puffing at his pipe, and handing it to me, "for we have looked upon each other through pipe-smoke and eaten meat out of the same kettle. We are brothers, though our faces are not the same."

We sat beside the lodge-fire, my brown friend and I. He had the keen, hawk face, and his eyes stared through the flame down a trail I could not see.

"Many winters and summers ago I was young. I am slow now, and I am looking much to the ground when I walk; for," he continued, "I am going there soon. I can see the face of Paezha, the Flower, the one daughter of Douba Mona, for my eyes have grown young a little while to-night. Paezha was not so big as the other squaws, and could never be so big, because she was not made for building teepees and carrying wood and water. She was small and good to look upon, like some of your white sisters. And there was no face in all the village of my people like hers. Her feet touched the ground like a little wind from the south, they fell so lightly; her body bent easily like a willow. I think her eyes were like stars!"

I smiled, because the simile has be-

come so trite among us white lovers. But Half-a-Day saw me not; he looked down the long trail that leads back to youth, the trail no feet can ever follow twice.

"And I looked upon her face," continued Half-a-Day, "until I could see nothing else—not the sunup nor the sundown nor the moon and stars. Her face became a medicine face to me; because I was young and she was good to see. Also, I was a poor young man. My father had few ponies, and her father had as many as one could see with a big look, hand at brow. But I was strong and proud; and in the long nights I dreamed of Paezha, till one day I said:

"'I will have her, and I will fight all the braves in all the villages before I will give her up. Then afterward, I will get many ponies.'

"So one evening, when the meat boiled over the fires, I went down to the big spring in the valley, and hid in the grass; for Paezha brought cold water to her father in the evenings, carrying it in a little kettle smaller than your head-cover, for she was not big. I lay waiting. I could not hear the running of the spring water nor the wind in the willows, because my heart sang so loud.

"I heard a step—and it was Paezha. She leaned over the spring and looked

EDITOR'S NOTE—In connection with this story of the Omaha Indians, it may be worth while to quote from a letter written by Dr. Susan La Flesche Picotte, who is a daughter of Estamaza (Iron-Eye), the last chief of the Omahas.

"As a race," Mrs. Picotte says, "we have suffered many things of many writers—writers who, with only a superficial knowledge of the Indian character, may have given to the public something 'readable,' but not true to Indian nature. Mr. Neihardt's delineation is accurate and admirable, for not only has he drawn his information from authentic *Indian* sources, but his sympathetic insight into the mysticism and spiritual nature of the race gives him a true understanding of Indian character.

"Cooper's Indian and Remington's Indian are admirable for having rendered those authors' work 'distinctive,' but their sameness becomes tiresome. As an Indian, I feel a little resentful that they should stand as representative types of all my people, when there is so much that is beautiful, noble, and dignified in the Indian of the past that could be given to the world instead."

down; and there were then *two* Paezhas, so my wish for her was doubled, having the strength of two wishes. I arose from the grass. She looked upon me, and fear came into her face, for there was that in my face which wished to conquer, and I was very strong. Like the antelope she leaped and ran with wind-feet down the valley. I was breathless when I caught her and lifted her with an arm too strong; for I hurt her, and she cried."

Half-a-Day reached toward me for the pipe. His eyes were masterful, with the world-old spirit of the conquering male in them.

"Then, as I held her, I looked upon her face, and saw that which I had never seen before—a look in the face that was sad and weak and frightened, begging for pity. Only it was not all that; it was shining like the sun through a cloud; and it was stronger than I, for I became weak and could not hold her. A little while she looked with big eyes upon me; and I saw then what makes the squaws break their backs carrying wood and water and papooses; also, what makes men do big deeds that are not selfish. Then she ran from me, and I fell upon my face and cried like a baby at the back of a squaw."

Half-a-Day puffed hard at his pipe; then, sighing, handed it back to me.

"Have you seen that look in the face, white brother?" he said, staring with eyes that mastered me.

"I am young," I answered.

"But when you see that look, it will make you old," he went on, "for when I arose and went back to the village, I was old, and nothing was the same. From that time I could look the biggest brave in the eyes, for I was a man; I had seen the look."

"It was in the time when the sun-flowers die—the time for the hunting of bison. So the whole tribe made ready for the hunt. One morning we rode out, and it was good to see the braves and the ponies and the squaws walking behind one another out of the village on the bison trail. And we were so many that the foremost were lost in the hills when the last left the village. We all sang; and the ponies neighed at the lonesome lodges, for they were leaving home.

"Many days we traveled toward the place of evening, and there was song in me, even when I did not sing; for always I was near Paezha, who rode in a blanket slung on a pole between two ponies, for she was the daughter of Douba Mona, who was not a poor man. And I spoke gentle words to her, and she smiled—because she had seen my weakness at the big spring. Also I picked flowers for her, and she took them. But one day Black Dog rode on the other side of Paezha and spoke soft words. And a strange look was on the face of Paezha; but not the look I had seen in the valley of the big spring. So I drove away the sudden bitterness of my heart, and spoke good words to Black Dog. But he was sullen; also he was better to look upon than I. I can say this now, for I have felt the winds of many winters.

"Many sleeps we rode toward the place of evening. When we started, the moon was thin and small and bent like a child's bow, and it hung above the sunset. As we traveled, it grew bigger and bigger, ever farther toward the place of morning, until at last it came forth no more, but slept in its black lodge after its long, steep trail. But we did not rest, though our trail was long and hard. And all the while we strained our eyes from many hilltops, but saw no bison. Scarcer and scarcer was the food; for the summer had been a summer of fighting, and we had conquered and feasted much, hunted little.

"So it happened that we who were still strong took less meat, that the weaker might live until we found the bison. And all the while the strength of Paezha's face grew upon me, so that I divided my meat with her. It made me sing to see her eat. One day she said to me:

"'Why do you sing, Half-a-Day, when all the people are sad?'

"'I sing because I am empty!' I said.

"Black Dog, who rode upon the other side, he did not sing. So she said:

"'Why do you not sing, Black Dog? Is it because we do not find the bison?'

"'I do not sing because I am empty,' he said.

"All day I was afraid that Paezha had judged between us, seeing me so light of thought and deed. That evening, when we stopped for the night,

there was not enough meat left to keep us five sleeps longer. The squaws did not sing as they pitched the teepees. They were empty; the braves were empty, and the papooses whined like little baby coyotes at their mothers' backs. No one spoke. The fires boomed up and made the hills sound as with the bellowing of bulls; and the sound mocked us. The dark came down; we sat about the fires, but we did not speak. We groaned; for we were empty and we would not eat until we had slept again. Once every sleep we ate, and we had eaten.

"That night the wise old men gathered together in the teepee of the chiefs and sang medicine songs that our god, Wakanda, might see our suffering and send us the bison. I heard the songs and I felt a great strength grow up out of my emptiness. Then I said:

"I will go to the fathers, and they will send me in search of the bison; and I will find the bison for Paezha, so that she may not starve."

"I had forgotten myself and my people; I knew only Paezha. For that day I had heard her moan, having nothing more to give. So I went to the big teepee. I stood among the fathers, and lifted a strong voice in spite of my emptiness:

"Give me a swift pony and a little meat," I said, "and I will find the bison!"

"And the old men looked upon me, sighing. But Douba Mona, Paezha's father, being one of the wise men, said:

"I see a light in his eye, and hear a strength in his voice. Give him the swift pony and the little meat. If he finds the bison, then he shall have Paezha, for well I see that something is between them. Also, he shall have many ponies."

"And these words made me full, as if I had sat at a feast.

II

"THE next morning," Half-a-Day went on, "I took the swift pony and the little meat, and galloped toward the evening. The people did not take the trail, because toil makes hunger. Two sleeps I rode, singing songs and dreaming dreams of Paezha. And on the evening of the third sunlight, I stopped upon a hill. I was sick and weak, because my

emptiness had come back, and I had not yet found the bison. I fell upon my face and moaned, and my emptiness sent me to sleep.

"When I awoke, some one sat beside me; and it was Black Dog. He breathed soft words.

"I have come to watch over Half-a-Day," he said, "because I am stronger and a bigger man."

"I spoke not a word, but I felt my heart warm toward Black Dog, for my dreams of Paezha made me kind.

"Well I know," he said—and his voice was soft as a woman's—"well I know what Half-a-Day dreams about. And I have come to watch over him that his dream may come true."

"Then, being a young man and full of kindness, I told Black Dog of the look I had seen in the face of Paezha. And he bit his lips, and there was a sound in his throat that was not pleasant. I fell to sleep, wondering much.

"When I awoke, the ponies were gone, the meat was gone, Black Dog was gone. I grew strong as a bear. I shrieked into the stillness. I shook my fists at the sun. I cursed Black Dog!

"I stumbled on over the hills and valleys, shouting, singing angry songs, hurling big words of little meaning into the yellow day.

"Before night came, I found the body of a dead wolf, and I fell upon it like a hungry crow. I tore its flesh with my teeth. I called it Black Dog. It smelled bad. I found a little stream—it was almost lost in the mud—and I drank much. I slept and dreamed of Paezha; I saw her thin and weak; she was starving. I awoke—and it was day. I found the dead wolf again and ate. Then I was stronger, and I went on into the empty yellow prairie.

"Toward evening I heard a thundering, yet saw no cloud. It was the dry time. Still it thundered—yet no cloud. I ran to the top of a hill and gazed.

"*Bison! Bison!* The prairie was full of bison, and they were feeding slowly toward the camp of my people.

"I turned, I ran! I did not make a sound; I needed all my strength for running. I ran, ran, ran! I fell; I got up; I fell. Night came; I walked. Morning came; still I walked. Night came; I

stumbled. And in the morning I was creeping. I did not know when I reached the camp of my people. I remember only a dim shouting and a sudden moving of the tribe. And then—after many bad dreams—I was awake again, and the people were feasting. They had found the bison.

"Then, when we were on the home trail, I learned of the treachery of Black Dog. He had told the people that he had found Half-a-Day dead on the prairie, and that he was too weak to bring me back. All the people believed for a time; and Black Dog spoke soft words to Paezha, brave words to Douba Mona, till I was almost forgotten. But now I was a great man among my people, and Black Dog could not raise his head, because hate was in the people's eyes for him. And in the time of the first frosts we reached our village and Paezha became my squaw. Also, I got the ponies."

Here Half-a-Day paused to fill his pipe.

"It is a good story, Half-a-Day," I said.

Half-a-Day lit his pipe, stared long into the glow of the embers, for the fire had fallen, and sighed.

"I have not spoken yet," he said. "One day in the time of the first snows; Paezha lay dead in my lodge, and my breast ached. Black Dog had killed her at the spring. He did not wish that I should have her. At the same place he killed her where I had first seen the look. I sat beside her two sleeps and cried like a child; and my friends came to me and spoke bitter words into my ear.

"Kill Black Dog," they said.

"Bring him to me," I answered, 'and I will kill him, for my legs will not carry me'; but the fathers of the council would not have it so.

"When they had buried her on the hill above the village, I awoke as from a long sleep, and I was full of hate. They kept me in my lodge. They would not let me kill him. I wished to kill! I wished to tear him with my teeth as I had torn the stinking wolf! *I wished to kill!*"

Half-a-Day had arisen to his feet, his fists clenched, his eyes shining with a cold light. He made a tragic figure in the dull, blue glow of the embers.

"Come, Half-a-Day," I said, "it is long past, and now it is only a story."

"It is more than a story!" he cried. "I lived it! I wished to kill!"

He sat down again, and a softer light came into his eyes.

"And the time came," he continued with a weary voice, "when Black Dog should be cast forth from the tribe, according to the ancient custom of my people. I said: 'I will follow Black Dog, and I will see him die.'

"He was cast forth in the night, and I followed.

III

"It was very cold. The snow whined under my feet like a sick wolf, and I followed in the night. But Black Dog did not know I followed.

"I was ever near him like a shadow. I did not sleep; I watched Black Dog. I meant to see him die. I was afraid to sleep, lest he should die and I not see him. In his first sleep I crept upon him. I stole his meat, I stole his weapons; now he would die, and I would be there to see. I would be there to laugh! I would be there to sing! In the cold pale morning I lay huddled in a clump of sage, and I saw him get up, look for his meat and weapons, and stagger away into the lonesome places of the snow. And I sang a low song to myself. The time would come when I would see Black Dog die!

"I did not feel the cold. I was never weary. I was never sleepy. In the evenings I was ever near enough to hear him groan when he wrapped himself in his blankets. Often I crept up to him in his sleep and looked upon his face in the light of the stars; and I saw my time coming, for his face was thinner, and he was not so good to see as in the time when the sunflowers died. I could have killed him, but then he could not have heard me sing; he could not have heard me laugh. So I waited and followed and watched. I ate my meat raw, for I did not wish to let Black Dog see my fire. In the mornings I saw him look upon my footprints with wonder; but he could not know my footprints. Also I watched to see that he found nothing to eat; and he found nothing.

"One day I lay upon the summit of a

hill and saw him totter and fall in the valley. Then I could be quiet no longer. I raised my voice; I shouted:

"Fall, Black Dog! Even so Half-a-Day fell with weakness when Black Dog stole his meat and his pony! Do you remember?"

"And I saw Black Dog get up and stare about, for I was hidden. Then his voice came up to me over the snow. It was a thin voice:

"I know you, Half-a-Day; come and kill me!"

"Half-a-Day never kills sick men nor squaws!" I cried, and then I laughed—a cold, a bitter laugh.

"Black Dog shook his fists at the four corners of the sky and stumbled off into the hills. I followed. And now my time was very near, for Black Dog felt my nearness, and he knew that he would die and I would see him.

"One evening my time came. Black Dog was in the valley by a frozen stream, and he fell upon his face, sending forth a thin cry as he fell—a cry thin and ice-like. He did not get up; he lay very still. I ran down to where he lay—and I laughed, I laughed, I laughed! I heard him groan. I rolled him over on his back and looked upon his face. I wish I had not looked upon his face! He opened his eyes, and they were very dim and sunken. His face was sharp. I sat down beside him. I said:

"Now die, and I will sing for you!"

"Then his face changed. It became a squaw's face—and it had the look! A look that was sad and weak and frightened, begging for pity! And it seemed to me that it was not the face of Black Dog any more. *It had the look!* I had seen it in the face of Paezha by the big spring.

"Now, since I have many winters behind me, I wonder if it was not a coward's face; but then it was not so. I grew soft. There was a great spring-time in me. I wrapped my blankets about him. I gave him meat. He stared at me, and ate like a wolf. I spoke soft words. I made a fire from the brush that was by the frozen stream. I warmed him, and he grew stronger. All night I watched him, and in the morning I said:

"Take my bow and arrows, Black Dog. I wish to die. Go on and live." For my wish to kill had been my life, and now I had lost the wish to kill. I wished to die. And he said no word, only his eyes were changed.

"I staggered away on the back trail. I had no meat. I had no blankets. I had no weapons. I meant to die. But, you see, I did not die. When I lay down at night, worn out, half frozen, some one wrapped blankets about me and built a fire. In the morning I found food beside me. And so it was for many sleeps, until at last I came to the village of my people, broken, caring for nothing. I was thin, my face was sharp, my eyes were sunken, my step was very short. The people looked upon me with wonder, saying:

"Half-a-Day has come back from killing Black Dog!"

"But the truth was different. Only my wish to kill had died."

When Half-a-Day had finished, he stared long into the fire without speaking.

"Do you think Black Dog was all a coward?" I said at length. "Perhaps he only loved too much."

"I do not know," said Half-a-Day in a low voice. "I only know sometimes I wish I had not looked upon his face."

FRIENDS

THE path I trod when autumn neared its end
Was spanned by heavens heavy-eyed and drear,
And all the death and drooping of the year
Saddened the world till I met you, my friend;
A hand grip at the crossing of the ways,
And then we parted; yes, but where I strode
Skies smiled serenely, and beside the road
Lay violets and the slim arbutus sprays;
And oh, from out a copse—strange, sacred thing—
A God-sent bird voice rioted of spring!

Guy Wetmore Carry!



THE STAGE

REVIEW OF THE SEASON 1905-06



THE past season in our American stageland has been remarkable in that it witnessed more successes and more failures than any previous year. Eight conspicuous winners loom up large indeed beside the three of last season.

A reference to our last twelve months' record (printed in July, 1905) furnishes interesting food for thought, taken in connection with the present showing. A year ago London was credited with the same number of decided successes as New York. Two of them, "The Walls of Jericho" and "Peter Pan," are to be reckoned among the eight on this year's winning score-board in America; while the third, "Beauty and the Barge," was transformed into one of the many New York fiascoes. On the American side, Charles Klein followed up his last year's triumph with "The Music-Master"—which, by the way, continued its career of prosperity in New York straight through its second season, but, not being a novelty, is omitted from this record—by another ten-strike with "The Lion and the Mouse." On the other hand, C. M. S. McClellan, whose "Leah Kleschna" ranked in last year's successful trio, came to grief with "The Jury of Fate," offered last winter in London; while George Ade, going triumphantly for nine months' at one theater last year with "The College Widow," fell down hard at the same house in September with his "Bad Samaritan."

Of the remaining five winners, one was Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," which Robert Loraine's happy art lifted beyond the brief lifetime of a fad. Two were plays of the West, each revolving about a popular star—"The Girl of the Golden West," with Blanche Bates and a Belasco setting, and "The Squaw Man," with William Faversham. Finally, two were farces, "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," decidedly of

the American brand, from the pen of George M. Cohan, with Fay Templeton as a house-maid star; and "Mr. Hopkinson," very English, written by R. C. Carton and presented by an all-British company, headed by hitherto unknown Dallas Welford, a sure star-to-be, now that he is in this land where Thespian luminaries are made while you wait. All of which being submitted, it remains to be remarked that the eight big hits of this season do not foot up to as high an average of artistic merit as the three of last year. The aroma of the pot-boiler is more or less strong in them all.

Shakespeare was in his usual minority. Sothorn and Marlowe brought forward new outfittings of "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Twelfth Night," with commendable art, but with so little encouragement from the general public that Charles Frohman did not find it worth while to renew his contract with the joint stars, who are to pass over to the Independents with another season. Robert Mantell played a season of some weeks in New York, at the Garden Theater, opening with "Richard III," coming off scantily with "Hamlet," and succeeding best with "Macbeth" and the seldom offered "King Lear"; but the box-office showing was never a dazzling one. Maeterlinck was represented by "Monna Vanna," at the hands of Bertha Kalich, suddenly transplanted from the Yiddish of the Bowery to the English of Broadway. She found less favor in New York than she won later on the road. Something of a ripple was stirred by Henri de Vries, an actor from Holland, who delighted all the critics by his playing of seven parts in "A Case of Arson"—an afterpiece—at the Madison Square. The public, however, remained so indifferent that he was soon snapped up for vaudeville.

As against the ten foreign stars who

visited America last season, this year there were only four. Most famous of the quartet was Sarah Bernhardt, who triumphed mightily in a so-called farewell tour, opening at the Lyric, in New York, with Sardou's "La Sorcière." Among her other offerings were the inevitable "Camille," her own version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and "Sapho," minus the staircase and the riot of maskers.

Olga Nethersole came, too, but doubtless wishes she hadn't, as her *pièce de résistance*, "The Labyrinth," from the French, went down before the first onslaughts of the critics, and she is not yet sufficiently celebrated to rely on repertoire.

Ellis Jeffreys, another English actress who was introduced to us last season, repeated her visit, but she, too, was more or less unfortunate in her selection of a vehicle. To be sure, the author of "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt" was Alfred Sutro, with "The Walls of Jericho" to his credit; but, as has been proved repeatedly, there is nothing so uncertain as a playwright's output. For the rest, E. S. Willard, who plays here so continually as to be almost one of us, returned in repertoire, including his ever delightful "Tom Pinch," varied by revivals of "A Pair of Spectacles" and Tom Taylor's "The Fool's Revenge," and a novelty from Kipling, "The Man Who Was," an afterpiece of striking if somewhat repellent character.

Mansfield, too, as has been his habit of late, relied on his stock list, with one novelty—Schiller's "Don Carlos"—as a fillip to his public's appetite. It is to be admitted that neither the play nor the acting of it was comparable with his last year's revival of Molière's "Misanthrope"; but Mansfield deserves all credit for seeking to extend the ken of American audiences. He had his reward in bumper attendance, even for the nights on which "Don Carlos" was played. He came into New York for only a three weeks' term, but so big was the advance sale that Holy Week, during which he had intended resting, was added to the series. Opportunity was thus given for more repetitions of "The Scarlet Letter"—a feature of some years since, which he restaged. All of

this was very gratifying; widespread appreciation of Mansfield and his highly artistic work augurs well for improved public taste.

THE PLAYS WITH A SERIOUS TREND

Separating the year's offerings into classes—as far as is possible nowadays, when playwrights seem most happy when defying all attempts to pin labels upon their output—we find some two dozen pieces of the more serious type, as differentiated from outspoken comedy or farce. The first to be seen in New York was "Zira," prepared for Margaret Anglin by Henry Miller and J. Hartley Manners from Wilkie Collins' "New Magdalen." It was Miss Anglin, rather than the play, that lifted this rather wobbly structure into prominence, and lodged it at the Princess for more than a hundred and fifty performances. On the other hand, Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" was adjudged to be greater than its interpreters, although Mme. Kalich did wonders with a rôle that stands among the most remarkable ones in all dramatic literature.

One of the multitudinous plays that have been written around Napoleon brought disaster to Virginia Harned, although it is difficult to understand just why. "La Belle Marseillaise," written by Pierre Berton, co-author of "Zaza," had been one of the big successes in Paris; Miss Harned acquitted herself well as the wife of a conspirator against the life of Napoleon; the great conqueror himself was played not badly by Vincent Serrano; and the critics were generally kind. But the people did not seem to take to the thing, and Miss Harned cut short her season before Christmas.

Better fortune attended another Paris importation—"The Duel," by Henri Lavedan, from the Théâtre Français. It was presented as a starring vehicle for Otis Skinner, but in the acting brought equal honors to Guy Standing in a rôle as important as the star's. The veteran Eben Plympton also made a good report of himself, but Fay Davis, cast for a thankless and uncongenial part, lagged far behind the men.

An odd trend in the bookings brought "The Clansman" and "Lincoln" to the

same house, the Liberty. Two plays more dissimilar could not well be imagined. "The Clansman," written by the ex-clergyman, Thomas Dixon, Jr., crude, colored in high lights, and seeking to rouse issues long since dead, revolved about the Ku-Klux episodes of the Reconstruction period in the South. "Lincoln," which might better have been called "The White House in War-Time," presented our first martyred President in a series of incidents, not particularly dramatic in themselves, but nevertheless interesting because convincingly true to the nature of a great American. Benjamin Chapin, who wrote the play and impersonated Lincoln, treated his delicate subject throughout in the best of taste; and the public did itself no credit by extending more favor to the less worthy production.

The Liberty was also the scene of another play indigenous to the soil—"The Redskin," destined to be more noted for its manager's heated denunciation of the unfriendly critics than for any merits of its own. Written by a young actor, Donald MacLaren, its *dramatis personæ* were Indians who talked like the princesses and courtiers of some old-fashioned romance. The piece went into storage within a couple of months.

Another experiment tried on the Liberty's stage, towards the end of the season, brought to New York a capable Western actress—Florence Roberts, who in person somewhat resembles Mrs. Fiske, but who, happily for herself, has not imitated that accomplished lady's indistinctness of utterance. She is the wife of Lewis Morrison, who recently retired after amassing a fortune as *Mephistopheles* in a dramatic version of "Faust." Mr. Morrison's money was spent without stint in mounting "The Strength of the Weak," a problem play of uneven merit, written by two unknown women, and affording Miss Roberts scattered opportunities to show what she could do. It is quite possible that more will be heard from her.

One of the failures of the season was Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son," which was put on in elaborate style with an expensive cast, but which nothing could save from its inherent stupidity. That this tissue of pretentious insincer-

ity could have made a success in London is one of the mysteries that may some day be explained, along with the equally unaccountable hit there of "Beauty and the Barge."

Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island" was another miss-fire offering, leading Arnold Daly to fall back on "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in the hope of recouping himself. But the police fell afoul of the offensive piece, and its first performance in New York was also its last. Daly still pinned his faith to Shaw, and in the spring returned to town, doing Mansfield's old part in "Arms and the Man." He did it well, too, but the public seemed to have expended its last ounce of Shaw enthusiasm on "Man and Superman." Even Robert Loraine may well tremble over the outcome of "The Philanderer," which it is believed he is proposing to do in New York next season. Nor could the people be baited for "Cashel Byron's Profession," dramatized from the Shaw story, by introducing James J. Corbett into the drawing-room atmosphere of Daly's in the part of the prize-fighter.

IN THE LINE OF LAUGHTER

Among the lighter offerings, a charming specimen was "The Prince Chap," marred by a rather commonplace last act, but set forth capitably throughout by Cyril Scott, who at last is happily removed from the rut of musical comedy and French farce. Edward H. Peple, whose humorous work is known to readers of this magazine, dramatized the comedy from a story of his own, and succeeded so well, in the main, that one stood ready to forgive the conventionality of the final act in consideration of the freshness and charm of the two first.

Maxine Elliott, with another comedy by Clyde Fitch, was not quite so happily placed in "Her Great Match" as she had been with "Her Own Way." John Drew, too, found Augustus Thomas' "De Lancey" a rather shaky staff on which to lean throughout the season. But then no star can expect to find such another treasure as last year's "Duke of Killcrankie" at the very next dip into the dramatic lucky-bag. Drew has seemingly drawn a winner for his next vehicle in Pinero's "His House

in Order," which was the most conspicuous success of last winter in London in the hands of George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh. Still more weak in the knees than "De Lancey" was George Ade's "Just Out of College," in which Joe Wheelock, Jr., came forward as a star. It just served to keep him going, that was all. Better luck attended Henry Dixey in the dramatized novel, "The Man on the Box."

With the first week in November came Maude Adams to the Empire in Barrie's "Peter Pan"; and at this writing the run is still on, having scored more than two hundred performances. The appeal of a performance like this is altogether new, and while a few inappreciative ones declare that Miss Adams is wasting her time among the fairies, most of us find her at her best in this curious boyish rôle, made up so strangely of human emotions and magic attainments.

Miss Adams herself has said that she enjoys *Peter* more than any character she ever depicted, and she is to continue in it throughout next season. Later on she is to make her first appearance in London in a new Barrie play.

Another Barrie offering, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," not quite so bizarre, fell far short of making so decided a popular hit. A probable reason was the fact that the clash of the humorous and the tragic in the second act of the play was more or less puzzling to the audience. Moreover, Ethel Barrymore lost much of her charm by appearing in a middle-aged part intended for Ellen Terry. Miss Terry created *Alice* in London, and it is said to have been a bitter regret to her that she could not keep the play for her proposed American tour.

Francis Wilson, in a farce from the German, "The Mountain-Climber," used his low-comedy methods to the satisfaction of those who used to admire him in the comic opera field. Later, when he added "The Little Father of the Wilderness" to his bill, he took a real step in the direction of his alleged ambition to do better things. In his new piece, a curtain-raiser by Austin Strong and Lloyd Osbourne, Wilson enacted the part of a Canadian priest who is first insulted and then honored by Louis XV, and made a sincere and successful endeavor

to subordinate his legs and his grimaces to an appeal by more legitimate means.

Viola Allen drew from the theatrical discard Clyde Fitch's "Lady Betty Singleton," renamed it "The Toast of the Town," and—with the help of a good supporting company, in which Isabel Irving shone with particular luster—she offset rather indifferent business at Daly's by big takings on the road. Another trick from the pack of discards was turned by Augustus Thomas with his "Embassy Ball." Written for Lawrance d'Orsay, tried in the autumn, found sadly wanting, and worked over again, the Thomas comedy was started anew in the spring at Daly's, where, in spite of adverse comments from the press, it lingered for several weeks.

Richard Harding Davis furnished "The Galloper," a weak imitation of his own "Dictator," for Raymond Hitchcock, after "Easy Dawson" failed this seceder from comic opera. The Davis play served merely to bridge a gap until Mr. Savage could make ready another musical show, "The Student King," with which Hitchcock is to return to the realm he should never have left.

"The Little Gray Lady," a comedy of Washington life by Channing Pollock, drew favorable notices from the New York critics, but failed to attract big houses in town, although two companies were sent on the road with the piece. The play was refreshing in that it had neither dress-suits nor the sound of an automobile in it, and established Mr. Pollock as an author to be reckoned with, something which his adaptation of "The Pit" failed to do.

Louis Mann scored a rather unexpected success in a play written by his wife, Clara Lipman, and called "Julie Bonbon." Thomas W. Ross, after two or three seasons of triumph in "Checkers," met disaster in a comedy from the same hand—that of Henry W. Blossom—known as "A Fair Exchange."

The copy-cat system, so dear to the heart of the theatrical manager, was never so hard worked as during the past season. Along about the middle of December, a farce from a French idea was put on at the Manhattan under the name "Before and After." Leo Ditrichstein wrote it and acted in it, supported by a

good cast, including Fritz Williams, his wife, Katherine Florence, and Thomas A. Wise. Although winning only faint praise from the critics, the piece followed the fashion of the winter and prospered in spite of the reviewers. Thereupon James K. Hackett, enriched by his and his wife's success in "The Walls of Jericho," imported R. C. Carton's thoroughly English farce, "Mr. Hopkinson," with an all-British company. The result was a hit far exceeding that of "Before and After." As a result, other managers let loose on the community a whole batch of fun pieces, even including a revival of "Charley's Aunt" after a slumber of some thirteen years. "It's All Your Fault," by our own Edgar Selwyn, met with fair favor after a career in London as "The Adoption of Archibald," but "What the Butler Saw" proved not worth seeing.

Nat Goodwin had an unlucky season. He went down early in the game with "Beauty and the Barge," struggled feebly for a while on tour with a dramatized novel of the West, then sailed for London with "A Gilded Fool." His reception in England soon made it clear that the joke was on him, so he came back again, and at last accounts was essaying it in home territory with "The Genius and the Model," which Henry Woodruff had discarded about the time "Beauty and the Barge" made shipwreck.

Meantime William H. Crane was struggling through his season with a weak-kneed affair by Charles T. Dazey and George H. Broadhurst—from whom better things might have been expected—"The American Lord," a farcical comedy of well-worn humor. To be sure, Crane was permitted to be more himself than he was in last year's "Business Is Business," but the only new thing about "The American Lord" was the bad acting of Hilda Spong.

Speaking of Henry Woodruff, he reached comparatively pleasant pastures in the late winter with a play by a new writer—Mrs. Young, wife of the actor James Young. The piece was a college comedy, "Brown of Harvard," set against a background of villainy which was found to be too dark and dire for a boat-race setting, and was judiciously toned down. Thus improved, it settled

into such favor with the ladies that three matinées a week were called for in the course of its lengthy run.

THE WANE OF THE MUSICAL PLAY

The cheeriest note in the season's record is the big decrease in the musical comedy output. Twenty-seven separate offerings figured in New York's appalling sum total between July, 1904, and May, 1905; during the same period of 1905 and 1906, there were not more than sixteen in the record.

Of the sixteen two deserve high rank in the realm of real comic opera—"Mlle. Modiste," by Herbert and Blossom, lasting Fritz Scheff at the Knickerbocker from Christmas until the spring flowers bloomed; and "The Free Lance," with Sousa's music and—miracle of miracles!—a really clever book by Harry B. Smith, put on at the New Amsterdam on Easter Monday and still running as we go to press.

Besides these, De Wolf Hopper drew a prize in "Happyland," a tone or two above musical comedy, with score by De Koven, libretto by poor Frederick K. Ranken, who died just as success perched on his banner. Hopper made a find in prima donnas in the shape of tiny Marguerite Clark. Worthy in the artistic sense, too, were "Moonshine," for Marie Cahill, and "Véronique," imported with its English company from London, although neither pleased New Yorkers to any great revenue-producing extent.

Edna May was less happy with her made-in-England "Catch of the Season" than she had been the year before in "The School Girl," from the same source. On the other hand, Lulu Glaser was the gainer by exchanging her last season's version of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" for "Miss Dolly Dollars," with music by Victor Herbert.

An English importation, "The Earl and the Girl," featuring Eddie Foy, opened the rebuilt Casino and remained there, to no very extensive business, for more than a hundred performances. Quick and dire, however, was the fate that overtook the annual Drury Lane pantomime offering at the New Amsterdam, for the Americanized "White Cat" proved to be a brainless mixture of costumes, scenery, and crowds of perform-

ers, with neither wit, novelty, nor coherence. The piece was withdrawn after a short season, and sent into the storage warehouse without any thought of the road. Very likely this failure will end the Drury Lane series in New York.

Practically the same criticism might be brought against the new Hippodrome piece, "A Society Circus," but the novelty of the house itself militated against disaster in this case, and even at increased prices there was but little falling off in its profitable business. The fame of New York's Hippodrome has gone forth to the ends of the land, and every visitor to the city must "take it in." It is to be hoped that in "A Roman Circus," underlined for next winter, skill in devising spectacle will be accorded equal place with the wealth that is at command to clothe it.

A big box-office hit was a nondescript affair of automobile flavor called "The Vanderbilt Cup," lifted into prominence through the vogue of Elsie Janis, who became a star at seventeen because of her wonderful gift as a mimic. The popularity of a vaudeville skit embodied in "The Ham Tree" was responsible for the following obtained for this farrago of nonsense at the hands of McIntyre and Heath.

The uncertainty of the show business was well illustrated by the respective career of "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" and "Mexicana." The first, rightly classed as a "unique imaginative extravaganza," was well received by the press and by its early patrons, but did not prove a winner. "Mexicana," on the other hand, was belabored by the critics, but sang its way into the favor of the public with apparently little trouble.

Take another instance. George M. Cohan's "George Washington, Jr.," was far and away better work than his "Little Johnny Jones," but fell far short of making the same hit with the masses. There is some cause for cheer, however, in the favor meted out to the new "summer show" at the Casino, for "The Social Whirl" is more than a lift above the low level of mediocrity on which the hot weather attractions for this resort have usually been based.

Nor must a word be omitted on the Rogers Brothers' latest journeyings, this

time to Ireland, where they seemed to find more to do that was worth watching than in their London or Paris pilgrimage. Lew Fields was not able to secure anything worthy to succeed "It Happened in Nordland," so he gave up his theater in town and took to the road with his last season's standby. For next winter he has leased another New York playhouse, the Herald Square. His former partner, Joe Weber, did not come back to their old music-hall until the first days of January, when he appeared there with a hodgepodge built on the familiar lines of the Weberfieldian days, and dubbed "Twiddle-Twaddle." Later on he bolstered up his bill with a burlesque of two hits of the season, under the comprehensive name of "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West."

A RATHER POOR SEASON IN LONDON

London's showing for the year lagged far behind New York's, reckoning from the box-office standpoint. Besides Pinero's "His House in Order," at the St. James', only two novelties scored any marked success—Stephen Phillips' "Nero," staged by Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's, and Hubert Henry Davies' light comedy, "Captain Drew on Leave," produced by Sir Charles Wyndham. "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," by a new writer, with Marie Tempest in the cast, did well; and in the musical list "The Beauty of Bath," a new vehicle for Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss, "The Little Stranger," and "The Little Cherub" lifted themselves above the average in drawing power.

Among the conspicuous London failures have been "The Alabaster Staircase," by Captain Marshall, a playwright credited with many past successes, including "A Royal Family" and "The Second in Command"; two one-act plays by J. M. Barrie—"Josephine," a political travesty which went over the heads of the audience, and "Punch," aimed at the Bernard Shaw craze. In the dearth of new winners three revivals went well—"Brother Officers," "The Man from Blankley's," and "Peter Pan"; but it cannot be said that the half dozen transplantations from the American stage repaid the trouble of the sea voyage. At this writ-

ing "The Lion and the Mouse"—which, being racy of the American soil, ought to suit the British market better, if past performances be any criterion—is on the eve of being offered there.

THE SEASON IN GRAND OPERA

At the Metropolitan Opera House, the season had little to distinguish it from previous ones. Artistically, it disappointed those who had hoped to see a new and higher level of excellence reached under Mr. Conried's management. That energetic impresario stated that his expenses were larger by ten thousand dollars a week than those of the manager whom he succeeded. Yet the casts were not better than before; indeed, without Caruso—who was the magnet of the season—they would have been distinctly poor. No new works were given, and several of the promised revivals were postponed. No new singer of importance was introduced to American audiences; and the only new conductor was a young man of insufficient experience and authority. Once more the manager had to apologize for presenting operas that were inadequately prepared. And yet, financially, the New York season was exceedingly prosperous, though its profits were wiped out by the losses of the San Francisco disaster.

It was characteristic of Mr. Conried's keen eye for business that of the thirty-one operas presented, "Hänsel und Gretel," a piece that does not require the services of a single highly paid singer, had the largest number of performances. Popular interest in Humperdinck's fairy opera was stimulated by some clever advertising, and it was given eleven times. The rest of the list was as follows:

"Queen of Sheba," "Faust," "Bohème," "Lohengrin," "Rigoletto," and "Lucia," five performances apiece.

"Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," "Marta," "Meistersinger," "Gioconda," "Favorita," "Trovatore," and "Aïda," four performances apiece.

"Walküre," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," "Tosca," and "Pagliacci," three performances apiece.

"Don Giovanni," "Rheingold," "Carmen," "Traviata," "Barber of Seville," "Sonnambula," "Elisir d'Amore," and

"Don Pasquale," two performances apiece.

"Fledermaus" and "Zigeunerbaron," one performance apiece.

To complete the record, it may be added that Wagner led the composers with thirty-one performances of nine operas; Verdi came second, with fifteen performances of four operas, and Donizetti third, with thirteen performances of four operas. In all, of one hundred and nine performances, fifty-three, including five double bills, were in Italian, forty-nine in German, and seven in French. Compared with previous seasons, this shows that the Italian and the German composers shared public attention in about the usual proportions, while French opera, once so popular in New York, is now sadly in eclipse.

Of the individual stars, as has been said, the lion's share of the honors fell to Enrico Caruso. Whenever his name was on the bill, the opera-house was filled to the doors. His singing confirmed his reputation as a tenor of the very first order and the reigning operatic favorite of the day. If his fine physique had not carried him through the season without a breakdown, the management would have been in a sad plight with no more adequate substitute than Dippel to take his place in the Italian and French repertory—except only "Trovatore," in which Knote sang *Manrico*.

The rest of the company was very much as in other recent seasons, with Sembrich and Nordica as the leading sopranos, though important parts also fell to Fremstad, Walker, Homer, Alten, and one newcomer, Mme. Rappold, a young German-American singer. Among the men, Burgstaller and Goritz distinctly added to their reputation; Knote, Plançon, Scotti, and Van Rooy no more than maintained their former standing.

The season at the Metropolitan opened on November 20, with "Gioconda," and lasted seventeen weeks. The company then divided a week between Baltimore and Washington, spent a week—to very disappointing receipts—in Pittsburgh, and another in Chicago, whence, after brief stops at St. Louis and Kansas City, it went to San Francisco, just in time to be involved in that city's terrible ordeal of earthquake and fire.

A DEFAULT IN PRACTISE

BY ELLIOT WALKER

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSIDERATION OF MR. WHIMPETT"

WARNER GREGSON thoughtfully drummed on his knee with his fingers, while his irreproachable shoes tapped an accompaniment on the floor of the piazza. An obstinate under lip, a blunt nose, and a pair of heavy eyebrows respectively projected, wrinkled, and scowled, as the full meaning of Muriel's words dawned upon him.

"I think I understand," said he sulkily. "It seems to me a little late in the day, and hard to comprehend at first. You have merely exercised a woman's prerogative—'changed your mind.' Rather a singular thing to do, all circumstances considered, but I suppose you have the right. I can't say I'm feeling greatly complimented, Muriel, not to speak of the 'leaden heart'—we read of that heavily laden organ in books, you know. Gad, I've always laughed at such similes; but I never will again! It's a sinker, all right. I wonder if you have the most remote idea of what this means to me?"

He turned his head and looked at her, his eyes stony with pain, the sarcasm dying in his voice. The girl's lashes were wet as she returned his gaze. Piteously her sweet, set mouth quivered, opening for reply. Her slender hands gripped the arms of her chair.

"It was dreadfully hard to tell you, Warner; but I—I couldn't go on. It is hard for me, too. To have one's engagement broken after two months of all we've had together in the sight of everybody! I can't bear to think of the questions that will be asked, of the gossip, of my people and of your people, and of my own sense of having hurt you cruelly—for I have hurt you, Warner, so much more than I intended. I didn't think you could ever look like *that*."

A sob choked her. She glanced at him appealingly.

"Come, come," said the man kindly, sitting very erect with squared shoulders. "My dear child, the whole business is over and done with, so far as I'm concerned. I'm hard hit, Muriel; awfully plugged, but I wouldn't marry you now if you went on your knees. A homely bulldog has strong affections, you know—sort of sensitive when he doesn't look it. I'm kicked into my proper place, I suppose, and if I growled and felt injured it's the nature of the beast. It's my fate to love you, my wish to help you, and my duty, as I can see it, to tag on behind in case I'm wanted. Feeling sore is no excuse for going back on what is right, is it?"

Muriel Eldredge hid her face for a moment, looking down and surreptitiously applying her pretext for a handkerchief to suspicious drops that would start.

"I—I don't see how you can be so good to me, Warner," she murmured. "You make me hate myself. Lately I have been very unhappy. In the beginning I felt so sure. I thought you were *the* one. No!"

The man looked up eagerly, and was about to speak; but the girl answered the question which she knew was on his lips.

"There is no one else, Warner," she said. "I don't believe there ever will be."

Gregson regarded her curiously.

"Muriel," he said, "our engagement has always been a mystery to me. Perhaps that is why this blow has so queerly steadied me. For a minute I thought you the meanest, most heartless girl on earth; then I felt in my bones that you

must be right about it, although your decision seemed as nonsensical as though you had said, 'I don't want you in the game, that's all.' " He smiled reminiscently. "Not so different," added he, in apparent irrelevance. "Maybe that accounts for some things. Funny!"

Muriel's blue eyes were wondering. Her discarded lover grinned, lounging toward her in the old, confidential way. It was a relief to see the homely visage brighten, the big white teeth show as if in pleasure, the round gray orbs alight with interest at some thought evidently far from his present suffering. He put out a hand and stroked her gown—his habit when telling a story. Warner was notoriously absent-minded. Had he forgotten that this caressing right was no longer his?

The girl did not move. She was again self-controlled and steady. The worst was over. There had been no scene. She had expected something quite different, for Warner's temper was violent when aroused. So she sat quietly, glad of a respite from torturing thoughts. How easily matters were going; how really noble he had been in his consideration! Her breath drew in almost a sigh as he smiled, bending nearer.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked softly.

"Why, about that time old Greenbury dropped me off our college football team. I was on the eleven; played right guard, and didn't suppose that they could get along without me." Gregson's features wrinkled at a recollection. "Maybe I got careless—don't remember. Anyway, Greenbury, the coach—he was a friend of mine, too—chucked me without a word. It was like being disowned by your grandfather, and without explanations.

"I asked him why. 'Don't want you,' said he; 'that's why! If you can't guess, go off and think. I'm disappointed, and I sha'n't utter another syllable, except that you can play with the subs, if you care to keep in trim.'

"Play with the subs, and I on the eleven for two seasons! I told Greenbury I would see him burn first. Was I hot, humiliated, and all torn to pieces? Well, it was slow fire and thumbscrews for a few days. It was an outrage; all the

boys said so. There seemed no reason for such a turn-down. I moped, sulked, kicked, and thought. Gradually it came over me that I had had a few warnings from the old man about playing up and showing more interest. Mere talk, I thought, and only laughed, knowing I was all right. A seasoned player doesn't always feel like capering schoolboy fashion in practise games. I got the ball when I started for it. Greenbury was a crank, and forever fussing over trifles; so afraid of weak spots that he kept himself thin. He could handle a team, though. When a big game was on every man in the line had to be like a hungry cat after birds.

"He tried two or three fellows in my position. I chuckled to myself; then I began to worry. Suppose at the last moment I should be wanted? It didn't seem fair to get out of condition. I couldn't see the team licked for need of a guard. Wasn't it my duty to keep in shape in case of possible trouble? I ought to be fit to help out if called upon simply as a matter of decency. The idea kept pinching. I tied my lacerated feelings in a bundle and dropped them somewhere. Then I went in with the substitutes. It was a bitter pill.

"Maybe I didn't work those five weeks, Muriel. The thing was a fever with me. I had no intention of making the team. Didn't want to. I said so openly, and they knew I meant it. Looking back, it seems as if the only thing I had in mind was to play ball. I played it, my girl—I played it. And the more I got mauled, the more I liked it. What I loved was the feeling that I was better than ever before—a man to be depended upon in any emergency. That sensation was all through me; beyond it, I neither thought nor cared.

"I wouldn't speak to Greenbury, and gave the old boys a freeze. I was only a sub, with no ambitions to take anybody's place—the only one ever heard of, I guess.

"The week before our first university game, Greenbury came up to me.

"'Gregson,' said he, 'I want you next Saturday.'

"'What for?' said I.

"'Right guard, of course,' he snapped.

"'Strickley's doing well,' I said shortly.

"'You'll do better. I want the *best*,' he replied. 'That man can't fill one of your shoes, and never has.'

"'What was I chucked for, then?' I growled.

"'You great calf!' said the old man, grinning. 'Don't you know?'

"'No!' I blurted.

"'I do,' grunted he. 'Go on the eleven this afternoon and *play up!*'

"So I went in the game after all."

"And you won it," said the girl, a glow in her cheeks. "Yes, you did, Warner. I was there. I saw you."

"That's rot. I only did my share."

His fingers released the edge of her gown. The eager brilliance of his eyes faded. He resumed his former attitude.

Muriel's eyes turned to the brown meadows, and beyond them to the hills, brave in their gay October drapery. Her brain was tense with pictures. Was that mass of color the grand-stand opposite? The field before her, was it alive with struggling men? She saw again a madly fighting figure, soiled, bloody, tearing a way through a tangle of surging forms—heard a swelling roar, a yell—

"The New York express," observed Warner dully. "We hear it plainly with a west wind. Echoes, doesn't it?"

"Yes," the girl replied dreamily, as if she scarcely heard her companion's question. "And that evening I first met you, you were faultlessly dressed, and had a black eye. How nice you were to me! Every man at the reception had a thump for your back, and the girls were crazy to meet you; yet I had your whole attention for a half hour. How proud I was!"

"Proud! Of me?" Gregson smiled grimly. "I never cared much for girls, but you held me. I'm a man's man. Yes, I remember. That began it."

She was silent, and he went on solemnly:

"As you say, Muriel, it's going to be hard on you. I've tried of late to give you more time for your friends, and not to bother by hanging around. I must be dull company for a steady diet, and I suppose that is why you think we couldn't be happy together. Still, we have been pretty well advertised, what with auto-mobiling, riding, parties, and all, not to mention both families talking about us."

Muriel gave a little gasp.

"Yes," he pursued, pounding a knee, "I must think for you a bit. Why you accepted me is a mystery."

"I—I admired you. I do now, Warner. I wish——"

"I know, my dear. Lord! I keep forgetting every other minute. You've tried me and I'm not satisfactory. That settles it; a good, fair ruling goes in all games. The reason I told you that college experience of mine was to point two things. First, old Greenbury knew how to bring me up to his standard by throwing me down. He was sure I would do just as I did; which shows you are right, Muriel, in understanding faults I don't see myself. I think highly of old Greenbury's judgment."

"So do I"—in a murmur.

"Eh! And, second, while of course there's no substitute chance in this game, I wanted you to know I was that sort—a fellow to help out because it's in me to be sensible after I've cooled off."

"Is that all you meant by your story?"

"What more was there in it?" he asked in surprise.

"Mr. Greenbury got you right where you belonged by casting you off, didn't he? Why did he do it?"

"I suppose he felt I wasn't playing up," responded Warner innocently. "I didn't know it, though."

"Put me in his place, although I never dreamed of trying you, my dear——" Her voice was breaking.

"In Greenbury's place! You! Why, Muriel, don't cry, child! What—what do you wish me to do?"

"To kiss me," wept the girl, with an impulsive gesture. "To put both your arms around me. To be as you were at first. Warner, you—haven't for days and days—and you haven't talked, nor thought of anything except autos."

The man caught her to him in an amazement of sudden joy.

"You—you want me back, Muriel?" he stammered. "I—I never supposed—that is, I thought those things——"

"They are not a woman's life," she said. Her bright hair was against his cheek, and she finished in a whisper: "You will not forget, dear?"

"I'll make no more errors in practise," breathed her lover.

MARGARET ANGLIN

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

A YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS GAINED MUCH POPULARITY BY HER EXCELLENT WORK IN EMOTIONAL RÔLES—SHE EARNED HER POSITION THROUGH A DIFFICULT BUT PATIENT APPRENTICESHIP

IT is probably true to say that among our younger actresses there is none who ranks with Margaret Anglin in purely emotional parts. And yet *Roxane* in "Cyrano," the rôle with which she first achieved widespread recognition, runs closer to comedy in its trend, and her own ambition lies in the direction of more subtle work.

"Tears, tearing a passion to tatters, the wrack of a mind driven to desperate pass by stress of circumstance—to indicate this," Miss Anglin recently said, "seems a comparatively easy task for the player. The goal that beckons me on lurks in the shadows of that hill of difficulty—the mental problem. To make an audience understand the motives that inspire a character actuated by a distinct purpose, yet not driven by a visible sweep of events—this is the kind of acting that holds for me the strongest fascination."

Miss Anglin, one of several children, was born in Ottawa, the Canadian capital, and had no leanings toward the stage by inheritance. Indeed, even when she discovered, in her convent school-days, that she possessed a gift for declamation, her ambition soared no higher than to dream of one day becoming a professional reader—the technical term for those entertainers who recite in drawing-rooms, for good pay, if they are lucky enough to become the fad with the smart set. Fay Davis, for instance, was such an entertainer in London when George Alexander discovered her at a friend's house.

But in order to prepare herself for such a career, Margaret Anglin felt that

she needed the stamp of New York training. By tremendous effort and much persuasive power brought to bear on her family, she arranged to spend a winter at the school of acting connected with the Empire Theater. But her stay here was brief. At the very first public performance of the pupils she caught the attention of Charles Frohman, who offered to transfer her at once to the part of *Mildred West* in a road company presenting "Shenandoah." Scarcely seventeen at the time, she was naturally dazzled by the opportunity. To the winds went her aspirations for drawing-room distinction, with such a chance to follow in the footsteps of Charlotte Cushman and Sarah Siddons!

AN UNWILLING SOUBRETTE

After a season in "Shenandoah," Miss Anglin passed into the company of James O'Neill. Here her talents had a little wider scope, and later they gained a still more extended experience, though not a particularly brilliant one, in a summer stock organization. Next came her engagement by E. H. Sothorn for his road revival of "Lord Chumley," to do the part of the smutty-faced slavey, created by Etta Hawkins. The story of her career from this point down to the severance of her connection with the Mansfield troupe is best related in Miss Anglin's own words, in response to the writer's request for information.

"I suppose I should have been delighted to be in such a first-class organization as Mr. Sothorn's, and of course I appreciated my luck in that respect; but



MARGARET ANGLIN

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

I did not want to be promoted along the line of soubrettes. And this was not the worst of my worries. A good part of the time I was not playing at all, for the rôle in 'Chumley' was all that was given me. I was not even an understudy. We were playing in Philadelphia, and one afternoon, while I was walking along Broad Street, it began to rain. I stepped under the shelter of the portico of the Hotel Walton, which I happened to be passing, and here I met the late A. M. Palmer, who was such a good angel to me! He was then manager for Mr. Mansfield. He had a friend with him, and as the rain came on heavier he persuaded me to remain to dinner. Naturally I told of my dissatisfaction at appearing so seldom; whereupon Mr. Palmer suggested that I see Mr. Mansfield, then at the Broad Street.

A CASE OF HOPE DEFERRED

"I will make an appointment for you," he suggested, and I went home on the wings of hope. I kept the appointment in due course, but Mr. Mansfield could not see me after all. Another was made, and the same thing happened. When I went to the theater for a third time, I found that Mr. Mansfield had just been bailed out of the police-station, to which he had been haled by his valet for throwing a pair of boots, or something of the sort, at the man's head. As an outlet to his feelings, the famous actor had been telling the Philadelphians what he thought of them in a curtain-speech; and Mr. Palmer decided that it was not the most propitious moment for my interview. Our company left town then, and I had to fold my aspirations carefully up in a napkin, as it were, and lay them aside for a time.

"Meanwhile, Mr. Sothern had brought out 'The Adventure of Lady Ursula,' in which I had no part; but I was retained with the company in case they decided to give 'Lord Chumley,' for Mrs. Sothern, the *Lady Ursula*, was not in the best of health. And yet they would not make me an understudy. I tell you those were dark days for me, traveling about from place to place with the company, and yet never having a chance to appear. On one occasion, while we were in Chicago, I got a telegram at three o'clock in

the morning, ordering me to come to the theater at once. I reported immediately after breakfast, and not only was I re-proved for not responding to the message more promptly, but a new regulation was established, requiring every member of the company, whether playing or not, to report at the theater every night. And then I found that the message had not been sent out until midnight, although written at seven. Of course the others blamed me for the new rule, which put us all to no small inconvenience.

"Well, the crux of the matter was that Mrs. Sothern was feeling worse, and that they had decided to have me get ready to appear in her place if necessary. I remember I studied the part all that day, and that evening I played it. Mr. Mansfield saw some of my notices, and sent for me to talk about an engagement for the following season, when his wife, Beatrice Cameron, was to retire from the stage.

AN UNOFFICIAL HEROINE

"Then began the oddest experience I had yet gone through. I left Mr. Sothern because his wife could not be expected to continue ill forever, and my opportunity with Mr. Mansfield seemed more promising, although no word had been said of making me his leading woman. They were, in fact, looking for somebody else to be the *Roxane* in 'Cyrano,' the play billed for their next production. I heard afterward that they tried to get either Lettice Fairfax or Ida Conquest for the part. Meanwhile, the piece went into rehearsal, and until they could decide about the heroine I was asked to read the lines with Mr. Mansfield. My salary was fixed at sixty dollars a week, and I needed every cent of it. I had signed no contract. How could I, when my status in the cast had not been fixed?

"The first performance arrived; still no one else had been engaged, so I went on as *Roxane*. Then, as I was really leading woman, and was in sore need of money, I asked for a contract with a salary that would justify me in turning aside the offers that now began to come from other managers. I even suggested that I should sign for two years, taking

less the second year, for the sake of getting in money to pay some pressing drains on the family purse. They acceded to this, but the weeks went by, and the wage in my envelope was always the same—sixty dollars. And meantime I had plenty of opportunities to earn more in other directions.

WHY SHE LEFT "CYRANO"

"At last I grew desperate. One manager had arranged to come to my hotel at four o'clock on a certain afternoon, to receive my final answer. The evening before, I despatched my ultimatum to Mr. Mansfield, telling him that unless he sent the contract for me to sign before that hour I must, in justice to myself, close with another offer. Well, I waited at the Park Avenue all the afternoon. No word came from Mr. Mansfield; at four o'clock the other manager arrived and I signed with him for *Constance* in 'The Musketeers.' That night, when I reached the theater, one of the company handed me a note from the management accepting my terms. I found out afterwards that the messenger had received it in plenty of time to deliver it to me before four o'clock; but it was a matinée day at Weber & Fields', and he had an engagement to attend with an actress friend of his, so he decided that it would do just as well to give me the message in the evening. Sometimes I feel like rising up and calling down blessings on that careless person's head, although I was angry enough at the time."

Constance was a small rôle in a big play, but the salary was more than Miss Anglin had been receiving for doing the leading lady in "Cyrano." Moreover, her new engagement brought her again to the attention of Charles Frohman, who secured her for *Mimi* with Henry Miller in "The Only Way"; and this, in turn, led to her appearance as *Baroness Roydon*, the heroine in "Brother Officers," in January, 1900. Of her work in the last-named part, the late Clement Scott, the English critic, who was then on a visit to America, wrote:

Before last night I had never heard the name of Margaret Anglin. It had not traveled to England. But what grace she has, what a sweet, pathetic voice, what ease of movement, what an absence of affectation, what genuine feeling, what mo-

ments of inspiration! Why, I could write a column about that love scene in the last act—womanly, tender, and touching to the core.

It was on the last night of the old century, however, that Margaret Anglin won her most decisive victory, with the name part in Henry Arthur Jones' striking drama, "Mrs. Dane's Defense." By an odd coincidence, Ada Rehan appeared on the same night at the Knickerbocker in Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which had been such a success in England, with Julia Neilson, that Miss Anglin had been seriously thinking of securing the American rights. She must have congratulated herself that she had not closed the deal, as the play fell flat here, and in taking it she would have missed the chance at *Mrs. Dane*.

The next winter she won more praise for her work with the Empire players, first in "The Wilderness," as the daughter of a scheming mama; again in the dual title-rôle of "The Twin Sister," and finally as the quaintly humorous *Gwendolin* of Oscar Wilde's deliciously clever "The Importance of Being in Earnest."

The season before last Miss Anglin began her career as a star. Her first vehicle, "The Eternal Feminine," proved too weak a reed on which to lean for a metropolitan engagement, and she did not come to New York until September, 1905, when she swept the people fairly off their seats with her rendering of a new *Mercy Merrick* from Wilkie Collins' novel "The New Magdalen," rechristened "Zira" for stage use. She continued in this all winter, at the formerly luckless Princess Theater, and expects to return there again in the coming autumn, still under Henry Miller's artistic management. She is to present a series of plays, leading off with a comedy and possibly including "The Sabine Woman," an oddly virile drama by a new writer, which she tried in Chicago last spring. Miss Anglin takes a peculiar interest in this play, partly because it comes close to giving her a rôle of the difficult sort that best represents her professional ambitions.

She will probably give a few more performances of "Zira," and it is also said that "Mrs. Dane's Defense" will be revived for a short period.

STORIETTES

Purple and Fine Linen

THE big, white automobile was out for its trial spin—as the men with Dick Gibson knew. As they also knew, and as he half confessed amid their chaff, if it made good on this breakneck, nerve-wrecking journey it was to be a votive offering to Her.

They shot past maples and spreading chestnuts, and skimmed lightly the deep shadowy stains thrown by a low sun on the shell-like whiteness of the road. The drive was almost deserted, and Gibson opened the throttle and raced through the air at a pace which made his companions pull their hats more firmly over set brows. As they swerved suddenly around a curve, they saw just ahead of them a smart runabout, and in it a young couple oblivious of the world. The man's arm, in its dark sleeve, made a sharp contrasting line about the girl's waist, and as he held her close their lips met in a clinging kiss. The idyllic tableau was rudely interrupted by a hoarse *honk, honk*; and at the warning sound the man clutched his lines, steadying the chestnut mare with a word of command. The girl, as they disentangled themselves, buried her face in her hands with swift instinct for self-preservation, thereby hiding her identity completely.

"Kirke's a cad!" said Harris. "A man ought to protect a woman, and not kiss her in daylight on a public road!"

The addendum was received with a shout of derision which relieved the tension, and the subject was dropped, only to be renewed that night at the club.

"Have any of you fellows seen a dress——" began Frank Harris.

"Loads of 'em," interrupted Ames cheerfully; "but they were all occupied. What kind do you want?"

"Shut up, you blithering old owl," retorted Harris with amiable directness. "Has any one seen a purple dress——"

"It wasn't purple," said Stewart scornfully. Having sisters, he was en-

titled to speak with wisdom. "It was mauve, or something like that; and the hat was covered with violets," he finished triumphantly.

But no one had seen the frock or the violet chapeau, and so the quivering purple shoulders, and their owner's identity, remained a mystery.

Gibson promptly forgot her, for his dreams were all of the girl to whom the white car was to go as a lover's gift—who had promised to ride beside him next day to the tea at the country club—whose blue eyes had answered his mating—his wife that should be. He anticipated her delight in the new car, and was rejoiced that he could give her costly things; for she was poor—a distant connection of the rich young woman whose guest she was.

Next day, therefore, when she came down the broad stairway in Miss Channing's home, the violets that Gibson had sent her pinned against her breast, the rush of happiness obliterated for the moment all things save her eyes and her voice. But with returning consciousness came a clearer view, and her image was suddenly seared into his soul. She wore a close-fitting suit of purplish hue, and, swathed in a filmy veil, a violet-covered hat! It must be some hideous mistake—it could not be Grace Martin that Kirke had kissed—not the girl he loved! But the picture which rose before his dull eyes was too clear.

By this time they were, he knew not how, at the curb, where the car coughed and spluttered. He jerked up the bonnet and fumbled needlessly over the engine, hiding his burning face from her. He could not take her, he dared not! Take her past the club, to that tea! Impossible! Dazed and stunned, miserable, his ideal destroyed, his happiness blasted, he replied at last to her questions with some inarticulate remarks, and under pretense of showing her a new building, avoided the club windows by devious ways.

He had time to get his breath before they reached the long, white road which led straight to the grounds of the country club, and to the golf tea.

"Would you—would you mind just taking a little spin through East Park and going home?" he asked.

The girl caught her breath, and said in what tried to be a cheerful tone:

"Not if you feel ill—is your head aching again?"

The wistful note cut him to the quick; but he set his teeth grimly.

"No, my head doesn't ache," some perverse devil prompted him to say.

Miss Martin stiffened.

"You promised to bring Cousin Kate and Mr. McGruder home," she reminded him coldly.

"I don't think they are going," he hazarded.

"Why, they are already there," she replied, amazed. "They are playing a foursome with Mary McGruder and Mr. Kirke."

Kirke! He clenched the steering-wheel and threw in the high speed clutch, whereat they bounded viciously forward. So she wanted to see Kirke! Well, she should see him. But why had she worn that dress?

As for the girl, her beautiful edifice of trust and love was crumbling. Yet, with a woman's pride, she continued to talk, and Gibson knew that he would have been charmed at any other time. Finally, puzzled and disconcerted by his strange mood, she leaned back in her seat with flushed cheeks and dangerously bright eyes. Thus they rode in silence.

At the clubhouse the men were perched for the most part on the wide railing, with their heels tucked comfortably in the grillwork below, while the chairs on the shady veranda were left for the prettily gowned women. Kate Channing, playing with her favorite brassie, her forearms bare and burned to a delicious brown, her fair hair tucked under a natty golf cap, was a radiant picture.

"Bring some tea for Grace, Mr. Ames," she commanded, as she saw the white car coming.

Ames obeyed—every one obeyed Miss Channing unquestioningly—and as he came back with the brimming cup Miss Martin was accepting a proffered seat.

"Here's your cup that cheers," he began; then, catching sight of the betraying raiment, he floundered, and though he did not entirely lose his self-possession, he did lose the tea.

"But it must be taken internally to be efficacious," Grace exclaimed, just escaping the deluge by a quick yet graceful movement.

Ames only stared stupidly at his friend, seeking some explanation for that purple-clad and violet-crowned figure; but he met a steel-cold look, and when at last Gibson spoke there was a strange, weary note in the man's voice.

The dull red that had swept into Kirke's face at their coming grew deeper. Miss McGruder and her brother, who had lost the foursome, were explaining their defeat to the circle around them. Miss Channing's brown fingers were beating an impatient tattoo on her golf club. Grace Martin's glance, oddly troubled and puzzled, sought Gibson's, not Kirke's, as the former noted with a thrill of miserable satisfaction, and he wondered why.

When Harris and Stewart drove up with a couple of girls in their brake, Gibson knew that the men had told the joke; it was too good to keep. Commiseratingly he looked again at Grace, so sweet, so fair; her coat, partly open, showing the white blouse of linen and lace within, and the great bunch of violets at her breast. How he loved her! His passionate anger burned out suddenly, and he determined to save her from the consequences of her own folly. She loved Kirke—the kiss had disclosed that. She should be free; and then, if the engagement was announced immediately, the tang and flavor in this gossipy story would vanish. Fortunately no one knew as yet of their own betrothal.

Gibson's face cleared, and for the first time that afternoon his eyes met hers reassuringly. She responded quickly with a forgiving ghost of a smile.

Just then the four newcomers joined the veranda group. Mischievous merriement leaped into their eyes as they greeted Miss Channing and her visitor, while Gibson nerved himself for the fight, deciding that Miss Martin should somehow leave the field with colors flying.

"What an odd, beautiful shade of

purple Miss Martin's suit is," murmured one of the girls presently.

"Is it purple?" Harris quizzed. "Stewart called it mauve, but I said it was purple."

Kirke's face had turned to crimson, and he seemed incapable of speech; but Grace Martin, strange to say, appeared perfectly cool and self-contained.

"It is an odd shade," she said, "and beautiful, too. Don't you think so?" Her frank and innocent reply provoked a laugh, and almost disarmed her malicious tormentors.

"Yes; it is beautiful." Stewart was mercilessly outspoken. "We could not see it so well yesterday. But it is lovely—and so is the wearer," he concluded.

"Yesterday?" she questioned. "Yesterday? You did not see it then."

Gibson groaned, with a morbid desire to kick Stewart.

"Oh, yes, indeed we did! Don't you remember when we passed you?"

"No," she answered, with a pleasant, positive shake of her head.

So this was why she wore the dress, merely for the opportunity to disclaim participation in the osculatory episode. He had not suspected his sweetheart of such duplicity or such shrewdness. She would make them think it was some other girl, some other purple gown! He admired her courage and wit; but the voice was going on meanwhile, softly, gently.

"No, you could not have seen me in this dress, because I did not have it." She smiled fondly across the circle. Kate Channing's fingers ceased to play nervously with her golf club, and she half rose, as if to interrupt; but she was too late. "My cousin, who is so good to me always, gave me the dress this morning," Grace went on. "She was generous enough to say that it was more becoming to me than to herself; but I know she only wanted a pretext for giving me a frock of my favorite color."

Only Miss McGruder and her brother were unmoved as Grace Martin finished. Kirke's eyes were fastened on Kate Channing's scarlet face. Ames, Stewart, and Harris were ready to explode, if their countenances spoke their true condition. The two girls talked volubly, not daring to glance at each other nor at the generous Miss Channing.

To Dick Gibson it was given to know sudden, delirious, mad bliss. The world had never seemed so lovely, the sky so blue and pure—blue as his sweetheart's eyes—pure as her heart; and to that purity he would pay everlasting homage.

Robert Armstrong

"All the Latest Magazines"

THEY had parted forever at two o'clock—forever, mind you—and now here they both were at half-past three, in the same Pullman, Janette bound for New York, Bill for New Haven. Bill was sitting only three seats behind Janette, too, which was most vexatious; she could feel his angry eyes boring coldly through the back of her head like twin augers of blue steel. No, she hadn't turned around to see, but she felt them bore, just the same. And how could they be anything but angry after what she had said to Bill that morning at the Malcolms'? Bill hadn't said anything in answer, she remembered, but his face had been terrible. Dear me, to think that big, kind, brotherly Bill—but then, what did it matter, now that they had parted forever?

Heavens! That wretched, impertinent mirror at the end of the car! It showed Janette with perfect distinctness the scattering half dozen passengers reading or dozing; Bill's shoulder was reflected, too, though his face was hidden. How big the shoulder looked! Shaking? My goodness, it couldn't be as serious as that! Eh—what? A comic weekly in Bill's hands? Bill choking with laughter? Well, that settled it! Perhaps Janette might have relented after ten years—or a week—but *now*! No, it was all over, all, every bit, forever and ever. Her healthy young cheek reddened hotly as she thought of Bill's unreasonable insistence that he must get back to his lectures just when she wanted him to stay for an automobile tour.

She stared resentfully—no, no, indifferently—out of the window at the whirling landscape, which wheeled past in Titanic minutes. Her fingers drummed the pane, just loud enough to let Bill hear how care-free she really was. What right had he to take the same car? He might at least have had

the decency to wait over another train! But no matter; she was going home to mother, to eternal forgetfulness. As Janette eyed the softish white circle on her finger where Bill's ring had been, and wasn't any longer, she realized to the full how irrevocably, unutterably dead the past was.

Forever! What a portentous word! Twenty-two years of feminine life shrank to pretty small proportions beside "forever." Janette felt that she might possibly miss Bill a trifle, and the chocolates, the flowers, the magazines, the little trips to see her. Her having forbidden him such extravagances had never had the least deterrent effect, she remembered; his ulster pockets were always bulging with surprises. No wonder Bill was perpetually "busted." Bill, by the way, was awfully slangy, wasn't he? There were several things about him that she didn't approve of, and some that she didn't understand. And there he was, three seats behind her, chuckling and making a perfect fool of himself over those old Methuselah jokes.

"Maggerzines an' papers here!" The train-boy's raucous chant recalled her with a jump. "Here y'are! All de lates' maggerzines!"

"Have you a copy of this week's *Inlook*?" Her voice was carefully modulated, as cold and clear as new ice. She would rebuke that frivolous Bill and his funny paper. "If you have a copy, I'd like it, please, to finish an article on 'The Fallacies of Marriage!'"

"Git it fer you in half a minute, miss. Be right back!"

Once more Janette stared at the whirling view; but the boy did not come back in half a minute.

"I wonder where he can be?" she said to herself after more than five had passed.

She fidgeted with her pencil, her gloves, her time-table; behind her she could hear Bill's chuckle now and then; really it was most trying. Ah, there was the boy again! She could see him plainly in the mirror, that horrid, staring mirror. What? Stopping at Bill's seat? Grinning? Intolerable!

Now he was moving on again.

"De *Inlooks* is all sold, miss," said he apologetically.

"Very well; let me see the *Eclectic* then," she replied in a very scholarly tone.

"Sorry, miss, but we don't handle 'em. Here's de latest copy of de *Screamer*, though."

"I don't care for it, thank you."

"I'll leave it, anyway—got to. De gent t'ree seats back said as how you was to have it. It's paid fer."

"Oh, indeed?"

The train-boy laid the magazine respectfully down and took a fresh grip on his burden.

"Anythin' else, miss?"

Janette's silence would have frozen an Arctic explorer solid; her nose tilted up with magnificent scorn. The boy, however, more callous than any Peary, only grinned and moved on down the car, monotonously calling:

"Maggerzines here! Here y'are, maggerzines an' papers!"

"Humph!" said Janette to herself, when he had disappeared. "Just fancy the impertinence! The *Screamer*!"

For five minutes she stared resolutely out of the window. The luckless magazine lay neglected, slipping and sliding from the seat. Finally it fell to the floor and lay wide open at the advertising section. She glanced down scornfully at it; then gave a little start of curiosity and wonder, for she saw that a strongly held blue pencil had traced bold quadrangles around certain words in a couple of the advertisements:

DON'T EXPERIMENT!

BEGIN THE SEASON BY USING

CROSS-TON'S SARDINES.

A Little Dearer, But —!

CHIC TOILETTES REQUIRE YOU TO

MAKE UP YOUR GOWNS WITH

FORMANSKY'S BRAIDS!

They Give Distinction!

Sold only by BELLINGS & HOVER.

Janette frowned, then smiled, then laughed outright, thereby suddenly awakening the silk-hatted mature person behind her. The smile dispelled all her ugly clouds and fogs; with the laugh

a clear, blue, sunny sky overspread her soul. Picking up the magazine, she hurriedly ran over its pages till she found something that looked promising; a minute later her silver-mounted pencil was busy making quadrangles of its own. Presently Bill, slyly peeking, spelled out joyously around the obstruction which the mature person's newspaper offered, these not absolutely correct yet eminently satisfactory words:

DEER ING & BOY NTON, Real Estate,
 Choice Lots, of Every Description, For Sale.
 Rooms, Flats, and Houses to Let
 in Manhattan.

ENGAGE CHOICE SEAT S FOR ALL THEATERS
 WITH
 JAN SEN & ARK ETT,
 General Ticket Agents.

II

WHEN the train pulled into New Haven, Bill came out of his tête-à-tête long enough to say:

"Jan, dear, wait just a moment till I get a ticket through to New York, and I'll go on down to the city with you. We'll take in the very best show on Broadway to-night."

"But college?" she asked, with a provoking smile.

"Can wait!" he answered, letting his fist fall solidly on his knee.

"They're *very* strict," she murmured demurely.

"Very," he assented; "but I'll ring up old Thorax from the station, here, and tell him I'm not in any condition to go on with my work for a day or two—unavoidable—many regrets—will report Monday morning, and all that line of josh. I'll fix it all right, you'll see!"

"But if he asks what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, he won't—I know him. If he does, why, I'll just tell him the plain truth."

"You will?"

"Certainly; say I'm laid up with a serious attack of——"

"Truancy?"

"No—heart-trouble!"

And Bill, giving her hand a good big squeeze, walked rapidly down the aisle in the direction of the ticket-office.

Milton France

Melissy and the Milliner

MELISSY put her head out of the window to catch the last words of the little knot of jokers who called their bucolic jests from the platform.

"Tell the parson to tie ye up in a hard knot, 'Lissy!"

"Milliners is awful handy untyin' knots!"

"If she asts after ye, shall we tell her?"

Melissy laughed back gleefully.

"Sure! Soon's ever this train's turned the curve, jest you tell Miss Helen Louise Kay that I've gone to Chicago to marry Barlow—and she can call on Mrs. B. B. Stimms when she comes to the city fer styles!"

There was an appreciative titter from the crowd, and then, as the bell sounded a warning, hurried good-bys, wavings of varicolored handkerchiefs, and parting injunctions as the train pulled out. With a last look toward the town, a look untinged with regret, Melissy gave a little wriggle of delight at finding herself in a Pullman, turned to survey the plush grandeur of her surroundings, and encountered the calmly impudent gaze of the milliner.

The milliner! Poor Melissy grew suddenly as limp as her handkerchief, and shrank into her seat in a vain endeavor to hide behind her valise. It was a long time before she ventured to look over the top of that antiquated portmanteau again. When she did, in the reviving hope that she might be mistaken, the impertinent eyes across the aisle were gazing out of the window. But it was certainly the milliner's provoking profile, just as certainly her full, tight-corseted figure and mammoth pompadour, the envy and despair of every girl in the village.

In the next hour Melissy relived every minute of those awful three months following the milliner's first descent upon Red Oak—the city milliner with her smart, tailored clothes and her metropolitan airs. That almost all the eligi-

ble male population of the town had instantly capitulated to her charms had not troubled Melissy much, for Barlow—Barlow alone, resisted the siren and stood loyally by his country sweetheart. And then the charmer, scornful of the small fry that clambered into her net, had angled openly, shamelessly, for the only unwilling swain. Melissy had had the satisfaction of seeing her devoted refuse the bait repeatedly.

Finally the angler, tired of legitimate methods and deliberately violating all the laws of true sport, speared her prey. How it happened not even Barlow himself could tell; but he awoke one evening, after choir practise, to find himself annexed to Miss Kay's plump arm, while Melissy, hurt and humiliated, trudged home in the wake of her younger brother.

Barlow Stimms was big, handsome, rich, and slower to assert himself than any bovine in his father's herds. He fetched and carried for the milliner and came to heel like a huge, meek Newfoundland puppy. Miss Kay's black eyes danced with a joyful triumph. The village youths openly envied Barlow; the girls called him spineless, a worm. Melissy's blond prettiness faded visibly, every day her eyes grew more hurt and wistful. Then the poor worm—tortured by the look in 'Lissy's eyes, and lacking the courage to turn—fled; whither, no man knew, and only one woman—his mother.

The day the letter came with a ticket to Chicago and the injunction that she should hurry on to "her faithful lover, Barlow," Melissy almost fainted with joy. The report that the worm had at last developed a spine spread like wildfire through the ranks of Melissy's supporters, but with it went the injunction "not to tell." That her camp had held a traitor was now only too evident to the unhappy Melissy, as she surveyed the trim, determined lines of the milliner's smartly clad figure. The country girl's soul was oppressed by a mental picture of the big city, the skyscrapers, the trolleys, the noise, the crowds, and in the midst of the hubbub two figures—Barlow, attached to the round arm of the milliner, being led meekly away.

In the strangeness of her berth Melissy cried herself to sleep, and in her

dreams the same vision tormented her with fearful reality. In number eleven the milliner rustled and primped for the night, having emerged from the dressing-room with the pompadour transformed into an array of curl-papers, and a kimono of virulent red and yellow hues replacing the smart suit. Melissy heard her issuing commands for the night:

"I've hung my suit in the dressing-room, porter, 'cause it gets so rumpled in the berth. Don't wake me till the second call."

The next morning began twelve long hours of suffering for Barlow's poor fiancée. Swollen-eyed, with her frock limp and rumpled, it caused her untold anguish to behold the milliner trim and smart as ever, without a crease in the well-hanging breadths of her suit; the pompadour towering proudly aloft, her manner contained, triumphant. The height of effrontery was reached when Miss Kay, passing on her way to the diner, stopped before Melissy with an exaggerated gasp of surprise.

"Why, Melissy Winters! Who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

Melissy fluttered a weak "How d'ye do, Miss Kay?" toward her rival, who had ostentatiously failed to notice her until this minute.

"Coming to breakfast?" the inquisitor persisted.

"I'm not hungry," Melissy faltered.

"Well, I am. Sorry you won't join me!" and Miss Kay departed.

Melissy waited to hear the door slam behind her before extracting from her paper bag one of the sandwiches, of the thickness and solidity of paving-stones, which her mother had so carefully provided.

Scarcely had she brushed from her lap the telltale crumbs when another rustle announced the milliner's return. Sinking down with studied nonchalance on the seat opposite her shrinking victim, she began a cross-questioning that reduced Melissy to a condition resembling pulp.

"Going all the way to Chicago?" she questioned with a wicked gleam in her wide, black eyes.

"I guess so," Melissy returned uneasily.

"Ain't sure, then?" Miss Kay laughed impudently. "Shopping tour?"

"N—not exactly. I'm goin' to visit." Melissy writhed.

"Oh! A relative?"

"Er—sort of." Melissy felt the hot color mount to the roots of her hair as she said it.

"Indeed! Going to stay long?"

"That—depends."

The grim suggestion underlying the word was not lost upon the observant Miss Kay. An irrepressible smile curved her full lip as she returned to her yellow-backed novel.

Melissy went to bed with a cold fear clutching her heart. Chicago in the morning! Oh, if she had never left home! If an accident would only happen and kill her—or, better still, kill the milliner! Or—when that savage thought brought a reaction—if the accident would only maim Helen Louise, so that—but at this point the hated voice broke in upon her musings.

"Call me early, porter—I'll need lots of time to dress!"

As she opened her eyes upon a cheerless dawn, Melissy heard her rival already stirring. No doubt that wonderful toilet was under way, the inimitable pompadour in course of construction. Every vestige of hope fled from Melissy's bosom as she donned her own crumpled finery.

Drawn by an irresistible fascination, she opened her curtains and peeked over at number eleven as the milliner emerged from her berth. Miss Kay was not yet dressed, the rustlings having been but the merest preparation for the toilet to follow. She was headed for the dressing-room. The pompadour was still in the curl-paper state, the red and yellow kimono billowed out behind her in shimmering silken waves. Robbed of its glossy black frame, her face looked older, less rosy than it had seemed before; but Melissy knew what half an hour in the dressing-room could do for the milliner, and moodily watched for the radiant one's return.

This was sooner than she had expected. Still clad in the kimono, Miss Kay swooped down upon the porter as that worthy was making up beds.

"Porter," Melissy heard her ask in

a high, excited tone, "where's the car that was back of this one last night—the Concha?"

"Dunno, miss," was the laconic reply as the white teeth extracted a pillow from its casing.

"But I've got to know!" came more shrilly from Miss Kay. "Some poky women took so long in our dressing-room last night that I went through into the other car. I left my dress hanging there, and now I can't find the car!"

"Lordy!" and the porter showed the whites of his eyes.

"What's the trouble, ma'am?"

Miss Kay confronted the brass buttons of the Pullman conductor.

"Where's the car—Concha it was—that was next to this last night?" she demanded wrathfully.

"Concha, eh?" The conductor pondered deliberately. "Oh—that was booked for St. Louis. It was switched off at midnight."

A wail broke from the milliner.

"But my dress—my best tailor-made suit—is on it!"

"Well, ma'am," rejoined the conductor, "I reckon that suit is pretty nigh St. Louis by now!"

With a gasp Miss Kay fled behind her curtains.

The early passengers at the Union Station that morning might have been highly edified to see a pretty, blond country girl in a badly rumpled blue frock, and with a heavy satchel bumping against her knees, go running into the outstretched arms of a smiling young giant—had the early passengers been looking. But a more amazing sight engrossed them just then—a woman racing wildly past the throngs at the gate, a woman in a kimono of virulent red and yellow hues. Past the crowds, with one fleeting glance toward the couple exchanging caresses in a whole-souled and unrestrained manner, went the fleeing figure, with the kimono blowing in the breeze like the flag of the Celestial kingdom; through the startled mob in the waiting-room, and into a cab, where she sank down with the gasping injunction:

"To the nearest department store—quick!"

Edyth Ellerbeck



"I TELL YE, SQUIRE TUMLEY, NO GOOD EVER COME OF TRYIN' TO HELP ELIAB WHEEVEN BETTER HIMSELF"

THE OLD SQUIRE

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

THE old squire gazed stolidly at the kitchen hearth, and elevated his boots above the oven door, but ventured no reply to his spinster sister's observation. She, a thin, disappointed-looking woman, the old squire's housekeeper, viciously ran a knife around a newly made pie, and repeated:

"I tell ye, Squire Tumley, no good ever come of tryin' to help Eliab Wheeven better himself."

Her brother—whom she always addressed by his title—attempted to mollify her without retreating from his position.

"Lurinda, I'll admit he strikes some as a worthless cuss, jest because he's unfortunate. If good luck, with a brass band, was gunning for him on the new State road, he'd miss meeting her, and wander off and fall down in front of a fast freight train. But it's my duty as a man and a neighbor to give him a lift when I can. In a way, he's a kind of a genius."

"Huh! I guess geniuses are like beets. Plant 'em too near together, an' ye git nothin' but greens. With Mose Tibbets inventin' churns, there ain't room for another genius in this neighborhood."

Then, as she waved him away and slid the pie into the oven: "He's onthankful, don't appreciate nothin', and is two-faced, or I miss my guess."

The old squire was always loyal—loyal even to every stray tramp he had ever fed.

"Why, Lurinda, there ain't enough venom in Eliab's whole body to embitter the nature of a wood-tick. He's all right. The post-office will pay him seven hundred dollars a year, and that will be clover to him. Yes, he must have it."

"Thought he was a Democrat," she sniffed sarcastically.

The old squire's blue eyes twinkled mischievously as they surveyed his vinegary relative, but his voice was grave as he explained:

"Eliab can't afford new clothes, but he's a regular dude when it comes to politics. New rig every year! But he's a Republican now; so it will be all regular. Remember what the Good Word says about fetching back the one stray sheep?"

"He's a muttonhead, certainly," she replied bitterly. "The idea of puttin' him in for postmaster when our minister's brother would like it! Guess the Bible don't say we sha'n't do nothin' for the ninety and nine."

"Ho, ho!" chuckled the squire. "So you and the elder and his brother have been playing politics, eh?"

"We ain't never favored a man because we was once foolish enough to be in love with the girl he married," she retorted.

"Tut, tut," he remonstrated shortly. "Dorcas Wheeven had lots of us chaps after her when we's young; but that's no reason why we should turn agin her husband now."

Yet the old squire's sister knew she had touched a tender spot by the way he stamped from the kitchen. She seldom reminded him of his boyish dreams. That was a grim pleasure to be saved for the more weighty occasions. In her innermost heart she had a great deal of admiration and crabbed affection for her brother, and ever since Eliab Wheeven won away his young sweetheart she had cherished a radical dislike for the successful suitor and his spouse.

With all her pessimism, she had meas-

ured Eliab almost correctly. Through all the years the old squire had helped his boyhood rival to earn a livelihood. Of late he had seen a worried look stealing into Wheeven's eyes, as one after another of the man's visionary prospects faded, and credit became hard to obtain. Although younger than the squire, Eliab was run down. He had stopped.

But he had played a final card. He asked Squire Tumley to get him the post-office appointment.

At first the squire hesitated. Eliab's political vagaries had made the thing well-nigh impossible. He had set both Republicans and Democrats against him. And it was not until he clinched his entreaty with "Dorcas would be so pleased," that the old squire relented and promised to do what he could.

He had made no open move in the matter when his sister upbraided him in the kitchen, and as he stamped from the room he appreciated more fully than ever the task before him. As the leader of the Republican organization in his town, it seemed almost treachery to his party even to propose it. Thus far he had been content to defeat his natural enemies, the Democrats, and ask nothing for himself. Now that he was to make his first requisition, his ruddy face turned, if possible, a deeper red, and a sneaking inclination to try diplomacy crept into his open soul.

By the time he had reached Tibbets' store, he had found the germ of an idea; and when Joshua Philbrick drew him aside, he began to think it might work.

"Squire," hoarsely whispered Mr. Philbrick, affectionately securing a finger-hold in the squire's buttonhole. "I want the post-office. Stigley has had it two terms, an' don't need it longer."

"Wal, Josh, of course I can't be arbitrary," replied the squire solemnly. "The best thing for ye to do is to hustle around and git all the signers ye can. We caucus next week, and the man that can show most strength gits it. I think that Stigley ought to step aside now."

He did not call for his mail until he knew the small post-office would be cleared of the afternoon crowd. Then, true to his anticipation, Stigley pressed his face against the small grated window and whispered:

"I hear Philbrick is after the office."

The old squire, with a blush suffusing his ears, looked cautiously about and replied:

"He is; and he's showing some strength. Ye know, Stig, there are them that say ye've had it long enough."

"I don't keer a darn about the office; I can go back to my farm. But I hate like sin to see that man git it!" growled Stigley, slapping the squire's weekly paper under the grate. "Any one but him. He let a note I'd indorsed for him go to protest once."

"I don't think, Stig, ye could beat him out, man to man, as ye've had it eight years. Of course, if ye joined forces with a dark hoss ye probably might," remarked the squire carelessly.

"Think so? I vum, but that's what I've been thinking on myself," declared the postmaster, closing one eye with a world of cunning.

"O-ho!" murmured the old squire, closing one eye in return, but more slowly. "So ye're in the game, eh?"

"What game?" asked the postmaster, deeply puzzled and trying to hide it with a knowing leer.

"Why, this move to ring in Eliab Wheeven. Is it true that Lawyer Fox is backing him, and intends to oust me as leader of the organization?"

Several thoughts, new ones, lumbered laboriously through Stigley's slow mind at this suggestion. He had not heard that the young lawyer had ever avowed his intention of supplanting the squire; but it was quite likely, and if the old leader was to be deposed the postmaster did not intend that the falling pedestal should nip him. One thing he could not understand—why should Eliab be used in effecting the change?"

"Of course, squire, you've got to give way some time," was his non-committal answer, after he had thoroughly absorbed the suggestion. "But we ain't fully decided on Eliab yet. I thought he was a Bryan man."

"He was," affirmed the squire, smiling inwardly at the other's use of the pronoun; "but he's a Republican now. Tried 'em all, and finds our party best."

This was also new food for reflection, and the postmaster looked a bit dubious as he replied:

"Well, anything to beat Philbrick. Are you going to be active in the fight?"

The old squire fidgeted a moment, and then suddenly saw the position to take without violating his conscience.

"No, I shall take no active part," he at last announced. "I'll be honest and admit I'd rather see Eliab git it than Philbrick—if he can show the proper strength. But Lawyer Fox will probably run the campaign. I'm gitting 'most too old, I guess. Anyway, I think I'll take a vacation."

An hour later Lawyer Fox was surprised and pleased to receive a visit from Postmaster Stigley. The postmaster's intelligence was fully in accord with the other's plans—plans that no one but the old squire had hitherto fathomed.

"I want a seat on your band wagon, Mr. Fox," the postmaster announced.

"What wagon?" the young lawyer inquired, mystified, but hiding behind an ambiguous smile.

"Oh, I know all about your ousting the old squire. We all know it. I like the old squire, but there ain't no sentiment in politics. A man never gits assaulted by prosperity unless he gits in line with the winners. Only I don't see why it wouldn't be better to make the fight on some one other than Wheeven."

The young lawyer peered intently into the bottom of his ink-well and began to suspect that he saw the truth.

"So you think you'd stand more of a chance than Wheeven, eh?" he said, and then asked himself: "Chance for what?"

"I kind of think so," slowly decided the postmaster. "Of course, as the old squire says, I've had the office for eight years, and there are lots in the party that want to see it passed around. But I don't think Philbrick is very strong."

At last it was out. Beneath his enigmatical smile the young lawyer had a great deal of respect for the old squire's political strategy, and as he mused over what had been told him he saw the light full and strong.

"They'd beat you," he said. "Philbrick might not get it, but some one else would. And if you stick in the race I really think Philbrick would win. What did the squire say about Wheeven?"

"Oh, he said he supposed you'd make

the winning fight on him, as he's so neutral. Been in so many dickers no one knows just where he does stand. Well, anything to beat Philbrick! He let my indorsement go to protest once."

Truth is, Eliab was the last man the young lawyer would have picked as a

The postmaster silently extended his hand, and a strong clasp cemented the inception of the new organization.

At about this time the old squire met Eliab near his home, and drawing him to one side, said:

"Eliab, I think ye'll git it. Only re-



"SQUIRE, I WANT THE POST-OFFICE"

vehicle to draw him ahead of the machine; but here was the Stigley faction ready to accept Wheeven, and there would be some among the Democrats who would push his canvass. Verily, the old squire was a shrewd one. He had anticipated the situation perfectly.

"I think, Mr. Stigley, we'd better make a strong stand together and be sure of it. If we take Eliab, as I'd originally planned, there will be lots of other good things for you to choose from. There's the sheriff in two years, and the Legislature next year; meantime there are several smaller plums, such as highway commissioner, superintendent of schools, and so on. Now, are you with me?"

member this—don't make a move yerself. Unless ye want to lose it, don't show yerself in the open. Better go fishing for a week. Remember, not a word, even to Dorcas!"

"Supper 's been waitin' a hour," snapped Miss Tumley as her brother, with mouth drawn down a bit, entered the room with slow steps. "Where've ye been?"

"Up to the village," he replied gloomily. "I guess, Lurinda, ye won't be troubled with my being in politics after this. I guess a new man will run the machine."

"Well, I never!" she ejaculated. For, although given to decrying her

brother's activity in politics as being immoral, she could no more conceive of his abandoning his party leadership than of his losing his title of "the old squire." "Will the new man give the post-office to the elder's brother?"

"I don't think so," replied the squire, with a faint smile. "Both Philbrick and Stigley want it."

"Who'll git it? I hope I won't have to see that Philbrick's smug face every time I go to the office. And I'm tired of lookin' at Stigley and his squinty eyes. Why is it that they always pick out such men to read yer postal cards?"

"I don't know," he mumbled. "But the new man, Lawyer Fox, will fix all that."

The next day rumors began to creep lamely about, then to fly, that Squire Tumley had been ousted by the energetic newcomer. Stigley did not want the post-office again. Philbrick did. On the second day several other citizens discovered that they had as much right to the position as Philbrick had, and Mr. Fox received many callers. And each and every one of the prospective candidates left him declaring:

"Wal, if I can't have it, why should Philbrick? If we're to take a new start, let's not use any old timber. Philbrick has had all the town offices."

Before the week was out the new leader announced his position. He believed in giving the heretofore unrecognized a show. Under present conditions, with so many candidates and so many cross-purposes, he wanted all his friends to unite on the one available citizen, the one who had made no bid for the job—Eliab Wheeven.

The town had not recovered from its astonishment when caucus day arrived. At the very outset, Mr. Fox made a ringing speech, showing just why Eliab was the only choice. It was a sad thing to see the grand old party split in twain on such a minor question. The G. O. P. should be united. The Stigley faction were opposed to the Hon. Mr. Philbrick, and the Hon. Mr. Philbrick and his many friends were as strongly opposed to the Hon. Mr. Stigley, or any of his friends. Should the G. O. P. remain in a hopeless muddle, and allow the Democrats to steal the indorsement

of either faction and to ring in an enemy? Never! Unite! Unite on Eliab Wheeven, well known, well liked, and a life-long resident of the county.

As a result of this effort the caucus unanimously voted to instruct the local Congressman to obtain the appointment of Eliab.

Mrs. Wheeven was naturally elated. The dormant qualities of her husband had at last been recognized. And Eliab, returning from his fishing-trip, called on the young lawyer and thanked him warmly.

"I had hoped," he said in leaving, and his right hand mechanically sought his double chin, "that my worth would have been discovered by a neighbor, and not left for a stranger to point out."

The young lawyer winced. He wanted to be regarded as one of the mainstays of the town, not as an interloper.

"I had expected," continued Eliab, turning in the doorway, "that such an old friend as Squire Tumley would have worked for me. But I guess old friends ain't always the best. Why, attorney, that man actually discouraged me at the start. And when he saw I was bound to git it, what does he do but advise me to keep shut and go fishing! And I trusted him and went, when I ought to have been here fighting my own fight."

Eliab shook his head in sorrow as he passed down the stairs. A cloud passed over Mr. Fox's face, and he gave a low whistle. Again he peered into his inkwell, and again he found truth.

"Told you to go fishing, eh?" he murmured. Then he meekly bowed his head over his book and mumbled: "Sly old fellow! Had heard I was to boom Wheeven, eh? Going to oust him as leader, eh? I wonder if he has any more cards he wants me to play!"

The appointment was speedily made, and at last Mrs. Wheeven enjoyed the supreme satisfaction of standing at the small window when her husband was away on a fishing-trip, which was very often, and handing out the mail. It made all the difference in the world in her social status, she found, on which side of the window she stood. On the inside, accosted by the high and the low, she became a person of consequence. She was invited to take a prominent part

in all church affairs, much to Miss Tumley's disgust, and was appointed to the ladies' auxiliary committees. It was very sweet, and she felt very kindly toward the young lawyer who had made it all possible.

As she handed out the old squire's mail she was a bit more precise and a bit more expeditious than usual. But if she reflected on his failure to help her husband's fight for the office, she showed it not. And he, when buying a stamp, or receiving his weekly paper, never congratulated her on Eliab's victory. At such times they stood so near that he could not help but notice her whitening hair and her pale and pinched cheeks; yet in her eyes he caught the glance that carried him back to his far-away youth. Although he smiled a bit sadly, he could not help but live over the old times, and see only a face full of girlish beauty.

One day he met the young attorney at the door, and cordially saluted him.

"Young folks will take the reins in their own hands every now and then, and drive wherever they please," he smiled genially, crooking his thumb toward the little window with the least perceptible motion. "They must feel very grateful to you."

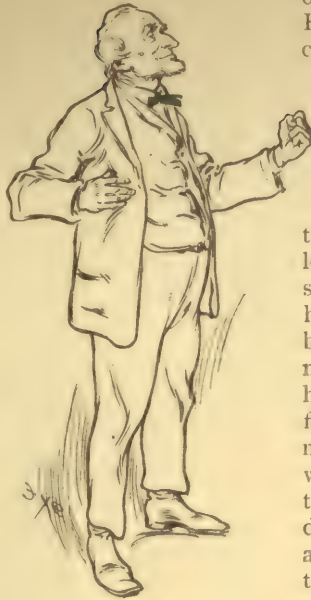
The young attorney looked his appreciation, but concluded by eying the old man furtively as he said:

"We young folks would feel better if the old driver were to return and take the reins again."

"Trying to let me down easy, eh?" grinned the old squire. "And me dumped!"

"And you on a vacation, you mean," whispered the young lawyer, a bit shamefaced. "Oh, I knew it was only a vacation! I've tired of driving. Just give me any old kind of a seat when you return."

"Tut, tut!" expostulated the squire.



"I CAN'T FIND IT, LURINDA"

The effect of the office on Eliab was pronounced. He dressed better, and recovered much of his old elasticity. He repaired his house on a scale that many thought his salary scarcely warranted.

He grew haughty to the squire. He had so long been accustomed to seek the old man's aid that he enjoyed the novelty of being brusque. And he could not forget that the squire had advised him to go fishing when his appointment was at stake. Once, when the squire's box-rent, twenty-five cents, was a day overdue, he wrote him a caustic note calling attention to the fact. The old squire smiled in his whimsical fashion and shook his head sorrow-

fully. He would almost prefer the old order of things. He had grown so accustomed to aiding his needy neighbor that he rather missed the signals of distress.

"Thank goodness," cried his sister, giving her bonnet a sharp twitch as she prepared to leave for a church sewing-circle, "ye ain't been called on to help them Wheevens for nine months now. I guess we're shut of 'em for good. That is, if he can git the office another term. An', Lordy, how precise we are when we meet! Dorcas always calls me 'Miss Tumley' now. She'll be there to-night, an' like as not will talk about us if she gits there first. Now, where's them mits?"

"In the right hand," reminded the squire. Then he added: "But don't say that, Lurinda. Dorcas never talks about no onè. She's a good, clever woman."

"Man call me clever an' I'd scratch him," she replied over her thin shoulder. "Sounds if I was a hoss. Leave the porch door unbolted."

Alone with his reveries, the squire lighted a pipe and leaned back to enjoy tracing out his days from his earliest remembrance. Now he was a boy, and

could smell the apple-blossoms on the old place. Why had he never hunted up the old swimming-hole? He would do it before another snow.

Now he was a young man, experiencing his first thoughts of love. It was a pleasure to go to the academy, even when all outdoors called him to be a companion. Across the first aisle—no, it was the second; he was getting forgetful—sat Dorcas. How sweetly pretty she was! What a world of laughter in her eyes as she stole a timid glance at him! What a wealth of music in her voice!

"Alone, squire?" she asked.

He sat motionless for a few seconds with his old head bowed, bent to catch the voice again. Then he slowly wheeled, and—yes, it was Dorcas. She had been hastening; for there was a hint of color in her face.

"Why, Dorcas," he mumbled, half expecting the schoolmaster, so long dead and dust, to correct him—"why, Dorcas, I—I guess I was asleep. Sit down."

"I saw you smoking through the window," she explained rapidly. "Lurinda out? I'm glad. Squire, I'm in a hurry, and in trouble. Trouble on Eliab's account. And he ain't to blame, either. Just his carelessness."

"What is it, Dorcas?" he inquired kindly, laying aside his pipe.

"Why, he had a hundred dollars paid in to-day for money orders, and he's either mislaid it in the office or lost it out of his coat," she cried hurriedly. "He can't remember whether he slipped it in his coat for safe-keeping, or left it in the office. I've been there alone all the afternoon, and ain't seen it."

"But he'll probably find it in the morning," said the squire, smiling to think that they still brought him troubles.

"Oh, but he must have it to-night," she cried, wringing her hands. "The post-office inspector is over to Whitneyville, so the stage-driver just told us, and will be here to-morrow morning."

The squire jumped from his chair, and began searching for his hat. He realized what it meant if the office was found short. And a hundred dollars lost or—well, a hundred dollars missing—would be as hard for Eliab to replace as a thousand. His hat found, he began a search for money. By borrowing

a little from his sister's purse he could make it.

"Come!" he said, and for the first time since the old academy days she clung to his arm and passed out into the dark road.

She gave a little sigh of relief as they neared the post-office, and she rested more heavily on him for support.

"First, put this in the till," he told Eliab, who was pawing over some newspapers with trembling hands.

The postmaster drew a deep breath as he clutched the precious notes.

"That saves me!" he panted, wiping the sweat from his pallid face.

"Mebbe we'll find it in the morning, dear," soothed his wife.

He stole one furtive glance at the reproachful face of the old squire, and then stepped back from the rays of the dim lamp.

"I don't think so," he mumbled. "I'm afraid I slipped it into my coat pocket and lost it outside. But I'll make this up quick, squire. If Fox got me the office, you've saved it for me!"

As Mrs. Wheeven preceded them to the door, the old squire laid a hand gently on the other's shoulder, and whispered:

"Don't do it again, Eliab. Don't slip office money into your coat again. If you ever need any ready money come to me, but don't ever have to send that woman out into the night searching for help again! Thank God to-night that she does not know. But remember, Eliab, never again. Promise me!"

"So help me God, squire, never again."

When the squire's sister returned home that night she found him searching his pockets, while a poor simulation of perplexity wreathed his cheery face.

"I can't find it, Lurinda. Plumb lost it—a hundred dollars. Made me a little short until I can git to the bank, so I've borrowed ten dollars of your egg money."

"First ye lose the leadership of the machine, as the elder calls it; and now ye lose yer money!" she sniffed.

"I guess I've lost the money for a while," he chuckled, slapping his empty pocket. "But the elder's mistook. I'm still boss of the machine!"

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxv.

August, 1906

Number V

THE CHARM OF THE HOUSE-BOAT

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER, JR.

AN ENJOYABLE PHASE OF OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE WHICH, THOUGH STILL TO BE SEEN AT ITS BEST ON THE ENGLISH RIVERS, IS MAKING ITS APPEAL TO AMERICANS

WE are just learning about house-boats on this side of the Atlantic, and have not quite rid ourselves of the idea—which the Englishman, with his genius for contradictions, long ago dis-

covered—that a boat may be not a boat but a house. Our notions of a house-boat have been too commonly derived from the slatternly "floats" found moored in quiet places and used for convivial meet-



AN AMERICAN HOUSE-BOAT IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

ings on Sundays. They resemble the modern house-boat about as much as the coal barge resembles the ocean liner.

SPORT WITHOUT HARDSHIP

Gradually, however, the comfort and health of the roomy residence afloat are being made known to the out-of-door class that is growing in America, and at

In short we are leaning, with increasing leisure, to that sport-loving disposition of the Englishman which has come in for so many hard words in recent years. The discovery has been made that the average Briton would rather play than work; it is odd that this surprising fact was not made known some years before. Eliminating, as far as possible,



THE GOLDEN GRASSHOPPER, ONE OF THE OLDER AND SIMPLER HOUSE-BOATS, AT LALEHAM, ON THE THAMES

the present moment a goodly number of craft may be found in Florida, California, on the St. Lawrence, and on several lakes and rivers. But our house-boats are not on the same lines as the English and are used more as roomy cruising craft than as stationary homes, because of the American love of motion and the rarity of really desirable anchorages near summer colonies. The English house-boat is almost a house; the American is almost a yacht. Each fulfils its function admirably.

The average man wants to spend his vacation time near to nature, but if he does not happen to be a sportsman of the wilds, he wants comfort. Unless he is mentally deficient he will not put in the summer changing clothes at a summer resort. The house-boat is the half-way life; sport without the hardship that the strong man craves.

the question of labor, he has naturally devoted himself rather thoroughly to playing, and the result is that for a real sporting existence one cannot do better than turn to the British Isles and then to the River Thames and then to a house-boat thereon. He may there live moderately close to nature "with all modern conveniences." It is the English exemplification of the "simple life." And it is not a bad compromise.

England lives out of doors from May until November. The life which has been variously described as ^{that} of the "muddled oaf" or the "flamboyant" is the only one which really healthy, cold-water Britons prefer as in the valley of the lithe, empty where one may boat or cricket. I'm

The Thames is not much



HOUSE-BOAT-ROW AT HENLEY, ON THE THAMES, THE SCENE OF THE GREAT REGATTAS - THE LONG LINES OF FLOWER-BEDECKED AND PENNANTED CRAFT
STRETCH FROM PHYLIS COURT ISLAND TO FAWLEY COURT OR BEYOND

dwellers on the banks of the Hudson or the Mississippi delight in terming it a ditch, and they are not entirely wrong. But there are ditches and ditches.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE THAMES

The Thames is a man-made river; a series of dams holds it back almost from the source and transforms what would be little larger than a creek into a stream of some pretension in its backwaters,

yond, between ever grassy slopes or through quiet backwaters, with here and there a bungalow peeping out or a more massive country seat standing forth boldly, and never once encounter any of those sights which offend the eye on every mile of most of our rivers. The people live on the river, their houses are but a step from the shore, and many choose to dwell on the very bosom in house-boats. Naturally, if a river is a



THE HOUSE-BOAT IBIS—A DELIGHTFUL INTERIOR, QUITE BEYOND THE ORDINARY IDEA OF WHAT IS PRACTICABLE ON A BOAT

and abounding in shady nooks and quiet reaches. It is something between a long pond and a little river. And in the fact that this Thames is all but artificial will be found the real reason why it is a so much more delightful place for lazy boating—and, as we well know, for fast boating—than any water-way which we have here in America. The Englishman uses the Thames—he uses every inch of it, and only for pleasure. Once leaving behind the more business-like portions about London, the whole stream is entirely given over to enjoyment. It is a fairy river in a made-to-order land. The banks are most carefully preserved by the Thames Conservancy, with watchful officers and patrols to see that they are not marred and that the stream does not become quite utilitarian. So one may journey from Moulsey to Oxford or be-

residence, it must needs be a truly English and tidy one.

There are many interesting phases of river life, but the house-boat is perhaps the most interesting. The English house-boat is a summer home—a house on a boat; and it is as well fitted and as comfortable as the average small country residence, with the additional advantage that it may be moved about from time to time. The “wet bobs” take house-boats for the season as they would take a seaside cottage, and, choosing a favored mooring, tie up, with perhaps an excursion or so to a regatta or river fête, until cold weather drives them into winter quarters.

The time and place to see the house-boats at their best used to be the Henley Regatta, where they assembled in great numbers and put on their very finest



THE IBIS AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER—SHOWING THE ELABORATE FLORAL DECORATION OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE-BOATS

clothes. The long lines of flower-bedecked and pennanted craft, stretching from Phyllis Court down to Fawley Court or beyond, made a sight to be seen nowhere else in the world. The effect was as though the "Bucks" shore had been transformed into a great flowery bower. Unfortunately, the expenses of this outing at Henley are now so great that few men care to meet the necessary cost, and the number of house-boats at the regatta is yearly decreasing, though the line is still long enough to make a charming frame for a part of the course. It is this phase of the house-boat that is familiar to the average traveler—on parade in full dress, looking as imposing and nearly as uncomfortable as the Horse Guards.

REAL HOMES ON THE RIVER

A house-boat is always more or less on show, for the Thames is filled from one week's end to the other with pleasure craft of every kind; but the real time to see the house-boat is rather when it is tied up in some quiet spot and the inhabitants are living their natural, open-

air life in all its simplicity. The formal show is waning, but the house-boat as a summer residence is as popular as it well could be. In every lovely spot on the Thames, and also on several other rivers of England, one will find quartered a snug boat with its cargo of white flannels.

Every craft on the Thames must be registered with the Thames Conservancy, and the last circular issued by them shows that there were one hundred and forty-five house-boats in service on the river last summer. Of these, thirty-eight are listed as stationary vessels which are not moved from place to place and include the college barges at Oxford and the various barges of boat clubs or water-men along the river, together with a few real house-boats. The other one hundred and seven are actually residences of their owners or lessees, and vary in length from the one hundred and twenty foot Cigarette down to tiny twenty-five and thirty footers.

Only at certain places along the river may the house-boats lie, and they gather in the favorite stretches in numbers form-



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE HOUSE-BOAT RHYLVA—EVERYTHING IS ROOMIER AND MORE COMFORTABLE THAN IS POSSIBLE IN THE MORE CRAMPED QUARTERS OF A YACHT

ing little colonies and giving the river a street-like appearance. The principal anchorages are at Henley, above the bridge, and at Shiplake, a hamlet a mile above the old rowing town. Many may also be found at Bourne End, at Maidenhead above Boulter's lock, at Staines, Laleham, Tagg's Island above Moulsey lock, and at Hampton Court. The largest and most attractive villages of boats are situated above the bridge at Henley, where there are usually some twenty-five lined up in the sheltered reach down to Marsh lock, and at Shiplake, where the gathering is almost as charming.

ENGLISH CRAFT AND THEIR DECORATIONS

These house-boats are no mere shacks on floats, but are designed and built with as much care for beauty and comfort as are the cottages along the waterside. They have always a single story with a deck above, sheltered by an awning and provided with all those chairs and appliances for lounging which many generations of Englishmen have evolved. The people spend most of their time on the deck. In fine weather all the meals are served there

The space below is divided into cabins and saloons in much the same manner as a yacht, except that everything is roomier and more comfortable than is possible in the cramped quarters of a yacht. The decorations, both inside and out, come in for a great deal of attention, and every owner spends as much on appearance as his income will allow. Although all the boats are built on similar lines, there are many little divergences in detail, and each vies with its neighbor in floral decorations. Flowers are the main feature of embellishment.

The house-boat is usually painted in some quiet color; white prevails, but a few owners delight in more or less bizarre combinations in more or less bad taste. The finest boats are in a light color, and depend for their beauty largely on the floral scheme. Every boat is surrounded on the upper deck, and sometimes on the lower also, by a solid bank of bright-hued plants with long streamers dangling down over the sides and transforming the craft into a kind of hanging garden. Over the deck is stretched a gay awning, and all about are hammocks and chairs and more flowers.

Inside the fittings are designed first

for comfort, but always with an eye for effect, and the living-rooms are sometimes quite beyond the ordinary idea of what is practicable on a boat. The interiors are often in hard-wood, but the lighter colors in paint are the more popular, and white and green or white and gold seem to give the most pleasing effects.

The owner of a house-boat expects to have many guests during the season. He usually comes provided with his butler and a full line of servants, for often there will be ten people or more aboard for a week-end, besides the many dinner parties and dances that occur during the river season. All the better boats have tenders where the servants lodge and where the cooking is done. It is, therefore, possible to enjoy the same service and the same cooking as if one were in a country home.

Naturally the development of house-boats has greatly increased the cost of building and of maintenance, and it is not uncommon to find ten thousand dollars or fifteen thousand dollars laid out as the original cost, while the rental—for many are rented—will go anywhere from three hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars or beyond for the summer season. Of course, there are plenty of boats that are not so well kept up, but the average man, when he decides to spend the summer on the river, knows he will go through with a tidy sum. If he takes the boat to Henley, that will mean at least five hundred dollars, for often as much as two hundred and fifty dollars is subscribed by



THE RHYLVA, AT SHIPLEAKE—ONE OF THE FINEST HOUSE-BOATS ON THE THAMES—DESIGNED AND BUILT WITH AS MUCH CARE FOR BEAUTY AND COMFORT AS ARE THE COTTAGES ALONG THE RIVER BANKS

the owner in order to secure a good position on the course.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the life; it is lazy and it is not lazy. There are always excursions on the river, for every boat has a punt or two, besides a canoe and a skiff, and a few have also

of the craft from one anchorage to another. In America varying conditions are producing varying models. The trend of the American house-boat, as has been noted, is toward cruising craft, some of which carry sails while others have engines or motors. Nevertheless, many



AN AMERICAN CRUISING HOUSE-BOAT—THE EVERGLADES, OWNED BY COLONEL ROBERT M. THOMPSON, OF NEW YORK

From a photograph by Burton, New York

sizable launches. These trips for the day are one of the most enjoyable features of the river. Then, golf may be had almost anywhere, and some owners have bought the land near their boats and have tennis courts. In short, the existence is a simple life in the open air, with plenty of exercise, if it is desired, and most of the material good things of life thrown in.

WATER LIFE IN AMERICA

In England the use of the house-boat has been almost exclusively confined to one tideless, canal-like river. Cruising is out of the question there, and the tow-paths of the Thames simplify the moving

American boats closely follow English models. They are usually more commodious and are fitted for longer periods of residence than their English prototypes.

The inlets of San Francisco Bay are abiding-places for many floating homes. Belvedere Cove, in particular, has a colony of about thirty, including the Wellington Ark, which looks like a flower-embowered cottage. Sixty-two feet long and forty feet wide, it affords a luxurious amount of space. These dimensions are increased by a roomy veranda, which extends around all four sides. Other well-known house-boats in San Franciscan waters are La Bohème, Atlantis, and the Caspian.

On the Platte and Missouri rivers the Idler and her consort, the Wanderer, owned by Mr. Lafayette Lamb, of Clinton, Iowa, carry many a party. Mr. Andrew Jackson, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, owns the Manitee, which every summer is towed by its launch through Lake Winnebago and the Fox and Wolf rivers. The Griselda, towed by horse or mule, traverses the Potomac and its flanking canal as far as Cumberland.

In the waters about New York there are not so many house-boats as the English visitor might expect to see. On Great South Bay and other Long Island waterways the yawl-rigged Sommerheim and her mates make life a pastime. Inside the islets of the Jersey coast, from Toms River to Barnegat, a number of the craft may be found, including the Dragon, owned by Mr. H. V. Snead, and Outing, owned by Mr. Hardy Bush. The craft are increasingly popular on the inland waters of Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina.

LUXURY AFLOAT

Florida, as a resort of the American "wet bob," stands in a class by herself. Her native population is housed beside her waterways, and her visitors are wealthy. It is not surprising that in Florida we should find the highest type of house-boat. Such was the late Pierre Lorillard's Caiman, a magnificent craft, which was fitted with every convenience and luxury and was even attended by a stable-boat which carried horses and carriages for the use of Mr. Lorillard and his guests. With a jolly company on board, the owner of a Florida house-boat snaps his fingers at the crowded

hotels and pursues his even way through the beautiful backwaters. Though there is nothing of English coziness in the Florida idea, it is delightful in its way; "river society" is undeveloped as yet, but there are the moorings in the quiet of the richly colored Southern garden.

The new class of cruising house-boat owes its origin largely to the Wetherills, of Philadelphia, who, some years ago, had built for use in Florida waters a very fine floating home. It is called a house-boat, because the owners decided that it was not a yacht. With equal exactness it might have been termed a yacht, had not the contrary idea first been conceived. Simply a big, roomy vessel, it approaches a house-boat in comfort. A similar boat is much used by Mr. Hugh Willoughby in Florida.

The St. Lawrence offers many advantages for a real house-boat, and recently Mr. George Boldt has brought out a fine boat as an auxiliary to his extensive establishment. The house-boat idea is spreading among the wealthy men who spend their summers on the water between the United States and Canada, and it is reported that before long a considerable fleet will be established there, where now the fast yacht has reached its highest development.

Much money is spent by rich American owners, and, as in England, the fashionable house-boat will not appeal to the slender purse. But there are all grades of house-boats, from such floating palaces as the Caiman to a humble shanty on a raft, and house-boat life is open to thousands of Americans who have yet to learn the unforgettable charm of a home on the surface of the water.

ON THE RIVER

WHERE the river lies asleep,
Limpid under drooping boughs,
In our drifting boat we keep
Tryst with love, and whisper vows.

Life of river, life of lake,
Close to earth, and yet so strange,
Who shall vow and who shall take,
'Mid thy never-ending change?

Who shall promise? Who shall give?
Life is change; but, hold—we know
We must love and we must live,
Drifting in the river's flow.

John Alwin

LIKE COALS OF FIRE

THE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN

BY GERTRUDE BARNUM

A FRENCH gentleman in a shiny Prince Albert coat stood in the hallway of the Social Settlement, and the "Head Resident" greeted him cordially.

"You need not use the special man-nair for me," said the man. "I am not the guest—but the beggar."

"Come in," said the Resident, smiling. "I have no special manner. This is all the manner I have. What did you wish to ask?"

Lucien d'Avignon made a deprecating gesture.

"I ask only—in fact I do not ask, I demand—work."

The frail figure was elegant. The imposing head with its abundant white hair was carried high. The spirit of the man showed unconquerable, despite old age, broken strength, poverty, and mortification, which were touchingly apparent under his bravado.

"What sort of work do you wish?" asked the Resident.

"I am cabinet-maker—wood-carver—the beautiful handwork! You shall see the little desk I shall mek, or the hall seat. I have use to receive, as cabinet-maker, six, seven, eight dollars a day, in those days when the machine has not yet killed good taste."

Shaking the machine-made hat-rack scornfully, he cried: "Now these tek the plais of my art! In consequence of American bad taste I—I—I lack food, clothing, and shelter, *enfin*."

Mrs. Florence Marlowe met Lucien d'Avignon on his own terms, those of a French gentleman and highly accomplished artist.

"Perhaps M. d'Avignon," she said hesitatingly, "you would consent—

under the circumstances you might consent to do a little shellacking, or rather—er—furniture polishing?"

The artist shrugged his shoulders. "Under the circumstances—I must consent to do these mechanical task. You do not perhaps need a letter-box? I should mek you a monogram; or a jewel-box—I shall mek you a trick in the drawer. No?"

For a day or two Mrs. Marlowe humiliated both herself and her protégé by offering him only "these mechanical task"; but little by little she fell completely under the spell of his personality, and brought herself and her friends to the verge of bankruptcy with orders for wood-carving and furniture-making. Her troubles were enhanced by a certain artist's license with which the craftsman would neglect his orders to fashion odd gifts for her. Almost daily he brought her presents, ranging from concoctions of medicinal herbs all the way to that most cherished of his treasures, a carved ivory crucifix, which had come down for generations in the family d'Avignon; and this habit grew more embarrassing when there developed in the devotion of the susceptible Frenchman a new quality.

One day she decided to take a stand. "The glove-box is beautiful, exquisite, M. d'Avignon," she said; "but you must not spend so much time and thought for me. There is Mrs. Dixon's tea-table; you have left it in a dreadful state. She is growing impatient."

In spite of protest, d'Avignon continued to shower his patron with tributes of devotion. His gloom when "sent from the presence" sank to melancholia and seemed to threaten tragedy. A

climax was reached on the occasion of the presentation of a marvelous miniature pear-wood locket in the shape of a heart.

"A petite heart of wood, like yours, madame," said the lover bitterly, "but look—unlike yours it will open!"

"M. d'Avignon," said the Resident severely, "I have told you often and often that I cannot accept presents from you, and now you are presuming very far."

"Are you displeased? See! Here, inside, is the inscription! The printing—old French manuscript. Are not the colors parfait!" He stood off dramatically. "Such color you give to my life—and the inscription—read; it is quite true, *n'est-ce pas?* 'From the little spark will grow a mighty flame.'"

Mrs. Marlowe shook her head as she read. "I have told you not to say such things to me," she said. "And I refuse to hear them."

"Is it not true for what I feel? Yes, it is true! You have filled my fainting heart with a great flame."

The young widow drew back, shocked, startled.

The artist raised his hand in protest. "Have no fear, my patroness," he said. "I have satisfaction only to be near. Love it is like true art—an aspiration, nevair to be possessed."

"Stop! Do not speak so personally to me," Mrs. Marlowe commanded. "I have given you orders for art-work—the last order was for a tea-table. I have not given you even my friendship, much less—much less——" she broke off indignantly, with flames in her cheeks and eyes.

D'Avignon took up the offending locket. "I understand," he said quivering, shrinking back. "I shall know my place. I am hired—hired for money. I have forgot myself because of your courtesy." He laid his hand on his heart dramatically, bowed low, and turned to leave, pale with emotion.

"Wait, M. d'Avignon," Mrs. Marlowe said softly. "You have misunderstood. I did not mean to speak cruelly—I——"

"I will complete the tea-table, madame, and offend no more." The elegant figure again bowed and was gone.

The Resident started to follow, then stopped. "Perhaps it is better so," she thought.

The Settlement saw nothing of d'Avignon the next day nor the next. On the third day the tea-table was delivered with a line in a fine, elaborate hand, on pearl monogram note-paper:

Since M. d'Avignon is sent from the presence he must at least say adieu. Will Madame Marlowe honor him to accept for her charities the small hire due for the French tea-table?

Hurriedly Mrs. Marlowe despatched a messenger to find the artist, but the boy returned with word that M. d'Avignon was gone from the city.

Weeks crept by, and the heart of the Resident was heavy with self-reproach and anxiety, since no word came from her protégé. Four, six, eight months passed, and all efforts to trace the unfortunate artist proved vain. At last, on Christmas Eve, came the much longed for word. She broke the seal of the well-known monogram envelope and read:

Since I feel your tender heart remains sad with imagination of misfortunes to myself, I take pleasure to inform you the reward my talents and many months' long starving now receive. The poor cabinet-maker has come to his heart's desire, to be permitted hand-work in a piano factory in this village. Here, you shall be informed, are fine cases for the pianos!

So rich I have become from my work that I am changed in fortune. Do you perceive d'Avignon, the proletarian, residing in an opera building? Does not that make you jealous! My building, which is now apartments, was formerly as opera-house. It is not everywhere one finds so fine architecture! I have in this apartment, boudoir, reception, buffet, studio. Is it not that I have earned so commodious living, by devote myself always to art?

My walls have decorations unique. Also there is plenty fresh air. From my windows is a view all your imagination shall paint. Now it is fringed in white and brown. In the trees in the springtime the birds will build nests and generate. The peach trees in flora will bloom—and then the fields—finish the picture for yourself. The madame has no longer to make herself anxious for me. I have great heart now to convey balm to her soft feelings.

Mrs. Marlowe drew a long breath of relief as she read. Here at least was one protégé come to good fortune. Her hope

was that in the new work and surroundings, the lover would forget her. Not so. Now would come a little verse; now a pressed flower or a bit of hand-work for her dressing-table. In response to her friendly notes of thanks he wrote reams, in his fine French hand, and the letters were always cheerful—quaint sketches of village characters, good news of his work, descriptions of the beauty of the landscape in changing seasons, as seen from his window—"almost like a dream," he wrote.

Through one long year his missives went astray, following Mrs. Marlowe about from place to place in Europe. On her return she found a small satin-wood box inlaid with charming designs in bits of mahogany. Slipping the sliding lid, she saw inside, first, a pressed rose, next, the chrysalis of a butterfly; beneath that was tucked away a fragrant note, and from the shaky little scrawl she read:

This morning before the aurora has formed, yes, long before—I realize that I am waiting on my bed now for death. I wish adieu from you, *ma chère!* I long for a word. Do I hope too bold? This enclosed, I have kept it in my sanctuary since two days, and have now decided to send it, as the very spirit of one dearly remembering you. I pray you efface forever the trouble I have made. The butterfly, like my soul, awaits liberation, but cannot escape without the sunlight, as I without madame's adieu. The little flower will say to you, "I expire"; and on this final moment I desire to be caressed by a true and gentle heart. A speedy adieu may reach from you.

—LUCIEN D'AVIGNON.

Deeply moved, and terrified lest she should be too late, the Resident hurried at once to the village named in the note. She was driven through the monotonous streets of a typical factory town. The driver drew up in front of a large brick building, leaning over the tracks of sooty freight yards. This, he said, was the only opera-house in town. It was a huge, tottering pile, with staring, paneless windows, and yawning, unhinged doors.

"Surely, there must be some mistake!"

No, this was quite right. The landlady said: "This was where Mr. Davignon usta live, but he died. The county buried him the day before yistady."

The Resident leaned against the rail-

ing, trembling. Was it here—in this miserable tenement, he had waited vainly for her message till the end?

"What work did he do in the factory?" she asked faintly.

"He wuz a piano polisher by trade," said the woman, "but he wa'n't strong and didn't make much."

They stumbled up the dark stairway his heavy feet had climbed so often, and groped their way to the vacant room. This was "For Rent."

"He was kinda crazy," said the landlady. "He owed us money, but he kep' on buyin' wood an' tools an' colorin' stuff. He usta hev fancy match-boxes an' brackets an' clock-cases an' things all 'roun' the room. It's kinda bare now. He give the truck ta us fer the rent."

In the center of the cell a battered stove was propped up with bricks. The rusty stove-pipe wobbled across and around to the smoky chimney hole. A cheap, yellow, machine-made table and chair affronted the very memory of the cabinet-maker. Looking at the milk-dewed plastering of the ceiling over the camp cot, Mrs. Marlowe saw the "decorations unique" of which M. d'Avignon had written her, and through huge zigzag cracks came in, truly enough, "plenty fresh air." There was one window, its broken pane patched with brown paper. It faced close against a prison-like factory wall, and the view—yes, she understood now—"all that your imagination shall paint." This cell, then, was the "boudoir, reception, buffet, studio," all in one. Here on this cot the spirit of the artist had finally broken.

"Ev'ry one says he wuz crazy," said the slattern; "but he *were* a good polisher. I got a piece o' wood o' hisn. You kin see yoursel' in it jist the same's in a lookin' glass." Florence Marlowe did not hear. Through her grief and self-reproach ran an old saying of d'Avignon's:

"Yes, yes—you kill men and beauty with your machines; but you are punished by the ugliness and heartlessness around you—you Americans."

She turned to the wondering janitress. "He has left beautiful things to the world," she said—and she added to herself with a sob—"like coals of fire on our heads."

THE STORY OF THE SHORT-STORY

FROM ESOP TO KIPLING

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

AN INTERESTING LITERARY FORM WHICH HAD ITS BEGINNINGS IN ANCIENT TIMES, BUT REACHED ITS FULL DEVELOPMENT ONLY WITHIN THE LAST HALF CENTURY—SOME OF THE MODERN MASTERS OF SHORT FICTION IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

ONLY within the past few years have we come to see that there is an essential difference between the true short-story and the more carelessly composed tale which merely happens to be brief. Even now we have no distinctive name for the new form; and perhaps for the present, at least, we cannot do better than to make an arbitrary compound word and to write it "short-story," thereby distinguishing it, as far as may be, from the story which merely chances to be short, although it might very well have been long.

Brief tales there have been since the world began, since the art of the storyteller was first attempted, since the cave-men filled the long evenings around the smoking fire with narratives of the mysterious deeds of the strange creatures of their own primitive fancy, since the earliest travelers who ventured abroad brought back episodic accounts of one or another of their misadventures, commingled of fact and of fiction. Strange stories were told about animals who talked and who had many of the characteristics of mankind; and by word of mouth these marvelous tales were passed down from generation to generation, growing in detail and gaining in precision, until there came to be the immense mass of beast-fable, surviving in oral tradition chiefly, but getting itself lifted up into literature now and again. It was from this fund of accumulated and transmitted lore of legend that Bidpai

and Esop made their selections, to be followed, after many a century, by that more accomplished artist in narrative, La Fontaine, the great master of the fable, which instructs and yet satirizes our common humanity.

Every fable has its moral, even though this is not always tagged to the tail of it; and the ethical intent of the storyteller who sets down what the animals say is as obvious in the record of the doings of *Reynard the Fox* as it is in the sayings of *Br'er Rabbit* preserved for us by Uncle Remus. A moral there is also—and the sturdiest and wisest of morals—in the "Jungle-Book" of Mr. Kipling, wherein we learn how *Mowgli* grew to manhood among the wild creatures of the field and of the forest. But the beast-fable, delightful as it may be when it is dealt with artistically, by writers who have genuine sympathy with the lowly and clear insight into the conditions of life—the beast-fable is only one of the many forms of the brief tale; and it has only a doubtful likeness to the true short-story.

EARLY ORIENTAL INFLUENCES

Brief tales of another kind were known to the ancients, oriental in their origin, for the most part, and abounding in that liking for the supernatural which characterizes the majority of the stories that have come to us from the East. There are the rambling Egyptian narratives—the tale, for example, of "The

Two Brothers," which scholars have only recently replevined from a buried papyrus. There are the cleverly narrated anecdotes which we find here and there in the pages of Herodotus, who was a historian with a full share of the gift of story-telling, and who was also a traveler with a natural desire ever to hear and to tell something new and something striking. There are the so-called "Lost Tales of Miletus," widely popular in the days of Greek decadence, when the enervating Orient had corrupted the sterner artistic sense of Athens and of its rival cities. But whether Grecian or Egyptian, the best of these straggling narratives—to quote the opinion of a competent critic, Professor Peck, of Columbia—is likely to reveal three characteristic defects: "a lack of variety in its themes, a lack of interest in its treatment, and a lack of originality in its form."

So far as the Greeks are concerned, this need not surprise us, since it was only in their decline that they took to prose. In the splendid period of their richest accomplishment they had found fit expression for their imaginings only in poetry; and there is significance in the fact that no one of the nine Muses was assigned to foster prose fiction. The demoralizing and disintegrating influence of the Orient is visible also in Latin literature; and in prose fiction, as in other fields of artistic endeavor, the Romans followed faithfully in the paths first trodden by the Athenians. The writers of their rambling narratives were also tempted to introduce the abnormal and the supernatural; and apparitions, especially, are frequent in the literature of the Latins. For example, there can be found in one of the younger Pliny's letters a ghost story, skilfully yet simply told, which is not without a certain likeness to one of the earliest of American tales—Irving's "Dolph Heyliger."

"THE MATRON OF EPHESUS"

Much the most famous of all the brief stories that survive in Latin is the tale of "The Matron of Ephesus," with its satiric ingenuity, which has tempted the poets of every modern language to tell it anew, each in his own fashion. It is

first to be found as an anecdote related by one of the characters in that early masterpiece of humorous realism, the "Satira" of Petronius.

And here occasion serves to note that it is only since the novel has succeeded in establishing itself as an artistic rival of the drama, and only since the scope of the true short-story has come to be recognized, that writers of fiction have given up the practise of padding their longer stories by the insertion of briefer tales, wholly unrelated to the main theme. Cervantes put into "Don Quixote" at least one minor narrative that merely distended his novel without benefiting it; and his example was followed by Scarron in the "Roman Comique," by Fielding in "Tom Jones," and by Dickens in the "Pickwick Papers." And it is in "Redgauntlet" that we find "Wandering Willy's Tale," a delightful example of Scott's commingled humor and fancy; it is properly in place in the longer romance in which it is embedded, and it is also one of the most interesting of those accidental anticipations of the true short-story, of which there are not a few to be discovered at irregular intervals in the history of fiction.

"The Matron of Ephesus" itself might also be accepted as one of these accidental anticipations, if it was not a little lacking in simplicity and in concision. But it is the sole specimen of the brief tale to be selected out of all Latin literature as prefiguring our latter-day type. From all Greek literature the one example to be chosen would be the lovely vignette of "Daphnis and Chloe," if this miniature idyl did not happen also to be a little too complicated in its episodes.

But even if the more careless prose fictions of the Greeks and the Latins are far inferior artistically to the larger Attic poems and to the lighter Roman lyrics, still they are immensely superior to the chaotic narratives which are all we can discover in the dark ages that followed the downfall of imperial rule. Medieval fiction is not unfairly represented by the "Gesta Romanorum," that storehouse of tales of all sorts and of all lengths, gathered from the ends of the earth and heaped up at haphazard.

There are a few good stories to be found in this bric-à-brac collection of anecdotes, repartees, narratives of one kind and another—stories deserving of a better treatment than could be imparted by the monkish scribe who set them down in casual confusion; and more than one later poet or playwright has been able to pick a pearl of price out of this medieval medley.

STORY FORMS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The "*Gesta Romanorum*" represents the story-telling of the Middle Ages as it was in the hands of the half educated, who had only confused memories of the past. The story-telling of those who were frankly uneducated is represented by the beast-fable, which had then a renewed popularity throughout Europe, and also by a more engaging form, the *fabliau*. The word is French; and the thing itself was French also, with a full savor of Gallic salt. A *fabliau* is a brief tale, often little more than an anecdote with a sharp sting at the end of it; frequently it was in rime; generally satiric in intent, it was full of frank gaiety and of playful humor. It may be defined as a realistic folk-tale, not bookish in its flavor, but with the simple shrewdness of the plain people. On occasion, it is free to the extreme of coarseness; but on occasion also it can be brisk and bright, fresh and felicitous, with a verve and a vivacity all its own.

From the *fabliau*, and from the "*Gesta Romanorum*" also, the story-tellers of the Renaissance borrowed many a hint; what they contributed themselves was a finer art of narrative. Their brief tales in prose or in verse were not only richer in substance; they were, above all, more shapely and more seemly, better proportioned and better balanced, more cleverly thought out and more skilfully wrought out. Chaucer, writing in rime in England, and Boccaccio, writing in prose in Italy, might now and again pick out a plot from the "*Gesta*"; but they took over from the *fabliau* more than the bare suggestion of a situation—they caught from it not a little of the grace, the lightness, and the ease which often characterize the unpretending work of the unknown French narrators.

Boccaccio himself, and the host of

other Italians who trod the trail first blazed by the author of the "*Decameron*," dealt not only with the traditional material heaped up for the hand of the story-teller, but also with the somber and bloody incidents of contemporary life. Their swift tales, limned in outline only, with scarcely a hint of the background, with the most summary indications of individual characteristics, were comic or tragic as it might chance. Sometimes they present us with the amusing complexities of amorous intrigue; and sometimes they give us glimpses of sudden and deadly revenge.

In this commingling of the grave and the gay they were imitated by the French and by the English. In the "*Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*," and in the collections of other authors using the same language, we observe that the French very naturally felt the influence of the *fabliau*, and that they seem to prefer the comic. In Painter's "*Palace of Pleasure*," and in its rival adaptations into our own tongue, we perceive that the English liking was rather for the tragic. The Italian tales, translated or in the original, served as a treasury of grisly plots open before the Elizabethan playwrights, wherein they might make their choice of strange situations to set before their unlettered audiences, reveling in dark deeds and relishing Machiavellian motives.

BOCCACCIO AND HIS FOLLOWERS

Boccaccio was a born story-teller; and born story-tellers were also not a few of his followers. The *novella* of the Italian Renaissance has often a unity of its own, and sometimes it even achieves what must be termed a fairly well-balanced construction, presenting us with the beginning, the middle, and the end of its action. And yet these fertile and accomplished narrators failed to see the manifold advantages of the compact simplicity which is the controlling characteristic of the modern short-story. More often than not, they proffer to us mere anecdotes deftly sketched; although not infrequently, also, they present us with longer plots in outline only, lacking compression, lacking color, and lacking adequate solution of the central situation. Only on rare occasions, and,

as it were, by chance, do they happen upon a form anticipating the real short-story as we know it now, with its direct unity and with its deliberate centerings of interest in a single point.

Professor Baldwin, of Yale, has recently analyzed the century of tales contained in the "Decameron"; and the result of his investigation is that more than a half of the hundred are little better than anecdotes, sometimes baldly narrated and sometimes more artistically elaborated, while nearly all of the remaining two-score are but naked plots for stories, ingeniously set forth, but existing only in scenario, so to speak. He is able to indicate three which show an approximation to the true type of short-story as we recognize it to-day, and only two which actually attain to it. This cautious classification seems to show that Boccaccio had no definite standard in mind, and that if he twice achieved the modern form it was all unwittingly and quite casually. And Bandello, the foremost of Boccaccio's followers was—as the same critic declares—even looser in his structure, and even more reckless in his disregard for the restraints of time and space.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM SPAIN

The influence of the Italian *novella* was widespread throughout Europe; and it was more powerful than that of the Spaniards, who were next to blossom forth as luxuriant inventors of adventure. There needs to be pointed out the fact that the fertility of the Spaniards was revealed rather in their multitudinous drama than in their prose fiction; and also that even in their prose fiction their grandiloquence led them to display their fancy rather in long-drawn romances than in tales cut short. To Spain we seem to owe the interminable romances of chivalry, series within series; and to Spain also are we indebted for the humorous narrative of knavery which are known as the picaresque romances.

It was Spain also which bestowed on us the earliest indisputable masterpiece of prose fiction, "Don Quixote." But Cervantes did not take himself too seriously; and even in his great work there are undeniable evidences of his artistic

carelessness. Expressing himself freely in the fashion of his time and in the manner of his race, he could not be expected to have any prevision of the rigid limitations and of the compensating advantages of the short-story. In the minor narratives arbitrarily intercalated into "Don Quixote," and in the separate collection of his "Exemplary Novels," he has written neither true short-stories nor true novelettes, but specimens of the tale which chanced to be fairly brief, although there is no intrinsic reason why it might not have been long.

SCARRON, LE SAGE, AND VOLTAIRE

This same disregard of formal beauty, this same sprawling looseness of structure, is what we observe also in the two novelists of France who reflect most openly the influence of Spain. Both Scarron and Le Sage borrowed abundantly from the plays and from the prose fiction of their predecessors and their contemporaries south of the Pyrenees. They took over more than episodes and plots—they took over all the Spanish laxity of texture. The shorter narratives injected into the "Roman Comique" and the autobiographic digressions discoverable in "Gil Blas" do not differ in any way from the larger stories in which they are included.

In fact, the more closely we consider the prose fiction of France as it was when Scarron and Le Sage were writing, the more clearly can we perceive that it had not yet become conscious of its latent possibilities, realized only of late years. All we can discover is a certain skill in narration and in character drawing. No anticipation can be detected either of the short-story or of the artfully built novel as we were to receive it later from the hands of Hawthorne and of Turgenev. Neither form had then begun to differentiate itself from the more confused narrative which might be of any length. A carefully proportioned tale like "The Princess of Clèves," by Mme. de la Fayette, remains a rare exception amid the mass of French fiction of two centuries ago, most of which is invertebrate and conglomerate.

Nor is there a marked advance in the art of fiction to be observed in the eighteenth century, so far, at least, as

mere form is concerned. In France, Voltaire was the author of a series of *contes*, of philosophic tales, delightful in their wit and disintegrating in their irony. But "Candide" and its fellows were not called into being for their own sake, but to serve an ulterior purpose. They were missiles of assault, and not stories told for the sheer pleasure of telling. They were weapons in the warfare which Voltaire was waging against the conditions he detested and against the beliefs he wished to destroy. They were allegories or apologs, rather than sketches of life and character; and however interesting they may be in themselves, they are the intense expression of Voltaire himself, and therefore they bring us no farther on the way to the modern short-story.

BEGINNING OF ENGLISH ROMANTICISM

In England there is the eighteenth-century essay, as Steele devised it and as Addison enlarged it; and in the *Tatler* and in the *Spectator* we have what we may salute as the first suggestion of the monthly magazine of our own time, with the same hospitality to many different literary forms—to the obituary article, for example, to the book review, and to the theatrical criticism. There is the succession of papers devoted to *Sir Roger de Coverley*, which we can accept, if we choose, as a first attempt at the serial story. There are the occasional oriental tales and the more frequent sketches of character, which we may hail, if we will, as the remote ancestors of the short-story. Half a century later this oriental tale, as Addison has outlined it simply, was expanded by Johnson in his "Rasselas"; and in like manner the character sketch, as Steele had attempted it, was enriched and elaborated by Goldsmith in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

At the very end of the eighteenth century we can catch the echo in English of a new note—the note of German romanticism. There was a reaction against the realities of life as Fielding and Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen represented them. The ballads and the brief tales in prose which the English imported from Germany, or which they made for themselves on the German

model, had a flavor of mysticism as well as an aroma of mystery. Scott translated Bürger; and "Monk" Lewis compiled his "Tales of Horror." Specters became fashionable again, and ghosts walked the earth once more. The eerie imaginings and morbid hallucinations of Zschokke and of Hoffmann found a warm welcome in the native land of the authors of "The Castle of Otranto" and of "The Mysteries of Udolpho." Although these German tales tended to be vague and formless, and although there was much that was freakish in this exuberance of fantasy, there was much also which was to prove profitable to the future masters of the short-story—Hawthorne and Poe in the United States, Gautier and Mérimée in France.

It was in France and in the United States, rather than in Great Britain, that we find first the true short-story; and we do not find it until the second quarter of the nineteenth century. In France, Gautier and Mérimée were preceded by Nodier, who had a feeling for the future form, but who failed finally to achieve it. In the United States, Hawthorne and Poe had a predecessor in Irving, whose delightful tales lack only a more vigorous restraint to be accepted as the earliest models of the short-story. In fact, it is only when we draw up a narrowly rigid definition of the form that we are forced to exclude Irving from the list of its originators. What Irving failed to bestow in his charming fantasies was the essential compression, the swift and straightforward movement, the unwillingness to linger by the way.

THE WORK OF WASHINGTON IRVING

To linger by the way was exactly what Irving proposed to himself as a principle. He wrote to a friend:

For my part, I consider a story merely as a frame on which to stretch the materials. It is the play of thought, and sentiment, and language, the weaving in of characters, lightly, yet expressively delineated; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life; and the half concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole—these are among what I aim at, and upon which I felicitate myself in proportion as I think I succeed.

In this declaration Irving reveals the reason why he is to be considered as a

true heir of the eighteenth-century essayists. The "Sketch Book" is the direct descendant of the *Spectator*; and in "Rip Van Winkle," "The Specter Bridegroom," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," we must see the connecting links between the brief tale as it had been in the eighteenth century and the short-story as it was perfected in the nineteenth. While Irving's manner is the discursive manner of the essayist, his material is very much what the later writers of the short-story were glad to deal with.

Beyond all question, Irving had freshness, inventiveness, fantasy—all invaluable gifts for the short-story. But he liked to linger by the way, and he did not seek the implacable unity and the swift compactness which we now demand, and which we find frequently in Hawthorne and always in Poe. And these are the essential qualities which we perceive also in the "Morte Amoureuse" of Gautier and in the "Venus d'Ille" of Mérimée, which were published in France only a year or two after Poe had put forth "Berenice." If we may judge by their other efforts in fiction, Mérimée and Gautier, like Hawthorne, were led to attain the true short-story rather by artistic impulse than by deliberate effort acting in accord with a theory firmly held. But Poe was conscious; he knew what he was doing; he had a theory firmly held; and his principles were widely different from those laid down by Irving. His artistic aim, his conception of what a short-story ought to be, was clear before him, as it was not clear before Hawthorne, who was far less of a theorizer about his art, even if he was ethically a more richly endowed artist.

POE'S THEORY OF THE SHORT-STORY

And it was in a review of Hawthorne's tales that Poe first laid down the principles which governed his own construction, and which have been quoted very often of late, because they have been accepted by the masters of the short-story in every modern language. In his paper on "The Philosophy of Composition" Poe had asserted that a poem ought not to exceed a hundred lines in length, since this is as much as can be read with interest at a single sitting; and

in this review of Hawthorne he applied the same principle to prose fiction:

The ordinary story is objectionable from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal modify, annul, or contract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. Simply cessation in reading would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be brought out, he then invents such incidents, combines such events, as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. As by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

THE ESSENTIAL UNITIES

This is definite and precise beyond all misunderstanding. The short-story must do one thing only, and it must do this completely and perfectly; it must not loiter or digress; it must have unity of action, unity of temper, unity of tone, unity of color, unity of effect; and it must vigilantly exclude everything which might interfere with its singleness of intention.

The same essential principles were laid down again, more than half a century later, by another accomplished artist in fiction, who also took an intelligent interest in the code of his craft. In one of his "Vailima Letters," Stevenson wrote to a friend, who had rashly ventured to suggest a different termination for one of his stories, that any

alteration of that kind was absolutely impossible, since it would violate the law of the short-story:

Make another end to it? Ah, yes, but that's not the way I write; the whole tale is implied; I never use an effect when I can help it, unless it prepares the effects that are to follow; that's what a story consists in. To make another end, that is to make the beginning all wrong. The dénouement of a long story is nothing, it is just "a full close," which you may approach and accompany as you please—it is a *coda*, not an essential member in the rhythm; but the body and end of a short-story is bone of the bone and blood of the blood of the beginning.

THE RISE OF THE NEW SCHOOL

After Poe, by his precept and by his practise, had revealed the possibilities of the short-story and had shown what it ought to be, it became conscious of itself. It felt itself to be differentiated as sharply from the novel as the lyric is differentiated from the epic. It was no longer to be accomplished by a lucky accident only; it could be achieved solely by deliberate and resolute effort. The restrictions were rigid, like those of the sonnet, and success was not easy; but the very difficulty of the undertaking was tempting to the true artist, ever eager for a grapple with technic. Of course, the easier brief tale, with its careless digressions, was still satisfactory to writers who lacked muscle and nerve to wrestle with the severe form—just as the weaklings among the rimesters still content themselves with one of the looser arrangements of the sonnet.

In every modern literature, there arose in time writers who mastered the short-story, made it supple, gave it scope, bent it to their own purpose, and dowered the readers of their own language with little masterpieces of narration, wholly free from the three defects which had characterized the brief tales of the Greeks—"a lack of variety in its themes, a lack of interest in its treatment, and a lack of originality in its form." So we find Verga in Italy, Kjelland in Norway, Turgenev in Russia, taking ever the perfected form, profiting by its enforced obligations of unity, simplicity, and harmony, and handling it with interest, with variety, and with originality. They dealt, each of them, with the life im-

mediately around them, with the life of their own people, with the life they knew best; and they gave to the short-story a richness of human flavor that Poe had never sought, since his ultimate aim was rather construction than character-drawing.

Yet it was not in Italy, in Norway, or in Russia that the short-story flourished first or most luxuriantly; it was in France and in the United States, the two countries in which it had been earliest achieved, almost simultaneously and quite independently. In Great Britain it was slow to establish itself; and not for many years did any one of the British masters of narrative art put forth his utmost endeavor in this minor form. They long preferred the leisurely amplitude of the full-grown novel, with its larger liberty and its looser facility; and in this they found a more certain reward. In London neither the monthly magazines nor the weekly were eager to extend an encouraging hospitality to the short-story, relying rather on a single serial tale which might assure their circulation for a year. Charles Reade once boasted that a certain novel of his "floated the *Argosy*."

Brief tales there were, and in profusion, in these British magazines; but they were, for the most part, the careless "pot-boilers" of the less gifted writers. Indeed, the British were the last of the great peoples to appreciate the finer possibilities of the short-story as a definite species of fiction; and therefore they were the slowest to take advantage of the new form. And as a result of this conservatism, they lagged far behind France and the United States, in this department of literature, until its possibilities were suddenly made manifest to them by Stevenson and by Kipling, both of whom had come directly under the influence of Poe and of other American masters of the short-story.

STEVENSON AND KIPLING

Stevenson also had a certain spiritual kinship with Hawthorne, disclosed most clearly in "Markheim"—which could not be excluded from any list of the world's most powerful short-stories. And to any list of the world's most beautiful short-stories Kipling could

contribute "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Brushwood Boy," and "They," even if no larger selection from his incomparably varied store did not impose itself. The British were sluggish in adventuring themselves in the new form; but when at last two of their most striking writers did undertake it, they won immediate acclaim as masters of this minor art.

Perhaps the reason why the short-story established itself earlier in France was twofold—first of all, the finer artistic appreciation of a gifted race which had inherited the Latin liking for logic and harmony, and which had long accepted the classicist code of unity and proportion; and, secondly, the inviting hospitality of Parisian journalism, which had always prided itself on a close connection with literature.

The French are not rich in magazines, partly, perhaps, because their newspapers are ready to give them much that we who speak English expect to find only in our weeklies and our monthlies. It was in the daily journal of the city on the Seine that there were first published the most of the short-stories of Richépin, of Coppée, of Halévy, of Daudet, and of Maupassant. Whenever the list of the world's most admirable short-stories is drawn up, it cannot fail to contain the title of more than one of Daudet's deliciously humorous fantasies, full of the flavor of the south; and it will be enriched also with the name of more than one of Maupassant's sturdily veracious portrayals of character, executed with a northern fidelity to fact.

ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

For the extraordinary expansion of the short-story here in the United States, in the American branch of English literature in the mid-century when it was being neglected by the chief authors of the British branch of our literature, three reasons may be suggested. First of all, there is the important fact that the perfected form had been exemplified and proclaimed here by Poe, earlier than by any other writer elsewhere. Secondly, we need to note that our struggling magazines from the beginning had been forced to rely for their attractiveness largely on the short-story, if only be-

cause of the dearth of native novelists capable of carrying the burden of the lengthened serial. And thirdly, we must recall certain of the special conditions of our civilization—a vast country, a heterogeneous population, a wide variety of interests, all of which combined to make it almost an impossibility that we should ever bring forth a work of fiction which might be recognized as the "great American novel."

RECENT AMERICAN WRITERS

What was possible for our writers of fiction, and what was most immediately profitable for them, was to forego the long novel and to avail themselves of the short-story, in which they might begin modestly to deal directly with that special part of an immense country with which any one of them chanced to be most familiar, to limn its characters with absolute honesty, and to fix its characteristics before they were modified. In the middle of the nineteenth century the time was not yet ripe for the broader studies of American life, like "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "Huckleberry Finn," which could not arrive until later; but there was a tempting opening for those of us who might choose to cultivate what may be called the short-story of local color. In one sense Irving had set the example, and in "Rip Van Winkle" and its fellows he had peopled the banks of the Hudson with legendary figures. But more potent yet was the influence of Hawthorne, with his searching analysis of the very soul of New England.

After Irving and Hawthorne there came forward a host of American writers of the short-story of local color, men and women, humorists and sentimentalists, fantasists and realists, Northerners and Southerners, differing in sincerity and differing in skill. For more than three-score years they have been exploring these United States; and they have been explaining the people of one State to the populations of the others, increasing our acquaintance with our fellow-citizens and broadening our sympathy. In no other country has anything like this probing inquisition of contemporary humanity ever been attempted—perhaps because there is no other country in

which it would be as useful and as necessary.

Bret Harte cast the cloak of romance over the shoulders of the Argonauts of '49; and what he sought to do for the early Californians, other writers have striven to do for the later inhabitants of other States. There is romance in abundance in Mr. Cable's delineation of "Old Creole Days," in which there is also a wiser regard for the actual facts of life and of human character. What Mr. Cable did for Louisiana Mr. Page has done for Virginia and Mr. Harris for Georgia. With a franker realism, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins have depicted the sterner folks of Massachusetts, and Mr. Garland has etched the plain people of Wisconsin. And only recently the same searching method has been applied to the several quarters of the single city of New York, with its confused medley of inhabitants drawn from every part of the Old World, and now in process of making over into citizens of the New.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the drama was the dominating literary form. In the eighteenth cen-

tury, the essay in its turn attracted the attention of almost every man of letters. In the nineteenth century, the essay lost its popularity, just as the drama had lost its supremacy a hundred years earlier; and prose fiction, borrowing much from both of these predecessors, attained a universal vogue and insisted on recognition as the equal of the drama, which had formerly claimed an indisputable precedence. At the end of the nineteenth century no competent critic could deny that this had been the era of the novel; but even more indisputably has it been the era of the short-story.

Now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, there are signs that the drama is again alive in our literature, and that it is winning back adherents from the ranks of the novelists. But this rivalry of the drama, whatever effect it may have upon the novel, is not likely to interfere with the short-story, which, as we have seen, stands apart by itself. Probably there is no rashness in a prophecy that the short-story will flourish even more luxuriantly in the immediate future than it has flourished in the immediate past.

THEY ARE LIGHTING THE LAMPS IN THE FISHING-PORT

THEY are lighting the lamps in the fishing-port

Where the dories anchored lie,

And over the steeple a little moon

Hangs thin and sweet in the sky.

The calm lights come as I pace the sand,

And I would they were calm for me;

But the cry of the past comes out of the vast

Like a signal from the sea.

The blue smoke curls from the fisher's hut,

Faint comes the children's shout;

Over the breast of the rosy bay

The yellow lamps stream out.

Oh, the lamps are lit by the fishers' wives,

And sweet with content they be;

But a light burns dim on the sea's far rim

That was lamp and star to me.

Oh, all is safe in the fishing-port,

And kind are the fisher-folk,

And sweet is the light of the sturdy lamps

•And friendly the curling smoke.

Aye, hearty and kind are the fisher-folk!

But how should they know of me

How my thoughts beat back o'er the buried track

Of a ship long lost at sea?

Charlotte Wilson

THE HIGHER ABDICATION

BY O. HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

CURLY, the tramp, sidled toward the free-lunch counter. He caught a fleeting glance from the bartender's eye, and stood still, trying to look like a business man who had just dined at the Menger and was waiting for a friend who had promised to pick him up in his motor car. Curly's histrionic powers were equal to the impersonation; but his make-up was wanting.

The bartender rounded the bar in a casual way, looking up at the ceiling as though he was pondering some intricate problem of kalsomining, and then fell upon Curly so suddenly that the roadster had no excuses ready. Irresistibly, but so composedly that it seemed almost absent-mindedness on his part, the dispenser of drinks pushed Curly to the swinging doors and kicked him out, with a nonchalance that almost amounted to sadness. That was the way of the Southwest.

Curly arose from the gutter leisurely. He felt no anger or resentment toward his ejector. Fifteen years of tramping spent out of the twenty-two years of his life had hardened the fibers of his spirit. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune fell blunted from the buckler of his armored pride. With especial resignation did he suffer contumely and injury at the hands of bartenders. Naturally, they were his enemies; and unnaturally, they were often his friends. He had to take his chances with them. But he had not yet learned to estimate these cool, languid, Southwestern knights of the bungstarter, who had the manners of an Earl of Pawtucket, and who, when they disapproved of your presence, moved you with the silence and despatch of a chess automaton advancing a pawn.

Curly stood for a few moments in the

narrow, mesquit-paved street. San Antonio puzzled and disturbed him. Three days he had been an non-paying guest of the town, having dropped off there from a box car of an I. & G. N. freight, because Greaser Johnny had told him in Des Moines that the Alamo City was manna fallen, gathered, cooked, and served free with cream and sugar. Curly had found the tip partly a good one. There was hospitality in plenty of a careless, liberal, irregular sort. But the town itself was a weight upon his spirits after his experience with the rushing, business-like, systematized cities of the North and East. Here he was often flung a dollar, but too frequently a good-natured kick would follow it. Once a band of hilarious cowboys had roped him on Military Plaza and dragged him across the black soil until no respectable ragbag would have stood sponsor for his clothes. The winding, doubling streets, leading nowhere, bewildered him. And then there was a little river, crooked as a pot-hook, that crawled through the middle of the town, crossed by a hundred little bridges so nearly alike that they got on Curly's nerves. And the last bartender wore a number nine shoe.

The saloon stood on a corner. The hour was eight o'clock. Homefarers and outgoers jostled Curly on the narrow stone sidewalk. Between the buildings to his left he looked down a cleft that proclaimed itself another thoroughfare. The alley was dark except for one patch of light. Where there was light there were sure to be human beings. Where there were human beings after nightfall in San Antonio there might be food, and there was sure to be drink. So Curly headed for the light.

The illumination came from Schwe-

gel's café. On the sidewalk in front of it Curly picked up an old envelope. It might have contained a check for a million. It was empty; but the wanderer read the address: "Mr. Otto Schwegel," and the name of the town and State. The postmark was Detroit.

Curly entered the saloon. And now in the light it could be perceived that he bore the stamp of many years of vagabondage. He had none of the tidiness of the calculating and shrewd professional tramp. His wardrobe represented the cast-off specimens of half a dozen fashions and eras. Two factories had combined their efforts in providing shoes for his feet. As you gazed at him there passed through your mind vague impressions of mummies, wax figures, Russian exiles, and men lost on desert islands. His face was covered almost to his eyes with a curly brown beard that he kept trimmed short with a pocket-knife, and that had furnished him with his *nom de route*. Light-blue eyes, full of sullenness, fear, cunning, impudence, and fawning, witnessed the stress that had been laid upon his soul.

The saloon was small, and in its atmosphere the odors of meat and drink struggled for the ascendancy. The pig and the cabbage wrestled with hydrogen and oxygen. Behind the bar Schwegel labored with an assistant whose epidermal pores showed no signs of being obstructed. Hot wienerwurst and sauerkraut was being served to purchasers of beer. Curly shuffled to the end of the bar, coughed hollowly, and told Schwegel that he was a Detroit cabinet-maker out of a job. It followed as the night the day that he got his schooner and lunch.

"Was you acquainted maybe mit Heinrich Strauss in Detroit?" asked Schwegel.

"Did I know Heinrich Strauss?" repeated Curly, affectionately. "Why, say, Bo, I wish I had a dollar for every game of pinocle me and Heine has played on Sunday afternoons."

More beer and a second plate of steaming food was set before the diplomat. And then Curly, knowing to a fluid-drachm how far a "con" game would go, shuffled out into the unpromising street.

And now he began to perceive the in-

conveniences of this stony Southern town. There was none of the outdoor gaiety and brilliancy and music that provided distraction even to the poorest in the cities of the North. Here, even so early, the gloomy, rock-walled houses were closed and barred against the murky dampness of the night. The streets were mere fissures through which flowed gray wreaths of river mist. As he walked he heard laughter and the chink of coin and chips behind darkened windows, and music coming from every chink of wood and stone. But the diversions were selfish; the day of popular pastimes had not yet come to San Antonio.

But at length Curly, as he strayed, turned the sharp angle of another lost street and came upon a rollicking band of stockmen from the outlying ranches celebrating in the open in front of an ancient wooden hotel. One great roisterer from the sheep country who had just instigated a movement toward the bar, swept Curly in like a stray goat with the rest of his flock. The princes of kine and wool hailed him as a new zoological discovery, and uproariously strove to preserve him in the diluted alcohol of their compliments and regards.

An hour afterward Curly staggered from the hotel barroom dismissed by his fickle friends, whose interest in him had subsided as quickly as it had risen. Full-stoked with alcoholic fuel and cargoes with food, the only question remaining to disturb him was that of shelter and bed.

A drizzling, cold Texas rain had begun to fall—an endless, lazy, unintermittent downfall that lowered the spirits of men and raised a reluctant steam from the hot stones of the streets and houses. Thus comes the "norther," dousing gentle spring and amiable autumn with the chilling salutes and adieus of coming and departing winter.

Curly followed his nose down the first tortuous street into which his irresponsible feet conducted him. At the lower end of it, on the bank of the serpentine stream, he perceived an open gate in a cemented rock wall. Inside he saw camp fires and a row of low wooden sheds built against three sides of the enclosing wall. He entered the enclosure. Under

the sheds many horses were champing at their oats and corn. Many wagons and buckboards stood about with their teams' harness thrown carelessly upon the shafts and doubletrees. Curly recognized the place as a wagon-yard, such as is provided by merchants for their out-of-town friends and customers. No one was in sight. No doubt the drivers of those wagons were scattered about the town "seeing the elephant and hearing the owl." In their haste to become patrons of the town's dispensaries of mirth and good cheer the last ones to depart must have left the great wooden gate swinging open.

Curly had satisfied the hunger of an anaconda and the thirst of a camel, so he was neither in the mood nor the condition of an explorer. He zigzagged his way to the first wagon that his eyesight distinguished in the semi-darkness under the shed. It was a two-horse wagon with a top of white canvas. The wagon was half filled with loose piles of wool sacks, two or three great bundles of gray blankets, and a number of bales, bundles, and boxes. A reasoning eye would have estimated the load at once as ranch supplies, bound on the morrow for some outlying hacienda. But to the drowsy intelligence of Curly they represented only warmth and softness and protection against the cold humidity of the night. After several unlucky efforts, at last he conquered gravity so far as to climb over a wheel and pitch forward upon the best and warmest bed he had fallen upon in many a day. Then he became instinctively a burrowing animal, and dug his way like a prairie-dog down among the sacks and blankets, hiding himself from the cold air as snug and safe as a bear in his den. For three nights sleep had visited Curly only in broken and shivering doses. So now, when Morpheus condescended to pay him a call, Curly got such a strangle hold on the mythological old gentleman that it was a wonder that any one else in the whole world got a wink of sleep that night.

II

Six cowpunchers of the Cibolo Ranch were waiting around the door of the ranch store. Their ponies cropped grass

near-by, tied in the Texas fashion—which is not tied at all. Their bridle reins had been dropped to the earth, which is a more effectual way of securing them (such is the power of habit and imagination) than you could devise out of a half-inch rope and a live-oak tree.

These guardians of the cow lounged about, each with a brown cigarette paper in his hand, and gently but unceasingly cursed Sam Revell, the storekeeper. Sam stood in the door, snapping the red elastic bands on his pink madras shirt-sleeves and looking down affectionately at the only pair of tan shoes within a forty-mile radius. His offense had been serious, and he was divided between humble apology and admiration for the beauty of his raiment. He had allowed the ranch stock of "smoking" to become exhausted.

"I thought sure there was another case of it under the counter, boys," he explained. "But it happened to be cat-tredges."

"You've sure got a case of happened-itis," said Poky Rodgers, fence rider of the Largo Verde *potrero*. "Somebody ought to happen to give you a knock on the head with the butt end of a quirt. I've rode in nine miles for some tobacco; and it don't appear natural and seemly that you ought to be allowed to live."

"The boys was smokin' cut plug and dried mesquit leaves mixed when I left," sighed Mustang Taylor, horse wrangler of the Three Elm camp. "They'll be lookin' for me back by nine. They'll be settin' up, with their papers ready to roll a whiff of the real thing before bedtime. And I've got to tell 'em that this pink-eyed, sheep-headed, sulphur-hoofed, shirtwaisted son of a calico bronco, Sam Revell, hasn't got no tobacco on hand."

Gregorio Falcon, Mexican vaquero and best thrower of the rope on the Cibolo, pushed his heavy, silver-embroidered straw sombrero back upon his thicket of jet black curls, and scraped the bottoms of his pockets for a few crumbs of the precious weed.

"Ah, Don Samuel," he said reproachfully, but with his touch of Castilian manners, "escuse me. Dthey say dthe jackrabbeet and dthe sheep have dthe



THE COWPUNCHERS TALK TO THIS DAY OF THE BATTLE THAT FOLLOWED

most leetle *sesos*—how you call dthem—brain-es? Ah don' believe dthat, Don Samuel—escuse me. Ah dthink people w'at don' keep esmokin' tobacco, dthey—bot you weel escuse me, Don Samuel."

"Now, what's the use of chewin' the rag, boys," said the untroubled Sam, stooping over to rub the toes of his shoes with a red-and-yellow handkerchief. "Ranse took the order for some more smokin' to San Antone with him Tuesday. Pancho rode Ranse's hoss back yesterday; and Ranse is goin' to drive the wagon back himself. There wa'n't much of a load—just some wooolsacks and blankets and nails and canned peaches and a few things we was out of. I look for Ranse to roll in to-day sure. He's an early starter and a hell-to-split driver, and he ought to be here not far from sundown."

"What plugs is he drivin'?" asked Mustang Taylor, with a smack of hope in his tones.

"The buckboard grays," said Sam.

"I'll wait a spell, then," said the wrangler. "Them plugs eat up a trail like a roadrunner swallowin' a whip snake. And you may bust me open a can of green-gage plums, Sam, while I'm waitin' for somethin' better."

"Open me some yellow clings," ordered Poky Rodgers. "I'll wait, too."

The tobaccoless punchers arranged themselves comfortably on the steps of the store. Inside Sam chopped open with a hatchet the tops of the cans of fruit. The cowpunchers never failed to treat themselves to a change from the beans and bacon of camp whenever they rode in to the store.

The store, a big, white wooden building like a barn, stood fifty yards from the ranch-house. Beyond it were the horse corrals; and still farther the wool sheds and the brush-topped shearing pens—for the Rancho Cibolo raised both cattle and sheep. Behind the store, at a little distance, were the grass-thatched *jacals* of the Mexicans who bestowed their allegiance upon the Cibolo.

The ranch-house was composed of four large rooms with plastered adobe walls, and a two-room wooden ell. A twenty-foot-wide "gallery" circumvented the structure. It was set in a grove of immense live-oaks and water-elms near

a lake—a long, not very wide and tremendously deep lake in which, at nightfall, great gars leaped to the surface and plunged with the noise of hippopotamuses frolicking at their bath. From the trees hung garlands and massive pendants of the melancholy gray moss of the South. Indeed, the Cibolo ranch-house seemed more of the South than of the West. It looked as if old "Kiowa" Truesdell might have brought it with him from the lowlands of Mississippi when he came to Texas with his rifle in the hollow of his arm in '55.

But, though he did not bring the family mansion, Truesdell did bring something in the way of a family inheritance that was more lasting than brick or stone. He brought one end of the Truesdell-Curtis family feud. And when a Curtis bought the Rancho de los Olmos, sixteen miles from the Cibolo, there were lively times on the pear flats and in the chaparral thickets of the Southwest. In those days Truesdell cleaned the brush of many a wolf and tiger cat and Mexican lion; and one or two Curtises fell heirs to notches on his rifle stock. Also he buried a brother with a Curtis bullet in him on the bank of the lake at Cibolo. And then the Kiowa Indians made their last raid upon the ranches between the Frio and the Rio Grande, and Truesdell at the head of his rangers rid the earth of them to the last brave, earning his sobriquet. Then came prosperity in the form of waxing herds and broadening lands. And then old age and bitterness, when he sat, with his great mane of hair as white as the Spanish-dagger blossoms and his fierce, pale-blue eyes, on the shaded gallery at Cibolo, growling like the pumas that he had slain. He snapped his fingers at old age; the bitter taste to life did not come from that. The cup that stuck at his lips was that his only son Ransom wanted to marry a Curtis, the last youthful survivor of the other end of the feud.

III

For a while the only sounds to be heard at the store were the rattling of the tin spoons and the gurgling intake of the juicy fruits by the cowpunchers, the stamping of the grazing ponies, and

the singing of a doleful song by Sam as he contentedly brushed his stiff auburn hair for the twentieth time that day before a crinkly mirror.

From the door of the store could be seen the irregular, sloping stretch of prairie to the south with its reaches of light-green, billowy mesquit flats in the lower places, and its rises crowned with nearly black masses of short chaparral. Through the mesquit flat wound the ranch road that, five miles away, flowed into the old government trail to San Antonio. The sun was so low that the gentlest elevation cast its gray shadow miles into the green-gold sea of sunshine.

That evening ears were quicker than eyes.

The Mexican held up a tawny finger to still the scraping of tin against tin.

"One waggeen," said he, "cross dthe Arroyo Hondo. Ah hear dthe wheel. Verree rockee place, dthe Hondo."

"You've got good ears, Gregorio," said Mustang Taylor. "I never heard nothin' but the song-bird in the bush and the zephyr skallyhootin' across the peaceful dell."

In ten minutes Taylor remarked: "I see the dust of a wagon risin' right above the fur end of the flat."

"You have verree good eyes, señor," said Gregorio, smiling.

Two miles away they saw a faint cloud dimming the green ripples of the mesquits. In twenty minutes they heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs: in five minutes more the gray plugs dashed out of the thicket, whickering for oats and drawing the light wagon behind them like a toy.

From the *jacals* came a cry of: "*El Amo! El Amo!*" Four Mexican youths raced to unharness the grays. The cow-punchers gave a yell of greeting and delight.

Ranse Truesdell, driving, threw the reins to the ground and laughed.

"It's under the wagon sheet, boys," he said. "I know what you're waiting for. If Sam lets it run out again we'll use them yellow shoes of his for a target. There's two cases. Pull 'em out and light up. I know you all want a smoke."

After striking dry country Ranse had removed the wagon sheet from the bows and thrown it over the goods in the

wagon. Six pair of hasty hands dragged it off and grabbed beneath the sacks and blankets for the cases of tobacco.

Long Collins, tobacco messenger from the San Gabriel outfit, who rode with the longest stirrups west of the Mississippi, delved with an arm like the tongue of a wagon. He caught something harder than a blanket and pulled out a fearful thing—a shapeless, muddy bunch of leather tied together with wire and twine. From its ragged end, like the head and claws of a disturbed turtle, protruded human toes.

"Who-ee!" yelled Long Collins. "Ranse, are you a-packin' around of corpses? Here's a—howlin' grasshoppers!"

Up from his long slumber popped Curly like some vile worm from its burrow. He clawed his way out and sat blinking like a disreputable, drunken owl. His face was as bluish-red and puffed and seamed and cross-lined as the cheapest round steak of the butcher. His eyes were swollen slits; his nose a pickled beet; his hair would have made the wildest thatch of a Jack-in-the-box look like the satin poll of a Cléo de Mérode. The rest of him was scarecrow done to the life.

Ranse jumped down from his seat and looked at his strange cargo with wide-open eyes.

"Here, you maverick, what are you doing in my wagon? How did you get in there?"

The punchers gathered around in delight. For the time they had forgotten tobacco.

Curly looked around him slowly in every direction. He snarled like a Scotch terrier through his ragged beard.

"Where is this?" he rasped through his parched throat. "It's a damn farm in an old field. What'd you bring me here for—say? Did I say I wanted to come here? What are you Reubs rubberin' at—hey? G'wan or I'll punch some of yer faces."

"Drag him out, Collins," said Ranse.

Curly took a slide and felt the ground rise up and collide with his shoulder blades. He got up and sat on the steps of the store shivering from outraged nerves, hugging his knees and sneering.

Taylor lifted out a case of tobacco and wrenched off its top. Six cigarettes began to glow, bringing peace and forgiveness to Sam.

"How'd you come in my wagon?" repeated Ranse, this time in a voice that drew a reply. Curly recognized the tone. He had heard it used by freight brakemen and large persons in blue carrying clubs.

"Me?" he growled. "Oh, was you talkin' to me? Why, I was on my way to the Menger, but my valet had forgot to pack my pajamas. So I crawled into that wagon in the wagon-yard—see? I never told you to bring me out to this bloomin' farm—see?"

"What is it, Mustang?" asked Poky Rodgers, almost forgetting to smoke in his ecstasy. "What do it live on?"

"It's a galliwampus, Poky," said Mustang. "It's the thing that hollers 'willi-walloo' up in ellow trees in the low grounds of nights. I don't know if it bites."

"No, it ain't, Mustang," volunteered Long Collins. "Them galliwampuses has fins on their backs, and eighteen toes. This here is a hicklesnifter. It lives under the ground and eats cherries. Don't stand so close to it. It wipes out villages with one stroke of its prehensile tail."

Sam, the cosmopolite, who called bartenders in San Antone by their first name, stood in the door. He was a better zoologist.

"Well, ain't that a Willie for your whiskers?" he commented. "Where'd you dig up the hobo, Ranse? Goin' to make an auditorium for inbreviates out of the ranch?"

"Say," said Curly, from whose panoplied breast all shafts of wit fell blunted. "Any of you kiddin' guys got a drink on you? Have your fun. Say, I've been hittin' the stuff till I don't know straight up." He turned to Ranse. "Say, you shangaied me on your d—d old prairie schooner—did I tell you to drive me to a farm? I want a drink. I'm goin' all to little pieces. What's doin'?"

Ranse saw that the tramp's nerves were racking him. He despatched one of the Mexican boys to the ranch-house for a glass of whisky. Curly gulped it down; and into his eyes came a brief, grateful

glow—as human as the expression in the eye of a faithful setter dog.

"Thanky, boss," he said quietly.

"You're thirty miles from a railroad, and forty miles from a saloon," said Ranse.

Curly fell back weakly against the steps.

"Since you are here," continued the ranchman, "come along with me. We can't turn you out on the prairie. A rabbit might tear you to pieces."

He conducted Curly to a large shed where the ranch vehicles were kept. There he spread out a canvas cot and brought blankets.

"I don't suppose you can sleep," said Ranse, "since you've been pounding your ear for twenty-four hours. But you can camp here till morning. I'll have Pedro fetch you up some grub."

"Sleep!" said Curly. "I can sleep a week. Say, sport, have you got a coffin nail on you?"

IV

FIFTY miles had Ransom Truesdell driven that day. And yet this is what he did.

Old "Kiowa" Truesdell sat in his great wicker chair reading by the light of an immense oil lamp. Ranse laid a bundle of newspapers fresh from town at his elbow.

"Back, Ranse?" said the old man, looking up.

"Son," old "Kiowa" continued, "I've been thinking all day about a certain matter that we have talked about. I want you to tell me again. I've lived for you. I've fought wolves and Indians and worse white men to protect you. You never had any mother that you can remember. I've taught you to shoot straight, ride hard, and live clean. Later on I've worked to pile up dollars that'll be yours. You'll be a rich man, Ranse, when my chunk goes out. I've made you. I've licked you into shape like a leopard cat licks its cubs. You don't belong to yourself—you've got to be a Truesdell first. Now, is there to be any more nonsense about this Curtis girl?"

"I'll tell you once more," said Ranse slowly. "As I am a Truesdell and as you are my father, I'll never marry a Curtis."

"Good boy," said old "Kiowa."
 "You'd better go get some supper."

Ranse went to the kitchen at the rear of the house. Pedro, the Mexican cook, sprang up to bring the food he was keeping warm in the stove.

"Just a cup of coffee, Pedro," he said, and drank it standing. And then:

"There's a tramp on a cot in the wagon-shed. Take him something to eat. Better make it enough for two."

Ranse walked out toward the *jacals*. A boy came running.

"Manuel, can you catch Vaminos, in the little pasture, for me?"

"Why not, señor? I saw him near the *puerta* but two hours past. He bears a drag-rope."

"Get him and saddle him as quick as you can."

"*Prontito, señor.*"

Soon, mounted on Vaminos, Ranse leaned in the saddle, pressed with his knees, and galloped eastward past the store, where sat Sam trying his guitar in the moonlight.

Vaminos shall have a word—Vaminos the good dun horse. The Mexicans, who have a hundred names for the colors of a horse, called him *gruyo*. He was a mouse-colored, slate-colored, flea-bitten roan-dun, if you can conceive it. Down his back from his mane to his tail went a line of black. He would live forever; and surveyors have not laid off as many miles in the world as he could travel in a day.

Eight miles east of the Cibolo ranch-house Ranse loosened the pressure of his knees, and Vaminos stopped under a big ratama tree. The yellow ratama blossoms showered fragrance that would have undone the roses of France. The moon made the earth a great concave bowl with a crystal sky for a lid. In a glade five jackrabbits leaped and played together like kittens. Eight miles farther east shone a faint star that appeared to have dropped below the horizon. Night riders, who often steered their course by it, knew it to be the light in the Rancho de los Olmos.

In ten minutes Yenna Curtis galloped to the tree on her sorrel pony Dancer. The two leaned and clasped hands heartily.

"I ought to have ridden nearer your

home," said Ranse. "But you never will let me."

Yenna laughed. And in the soft light you could see her strong white teeth and fearless eyes. No sentimentality there, in spite of the moonlight, the odor of the ratamas, and the admirable figure of Ranse Truesdell, the lover. But she was there, eight miles from her home to meet him.

"How often have I told you, Ranse," she said, "that I am your half-way girl? Always half-way."

"Well?" said Ranse, with a question in his tones.

"I did," said Yenna, with almost a sigh. "I told him after dinner when I thought he would be in a good humor. Did you ever wake up a lion, Ranse, with the mistaken idea that he would be a kitten? He almost tore the ranch to pieces. It's all up. I love my daddy, Ranse, and I'm afraid—I'm afraid of him, too. He ordered me to promise that I'd never marry a Truesdell. I promised. That's all. What luck did you have?"

"The same," said Ranse slowly. "I promised him that his son would never marry a Curtis. Somehow I couldn't go against him. He's mighty old. I'm sorry, Yenna."

The girl leaned in her saddle and laid one hand on Ranse's, on the horn of his saddle.

"I never thought I'd like you better for giving me up," she said ardently, "but I do. I must ride back now, Ranse. I slipped out of the house and saddled Dancer myself. Good night, neighbor."

"Good night," said Ranse. "Ride carefully over them badger holes."

They wheeled and rode away in opposite directions. Yenna turned in her saddle and called clearly:

"Don't forget I'm your half-way girl, Ranse."

"Damn all family feuds and inherited scraps," said Ranse vindictively to the breeze.

Ranse turned his horse into the small pasture and went to his own room. He opened the lowest drawer of an old bureau to get out the packet of letters that Yenna had written him one summer when she had gone to Mississippi for a visit. The drawer stuck, and he yanked at it

savagely—as a man will. It came out of the bureau, and bruised both his shins—as a drawer will. An old, folded yellow letter without an envelope fell from somewhere—probably from where it had lodged in one of the upper drawers. Ranse took it to the lamp and read it curiously.

Then he took his hat and walked to one of the Mexican *jacals*.

"Tia Juana," he said, "I would like to talk with you a while."

An old, old Mexican woman, white-haired and wonderfully wrinkled, rose from a stool.

"Sit down," said Ranse, removing his hat and taking the one chair in the *jacal*. "Who am I, Tia Juana?" he asked, speaking Spanish.

"Don Ransom, our good friend and employer. Why do you ask?" answered the old woman.

"Tia Juana, who am I?" he repeated.

A frightened look came in the old woman's face. She fumbled with her black shawl.

"Who am I, Tia Juana?" said Ranse once more.

"Thirty-two years I have lived on the Rancho Cibolo," said Tia Juana. "I thought to be buried under the coma mott beyond the garden before these things should be known. Close the door, Don Ransom, and I will speak. I see in your face that you know."

An hour Ranse spent behind Tia Juana's closed door. As he was on his way back to the house Curly called to him from the wagon-shed.

The tramp sat on his cot, swinging his feet and smoking.

"Say, sport," he grumbled. "This is no way to treat a man after kidnagin' him. I went up to the store and borrowed a razor from that flash guy and had a shave. But that ain't all a man needs. Say—can't you loosen up for about three fingers more of that booze? I never asked you to bring me to your d—d farm."

"Stand up out here in the light," said Ranse.

Curly got up sullenly and took a step or two.

His face, now shaven smooth, seemed transformed. His hair had been combed, and it fell back from the right side of

his forehead with a peculiar wave. The moonlight charitably softened the ravages of drink; and his aquiline, well-shaped nose and small, square cleft chin almost gave distinction to his looks.

Ranse sat on the foot of the cot, and looked at him curiously.

"Where did you come from—have you got any home or folks anywhere?"

"Me? Why, I'm a dook," said Curly. "I'm Sir Reginald—oh, cheese it. No; I don't know anything about my ancestors. I've been a tramp ever since I can remember. Say, old pal, are you going to set 'em up again to-night or not?"

"You answer my questions and maybe I will. How did you come to be a tramp?"

"Me?" answered Curly. "Why, I adopted that profession when I was an infant. Case of had to. First thing I can remember, I belonged to a big, lazy hobo called Beefsteak Charlie. He sent me around to houses to beg. I wasn't hardly big enough to reach the latch of a gate."

"Did he ever tell you how he got you?" asked Ranse.

"Once when he was sober he said he bought me for an old six-shooter and six bits from a band of drunken Mexican sheep-shearers. But what's the diff? That's all I know."

"All right," said Ranse. "I reckon you're a maverick for certain. I'm going to put the Rancho Cibolo brand on you. I'll start you to work out in one of the camps to-morrow."

"Work!" sniffed Curly disdainfully. "What do you take me for? Do you think I'd chase cows, and hop-skip-and-jump around after crazy sheep like that pink and yellow guy at the store says these Reubs do? Forget it."

"Oh, you'll like it when you get used to it," said Ranse. "Yes, I'll send you up one more drink by Pedro. I think you'll make a first-class cowpuncher before I get through with you."

"Me?" said Curly. "I pity the cows you set me to chaperone. They can go chase themselves. Don't forget my night-cap, please, boss."

Ranse paid a visit to the store before going to the house. Sam Revell was taking off his tan shoes regretfully and preparing for bed.

"Any of the boys from the San Gabriel camp riding in early in the morning?" asked Ranse.

"Long Collins," said Sam briefly. "For the mail."

"Tell him," said Ranse, "to take that tramp out to camp with him and keep him till I get there."

V

CURLY was sitting on his blankets in the San Gabriel camp cursing talentedly when Ranse Truesdell rode up and dismounted on the next afternoon. The cowpunchers were ignoring the stray. He was grimy with dust and black dirt. His clothes were making their last stand in favor of the conventions.

Ranse went up to Buck Rabb, the camp boss, and spoke briefly.

"He's a plumb buzzard," said Buck. "He won't work, and he's the low-down-est passel of inhumanity I ever see. I didn't know what you wanted done with him, Ranse, so I just let him set. That seems to suit him. He's been condemned to death by the boys a dozen times, but I told 'em maybe you was savin' him for torture."

Ranse took off his coat.

"I've got a hard job before me, Buck, I reckon, but it has to be done. I've got to make a man out of that thing. That's what I've come to camp for."

He went up to Curly.

"Brother," he said, "don't you think if you had a bath it would allow you to take a seat in the company of your fellow man with less injustice to the atmosphere?"

"Run away, farmer," said Curly sardonically. "Willie will send for nuresey when he feels like having his tub."

The *charco*, or water hole, was twelve yards away. Ranse took one of Curly's ankles and dragged him like a sack of potatoes to the brink. Then with the strength and sleight of a hammer-thrower he hurled the offending member of society far into the lake.

Curly crawled out and up the bank spluttering like a porpoise.

Ranse met him with a piece of soap and a coarse towel in his hands.

"Go to the other end of the lake and use this," he said. "Buck will give you some dry clothes at the wagon."

The tramp obeyed without protest. By the time supper was ready he had returned to camp. He was hardly to be recognized in his new blue shirt and brown ducking clothes. Ranse observed him out of the corner of his eye.

"Lordy, I hope he ain't a coward," he was saying to himself. "I hope he won't turn out to be a coward."

His doubts were soon allayed. Curly walked straight to where he stood. His light-blue eyes were blazing.

"Now I'm clean," he said meaningly. "Maybe you'll talk to me. Think you've got a picnic here, do you? You clodhoppers think you can run over a man because you know he can't get away. All right. Now, what do you think of that?"

Curly planted a stinging slap against Ranse's left cheek. The print of his hand stood out a dull red against the tan.

Ranse smiled happily.

The cowpunchers talk to this day of the battle that followed.

Somewhere in his restless tour of the cities Curly had acquired the art of self-defense. The ranchman was equipped only with the splendid strength and equilibrium of perfect health and the endurance conferred by decent living. The two attributes nearly matched. There were no formal rounds. At last the fiber of the clean liver prevailed. The last time Curly went down from one of the ranchman's awkward but powerful blows he remained on the grass, but looking up with an unquenched eye.

Ranse went to the water barrel and washed the red from a cut on his chin in the stream from the faucet. On his face was a grin of satisfaction.

Much benefit might accrue to educators and moralists if they could know the details of the curriculum of reclamation through which Ranse put his waif during the month that he spent in the San Gabriel camp. The ranchman had no fine theories to work out—perhaps his whole stock of pedagogy embraced only a knowledge of horse-breaking and a belief in heredity.

The cowpunchers saw that their boss was trying to make a man out of the strange animal that he had sent among them; and they tacitly organized them-

selves into a faculty of assistants. But their system was their own.

Curly's first lesson stuck. He became on friendly and then on intimate terms with soap and water. And the thing that pleased Ranse most was that his "subject" held his ground at each successive higher step. But the steps were sometimes far apart.

Once he got at the quart bottle of whisky kept sacredly in the grub tent for rattlesnake bites, and spent sixteen hours on the grass, magnificently drunk. But when he staggered to his feet his first move was to find his soap and towel and start for the *charco*. And once, when a treat came from the ranch in the form of a basket of fresh tomatoes and young onions, Curly devoured the entire consignment before the punchers reached the camp at supper time.

And then the punchers punished him in their own way. For three days they did not speak to him, except to reply to his own questions or remarks. And they spoke with absolute and unfailing politeness. They played tricks on one another; they pounded one another hurtfully and affectionately; they heaped upon one another's heads friendly curses and obloquy; but they were polite to Curly. He saw it, and it stung him as much as Ranse hoped it would.

There came a night that brought a cold, wet norther. Wilson, the youngest of the outfit, had lain in camp two days, ill with a fever. When Joe got up at daylight to begin breakfast he found Curly sitting asleep against a wheel of the grub wagon with only a saddle blanket around him, while Curly's blankets were stretched over Wilson to protect him from the rain and wind.

Three nights after that Curly rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep. Then the other punchers rose up softly and began to make preparations. Ranse saw Long Collins tie a rope to the horn of a saddle. Others were getting out their six-shooters.

"Boys," said Ranse, "I'm much obliged. I was hoping you would. But I didn't like to ask."

Half a dozen six-shooters began to pop—awful yells rent the air—Long Collins galloped wildly across Curly's bed, dragging the saddle after him. That was

merely their way of gently awaking their victim. Then they hazed him for an hour carefully and ridiculously after the code of cow camps. Whenever he uttered protest they held him stretched over a roll of blankets and thrashed him wofully with a pair of leather leggings.

And all this meant that Curly had won his spurs, that he was receiving the puncher's accolade. Nevermore would they be polite to him. But he would be their "pardner" and stirrup-brother, foot to foot.

When the fooling was ended all hands made a raid on Joe's big coffee-pot by the fire for a Java nightcap. Ranse watched the new knight carefully to see if he understood and was worthy. Curly limped with his cup of coffee to a log and sat upon it. Long Collins followed and sat by his side. Buck Rabb went and sat at the other. Curly—grinned.

And then Ranse furnished Curly with mounts and saddle and equipment, and turned him over to Buck Rabb, instructing him to finish the job.

Three weeks later Ranse rode from the ranch into Rabb's camp, which was then in Snake Valley. The boys were saddling for the day's ride. He sought out Long Collins among them.

"How about that bronco?" he asked.

Long Collins grinned.

"Reach out your hand, Ranse Truesdell," he said, "and you'll touch him. And you can shake his'n, too, if you like, for he's plumb white and there's none better in no camp."

Ranse looked again at the clear-faced, bronzed, smiling cowpuncher who stood at Collins' side. Could that be Curly? He held out his hand, and Curly grasped it with the muscles of a bronco-buster.

"I want you at the ranch," said Ranse.

"All right, sport," said Curly heartily. "But I want to come back again. Say, pal, this is a dandy farm. And I don't want any better fun than hustlin' cows with this bunch of guys. They're all to the merry-merry."

At the Cibola ranch-house they dismounted. Ranse bade Curly wait at the door of the living room. He walked inside. Old "Kiowa" Truesdell was reading at a table.

"Good morning, Mr. Truesdell," said Ranse.

The old man turned his white head quickly.

"How is this?" he began. "Why do you call me 'Mr.——'?"

When he looked at Ranse's face he stopped, and the hand that held his newspaper trembled slightly.

"Boy," he said slowly, "how did you find it out?"

"It's all right," said Ranse, with a smile. "I made Tia Juana tell me. It was kind of by accident, but it's all right."

"You've been like a son to me," said old "Kiowa."

"Tia Juana told me all about it," said Ranse. "She told me how you adopted me when I was knee-high to a puddle duck out of a wagon train of prospectors that was bound west. And she told me how the kid—your kid, you know—got lost or was run away with. And she said it was the same day that the sheep-shearers got on a bender and left the ranch."

"Our boy strayed from the house when he was two years old," said the old man. "And then along came these emigrant

wagons with a youngster they didn't want; and we took you. I never intended you to know, Ranse. We never heard of our boy again."

"He's right outside, unless I'm mighty mistaken," said Ranse, opening the door and beckoning.

Curly walked in.

No one could have doubted. The old man and the young had the same sweep of hair, the same nose, chin, line of face, and prominent light-blue eyes.

Old "Kiowa" rose eagerly.

Curly looked about the room curiously. A puzzled expression came over his face. He pointed to the wall opposite.

"Where's the tick-tock?" he asked, absent-mindedly.

"The clock," cried old "Kiowa" loudly. "The eight-day clock used to stand there. Why,——"

He turned to Ranse, but Ranse was not there.

Already a hundred yards away Vaminos, the good flea-bitten dun, was bearing him eastward like a racer through dust and chaparral toward the Rancho de los Olmos.

AT THE JOURNEY'S END

A PAIR of soft arms at the journey's end,
To clasp you close in their loving thrall—
Oh, the magic of strength they lend
When one's weary and near to fall!
No incentive can equal this,
Nothing's so potent despair to fend,
As to know there awaits one a welcoming kiss.
And a pair of soft arms at the journey's end.

Those who toil in the marts of men,
Those who follow the sea in ships,
Those who live by the sword or pen,
Find their reward in a woman's lips.
Colin, the shepherd, and Rex, the king,
As to cot or castle their ways they wend,
Feel quite the same glad hungering
For a pair of soft arms at the journey's end.

Though one may fare to the ends of earth,
Great or small destinies closely grasp,
Well doth each wanderer know the worth
Of some dear one's caressing clasp:
Ever look forward, where'er he roam,
To the ultimate point of his footsteps' trend,
Where waiting for him are the peace of home
And a pair of soft arms at the journey's end.

Roy Farrell Greene

MOONSHINE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "A PHILANTHROPIC HONEYMOON"

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

THE brightness of the moonlight was almost like something palpable. The park lay as if flooded with an actual outpouring of molten silver, and the little lake was turned to a quivering pool of mercury. All the unshaded parts of the gravel paths were plashed so broadly with the white light that they looked luminous and half-translucent, like the top of a fog, and the whole world seemed floating in an airy enchantment upon a bank of cloud. It was very still, the faint murmur of the surrounding city no louder than the half-heard sigh which stirred from time to time the trees drooping heavily above the solitary bench upon the lake-side.

The couple on the bench were as still as the rest of the world, entranced by the breathless magic of the night. Finally the girl, without breaking the statue-like immobility in which they sat, spoke in a low tone. "*Caro mio! Carissimo!* I have been counting, and I am just thirty-eight days old."

The man laughed, shattering the spell of muteness.

"What idea have you got in your funny little cocoanut now, Francesca?" he asked, moving closer to her.

The girl dropped her head back on his shoulder and gazed up at the moon.

"An Italian would have said 'Franceschina,'" she murmured dreamily; "but I like 'Francesca' best because you said it."

"I really ought to call you 'Fanny,' since you are goin' to quit bein' a dago," the man said jocosely, putting his arm about her familiarly. "What did you mean by that remark about bein' thirty-eight days old?"

"I mean, I've kept track of every time you have taken me out in the park in the evening, and this is the thirty-eighth time, and I only seem to have lived—really lived—those evenings. All the rest is like a dream, a bad dream that you wake me up from, *Carlo mio*."

"This seems more like a dream to me," answered the other, indicating with a vague nod of his head the world of silvered bewitchery which lay about them. He turned suddenly to the girl, and drew her into a close and passionate embrace, kissing her in a sort of unsatisfied fury. Then he laughed again, and said:

"I have to make sure *you* are real and solid, and no dream!"

Francesca did not respond to this half-change into playfulness. She clung to him quivering, her dark eyes suffused with an ardor that shook her visibly.

"Oh! Oh!" she said in a low voice of tension. "My heart will break—I cannot bear it!"

"Oh, I won't be gone long this time; and maybe the firm will think I don't make good out there, and they'll send for me to come home, quick."

"No! No!" cried Francesca, in the same breathless agony of emotion. "I don't mean your going away. I *can* live with you away, for you will be coming back, and some day I shall go with you. I mean to-night—all times, but just to-night most, because you are going away to-morrow—I feel that I shall die if I cannot tell you what you are to me. I can't breathe without having said it, and yet there is no word—no word—"

She stopped, striking her hand upon her forehead in a sort of anguish. The

man possessed himself of both her hands and kissed them.

"I know, Fanny, just how 'tis," he said, his light manner hushed into a momentary gravity by her consuming fervor. "But I guess we both know how the other one feels without any need to tell it."

"No, you can't! You can't! See. To me you are everything—everything—and when Aunt Giuseppina goes back to Italy, I will have nobody but you in all this world of America."

"That is sort o' hard on you, poor little girl! But maybe we can go over there and visit your folks, some times"

"It is *not* hard," contradicted the girl, stirring restlessly in his arms. "That is just what I am trying to say. I like it! I'm glad I've nobody but you. I'm glad I never knew my father and mother. I'm glad Aunt Giuseppina never let me make any friends all the time we have been here. I wouldn't want to waste a thought on them, now that I have you. I feel as though all my life I have been saving and saving my love, and never having to give it to any one but the Blessed Virgin, just so that I can give it all to you—all, all! I don't want to waste any living, even, and this summer, the times between the evenings we've spent here or I've been with you, I've tried not to see or hear or know anything—just to sit still over my embroidery and see again the moon over the lake and feel your arms about me."

She stopped short, as if stricken retrospectively with this still mood, and there was a long silence. Then she sighed deeply.

"I'm afraid we should be going in, *Carlo mio*. Aunt Giuseppina is so angry if I'm later than ten."

The young man gave her a final caress, and then drew out his watch.

"It's ten now, Fanny, dear. She's as mad as can be a'ready, and a little more can't hurt her. Let's celebrate my last evening here by taking a ride on the lake."

"Oh, *caro*, I don't like to displease poor old Zia Giuseppina, who's been so good to me always ever since we came to this country. It was she who saw that I learned embroidery of the sisters, so

that I have never had to work in a factory with dreadful people; and she made me learn good English at the convent, too, so that now I can talk to you, dear, though you do laugh at it and say it sounds as though I were reading a book to you. And most of all, it was she who let me go to the fair at Our Lady of Mount Carmel, where Father Ryan introduced us to each other. We owe it all to my aunt, *amato mio!*"

"Well, that's one way of lookin' at it," returned the man with a whimsical gravity. "But as to your embroidery, you're goin' to drop that as soon as you're Mrs. Devlin, and you're goin' to learn some good New York talk as soon as I can teach it to you. As far as the last good thing your aunt handed out to you goes, I can't say I've noticed she's loved Father Ryan any, for introducing Charlie Devlin to the Marinetto family. Come on, let's go!"

The girl hesitated, but said finally:

"Well, she can't kill me, I suppose, though when she scolds it is nearly as bad. She scolds so much these days!"

"Don't like your American beau, does she?" said the other, leading her down to the boat-house. "Well, I'll soon be out of sight where I won't bother her any!"

As they walked along the board wharf, Francesca said timidly:

"She has a new idea now about me. The family in Italy want me to—no!" she exclaimed in a sudden indignation, "I won't even *tell* you what they want me to do!"

"Suit yourself about it," said Charlie, with a facetiously tender intonation, helping her into a boat. "Here, you sit on the seat with me and help row. I'm not goin' to do *all* the work."

She laughed a little at this sally, and sat down docilely. The moonlight poured upon her bare head, burnishing the black braids until they shone like a bird's wing, and the white radiance reflected from the water made the clear paleness of her oval face glimmer like a lily.

"You're an awful pretty girl, do you know it?" said her companion, looking at her indulgently as he pulled the boat's prow about and headed for the opposite bank. "Only you look so pale.

It's pretty, but somehow it don't seem quite healthy. I like to see a girl look real hearty; but I'd like you any way you looked."

Francesca turned her large, dark eyes upon him with so piercing a look of devotion that he put out his hands and took hers tightly in a hot clasp.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, releasing her at last. "I'm awfully in love with you! I hope the firm raises my salary quick. I'm goin' to make a success of that job in Wranston or bust!"

They turned a curve in the winding lake, and came upon an expanse of water so dazzlingly resplendent with moonlight that they exclaimed as if they saw it for the first time.

"It gets worse and more of it, don't it, little girl?"

"The moon belongs to us, Charlie. It cannot ever have looked down on any other lovers as on us—not even on that other Francesca who loved and was unhappy. I love and am happy, and the moon has just come to be part of it. I can't look at it without feeling so joyful that I am hurt. It is almost two months ago since that first moon in July."

She fell into a reverie again, which was not interrupted even by the end of their excursion. Like one in a dream she stepped out on the wharf and walked beside her companion out of the park, and into a street, at first silent with the summer sleep of handsome houses on each side, but soon teeming with the antlike activity of a poor quarter of New York in the heated season. Finally the man spoke.

"We're pretty nearly home, Fanny, and it's good-by, you know."

She gave him a face radiant and ecstatic.

"Oh, don't think of that! We'll have plenty of time to know that, to-morrow. Now I'm walking along beside you, and that's enough to make me happy." Then, with a sudden thought: "Oh, Carlo, you won't forget to look up Uncle Matteo in Wranston, will you? Aunt Giuseppina spoke again about him. I've only seen him twice, but Italians think so much of relationships."

They turned up a flight of steps and stood in the dark entry-way to the flat-

house. Francesca's eyes gleamed soft in the moonlight, which shot a long silver arrow in after them.

"See how brave I am!" she said. "I can say good-by without breaking down. I would always be brave if I could help you. I live only to be what you would like—no, to be what is truly and truly best for you; and I pray Madonna every hour that I may know what is best. But now to be brave is best, and see. . . .!"

Indeed, although she clung pitifully to him as the farewells were said, she stood smiling at him as he went down the steps, a white, exalted smile which awed the man into a fit of musing so profound that he did not hear his name called as he turned the corner of the street. Some one touched him on the arm and pointed back. He came to himself with a start, and saw Francesca running after him, calling his name, and scattering unheeding the crowds of strolling passers-by.

The still and uplifted fervor of her face was changed to a frantic agitation. Regardless of the crowds about them, she fell into his arms, sobbing wildly.

"Oh, I thought—the moon went under a cloud—see, it is all dark! I thought—I felt that *you are going away!*"

"So I am, you foolish little thing! I can't go to Wranston and stay in New York at the same time, can I?" He began to lead her back, trying to quiet her.

"No, I don't mean just going away from New York. I mean *really* going away—going away from me! All at once I felt—as if somebody had struck me—that you are going away from *me!*"

"The moonshine has turned your head. It's given you fancies," he said tenderly, putting his arm about her gently.

They had reached the steps again. At this remark she said, with a return of her uncontrollable excitement:

"But there is no moonshine any more—see how dark it is! There isn't a ray!"

"It's only so that the entry-way will be good and dark, and the janitor can't see how many times I kiss you good-by," he said, trying to make light of her

fears, although his own eyes were wet with tears of facile, responsive, nervous emotion, and his voice quivered a little.

It was indeed so dark that they could not see each other at all; and he carried away with him no recollection of the girl but the yielding softness of her tender body in his arms, the quivering fever of her lips, and the tear-wet coolness of her cheeks.

II

THE next time he stepped into the entry it was with snow powdering his overcoat, and he began the long climb up the dark stairs with tingling fingers and ears. He noticed how bad the air was.

"Heavens!" he said to himself. "How the dagos do smell of garlic! I should think Fanny could make her aunt live in a better house. My clothes will smell to heaven when I get back to Wranston!"

A door on the floor above him was opened, there was a moment's rustling attention over the rail, and then a little scream.

"Carlo! Carlo!" cried Francesca, running down the stairs, "I never dreamed you'd be so early. I'm not dressed yet, but I couldn't wait!"

She flung herself into his arms, one long, hanging braid striking heavily against his hand. A wave of emotion swept over the young man as he felt the familiar clinging touch of her soft body and the ardent warmth of her lips. He was surprised at the quickened beating of his heart, and at the unexpected poignant thrust of delight which pierced him. The unlooked-for suddenness of her appearance had shaken him to the depths.

"Oh, Francesca!" he said softly, holding her at arm's-length for a moment and gazing at her in the dim light. "Oh, Francesca, how lovely you are!"

"Carlo, Carlo! It has been an eternity since you left—an eternity!"

"*Francesca, venga qui, tu!*" came from above, harshly.

The girl started apprehensively.

"Yes, Zia Giuseppina, I didn't mean to—but I heard him coming!"

They entered the tiny room, gaudy with tinsel and coarse white lace, with

a cheap shrine to the Virgin in one corner. Aunt Giuseppina and Charlie surveyed each other with a mutual disfavor which was as profound as it was open. Francesca hovered agitatedly between them.

"*Oh, cara zia! Carlo caro!*" she murmured imploringly.

"You call me Charlie. I'm no dago!" said the man, his eyes on the old Italian woman, her deeply lined face severe under its flaunting head-dress. "Now, go and put your hair up, and then come back and visit with me. Your aunt and I can entertain each other for a few minutes, I guess."

The old woman drew so deep a breath that her neckerchief opened its folds and showed for a moment the full design of the gaudy pattern; but she said nothing, turning away into the next room in a complete and eloquent silence. Francesca drew near timidly.

"You don't mind poor old Zia Giuseppina, do you? She's so old-fashioned and Italian. It's not you she doesn't like, it's just any American. She is afraid you won't be good to me. She tells me all the time, scolding, that you don't really love me, that only Italians can love."

Her two great braids hung down over her loose wrapper, open a little at the throat, and loose strands of shining hair fell in a pretty confusion over her soft, black eyes. She looked so intimately appealing that the young man felt his heart soften again, and drew her to him in a sudden gust of affection.

"Lord! It's good to see you, Fanny!" he said with an accent half tender, half surprised.

She drew herself away archly, smiling at him in an ineffable happiness that was infinitely touching.

"No, I'm not fit to be seen. You're ahead of time, and so you must wait, long, long—till I have on my new dress that I made just for to-night."

She slipped away like a shadow, and the young man was left to himself. He continued smiling for a moment, his even, white teeth showing pleasantly under his blond mustache; then he drew a long breath of the close atmosphere, and looked about him, frowning. After a vain attempt to open a window, he took

off his overcoat and sat down on a bright red plush chair to wait. In the next room he could hear the old woman moving heavily about, and whiffs of cooking cabbage came in through the ill-fitting door. How long it was since he had been in one of these frightful little flats! In Wranston every one had a house of his own.

He compared the stuffy little room, full of foolish and meaningless ornaments and reeking with garlic, to the parlors of the well-to-do houses in Wranston where he had come to feel so much at home. He wondered why he had never noticed before how singularly unattractive and vulgar it was. Then he remembered that he had scarcely ever come in, but had only stopped for Francesca on the way to their moonlight walks in the park. He wondered if that would not be possible now. It was cold, the last of November, but anything would be better than staying in the flat.

He stepped to the window and looked out. The snow had stopped falling, and the stars shone faintly, almost extinguished in the radiance of the rising moon, showing with cruel bareness the square, ugly roof-tops of the houses all about. He fell into a reverie, thinking of a sleighing party in Wranston which had been arranged for that evening by the set of young people who had taken him in. He had missed the party by coming to New York. It would be a beautiful night for it, he thought. They would probably end up with a chafing-dish supper in Maggie Wright's handsome dining-room.

He was surprised to realize how familiar a picture was presented to his mind by the thought. Was it possible that he had been in Wranston but three months? It was like the revelation of a new world to him, a world of pleasure-loving, prosperous, easy-living folk, who had accepted him with unthinking, good-natured carelessness, content that he was presentable and cheerful. At first they had dazzled him by their appearance of prosperity. It seemed like a dream to him, fresh from the East Side, to be received on these wide, comfortable piazzas, littered with a luxurious array of wickerwork chairs and bright cushions. He felt ill at ease, as if he

were sailing under false colors, as if he might be found out at any moment.

But little by little he had come to realize that these self-sufficient, high-colored young ladies, who drove him out to the Country Club in pseudo-smart equipages, consisting of lofty, red-wheeled dog-carts drawn by the peaceable family horse—that these hard-voiced, good-natured, ambitious girls were made of the same stuff as the shop-girls in New York who had composed his feminine acquaintance before he met Francesca. He came to be sure that they speculated about his probable prospects in business with the same careful shrewdness that their sisters in the city shops had shown. He came to know the history of the town, and to learn that the fathers of these showy families had begun much lower on the commercial ladder than he was.

Indeed, he was succeeding admirably in the mission on which his company had sent him. His popularity with the "society life" of the town aided him greatly; his firm had advanced his salary steadily, and given him responsibility beyond his hopes. He began to feel the stirring of ambition, the true American desire to get on in the world, to raise himself in the social scale. He was no longer a salesman, he was head of a branch establishment, although but a small one; and a realization of the possibilities of his position came to him in a dizzying rush. Now that he had a start, with his business ability, he could be anything he chose.

Smiling, he remembered his awe at the first of the Wranston homes he entered, and his respect for the extreme ease and self-possession of the daughter of the house. He had come a long way since then. Now he felt himself their equal—potentially their superior. They came of no better stock than his Irish-American forebears. He recognized the same breaks of uneasy self-distrust in the glittering and apparently smooth surface of their self-satisfaction which had tormented him. They, too, were afraid of being found out. To their daunting material prosperity he found that he could successfully oppose his city origin. They asked his opinion about social matters, and were sometimes awkwardly

afraid that they might appear rustic to his New York eyes. He passed for a young man who had seen a great deal of the world, and his natural shrewdness soon showed him the real poverty and barrenness of the natures which underlay the veneer of attempted sophistication.

"They are running a bluff as much as I am!" he expressed it to himself. "We're all in the same boat!"

He was so far away in these triumphant and acrid meditations that he did not hear Francesca come into the room, and, when she spoke to him, he started and looked at her changed aspect for a moment with unrecognizing eyes. Her glistening black hair was parted smoothly over her low forehead and braided in a wide, basket-like coil at the nape of her neck. A home-made dress of cheap pink woolen stuff came up close about her chin. She wore a large necklace of white glass beads.

The two looked at each other in silence; then the girl turned very pale, and her hand went trembling to her lips.

"What is it, Carlo?" she asked in a loud whisper, like a frightened child.

The young man roused himself, and going over to her, put his arm around her.

"*Charlie!*" he corrected, with an irritation but half facetious. "There's nothing the matter. Put on your things, and let's go for a walk. I want to see if I've forgotten how fresh air feels."

The girl continued standing, her dark eyes wide in a misery so lamentable that the other was moved to pity.

"My, how pretty you are in your new dress! I'd 'most forgotten what a good-looking sweetheart I have back here in the city." He kissed her affectionately, and patted her smooth hair. "Just you wait till I'm a rich man, and you'll see the pretty things you'll have!"

The caress and the kind words seemed to free the girl from the prison of wo which had shut her in, and she flung her arms about his neck with her old ardor.

"I don't care if you're rich or poor, or sick or well, or anything—or anything! It wouldn't make any difference to me—how could it? I don't care about a thing but just—but just—oh, Carlo, you don't know what you are to

me—heaven, earth, everything! I want to care less for anything of the world, to be good so that we can grow better together. I never could see any reason for being good before, except that it was right, and that's no reason for anybody but saints or dead people; but now I know the reason. It's so that you can be what God meant you to be!"

The man shivered as he looked at her, the lightness of his mobile, nervous face stricken for a moment into an aspect of startled awe. He held her close while he drew a long breath, and then released her, saying in a cheerful tone of reaction:

"Now go along, there's a good girl, and get your things on."

As they descended the dark stairs he was almost suffocated by the strong smell of garlic and bad tobacco. He was about to make some impatient exclamation when Francesca stopped him on a landing.

"Don't you remember?" she asked, with a tremulous playfulness.

Charlie faced her in the dusk.

"Remember?" he said vaguely. "What?"

"No matter!" said the girl, disheartened, and they went on down the stairs, in silence. At the foot recollection came to him suddenly.

"Oh, I know!" he cried. "Taking toll on the landings, you mean. I *had* forgotten! We'll have to do that on the way up, after we come in. How we did use to stop on every one!"

But when they came in he forgot again, and kissed her good night in the lower hall, as he had done in the summer-time.

As he walked away from the house, his step quickened perceptibly, and he thrust his hands into his pockets with a sigh of relief. The walk had not been a success, although the moon was out brightly. In the first place, Francesca had nearly perished of the cold, and had finally confessed that she owned no warmer wraps than those she wore. Charlie had said he would send up a set of furs in the morning, but she had insisted that Aunt Giuseppina would not allow it.

"Perhaps, Charlie—when—if we are married soon——" she had said shyly.

The man had been horrified at the chilling start that her words gave him. He had stopped a boastful report of his success in his business, and had answered her next questions abstractedly.

Then he had been obliged to confess that he had not sought out Uncle Matteo in Wranston.

"Why, he keeps a fruit-store!" he said in indignant and complete excuse.

"Yes, so we've always heard," Francesca answered with innocent pride. "A real fruit-store, and he makes a great deal of money—as much as a thousand dollars a year."

The American had felt a sudden, sickening realization of the world-wide chasm which separated his new ideas and standards from Francesca's. She could never understand, she could never learn.

"She not only couldn't run a bluff if she wanted to, but she could never see any reason why she ought to," he cried to himself, with vexed annoyance at the discomposure she would make in his new plans.

His mind ran off from her at this point into a thousand shifting and interlacing projects. His warm reception by the head of the firm had assured him that his success in the small Middle-Western city was appreciated. He was to lunch the next day with the second partner and the head—he who four years ago was just struggling up from a small position as salesman on the East Side. He planned conversations with the young people of Wranston, "the crowd," as they called themselves vaguely, or sometimes even jocosely, "the gang," and tried to devise ways by which he could bring in the fact that he had lunched at the Gotham Club with the head of his firm.

This made him think that they would expect him to tell them all about the theaters and other events of city life. It had been understood, with a certain harmlessly open insinuation, that his trip to New York was only ostensibly upon business, and that he was really going East to see the sights.

He began reading the sign-boards to see what was on at the theaters. Noting the number of attractions, he calculated that he would have but five evenings

free from business. Suddenly he thought again of Francesca. If he went to the theater, when could he see her? He rejected, before he formulated it, the possibility of taking her with him. She had nothing smart enough to wear. He shuddered at the thought of being seen by one of the firm with Francesca in the pink dress she had worn that evening. If she could only always look as she had when he first came in!

The vision rose before him, and he felt a sudden longing to have her again in his arms. Dear little Francesca! That was where she belonged! He had by no means a respectful imagination, and he did not hesitate to run over in his mind the girls he knew in Wranston, trying to think what they would be like if he could treat them as he did Francesca; but the thought brought him around a circle again to the soft, ardent eyes of the Italian girl. He even laughed as he thought of Maggie Wright, and how it would seem to kiss her. He would like to kiss her, but it would be for the triumph it signified over her will-power and shrewd, prudent discretion; whereas Francesca—!

It occurred to him that he had not made her very happy, the first evening he had spent with her. Poor child! She had probably been looking forward so eagerly to it. He wondered if it were too late to go back and be a little kinder to her; but his watch showed him half past eleven, and he thought of Aunt Giuseppina, the grim, disapproving guardian—the Hindu idol as he called her, because of the dangling and gaudy ornaments she wore. He would go back the next evening, and make Francesca happier than she ever had been.

But the next evening, at the first sign of tenderness on his part, Francesca's overwrought heart carried her away into a long and pitiful appeal for sympathy. Zia Giuseppina was so cruel! The relatives in Italy had arranged a marriage there for her—a marriage with a distant cousin whom she had not seen since she was a little girl, and Aunt Giuseppina was coaxing, and urging, and commanding, and imploring her to go back to Italy and marry to suit her family. Of course she didn't for a moment even

dream of consenting; but it made life very hard to bear, day after day, all alone with Aunt Giuseppina, and Charlie so far away!

Charlie sat transfixed with emotions so varied that they oppressed his breathing. He stared in a blank bewilderment at the agitated girl pouring out her heart to him. When she had finished, and was sobbing on his shoulder, he looked past her at a madly whirling and shifting future. He never knew what he said then, or during the rest of the evening, except that he spoke in matter, but not in manner, as Francesca would have him. He seemed to be breathlessly trying to outdistance some thought that was close upon him, and when he descended

the stairs he hurried down three steps at a time.

At his hotel he found a joint letter from "the crowd" written to him after the sleigh-ride. As he thought, the party had ended around a chafing-dish in the Wrights' prosperous house. Maggie Wright, was evidently the originator of the idea, for the introduction was in her hand, and hers was the last of the jocular, familiar greetings.

Charlie stood for a long time with the letter in his hand, seeing first the hearty, well-fed, trivial young people gathered about the table, and then Francesca's dark eyes, raised to him in a half-conscious, distressed questioning. He felt very unhappy, himself.

(To be concluded.)

LOVE'S LOGIC

STROLLING with Sibyl yesterday,
I argued somewhat in this way:

"No woman loved by man should miss
The tender tribute of a kiss;

"And he who, loving, fears to find
This token, must be weak and blind.

"Not as a timid beggar, dumb,
Before her beauty should he come;

"Not as a worshiper should he
Seek grace upon a bended knee;

"Not as a master whose command
No slave may question or withstand;

"But like a thief, polite, discreet,
Should he purloin this booty sweet."

Then Sibyl looked severely wise,
And turned on me her laughing eyes;

And from her rosy lips there came
Wisdom that put my words to shame:

"Dear me! That was a pretty speech.
Why don't you practise what you preach?"

And when I took her at her word,
Said she—"You men are so absurd!"

The motto is, in Love's campaign,
Act first, and afterwards explain.

Felix Carmen



WARWICK CASTLE—GUY'S TOWER AND THE CLOCK TOWER

From a photograph by J. Harriott, Warwick

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

AN ARISTOCRATIC ENGLISHWOMAN WHO HAS IDENTIFIED HERSELF WITH THE WORKING PEOPLE, THUS BECOMING HER COUNTRY'S MOST PROMINENT SOCIALIST—HER MANY ACTIVITIES, IN BUSINESS, IN POLITICS, AND IN SOCIETY

IN this pleasant era of paradoxes, the "parlor socialist" is by no means a political rarity. The American variety has been, at any rate in its more resplendent examples, a masculine product—preferably a young man habited for the anise-seed chase or the coaching parade, but withholding himself from sport long enough to discourse to a waiting interviewer upon the iniquities of class privilege. He is a picturesque personage who adds to the gentle gaiety of existence without, it is believed, permitting his principles to subtract too

heavily from the parental source of revenue.

But—much as patriotism hates to admit it—the most conspicuous American product of wealth, position, and intolerance of present economic conditions falls, in artistic effect, far short of the most conspicuous British example. Our best parlor socialist is a poor, drab thing compared with the best British parlor socialist. In the first place, woman in onslaught is more picturesque than man, whatever be the object of her attack. Boadicea and Joan of Arc far outshine



THE GARDEN FRONT AT EASTON LODGE, DUNMOW, ESSEX, ONE OF THE RESIDENCES OF THE
EARLS OF WARWICK

From a photograph by F. Spalding, Chelmsford

upon the page of history the masculine allies who fought by their side. The leading English parlor socialist is a woman, Lady Warwick.

Moreover, against however great a background of wealth the young American socialist may disport himself, he has no background of historical importance to throw his gyrations into relief. Lady Warwick has, to speak with only a trifle of exaggeration, the history of the British Empire, the Magna Charta, the sacred Constitution, as features of her stage setting.

She can, if she will, issue socialistic propaganda out of the wonderful pile that was built by the sister of Alfred the Great, that belonged to the Newburghs, the Beauchamps, the Nevilles, and the Dudleys before it was bought by the ancestors of her own husband, the Grevilles, upon whom the title was bestowed. She may, if she desires it, sign a plea for the equal distribution of wealth, for the disbanding of the Lords, the abolition of the Bishops, the destruction of the Monarchy, with the title that was borne by the great "kingmaker" of the Wars of the Roses. The name which she has appended to notes bidding

princes to dinner is now signed to communications to labor leaders, walking delegates, and the like.

Besides her sex and her great position, Lady Warwick has other qualities which make her the most picturesque of the parlor socialists. She has been a beauty—is, indeed, still a beauty, though she is well into the forties. She has been the most active of women and each of her activities has been sufficiently out of the common to make the eyes of her countrymen and women open wide and their tongues to wag.

A TITLED SHOPKEEPER

Hers was one of the first titled names to appear over a Bond Street shop, and great was the resultant clamor. It was a shop for the sale of needlework, and many, seeing the distinguished name there, went about accusing the lady of a most unbecomingly grasping disposition. She had been an heiress when she was married, and her husband was a rich man. Why, then, should she take the bread out of honest workingwomen's mouths, merely because she happened to be a person of great energy, requiring many and unusual channels for her

vitality? Why could she not ride off her superabundant vigor, talk it off, flirt it off, her critics demanded. In riding, talking, and fascinating, the legitimate

tenants on her Essex estate. There the needlework which they turned out was sold, and the profits were applied to the maintenance of the business and the en-



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER SON

From a photograph by La Fayette, London

prey of beauty and wit, she was known to have few peers.

And meantime the shop had been organized by the much criticized countess not to increase her own income, or even to provide her with an outlet for her energy, but solely for the benefit of the

richment of the workers. The name of the countess had been used only as a lure to buyers. In the course of time the words "conducted by the Countess of Warwick" came down, and the shop is now entirely self-supporting and unpatronized, although Lady Warwick's

interest in it is still maintained to the extent that she acts, so to speak, as its delegate to the world, returning to tell the Essex needlewomen to what particular objects they had best apply their skill—what things, in short, are fashionable and likely to sell.

perhaps a flattering, degree of unpopularity by her course is unmistakable. Socialism is not fashionable in England. The utmost political vagary that the goddess of good form permits the members of the aristocracy is a sympathy with the Liberals. Consequently Lady



WARWICK CASTLE—IT IS SITUATED ON THE BANKS OF THE AVON, AND PARTS OF THE STRUCTURE DATE FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

From a photograph by J. Harriott, Warwick

It may have been that her philanthropies were the cause of her entrance into the socialistic ranks. No intelligent person can earnestly endeavor to help his fellow-beings to help themselves—which is the latter-day expression of charity—without presently perceiving that economic and political conditions war against the beneficent object at every step. Many far-sighted men and women to-day find the only logical outcome of their charitable activity in some form of socialism. And no one has ever accused the Countess of Warwick of intellectual inability to see beyond her immediate surroundings.

That she has achieved an immense,

Warwick has antagonized her own order in both the Tory and the Liberal ranks, and she has not escaped attack from her newly chosen political confrères, the socialists themselves.

THE SALE OF HER JEWELS

It was reported some time ago that she had, in her picturesque zeal for the cause, emulated Queen Isabella of blessed memory and sold her jewels to aid in opening a new world of freedom to her fellows. The effect of this dashing act of sacrifice was not, as might have been expected, the plaudits of her beneficiaries. It was, instead, the raising of a veritable hornets' nest of re-

criminations about her ears. The attitude of the labor politicians on the subject is indicated in a letter sent to the London press by the Secretary and Treasurer of the British Independent party. This letter reads in part as follows:

When first the statement appeared in the press that the Countess of Warwick had sold her jewels to finance socialist candidates, socialists treated it as one of those flights of journalistic imagination for which your American contemporaries are famous. Now, however, that Lady Warwick admits the accuracy of the statement, the thing becomes intolerable. As it is, the British movement does not stand very high in the eyes of our Continental comrades; but now they learn that but for the sacrifice of a lady of title in selling "a drawerful of jewels—every jewel I possessed," no socialist candidate could have gone to the poll, it will cover our movement with ridicule.

To learn that an impulsive piece of generosity was likely to cover with ridicule the movement it was designed to help might be discouraging to many amateur lady politicians. But the Countess of Warwick has always had a sense of humor. Doubtless it will come to her rescue at this time of her official repudiation, so to speak. Moreover, she has doubtless read that delicious exposition of socialism in the Spanish mountain scene of "Man and Superman," and is thus already familiar with the tendency of the saviors of society to spring at one another's throats in regard to the details of how society should be saved. Knowledge, humor, and philosophy will undoubtedly aid her, and she will decline to allow her genuine interest in the socialist cause to languish because of what seems to be merely an eminent lack of tact on the part of some of its supporters.

UNUSUAL EXECUTIVE ABILITY

However, if she should take the matter greatly to heart and decide to withdraw from the movement on which she is held to throw ridicule by her zeal, she will still have sufficient occupation for many years to come. She is, as has been said, still a beauty; she is a lady of great fashion. And the fashionable beauty in England has an even more strenuous life of it than the fashionable beauty in America.

Moreover, she maintains not only the ordinary charities of her class, but charities requiring a great deal more executive ability in their management. On her estate in Essex she has a school where boys and girls are taught farming. This farm-school has been in existence for nearly ten years. In describing the novel curriculum, Lady Warwick has written:

Some fifteen hours a week are devoted to science, and the subjects are not taught in the old-fashioned way by means of black-board and books only, but by practical work in the laboratories and fields. Each boy has his own garden plot, where he is taught to grow vegetables, while the girls cultivate flowers, both being taught the principles of pruning and budding. The boys are also taught how to work in wood, while the girls learn cooking, needlework, and household management.

THE LADY WARWICK COLLEGE

This school is not so well known as the Lady Warwick College at Reading, not far from Warwick Castle, which is a school for girls alone. In it girls are taught all the arts of the dairy, the poultry-yard, the kitchen-garden, and the flower-garden. It has become, since its foundation by Lady Warwick, self-supporting, and turns out a number of skilled young farmeresses each year. As a result of the interest aroused by the establishment of this school there was founded also the English Women's Agricultural League, the organ of which is the *Women's Agricultural Times*, edited by the versatile countess.

If politics and philanthropy should both pall, the countess has other tastes to keep her from being bored by existence. She is a noted horsewoman and huntress, a daring automobilist, a writer of considerable distinction. Her book, "Warwick Castle and Its Earls," is a distinct contribution to that most fascinating of all literature—the gossip-historical school. In it Lady Warwick hits a happy medium between the ponderousness of history and the lightness of memoirs.

So that it is evident, whatever her political allies may do in the line of practical excommunication, the countess will not suffer from ennui or fail to be a conspicuous figure in the British social landscape.

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

V—THE WORKMEN-PARTNERS OF ANDREW CARNEGIE

The Extraordinary Careers of Charles M. Schwab and the Other Young Steel-Workers Who Stand To-day Among Our American Steel Kings—Why Carnegie Put Inexperienced Workingmen in Command of His Industrial Forces—The Enormous Profits Which His Methods of Organization Produced

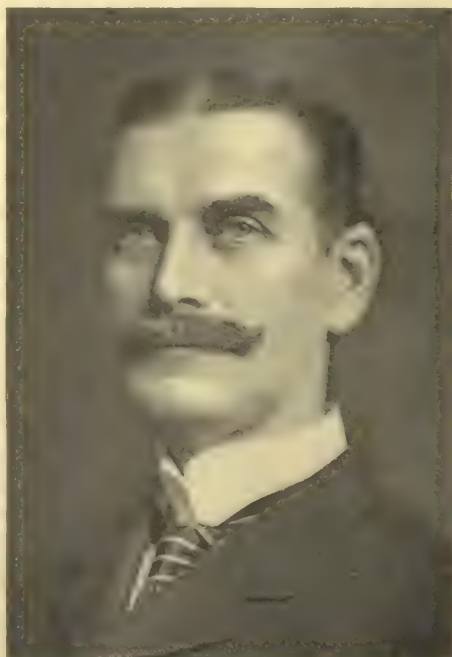
WE have now reached a place in this story where the secret of the Carnegie millions is to be more fully explained. We shall discover by what original methods Andrew Carnegie built up his wonderful organization and out-classed all his competitors.

As we have seen, he was always teachable and quick to learn. He had a composite mind, shaped by innumerable influences; and one of the many good ideas which he adopted on the advice of Captain Bill Jones, was the plan of giving special rewards for special service. In 1884 he greatly improved on the captain's sugges-

tion by taking into partnership four of his brightest young men—Curry, Moore, Boertrager, and Abbott. Three years

later this idea was made part of the Carnegie system. Young employees were presented with stock and allowed to pay for it out of their dividends.

In this way, when Carnegie found a competent man, he was able to "grip him with hooks of steel," and at the same time to compel the most undeviating loyalty. With the sharing of dividends, he kept his partners in the traces pulling with might and main. He also made it a rule that any of the younger partners could be



FRANCIS T. F. LOVEJOY, A CARNEGIE PARTNER
AT THIRTY-SEVEN

From a photograph by Rosser, Pittsburgh

This series of articles began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

forced to resign by a three-fourths vote, so that there was a whip to crack over their heads and keep them steady. As he drove his four-in-hand through Great Britain he no doubt often thought of the

our best work. Of course we were loyal to the man who did so much for us. I would have sooner cut off my right hand than have turned on Mr. Carnegie."

"Mr. Carnegie noticed the men who



THOMAS MORRISON, A CARNEGIE PARTNER AND ONE OF THE ABLEST STEEL-MILL SUPERINTENDENTS IN THE UNITED STATES

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

resemblance between it and the swift forty-in-hand which he was guiding so cleverly up the steep and crooked road that led to the golden age.

"There never was a wiser business plan," says Clemson, one of the young partners, "for it spurred us all on to do

stepped ahead of the ranks," said Thomas Morrison. "If any one of us took a partner's interest in the business, he was made a partner."

In the selection of these partners there was no system of civil service or step-by-step promotion. In the opinion of Pitts-

burgh, at least, they owed their success largely to Carnegie's whim. With three exceptions only, they were taken from the rank and file, without any education of a bookish sort beyond what is given by the public school. Carnegie, like

"I can have it made to order for you, madam," said the obliging clerk.

Mrs. Carnegie was pleased. "I see you are a Scotchman," she said.

"Yes, madam," he replied. "I was born in Dunfermline."



JOHN G. A. LEISHMAN, AT ONE TIME PRESIDENT OF THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY, AND NOW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO TURKEY

From a photograph by Patton. Pittsburgh

Sam Weller's father, could have said of himself and his partners:

"We had the best education any boys ever had. We were turned out in the streets and made to shift for ourselves."

One of the partners first came to Carnegie's notice as a clerk in a linen store. Mrs. Carnegie wanted a certain make of linen, which was not in the market.

Dunfermline was Carnegie's birth-place—his Mecca—his Holy City; and the young clerk at once found favor in his eyes. A place was made for the quick-witted youth in the sales department, and before long he was neck deep in the stream of gold.

George Lauder, whose share was about seventeen million dollars when the Carnegie company was turned over to the United States Steel Corporation, was

quite willing to tell me of the unique incident which brought him into the business.

"It is a curious fact," he said, "that Mr. Carnegie invited me to become his partner because I happened to know the meaning of a scientific phrase—the modulus of elasticity." He had closed an order for steel for the great St. Louis bridge, and this phrase occurred in the contract. I explained its meaning, and at once he insisted that I should become his partner."

"That story is correct," said Carnegie when I brought it to his notice. "I didn't know what the modulus of elasticity meant; but I knew enough to get the contract."

LAUDER, THE "BALANCE-WHEEL."

Mr. Lauder, who is to-day a rugged-faced old man, with a kindly smile and simple manners, gave his attention for thirty years to the ore and coke departments. In council he was moderate and



W. H. SINGER, WHO FOR MANY YEARS WAS BOTH A PARTNER AND A FRIEND OF ANDREW CARNEGIE

From a photograph by Perry, Pittsburgh

cautious, and often acted as a brake for his more impulsive cousin. Lauder and Carnegie had been boys together in Scotland. Lauder's favorite name for Carnegie was "Neeg," and Carnegie's favorite name for Lauder was "Dodd"—a Scotch nickname for George. "Dodd is the balance-wheel," he would often say. Lauder was one of the few in the company who had received a technical education, and the younger men went to him for advice.

"He was a father to us," says Clemson.

AN ABLE RELATIVE

Thomas Morrison, like Lauder, was a relative of Carnegie. He became superintendent of the great Duquesne works at twenty-nine years of age, having started four years before as an ordinary machinist. His career was brilliant, and there is no one in Pittsburgh who ascribes it to the mere fact of relationship to Carnegie. "Morrison made good," is the general opinion.



WILLIAM L. ABBOTT, WHO IS NOW PRESIDENT OF THE IRON CITY TRUST COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH

From a photograph by Histed, New York



EMIL SWENSSON, A MEMBER OF THE CARNEGIE COMPANY,
WHO IS NOW ONE OF THE FOREMOST
STRUCTURAL STEEL EXPERTS

From a photograph by Barclay Brothers

"When he came to Pittsburgh, he told no one that he was a relative of mine," said Carnegie. "I discovered him one day by accident, after he had worked his way up."

A. C. DINKEY AND F. T. F. LOVEJOY

A. C. Dinkey, whose sister married Charles M. Schwab, is also generally classed as one who has proved worthy of all his honors. His mother was left a poor widow with several small children. She was very ambitious for their future,

and, leaving the little village where they were born, brought them to Braddock so that the two boys could work in the steel-mills. Young Alva Dinkey is remembered by the older steel-workers of Braddock as a bright, round-faced boy who carried water for the furnace-men and was always asking questions. At sixteen he learned telegraphy at a little station near Braddock. Then he began at the bottom of the ladder in a machine shop, worked his way up, and left to learn the trade of an electrician. Every change meant a drop in wages, but a gain in knowledge. Entering the Homestead works as a clerk, he introduced electrical machinery on a large scale. At twenty-six he became general superintendent of Homestead, with ten thousand men under his command.

Francis T. F. Lovejoy, unlike Dinkey, spent the first twenty-seven years of his life knocking about from failure to failure. He was by turns stenographer, telegrapher, bookkeeper, reporter, oil workman, and driver of a laundry wagon. Then he got a clerkship with the Carnegie company, and developed into a most industrious and accurate auditor. He labored night and day. During the Homestead strike he went through a fiery ordeal. Every charge against the strikers was signed by him, making him for the time very unpopular. His career divides naturally into decades—at seventeen he left home as a moneyless boy; at twenty-seven he became a Carnegie employee; at thirty-seven he was admitted to partnership; and at forty-seven he awoke one morning to find himself one of the multimillionaires of Pittsburgh.

FROM STEELMAN TO DIPLOMAT

Another romantic career was that of John G. A. Leishman, now United States Minister at Constantinople. His first knowledge of life was gained in a Pitts-

burgh orphan asylum. He was undersized, and when he got his first job as office-boy in an iron-works at the age of ten, he looked as if he had escaped from a kindergarten. In his teens he was promoted to be a "mud-clerk," having an office in a little shanty on the river-bank, and attending to the unloading of barges. After saving a little money he started a small furnace, but was soon brought to a standstill.

Next he came to view as a broker in iron and steel. He was smart, diplomatic, and a good salesman. Carnegie noticed him and gave him a position. At that time Captain Bill Jones was booming the production of steel rails, and to Leishman was assigned the task of securing the big orders. Before many years he was president of the company; but was not permitted to hold the office

for many months. President McKinley offered him the position of Minister to Switzerland; and he bade good-by to steel-making. Since then he has been a member of the diplomatic corps—rich, but not as rich as those who remained under the smoke of Pittsburgh.

Two other partners who left the company before the grand sharing of the spoils in 1901 were W. L. Abbott, who went out of his own accord in 1892, saying, "I have all the money I want"; and John A. Potter, who left with the purpose of making armor-plate in Cleveland. Both men had climbed up from the lowest rungs of the ladder, Potter being superintendent of Homestead at thirty, and Abbott chairman of the board at thirty-seven. Abbott was one of the few for whom mere money-making had no fascination. At forty he retired to



A. R. PEACOCK, A SALESMAN WHO BECAME ONE OF THE CARNEGIE
MULTIMILLIONAIRES

From a photograph by the Arthur Studio, Detroit, Michigan

enjoy the pleasures of travel, books, and friendship, and apparently has no regrets at having missed a few superfluous millions.

"I left before the melon was cut," he says.

Abbott's chief contribution to the success of the Carnegie company was the organization of its unequaled system of sales agencies. In 1884, when he was chairman of the board, the company had no agents of its own. Its orders came in from commission men.

"This was not satisfactory," says Abbott, "for the



D. G. KERR, A YOUNG MAN WHO WON A PARTNERSHIP BY FAITHFUL SERVICE

From a photograph by Moxham, New York

reason that a commission man makes deals with both sides. We decided that it would pay to send out salaried men who would work first and last for the Carnegie company."

THE CARNEGIE SALES AGENCIES

The new plan soon flooded the company with orders. Those who made the largest sales were taken into the company as partners, the first three being John C. Fleming, J. O. Hoffman, and Charles W. Baker. To-day the company has sixteen agents in sixteen



W. W. BLACKBURN, WHO HAS BEEN FOR MANY YEARS SECRETARY OF THE CARNEGIE COMPANY

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh



HOMER J. LINDSAY, WHO WON HIS WAY FROM A STENOGRAPHER'S POSITION TO A PARTNERSHIP

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

American cities. Four times a year they meet in Pittsburgh to compare notes and "get posted." And once a week each agent gets a letter from the home office, keeping him up to date in all particulars

iron and steel business; but walked directly into the Carnegie company from behind a dry-goods counter. He proved that he could sell steel rails as easily as handkerchiefs. The two largest or-



D. M. CLEMON, ONCE A WORKMAN AND NOW THE HEAD OF THE
NATURAL GAS AND ORE FLEET DEPARTMENTS OF
THE CARNEGIE COMPANY

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

of the business. No body of men did more to pull the Carnegie company up the long hill into its golden age than this little band of agents, working and scheming day and night to gain the prize of a partnership.

One of these agents, who perhaps has received more naïve enjoyment from his many millions than any of his fellows, was Alexander Rollin Peacock. Mr. Peacock served no apprenticeship in the

others ever secured by the company were obtained by him—sixty-five thousand tons of rails for the Canadian Pacific and sixty-five thousand tons of structural material to the builders of the New York Subway.

There was scarcely one of these forty partners whose life was not a repetition of the old American romance of self-help. Emil Swensson, in 1882 working as a bricklayer's helper on the Hudson



H. P. BOPE, NOW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CARNEGIE COMPANY,
WHO HAS HELD VARIOUS POSITIONS OF TRUST

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

River tunnel, was fourteen years afterward the manager of the great Keystone Bridge Company. From his brain sprang the steel-hopper car and the steel "traveler," by means of which a steel bridge can be erected with one-third of the time and cost. To Swensson is largely due the development of structural steel. He was a maker of bridges, and the first tall steel buildings were built of bridge materials.

"After all," remarked Swensson, "what is a skyscraper but a bridge set on end?"

Homer J. Lindsay and Henry P. Bope began by hammering typewriters in the Carnegie Building, worked up to the sales department, placed big orders, and won the favor of the "little boss." Lewis T. Brown was a sheerman, Azor R. Hunt a roller, D. G. Kerr an apprentice in the laboratory, W. W. Blackburn

a clerk in a village store, W. C. McCausland a messenger-boy, Daniel M. Clemson a helper in a blacksmith shop, and so forth. Clemson entered Carnegie's employ as a laborer, and in a few years was advanced until he ranked as the admiral of the ore fleet and colonel of the natural gas regiment.

Two other shirt-sleeve partners who missed the cutting of the melon were P. T. Berg and Henry William Boerntrager. Berg was a Swedish mechanical genius, who worked wonders at the Homestead steel-mills. Whenever one of his new improvements was being discussed, Carnegie would usually say:

"If Berg designed it, that's all I want to know. It is bound to go."

Long before the golden age arrived, Berg concluded that he had made as much money as he would ever need, and went back to his beloved Sweden to spend it.

Boerntrager, too, was a mechanical marvel, but from Germany. He had left his native land to escape military service. He was fond of telling the story of his flight.

"One day," he would say, "just before I was twenty-one, I said to myself, 'William, in a few months you'll be taken for the army. You'll lose the best years of your life. If you don't run away at once, you are lost.'"

A STEEL-MILL STATESMAN

The next day he started for America. His first job in Pittsburgh was as stoker to a small engine. Then he became a laborer in a Carnegie steel-mill at thirty dollars a month, and worked up until, at twenty-eight, he was the general manager of the Kloran mill. When he died, he was worth a million.

Boerntrager was one of those men who might properly be called a steel-mill



CHARLES M. SCHWAB, THE NAPOLEONIC YOUNG STEEL-MAKER, WHO ROSE WITH UNPARALLELED QUICKNESS FROM THE LOWEST TO THE HIGHEST POSITION IN THE WORLD OF STEEL

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

statesman. He was in his element when he was surrounded by men and machinery. His mill was his pride. To see every department working smoothly gave him the same pleasure that an orchestra conductor feels when his players are in perfect accord. He was a real leader of

he, 'what we want is this—get prices up, and costs down; and every man must stand on his own legs.'"

His mind was so centered upon his work that he could not talk upon any subject without using the language of the steel-mill. For instance, soon after



JAMES SCOTT, A FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN AND PARTNER OF CARNEGIE'S,
AND NOW ONE OF THE LEADING FURNACE MASTERS IN
THE UNITED STATES

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

workmen, and, like Captain Jones and Schwab, though to a lesser degree, he attached his men to him. Whenever he was in command, the costs were pulled down and new records made. It was such men as Boerntrager that made forty-per-cent profits possible in the steel trade.

"Boerntrager had one speech," said Mr. Carnegie. "It was short and straight to the point. 'Gentlemen,' said

his marriage to a most estimable lady of short stature, Carnegie met him in the offices and offered congratulations.

"Did you get a perfect wife, William?" he asked.

"Vell, Mr. Carnegie," replied Boerntrager, "maybe she might have been improved if she had got von more pass troo de rolls."

Another man who helped to make forty per cent possible was H. M. Curry,

who practically worked himself to death.

"I have known him to stay by a job for forty-eight hours at a stretch," said James Scott.

Curry was a man of the highest honor as well as a record-breaking expert, and was greatly esteemed in Pittsburgh.

The young partner who first put the Carnegie company's books in order was S. E. Moore. He was dropped long before the days of affluence began, and Lovejoy, the former laundryman, became his successor. Millard F. Hunsiker was the first salaried tester of the company. This was a new position and a new idea. The custom had been for every buyer to send his own tester to the steel-mill; but Carnegie placed Hunsiker as the official tester of the company's mills. Hunsiker had a high reputation as an expert, and was afterward selected as the partner who was best fitted to open up the foreign market. He was consequently a pioneer in two important departments.

This policy of making generals out of inexperienced private soldiers was distinctively Carnegian. Other Pittsburgh employers regarded it as revolutionary and dangerous in the highest degree. It was a radical wiping out of all the old-fashioned ideas of apprenticeship. Smooth-faced boys were put in command over gray-haired veterans. Enthusiasm received the honors that had invariably gone to experience. The older men commented bitterly on this policy, and said that Carnegie was turning the industrial world upside down. But Carnegie, being generally four thousand miles away, continued to put his army of twenty thousand workmen in charge of its drummer-boys. Whether this policy was correct or not theoretically, it worked better than any other plan of leadership that had ever been tried in the iron and steel business.

No doubt, when this story of the Carnegie methods is read in Europe, it may seem incredible. This flouting of book knowledge, this contempt for the college and the laboratory, should have led to wreck and ruin, according to all the theorists. On one occasion, Herr Wittgenstein, the Frick of Austria, was present at a meeting of Carnegie super-

intendents. Twenty or more were gathered around the long table.

"I suppose, Mr. Schwab," said the Austrian, "that most of these men have received a technical education?"

"Only three of them had any training," replied Schwab. "All the others rose from the ranks, as I did."

As a matter of fact, a technical education was of little value in those pioneer days. There were few books, if any, on the new methods of making cheap steel. The past history of the business was mainly a record of mistakes and failures. From the standpoint of the old steel-makers and the college men, Carnegie and his young partners were constantly trying to do what was impossible. The amazing fact was that in at least half of their wild plunges toward the goal, they succeeded. They gained ground, held it, and plunged again.

STEPS IN THE RISE OF C. M. SCHWAB

The most brilliant of all the young partners was Charles M. Schwab. His was the most meteoric career ever known in the steel business. He had risen step by step—but such steps!

Step number one—driving stakes for a dollar a day at the Edgar Thomson works.

Step number two, six months later—superintendent of the Edgar Thomson works, the foremost steel-making plant in the world.

Step number three—at thirty years of age superintendent of both the Edgar Thomson and Homestead plants, managing eight thousand workmen. This was the only instance in which Carnegie permitted one man to operate two plants.

Step number four—president of the Carnegie Steel Company, with a White House salary and three per cent of the stock.

Step number five—president of the United States Steel Corporation, with twenty-eight million dollars' worth (par value) of its stock, and a salary of a hundred thousand dollars a year. In 1901 he sat on the apex of the towering steel pyramid—the victor among two hundred thousand competitors—at thirty-nine years of age.

"The first time I saw Schwab," said Mr. Long, a former president of the

Pittsburgh Stock Exchange, "he was a barefooted boy in Loretto, a mountain hamlet near Altoona. The next time I saw him he was in his hundred-thousand-dollar private car."

Schwab's father kept one of the village stores, and Charlie drove the rickety stage between the village and Cresson station. It was a poor plank road at that time, but he has had it paved at his own expense since then. Those who remember him say that he was the happiest boy in the village—laughing, whistling, singing, cracking his whip. His nicknames were "Dolly Varden" and "Smiling Charlie." The drummers told him stories and made fun of his flaming red neckties. No one looked less like an embryonic steel king than Charlie Schwab.

By the time he was nineteen, Schwab had drifted away from Loretto, and anchored in a Braddock grocery store. For wages he got a five-dollar bill every two weeks. One evening he caught the eye of Captain Jones.

"Do you want to change your job, young fellow?" asked Jones.

"Yes, sir!" responded Schwab.

"What are you willing to do?"

"Anything," replied the smiling young clerk.

"Well," said Jones, "come around tomorrow morning and I'll give you a dollar a day to hammer stakes."

This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until the tragic death of Captain Jones. Schwab at once showed a natural talent for mechanics, and from Jones, who was without a peer as a leader of workmen, he learned to manage men.

SCHWAB'S WORK AT HOMESTEAD

After the death of his teacher, the heaviest burden of the Carnegie company fell on the shoulders of Schwab. It was he who reconstructed the Homestead works from the debris of the great strike; who created the profitable armor-plate department; who originated the Saturday meetings of superintendents. With cheerful self-assurance, he accepted any responsibility that was offered. Enthusiasm, he found, was better than experience. Nothing daunted him. He swept into the Golden Sea with all

sails set and the band playing. Had he been asked to reconstruct the empire of Russia or to federate the South American republics, he would have replied without hesitation:

"Yes. Good idea! I'll attend to that next week."

Schwab's greatest achievement—the one lasting honor which nothing can take away—was his successful handling of the Homestead steel-works after the great strike. No steel-maker, before or since, has ever had to tackle so hard a job. When Schwab took Homestead, it was a failure. It was a four-million-dollar mistake. The machinery was not working properly, and the men were not working at all. There was a stupid rabble of strike-breakers, and a sullen, defeated army of five thousand workmen to deal with. And the whole place had been for five months a battle-field, passion-swept and blood-stained—the Waterloo of organized labor.

WINNING THE SURLY WORKMEN

Into this inferno of hate and bitterness came Schwab, caring no more for discouragements than a duck does for a drizzle. Little by little his "Hurrah, boys!" swung the great steel-mill into action. He was approachable and sympathetic, yet always as quick as lightning to turn everything to his own advantage. Always fluent and plausible, he was never at a loss for a reason or an inducement. In half a year the surly workmen were entirely won over by his invincible optimism and perseverance; and "Charlie is my darling" was heard in Homestead, instead of the curses and rifle-shots of a few months before.

"Schwab is a genius in the management of men and machinery," said Carnegie, when I asked him for an estimate of his young partner's work. "I never saw a man who could grasp a new idea so quickly."

As soon as Carnegie saw that Schwab had "made good" at Homestead, he made him president of the whole company, so that not even the masterful Frick was equal to him in authority. This was perhaps the first instance in which so young a man, absolutely without any business experience, was placed in command over so great a corporation.

He had previously had an offer of the vice-presidency and had refused it.

"I'm a bigger man at the works," he said.

There was another young workman in the Carnegie company who followed Schwab like a shadow. He was four years younger, and his name was William Ellis Corey. He was as thoroughly an American as any one can be, being a descendant of Benijah Corey, who flourished a hundred years ago and owned a farm of three hundred acres whose site is now covered by the streets of New York.

ORGANIZATION VERSUS THE INDIVIDUAL

Schwab and Corey had been boyhood friends in smoky Braddock, when one was in a grocery-store and the other was working on a coal-tipple. Both got dollar-a-day jobs from the Carnegie company, and worked up to be superintendents at twenty-one. Both married Braddock girls. Both became armor-plate specialists. Both made reputations as "drivers" and record-breakers. Both moved up from one presidency to another, Schwab being always one move ahead.

But here the resemblances cease. Schwab, the last of the individualists of steel, put personality first and organization second. "Every business grows around a great individual," he said. Corey put the organization first and the individual second.

To Schwab a workman was "Bill" or "Joe," or "Tom." To Corey he was "No. 137."

Schwab swayed his men by sentiment, by his contagious enthusiasm, by his personal knowledge of each man. Corey ruled by his tireless supervision and his thorough knowledge of every department.

Schwab was brilliant, dramatic, impulsive. Corey was painstaking, methodical, trustworthy. On one of the very few occasions when he was persuaded to talk for publication, he said:

"The man who succeeds is the one with bulldog tenacity—who never gives up. He is the man who not only does what he is told, but more."

Schwab loves men and the applause of men. Publicity stimulates him like wine.

Corey is reserved, stern-faced, non-magnetic.

Schwab is a man of many interests. Even his charities are unique. He has built at Loretto, his birthplace, a cathedral and a monument to Prince Gallitzin, the founder of the town. To Braddock he has given a church and to Homestead an industrial school. At Richmond Beach, New York, he has established schools in which crippled and deformed boys and girls are learning trades. To the tenement children of New York he gives a thousand dollars' worth of toys as a Christmas present.

In his own pleasures, he loves display like a child. His New York palace is rated on the tax-list as the second highest in cost, Senator Clark's unfinished mansion being first. With land and furnishings, its value is probably more than five millions. Carnegie's austere residence is a model of simplicity when compared with Schwab's ornate pile of cream-colored granite, with its gobelin tapestries, its music-room and chapel, its Flemish smoking-room, Louis Seize drawing-room, Henri Quatre library, Louis Quatorze dining-room, and Louis Treize breakfast-room.

COREY'S IMPERSONAL BUSINESS METHOD

As to where Corey lives, no one knows. The quiet, anonymous apartment hotel from which he steps forth at twenty minutes past eight every week-day morning has not yet been discovered by the Sunday press. He may have his philanthropies, but they are never heard of. He has few interests, if any, outside of his office. Not only is he the president of the biggest corporation in the world—he is part of the mechanism itself. As a Homestead roller told me, "Corey never knewed anything except his own business." He has sunk himself, his personal likes and dislikes, in the socialized steel business. He feels himself to be a fraction, rather than a unit. His corporation is an organism like a human body, and he is the coordinating function of its brain.

Considered purely as a profit-making device, Carnegie's plan of taking young workmen into partnership has never been beaten. It was his master-stroke. By making every superintendent a partner.

whose partnership depended upon continued faithfulness and record-breaking, he built up a working force that was absolutely loyal as well as efficient. He could pursue his globe-trotting without any fear of plots or desertions.

Not one of the young partners thought of balking, no matter how vigorously the "little boss" swung the whip. All of them agree that he was a hard driver. Mr. Carnegie himself freely admits the charge, and gave me an anecdote to illustrate it.

"On one occasion," he said, "when I was about to sail for Europe, I was saying good-by to a group of my young partners, and telling them of the benefit which I always derived from an ocean voyage.

"You cannot imagine the relief I feel," said I, "when the ship leaves Sandy Hook behind and I am fairly out upon the waters for a whole week's rest."

"Yes, Mr. Carnegie," said Captain Jones, "and just think what a relief we all get!"

"No other man could equal Carnegie at sticking the knife in and twisting it around so as to hurt," said one of his partners.

PRAISE AFTER BLAME

A few of them resented his prodings, but none could deny that they had a good effect. Carnegie was as quick to give praise as blame; and he was always fair. If he made a mistake, he was ready to admit it. In one instance, when he had written a scorching letter to one of his superintendents, who had taken an order at too low a price, the superintendent replied sharply and showed good reasons for his action. Carnegie was convinced, and at once wrote to the superintendent the following short but sufficient letter of apology:

DEAR A—, I cave. A. C.

It was not by chance that Carnegie gave to enthusiasm the rewards that had hitherto gone to experience. No one was ever more sensitive to world-changes than he. He knew that the age of machinery had come. He knew that it was more important to know what was done yesterday than what was done ten years ago. He preferred young men, who

raced towards the future, to old men, who stopped to look back at the past. To be quick—quick—quick, that was the Carnegie policy.

"The man who starts first gets the oyster; the second man gets the shell," was one of his favorite sayings. In one instance, when a manager telegraphed to Carnegie the cheerful news that he had beaten all records in making steel, Carnegie replied: "Congratulations. Why not do it every week?"

His aim was to build up a corporation which was as nearly as possible like an automobile—swift, reliable, easily controlled, and as ready to back as to go ahead. In a world of telegraphs, cables, and daily newspapers, the supreme necessity was to make decisions and carry them into effect at once. Again and again Carnegie stunned his partners by his quick changes of policy. It was very disconcerting. It pushed them out of the easy grooves of routine. It compelled them to make new plans and to destroy the old ones. If they had been men of years and long experience, they would have been demoralized by this making and breaking of plans. But they were young, energetic, and bound to their chief by every consideration of self-interest.

What a modern steel king needs is not an army of skilled workmen who have served long apprenticeships at their trade. First and foremost, he needs capital; and, secondly, he needs loyal and efficient superintendents. To-day steel is made by capital, not by labor—by machinery, not by muscle. It is made by men who are primarily financiers. Ten thousand picked steel-workers, without machinery, would be helpless in the face of modern competition; whereas a man like Schwab could take ten thousand unskilled consumptives, and, by an outlay of thirty millions, create a first-class steel-plant in a few years.

IRON-MAKING IN DR. JOHNSON'S DAY

A few comparisons will show the astounding difference between the steel-making of the good old days and to-day. "At an iron-works I saw round bars formed by a notched hammer and an anvil," wrote Dr. Samuel Johnson a hundred and thirty years ago. The learned

doctor was impressed by the ingenuity of the smith in using a notched hammer. What would he think if he could visit the young town of Monessen, near Pittsburgh, and see thirteen hundred thousand pounds of iron rods made in twenty-four hours?

"George Anshutz regarded forty tons a week as magnificent work," said George Anshutz Berry.

Anshutz was the first iron-maker in Pittsburgh, and Mr. Berry, now eighty-seven, is his only living relative. But what would the old pioneer say if he could now see a Pittsburgh furnace produce fifteen hundred thousand tons of iron without relining—as much as the best furnace of former days could make in seven hundred and fifty years?

Ethan Allen broke the record in iron-making when he made a ton in less than ten hours. But what would the hero of Ticonderoga think of his achievement if he could watch the flaming converters of Braddock make five tons of steel in two minutes?

HALF A TON A SECOND

"I well remember when a five-hundred-pound mass of iron was thought to be so heavy that the whole neighborhood gathered into see it rolled," said Charles Huston, vice-president of the Lukens Iron and Steel Company. What would that "whole neighborhood" say if it saw a steam-hammer weighing a quarter of a million pounds thrown on the scrap-heap of the Bethlehem Steel Company because it was too light?

"It takes me ten years to sell ten tons of steel," said a Philadelphia dealer in 1750. If that worthy Quaker is still aware of terrestrial events he will know that the steel men of the United States are now selling ten tons of steel every twenty seconds.

Soon after the close of the Civil War, a Trenton firm made a circular saw over seven feet in diameter. "Enormous" cried the steel-makers of the world when they saw it at the Paris Exposition. What adjective would they find suitable if they could see the piece of steel ribbon that was made last year by Henry Disston & Sons, Philadelphia—fifteen inches wide and sixty-seven yards long?

An English workman made a dozen

pins and called it a day's work, at the time when Adam Smith was writing his "Wealth of Nations." To-day a census of pins in the United States alone will show that about twelve billion new pins are made and sold every year. A pocket rule at that time was made by a twenty-dollar plant and cost a dollar. Now it is made by a hundred-thousand-dollar plant and costs ten cents.

"Thirty years ago I found only one man in San Francisco who could shoe my horse, and now the San Franciscans are building steam-frigates," said General Sherman in a speech delivered to a company of steel men in 1890.

The United States had its eighth President before it had its first steel plow; yet the American farmer of to-day is buying steel wagons and steel bath-tubs. And during President Grant's last year of office, an order for twelve tons of Bessemer steel was considered so large that editorials were written on it, yet last year the United States Steel Corporation quietly accepted a single order for a million tons.

Two centuries ago, roughly speaking, Dr. Higley was making steel by the ounce in an apparatus that he could have carried in a valise. One century ago Jonathan Leonard was making a hundred tons of steel a year. To-day we are making a hundred tons every three minutes. The price of manufactured steel has fallen from fifty thousand dollars a ton to twenty-eight. Instead of making five pounds at a time, we make thirty thousand pounds; and instead of a ten days' process, it is now a ten minutes' process, or less.

CARNEGIE'S FIGHT FOR SPEED

What Carnegie and his young partners accomplished in the matter of speed was equally wonderful. As we have seen, they created the "big second" and set a breakneck pace which their competitors were obliged to follow. Horace Greeley relates that while on a tour through the south of France, he saw a farmer cutting grass with a small hand-sickle.

"Why don't you get a scythe?" he asked. "Then you could cut twice as much."

The Frenchman deliberated for a few

moments upon this new idea. Then he said:

"I don't see how that could be possible, because I haven't got twice as much grass to cut."

The idea of saving time or energy, or of doing more than a certain definite amount of work, was too revolutionary for his simple mind to comprehend. But in the American iron and steel trade, from the earliest days, there was a persistent aim to do the greatest possible amount of work with the least possible amount of labor. This "American plan" began with our first great iron-maker—Joseph Jenks, of Lynn. In 1648 he took out the first patent of which we have any record. His invention was a water-power device for saving time and labor—"for speedy dispatch of much worke with few hands," he said, striking the keynote of the iron and steel trade of the future.

To-day the fight for speed is practically won. "The faster the better" has become almost an international motto. But at first the American steel-makers had to tunnel through a mountain of European prejudice.

"Too fast! You can't make good steel in ten minutes," said a foreign engineer to Charles S. Price, superintendent of the Cambria works.

"I told him," said Price, "that I would sooner make steel in six minutes than ten."

Last year an American salesman was trying to sell a new style of lathe to a German manufacturer.

"It will do so and so in seven minutes," he said.

"Nonsense!" retorted the German. "Why, that takes my men an hour."

Finally, however, the German was persuaded to buy one of the lathes. Several months afterward he wrote to the maker of the lathes and said:

"What your man claimed was true. The lathe will do that work in *five* minutes."

QUICK WORK OF STEEL MAGICIANS

The swift Schwab built two fifty-ton open-hearth furnaces at Homestead in sixty days. Mayor Tom Johnson, when he was a steel-maker, built a ten-mile street railway in the same length of time;

and completed his great Lorain steel plant in forty-two weeks after the cutting down of the first tree—an unparalleled feat. Still more recently, a Pittsburgh company put up an immense steel building six hundred feet by a hundred and twenty-five, at Monessen in fifty-seven days.

The magical quickness with which ore is handled is the wonder of foreign steel men. The ore which is lying in the wilds of Minnesota on Monday morning is dug up, transported a thousand miles, and made into steel rails by Saturday night. One Duluth engineer has actually proposed a loop-the-loop system of unloading ore-cars—turning them upside-down at the ore-docks, so that they might travel in a continuous belt line between the docks and the mines. This is regarded as a joke to-day; but it may be a fact to-morrow.

All this speed—all this machinery—all this magnitude of operations, meant the destruction of the small steel-makers and the consolidation of the large ones. It meant the survival of the fittest, and the Carnegie company, with its sagacious leader and its devoted band of sub-partners, was by far the fittest corporation that the nineteenth century had produced. Its semi-automatic mills, its arrangements for the cheap assembling of its raw materials, and the zeal of its officers, made it one of the wonders of the industrial world.

From 1875 onward, the Carnegie company was the pace-maker of the steel trade. The story of its profits will always remain one of the wonders of American finance and manufacturing. Carnegie became a King Midas. He touched tons of steel and transformed it into gold.

In 1890, which was the first of these King Midas years, the net profit was five and a half million dollars. The cost of steel rails at that time, according to an official investigation made by Carroll D. Wright, was eleven dollars and twenty-seven cents per ton; and the average selling price during the year was thirty-one dollars and seventy-eight cents. For the following five years the profits fell off, being only four million dollars during the year of the Homestead strike, and three millions in 1893.

In 1898, although the price of rails averaged seventeen dollars and sixty-two cents, the lowest figure on record, the Carnegie company cleared eleven and a half millions. Such a gain as this—nearly a million a month—was unprecedented. Carnegie clapped his hands and said:

"We shall beat that next year!"

FORTY MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

In 1899 the Carnegie bookkeepers could scarcely believe their eyes. When the last column of figures had been added they saw before them a total of twenty-five and a half million dollars. This was more than the capital stock of the company had been up to the previous year. All were satisfied except Carnegie. As usual, this victory made him eager for a greater one. He was sixty-four years old, and anxious to retire from business; but he wanted the last year to be the best.

"Personally, I'm glad to have this year (1900) to ourselves," he wrote to George Lauder, "to show what we can do."

His company was making a million every two weeks, but this was not enough. The superintendents were spurred up in all departments. "More! More!" were the orders. The whole mechanism was speeded up, and fortune favored the brave by raising the price of rails to thirty-two dollars and twenty-nine cents. When the year closed, there was forty million dollars to divide—the greatest amount ever earned by any industrial corporation in legitimate, competitive business. Carnegie got twenty-five millions; Phipps, five and a half millions; Frick, twenty-six hundred thousand; Lauder, a million and three quarters; Schwab, thirteen hundred thousand. As for the young partners, they were well content with sums ranging from fifty thousand to eight hundred and fifty thousand. The least of them received a Presidential salary for his year's work. The Carnegie company profits, from 1875 to 1900, were one hundred and thirty-three million dollars.

GOOD MANAGEMENT THE SECRET

"There's a lot of profit in a steel-mill," admitted Mr. Frick. But no other

steel-mills, either in America or Europe, have made such a continuous series of big dividends as these. Profits are not an inevitable result of a high tariff and a steel-mill. For instance, in a year when Carnegie made over four millions, his chief competitor, the Illinois Steel Company, lost more than a million. The following year Carnegie cleared more than five millions, while the Illinois Steel reported only three hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The fact seems to be that a steel-mill is a gold mine when efficiently managed, and a sink-hole for capital when otherwise. It is generally agreed among steel-makers that no new improvement should be installed unless there is a prospect of getting back its cost in three years.

According to the admissions of Charles M. Schwab at this time, there was no longer any need to protect the Carnegie company against foreign competition.

"You know we can make rails for less than twelve dollars a ton," he wrote in a letter to Mr. Frick in 1899. "I know positively that England cannot produce pig iron at actual cost for less than eleven dollars and fifty cents per ton, even allowing no profit on raw materials, and cannot put the pig iron into a rail for less than seven dollars and fifty cents. This would make rails at net cost to them of nineteen dollars. We can sell at this price and ship abroad so as to net us sixteen dollars at works for foreign business, nearly as good as home business has been. What is true of rails is equally true of other steel products. As a result of this, we are going to control the steel business of the world."

CARNEGIE AND ARMOR-PLATE

Since 1892 profits from armor-plate had greatly augmented the Carnegie income. When he was first asked to make armor-plate, in 1890, Carnegie flatly refused. Soon afterward he received a letter from President Harrison, urging that it was his duty to provide his country with its means of defense.

"That settles it," replied Carnegie. "We'll go ahead and make armor-plate." In a few years he had become the rival of Krupp and Armstrong. A single contract, shared by the Carnegie

and Bethlehem companies, amounted to eight million dollars.

It is undeniable that Carnegie's profits were enormous. But it is also true that he gave more value than he received. He did more than any other individual to replace dear iron with cheap steel. The fact that we can buy as much steel for ten cents as our fathers bought for a dollar is mainly due to him and his partners. Carnegie did for the steel world what street-cars have done for transportation; what the ten-cent magazine has done for magazinedom; what the penny paper has done for the newspaper business. Carnegie did not overcharge his generation. This would be a story of billions, not millions, if it dealt with the amount saved by the buyers and users of steel.

A MEDLEY OF OPPOSITES

Like all men of comprehensive natures, he was a medley of opposites, or seemed so to ordinary men. He made strong friends and some enemies. What has been written of him has been invariably biased either by devotion or by dislike. Probably many incidents in his career can best be explained by the fact that he was sometimes the master of circumstances, and sometimes mastered by them.

Absurd charges of blundering have been made against him, as if a man could for a third of a century persistently blunder on into fame and fortune. For thirty-six years he remained unshaken in the control of his corporation, in the midst of plot and counterplot. For twenty-five years he remained the world's foremost steel-maker. Had he chosen to stay in business, and to carry on war against his competitors, he might to-day have been an industrial dictator.

"As an impelling force, and as a great leader in the iron trade of this country, Mr. Carnegie has been without a peer," said the editor of the *Iron Age*.

"His greatest power was his sublime faith in the future of steel," admitted one of his personal enemies.

"He had a never-failing confidence in the importance of the steel industry, and the keenest comprehension of trade conditions," said one of the highest officials of the United States Steel Corporation.

From the moment that he decided to make steel, he never wavered. No promise of honor or profit could separate him from steel. The position of United States Minister to Great Britain was offered him, and he refused it. Neither would he allow the use of his name in connection with any outside business enterprise, no matter what inducements were shown him. Years ago, for example, when William H. Vanderbilt died, a committee from a great trust company waited on Carnegie and announced that they had decided to elect him a director of the company in place of Vanderbilt. At that time Carnegie was comparatively young, and was not known outside of Pittsburgh; but, to the amazement of the committee, he declined the honor instead of being overcome with gratitude.

"What?" said they. "Don't you know that our directors' list is the most exclusive in the United States? Your name will have an Astor above it and a Vanderbilt below it. How can you question the soundness of such a company?"

"I don't doubt or question anything," replied Carnegie; "but you cannot use my name. It is not as big a name as the others, but it is my name, and I intend to take care of it. All my time must be given to my own business. You are welcome to my money, but you cannot have my name."

ANDREW CARNEGIE, THE AMERICAN

Like all normal men, Andrew Carnegie has been fond of approbation; but he has been quick to give praise to others. "Better than columns of flattery,"—he wrote at the end of an editorial which described his abilities in a discriminating way. "I have got credit for ten times more than I ever did," he said when the Bessemer medal was presented to him in 1904. On another occasion he suggested that an appropriate epitaph for himself would be: "Here lies one who knew how to get around him men who were cleverer than himself." Such an epitaph would be far from the truth; but there are in active service to-day many Carnegie-trained steel-makers who have no superiors in their various lines—such men as Frick, Corey, Schwab, Gayley, Scott, Hunt, Dinkey, Williams, and Morrison.

When the conditions of the steel trade in 1875 and in 1900 are compared, it will be seen that Carnegie did as much for steel as steel did for Carnegie. He was no maker of schemes and Wall Street bubbles. He built upon solid foundations. The men whom he trained will train others, and the steel-mills he built will stand for generations. To-day there is not a city in the United States, nor a street, nor a single home, which does not contain some of the fruits of this one man's life-work.

Carnegie, such as he is in brain and pocket, is a finished product of the United States. Many bright Scottish boys have lived and died in Dunfermline; but there have been no other Carnegies. Such a career, whether we regard it with complacency or as a social menace, was possible only in this country and in the last generation. He was the ripe fruit of the tree.

When he was elected president of the British Iron and Steel Institute, in 1902, being the only American who has ever received this honor, the tears came to his eyes as he took the chair, and remembered that fifty-four years ago he had left Great Britain as the child of a sad-hearted emigrant, who was driven by the hunger-wolf from his native land. He had very good reason, from his point of view, to laud the glories of "Triumphant Democracy."

In the multiplication of his capital Carnegie had done ten times better than his friend, Sir Henry Bessemer, whose large profits were the wonder of European steel-makers. In the first fourteen years of his steel-making in Sheffield, Bessemer and his partners had made eighty-one times their invested capital—a hundred per cent every two months. But Carnegie, with three hundred thousand dollars invested in 1873, had in twenty-eight years cleared more than eight hundred times his capital. This was an average of three thousand per cent a year, or a hundred per cent every thirteen days. By 1894 he had become the richest man in Pittsburgh, displacing Charles Lockhart, a pillar of the Standard Oil Company, who had begun life there as a little Scottish laddie, earning fifteen cents a day in a grocery-store. And in 1901 Carnegie was not only the

possessor of unimaginable wealth, but also the world's most munificent philanthropist and a publicist of international reputation.

As for Henry Phipps, his climb from nothing to fifty millions is well illustrated in a story told by Frick. There was an old New England Yankee who lived in the village of West Overton, and who owned the biggest chicken farm in the county. One day Frick asked him how he came to launch out in the chicken business.

"Well," said the old man, "it happened this way. When I was a young fellow, I was out of work for a while. So I went over to a neighbor's and borrowed a hen and a dozen fresh eggs. I set the hen on the eggs, and every one of them hatched. Then I waited till the hen had laid a dozen eggs. By this plan I was able to pay back what I had borrowed and have a dozen little chickens left for myself. I didn't invest a cent. All that my neighbor lost was the temporary use of a hatful of eggs that he never missed; and this big chicken farm is the result."

THE METHODS OF HENRY PHIPPS

Phipps, unlike Carnegie, had entered the iron business without the investment of a dollar of his own money. The eight hundred dollars which admitted him as a partner into the Kloman firm had been borrowed from Thomas N. Miller. When he was a youth of seventeen, Harry Phipps had spent twenty-five cents in advertising for a better job. An answer came from a firm of iron-dealers, and decided his career. But even this twenty-five cents had been borrowed from his brother, so that it may literally be said that he entered the path to fifty millions without the payment of a penny as an entrance fee.

Physically, Henry Phipps is even smaller than Andrew Carnegie. He has almost as many millions as inches. Apparently, Carnegie had a preference for small men. In manner Phipps is soft-voiced, nervous, and as alert as a cham-ois. In mind he is cautious, shrewd, plodding, and acquisitive. Broken down by overwork, he had been forced into uncongenial idleness in 1888, but never allowed his grasp on the company to relax.

In 1901 he was found to own eleven per cent of the stock of the Carnegie company—nearly one-fifth as much as Carnegie, and nearly twice as much as Frick.

Mr. Phipps married Miss Annie Childs Shoffer, of Pittsburgh. They have now three sons and two daughters. On his retirement, in 1888, he showed no desire to escape the smoke and grime of Pittsburgh, but built a palatial home in Allegheny, which contained many original features. In the dining-room, for instance, were five large stained-glass windows, gorgeously colored and each with a painted likeness of one of his children. When the children grew older

and developed social ambitions, Mr. Phipps reluctantly left the scene of his childhood and his labors, and has since divided his time between New York and the Scottish Highlands, where he rents Beaufort Castle from Lord Lovat. Recently his daughters have been married—Miss Helen Phipps to Bradley Martin, Jr., and Miss Amy Phipps to the Hon. Frederick Guest, second son of Lord Wimborne. And so the long steel ladders built in Pittsburgh reach in one generation from Barefoot Square, Slabtown, to Beaufort and Skibo Castles—from the cottages of American workingmen to some of the greatest ancestral palaces of Europe.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Next month's article, the sixth of the present series, will tell the story of the quarrel between Frick and Carnegie. It will recount the negotiations which led to Carnegie's declaration of commercial war against his competitors and the subsequent deal by which he and his partners were bought out and the Steel Trust was organized. A feature of the article will be the very human narrative of what the money-mad young men of the Carnegie company did with their easy millions in the first exultant period of good fortune.

A LOVER'S MATIN SONG

(FOR MUSIC)

AMBER air of morning,
 The east a golden glow,—
 Bird-song and bee-song,
 Music everywhere;
 Dewy buds adorning
 The garden path I know,—
 Wind-song and tree-song
 Lispings in the air.

Azure skies above and
 The grass a silver gleam,—
 Bright-eyes and blue-eyes,
 Blossoms on the vine;
 In this bower of love and
 This dawn that is a dream,—
 Dear eyes and true eyes,
 Tell me you are mine!

Fragrant secrets spoken
 Within the leafy bower,—
 Rhyme-lips and prose-lips
 Whispering their bliss;
 Dearest, for a token
 Be mine the sweetest flower,—
 Red-lips and rose-lips,
 Lifted to my kiss!

Frank Dempster Sherman

THE BLUE NECKLACE

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

AUTHOR OF "THE CAMP-MEETING AT BLUFF SPRINGS"

MRS. PINKNEY DARRELL was young, pretty, and newly married; for all of which reasons Mr. Pinkney Darrell was exceptionally anxious to give her pleasure. Solely with that end in view—for the visit was not to his liking—he had gone to call on her wealthy uncle, Benjamin Ford, as soon as he heard that the said Uncle Benjamin had returned from Europe; and he was now hastening home to a very suburban cottage, with a package in his pocket and a book in his hand and uneasy speculation in his eye.

"To the devil with Uncle Benjamin!" he growled under his breath. "What does he mean by sending Polly a present? I didn't go there for a present!"

For in this ungracious manner did Mr. Darrell, whose salary was scarcely worth mentioning, receive the first friendly notice from a gentleman whose income could not be mentioned without awe.

"Your Uncle Benjamin has come back," was his announcement at the suburban cottage. "I called on him. He sent you a present and lent me a book."

While the pretty young woman was eagerly unwrapping the package, Mr. Darrell laid the book down upon the table with some unnecessary violence—it is irritating to be saddled with a book one has not asked for and does not want!—and a little slip of paper fluttered out of its pages. Mr. Darrell took it up from the floor, but did not look at it immediately. Polly had reached the heart of her package and had uttered a cry of joy.

"A necklace!" she cried, dancing about the floor like a happy child. "A blue necklace! Oh, Pinkney, do you think they can be turquoises? Oh, if they are turquoises, they are worth a fortune—and Uncle Ben *might* have

remembered that turquoise is my birthstone. Fancy little me sporting a turquoise necklace—the handsomest to be found!"

She clasped the necklace about her white throat before the mirror in the plain little sideboard, adding with a joyful pout:

"It doesn't go very well with a cotton surplice waist, does it? My! Pinkney, this calls for clothes—sure enough clothes! What a queer little white streak there is in the very largest bead!"

Mr. Darrell had not said a word. He was looking at the slip of paper which had fluttered out of Uncle Benjamin's book. His face had reddened.

"Polly, my dear," he said now, hesitatingly, "I—I don't think those are turquoises. This is a salesman's check—Marx Bros.—and it seems——"

She ran to him and looked at the check.

"One necklace, \$1.50" was penciled there with a flying scrawl, together with the salesman's number. The slip gave further evidence of twenty dollars having been handed in as payment, and of eighteen dollars and fifty cents being expected as change.

Little Mrs. Darrell stepped back and looked at her husband with flashing eyes.

"Did he—with all his money—send me such a cheap thing as that?" she demanded half incredulously.

"Well, it's all right, Polly," said Mr. Darrell consolingly. "If they'd been what you thought, we never could have dressed up to them. Fancy this suit of mine going out in company with a turquoise necklace!—and two salaries like mine wouldn't have bought the hats and gloves you would have needed, to say nothing of the other gear. I wouldn't mind it, Polly. You don't have to wear the thing, you know."

For answer Mrs. Darrell undid the clasp, and walked hurriedly to the kitchen door, necklace in hand. When she came back, her hands were empty, but her head was high.

"What did you do with it?" asked Mr. Darrell with mild curiosity.

"I threw it into the trash-box," replied his wife, and they sat down to the cosy little round table. After a little the pretty young woman put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"If he had not sent me anything at all, it would have been all right!" she sobbed. "But he didn't even notice the invitation to my wedding—and now—with all his money—to send a cheap little thing like that—it looks so *snide*!"

Mrs. Darrell used slang only on occasion; but her husband felt that this was undoubtedly an occasion.

"Jupe," otherwise Jupiter Washington Smith, was small and black, and had a longing for a red wagon—a longing that it is quite impossible to describe. Jupe received a certain weekly stipend for running errands for Mrs. Darrell—running errands, did I say?—walking errands—creeping errands—and no sooner was said weekly stipend received than it was wrenched from him by his grandmother, who said:

"You Jupe! You gimme dattair money an' lemme put hit away fur to buy you some shoes w'en de sole finish pullin' off o' dese you got on!"

Whence it came about that Jupe's red wagon was a dream. Therefore Jupe was still mildly virtuous. He came to Mrs. Darrell with something clutched tight in one hand, and that hand behind his back.

"I done foun' som'n in de trash-box," he said. "Hit was some'n o' you'n, I reckon."

And his hand came slowly and unwillingly forth, and held out—the blue necklace!

"Oh, I thought I was done with that thing!" said Mrs. Darrell to herself irritably. Then she added aloud: "You may have it, Jupe. I threw it away because I didn't want it."

With a comprehensive grin, Jupe disappeared. The light of speculation was in his eyes.

"Now what can Jupe want of a

necklace?" questioned Mrs. Darrell of herself, and smiled. She felt quite reconciled with Uncle Benjamin. It was not nice of him to send it; but, as Pinkney had said, it was better than than the costly present she had dreamed of for one radiant moment.

One week later, Jupe and a red wagon were prancing up and down the sidewalk, speeding lawlessly, as is ever the habit of the owners of long-delayed and ardently-wished-for red wagons, with an utter disregard for the life and limb of the passers-by. Mrs. Darrell was moved to call curiously:

"Jupe, where did you get that wagon?"

"I done buyed hit offer a cullud man," responded Jupe with dignity, adding as a grinning afterthought: "I traded him dem blue beads fur dissher wagin. De wagin, hit's new!"

"Good-by, blue necklace!" whispered Mrs. Darrell, tossing her pretty head and laughing. The necklace had already stayed within sight and hearing far longer than she had dreamed; but now, undoubtedly, it was gone.

On Mondays, about ten o'clock, Mrs. Darrell was in the habit of laying a blank-book with a pencil attached upon a closet shelf, while she smoothed out a wrinkle between her brows and sighed:

"There—thank goodness; that's done!"

"That" was the making out of the wash-list, which Mrs. Darrell abominated; and the person who made it imperative for Mrs. Darrell to keep a wash-list was Miss Araminta Jackson, a lady of color, who came for the clothes Monday noon.

It was Monday now, and Jupe had possessed his red wagon but three days. Mrs. Darrell, looking up from the pages of a volume of Chinese puzzles falsely called a cook-book, beheld Araminta standing before her, grinning consciously. Araminta was still wearing her Sunday finery, somewhat damaged; and a gala appearance was imparted to her costume by a blue necklace.

Araminta stood where the light fell strongest. Across the largest of the beads was a little white streak.

A chill of something that was almost superstition ran up Mrs. Darrell's back.

"Why, Araminta!" she said jestingly, "look at all this finery! Where did you get the new beads?"

"A young cullud gen'man gimme dem beads," said Araminta blushing. "Hit's Mr. Frank Wiggsby. He mek a lot o' money, day man do, an' de' ain't no tellin' how much he done spen' fo' dem beads. Yassum—he say dey som'n mighty fine, but he done fo'got de name ob 'em."

"Once more—the blue necklace!" murmured Mrs. Darrell after Araminta had gone; and she looked very thoughtful. Decidedly, Uncle Benjamin's gift had a way of coming back.

And yet, at Araminta's next visit the beads were not in evidence. With the sensation of a sleep-walker, Mrs. Darrell asked where they were. The clasp had broken, Miss Jackson hastened to explain, and Mr. Wiggsby had taken it to have it mended.

"Perhaps that is really the last of it," said Mrs. Darrell to herself, but she did not believe it. She even found herself keeping a watch from all the streetward windows; for sooner or later somebody, she knew, would come in wearing those blue beads.

Miss Martha Ann Buchanan, who lived away at the other end of town, was in the habit of making a pilgrimage, at stated intervals, to the Darrell residence, where she did scrubbing and cleaning. With the next of these visits Miss Buchanan came, dusky, shining, and—Mrs. Darrell had known it would be there—yes, she had *known* that the woman coming in at the side gate would be wearing the blue necklace!

Along the side of the largest bead ran a little white streak!

"Oh, I am *so* frightened!" murmured Mrs. Darrell with a shiver. "Where did you get it?" she asked with her fascinated eyes on the necklace. Miss Buchanan was immensely flattered, and showed a double row of gleaming teeth.

"A cullud man name' Mr. Wiggsby gib hit to me," she announced proudly. "Hit been in his fam'y fur a long time, he say. His gran'ma use' to wear hit w'en she was a gal. She bruk de clasp her own self, an' dat's de reason he won't hab it mended—he want hit to stay jes' lak she lef' hit."

And when the new wearer of Uncle Benjamin's necklace turned, Mrs. Darrell saw that she had tied the ends together with generous lengths of narrow red ribbon.

"Now if those two should meet!" thought Mrs. Darrell, who had begun to consider that anything was possible in connection with the blue necklace. "But of course that will never happen," she hastened to add. "They live at opposite ends of the city. I do believe I am growing superstitious. I am haunted by a necklace—a common little blue necklace!"

But Mrs. Darrell made it a point to put on a brave front before her husband, who had a way of laughing at superstitions.

"Anyhow, I am rid of that miserable necklace at last," she told him that night. "I was growing worried about it, Pinkney—the way it kept coming back—so I told Martha Ann that I wouldn't need her any more. She doesn't scrub very well," she hastened to add, as she saw the glint in his eyes.

Mr. Darrell always glanced at the headlines in the morning paper while he was sipping his coffee; and the very next morning his casual glance paused, startled, and he exclaimed:

"Hello! Just listen to this, Polly! 'Martha Ann Buchanan and Araminta Jackson, two dusky damsels, were arrested last night at the corner of Lafayette and Rampart for fighting and disturbing the peace. It seems that the *casus belli* was a string of beads, which both the belligerents claimed, but which only Martha Ann was wearing. Araminta snatched off the beads, and the two combatants made things interesting for each other until the arrival of the Black Maria. In the mean time, the beads had disappeared.'"

"Oh, that necklace!" sobbed Mrs. Darrell, wringing her hands. "It haunts me, Pinkney—you see how it haunts me! This is what I get for slighting poor old Uncle Benjamin's gift! If I can ever manage to get his poor little necklace back again, I will treasure it to the end of my life!"

"Oh, don't worry. I suppose it's gone for good, now," said Mr. Darrell comfortingly. "If you think it ab-

solutely necessary to treasure a cheap necklace, I can get you one myself—and it will be warranted to 'go' with all the clothes we have—or are likely to have, and with all the occasions at which you would be likely to wear them."

After which, they both laughed; for they were young, and in love, and therefore poverty was something of a jest.

As time passed, Mrs. Darrell recovered her equanimity. It was apparent that the necklace was really gone, and that she was to be disturbed by it no more. Still, she often found herself looking curiously at women she was about to meet on the street. A bit of blue at a woman's throat made her heart throb heavily until she saw that it was merely a blue ribbon, or a necklace of quite a different pattern. No—the necklace was gone. Two weeks went by, and Mrs. Darrell was beginning to be care-free.

On Sunday afternoons, to Mr. Darrell's infinite disgust, Mrs. Darrell taught in a Mission Sunday-school. She had worked in that mission several years before her marriage, and now she would not give it up.

"For you see, Pinkney dear," she often explained, "little Allie Burns might be there, and she walks such a distance, poor little lame baby, and she loves me so! I wouldn't disappoint her for the world."

It chanced that several Sundays had passed without a glimpse of the little lame child, and Mr. Darrell considered this good and sufficient reason for giving up the mission for a few Sundays.

"You might stay at home this one time, anyhow, I should think," he said reproachfully. "The weather looks bad—and in all probability after you have gone that long distance you will find that the child isn't there. I wish you would be reasonable, Polly."

But Polly would not be reasonable. Allie might be there, and she would be disappointed—and the distance was much greater for her little crutches than for Mrs. Darrell, riding comfortably on a car. So Mrs. Darrell went forth, dressed in her prettiest clothes, as she always did for Allie's sake; and behold, when she looked in at the Mission door, there was little Allie Burns in the dainty white dress Mrs. Darrell had given her;

and with her tiny crutches beside her—and there, around her neck——

A blue necklace!

Mrs. Darrell's face was white as she sat down and put her arm about her little friend.

"How fine we are!" she said smilingly, but her lips trembled.

She had laid a cold finger on the largest bead, and turned it over. The white streak was there. The necklace was clasped, but close beside the clasp, clinging to the thread, was a tiny fragment of ribbon.

"Ain't it pretty?" questioned the little cripple, her big, pathetic eyes shining. "Jimmie found it on the street an' give it to me. He picked it wight up f'om under people's feet when they was fightin', an' he give it to me, 'cause I was sick. It was bwoke, an' Jimmie had it mended, so it would fasten."

The thin little face—so thin, so thin!—flushed with pride and pleasure, and tears were in Mrs. Darrell's eyes.

"I am so glad Jimmie found it for you!" she said.

The necklace again! Mrs. Darrell's mind was in a whirl as she rode home, and she told the story to her husband.

"Great Scott! Are we ever going to hear the last of that?" asked Mr. Darrell frowningly. "Now you'll see that beastly necklace every time you go to the Mission, and every time you see it you'll have hysterics. If your Uncle Benjamin ever tries to give you another present, he's got me to fight."

But neither of these prophecies came true.

The week was not yet out. The two were lingering at breakfast one morning when a ragged and tearful little boy presented himself.

"If you please, ma'am," he gasped; "Allie's dead—an' she said I was to bring this to you. She said she was done with it—an' she wanted you to have it always."

He was gone before they could question him. Mrs. Darrell with swimming eyes sat looking at the package.

"It has come back!" she said softly. "The blue necklace has come back!"

Scarcely had she wiped her eyes and clasped little Allie's legacy about her white throat when the door-bell rang,

and Mr. Darrell, hastily brushing a hand across his own eyes, went to answer it.

And who should walk in but Uncle Benjamin, who had never called on them before! And perhaps both their hearts had been softened by that last touch of a dying child's hand, but, at any rate, never had they been so cordial—setting a place for him at the table, and making him welcome in a hundred charming ways. As for the old man, his eyes dwelt upon his niece, and for a long time he said nothing at all—nothing of any consequence—nothing but:

"Well, well!"

A month later, Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney Darrell stood astounded, listening to an old lawyer who was reading Uncle Benjamin's will. That will left a bewildering fortune to Mrs. Mary Darrell, and explained in a pathetic parenthesis:

For I have long wished to be loved and cared for by some human being; and my said niece has shown by the fidelity with which she treasured a cheap present from me, which I had taken pains to let her know was of small account, that it was myself she loved, and not what I was able to give.

VERSAILLES AND MINNESOTA

SONG OF THE SIEUR DU LHUT

"Daniel Greysolon Du Lhut was continually in the forest, in the Indian towns, or in remote wilderness outposts planted by himself, exploring, trading, fighting, ruling lawless savages and whites scarcely less ungovernable, and, on one or more occasions, varying his life by crossing the ocean to gain interviews with the Colonial Minister, Seignelay, amid the splendid vanities of Versailles."—PARKMAN.

*Not in tears, my siren treasure,
Trip we love's last minuet;
Well we knew 'twas but a measure—
Then—forget.
I, who dream the West World's glory,
You, the glory of Versailles—
We have lived our happy story;
Now—good-by!*

Above the music of the dance,
Athwart the palace windows' glow,
I hear the cry of purer France;
I see red camp-fires in the snow.
This is not home—my hearth and hall
Shift through an untracked forest-way,
Somewhere 'twixt Mississippi's fall
And four log walls by Thunder Bay.
To-night, mayhap, on Pepin's breast,
My periled fellows hush the oar,
Past the wild, gallant foe, who rest,
Past war-boats lined along the shore.
Mayhap far north the trail-ax cleaves
On paths the plunging deer has torn,
Where, in the world-roof's flooded eaves,
The River of the World is born!
No stolen prize of galleon gold,
No wealth of mountain mines I bring;
Only a wilderness of cold,
Only an empire for my king.
Ah, fair one, could I paint for you
My lakes beyond the inland seas,
Where moaning forests break the blue
As ocean breaks the Cyclades!

*Ho! my comrades, priest and rover!
Trimmed, my ship rides in the bay.
Ho! my exile days are over!
Now—away!
Pray, no tears, my pretty treasure;
Come, 'tis love's last minuet.
Step we but one merry measure—
Then—forget.*

Chester Firkins

BLANCHE BATES

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

AN ACTRESS WHO WENT ON THE STAGE TO ESCAPE BEING A SCHOOL-MA'AM—HER HARD ROAD TO POPULARITY—THE STORY OF HER INTRODUCTION INTO AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY AND THE TRUE REASON FOR HER SUDDEN DEPARTURE—HER LATER SUCCESSES

AS happened with Maude Adams and Eleanor Robson, so with Blanche Bates: she naturally fell heir to her choice of a profession. Both her father and her mother were on the stage when Blanche was born, in California; and yet the actual step of taking to the boards came as a sort of afterthought, in spite of the inherited tendencies. These, it seemed, were slumbering while the young girl grew up in San Francisco, conceived an interest in young children, and took up kindergarten work.

Happy in training the young idea in activities that are after all half play, she was brought up with a round turn one morning by the appearance of a committee to tell her that, having done so well in kindergarten work, she was on the list for promotion, and would be made a primary teacher forthwith. The honor did not gratify her in the least; it merely paralyzed her with dismay. "A school-ma'am!" was the drift of her thoughts. No, she would not become that, whatever happened. She had taught in the kindergarten because she liked it, not with any idea of making it her vocation.

She went home considerably wrought up in mind, and there her mother arrived with the announcement that L. R. Stockwell, the manager of the theater where she was playing, had decided to give himself a benefit, and had suggested, by way of novelty, that "the daughter of Mrs. F. M. Bates" should appear thereat.

"I'd rather act than teach all my life," the young lady declared, although, as a matter of fact, she was not particularly

desirous of doing either. Her notions of happiness, to be frank, ran rather toward the possession of all the new gowns she wanted, a maid to dress her, a coach and pair—the accessories of a grand lady in society.

HER FIRST APPEARANCE

She appeared at the benefit in a one-act play by Brander Matthews, called "The Picture," and the die was cast. Not that she carried the house off its feet by her art. The rôle was difficult, and, though she went through it without any very bad breaks, she made no striking success. But this one appearance on that magic strip of territory between the footlights and the back-drop, stirred into life the stage microbe. She wanted to keep on acting, now that she had had a taste of it, and she soon secured an engagement with the Frawley "stock," then at the height of its fame on the Pacific coast. With a change of bill every week there was an opportunity for the young actress to gain experience in a wide diversity of rôles, and so quickly did she learn that promotion followed speedily. It was not very long before she was playing the leads.

Then it was that the ambition to conquer in a bigger field disquieted the girl. She wanted New York's indorsement of her work. Unheeding the warnings of her friends, she took the one hundred and fifty dollars she had saved, and came East with the determination to try her luck on Broadway. How she fared can best be told in her own words:

"I shall never forget those first few



BLANCHE BATES

From her latest photograph by Kajiwara, St. Louis

months in New York. And yet the experience was just what befalls every other young player who seeks to break in where nobody knows her. Oh, the stairs I mounted to managers' and agents' offices, the hours I waited to see people who never turned up, the sickening comparisons to an intelligence office that would come up in my mind as we girls, hunting for jobs, sat around the wall, our eyes glued to the door through which, one by one, we were summoned for inspection!

"Whenever I got a chance to pass through the door, I would tell eagerly of all the parts I had played with Frawley. The manager would listen with a far-away look in his eyes and mere toleration in his manner, and then would come the usual comment: 'Well, you may leave your address, and if there is an opening at any time, I will send for you.'

BEARDING THE LION

"This went on all through the summer, and by fall my hundred and fifty was used up—a good bit of it in postage stamps on letters to managers from whom I never had any answers. One of these was Augustin Daly, and at last, one morning in October, when I had grown really desperate, I made up my mind to go to the theater without an appointment and try to see him by chance. I arrived about nine, and inquired of the Cerberus at the gate if there was any use in waiting there for Mr. Daly.

"'Well,' he replied, 'he is upstairs now, and there is another way by which he can get out, but he usually does come down this way.'

"So there I sat, until three o'clock in the afternoon. Others came and went, but I stayed on, and at last, when I was faint from hunger and the only one in the place, Mr. Daly suddenly stuck his head in at the farther door, glared at me an instant, and then blurted out: 'Well, what do you want?'

"'If you please, sir,' I replied meekly, 'I want a job.'

"'Had any experience?' he went on, taking me in all the time.

"I told him what I had been doing in the Frawley stock. He didn't make any comment, only kept on looking at me.

"'How much do you want?' he asked suddenly.

"'Only enough to live on,' I told him quickly. My heart was going like a trip-hammer. This was the most encouraging question that had been asked me yet.

"'Well then,' he said, 'do you think you can live on thirty-five dollars a week?'

"'Oh, yes, sir,' I answered.

"'All right,' he said, with an air of dismissal. 'Report here on Monday morning at ten o'clock.'

"What air-castles went in my Sunday letter home! And on Monday there was no danger of my being late for my appointment. But when I arrived at the theater I found that Mr. Daly was not there, and nobody seemed to know anything about my being engaged. My heart began to swing down in the direction of my boots. George Clarke came by and I stopped him with my inquiry.

"'What did you say your name was?' he asked.

"'Bates,' I told him—'Blanche Bates.'

"'Oh,' he exclaimed, as if the name recalled something to his mind. He took me into the wings, ran his finger down a list posted on the call-board, and there we found it—Blanche Bates, cast for *Bianca* in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' up for performance that very night.

WITH THE DALY FORCES

"Well, I was relieved and terrified. I had never even seen 'The Shrew,' let alone played in it. And only one day to get ready in! But Mr. Clarke was most kind; sent me off to the wardrobe mistress, from whom I discovered that I must wear the gown that had been worn last in the part by Maxine Elliott. Of course it didn't fit me, but they altered it while I was studying my lines, and that night I made my first appearance on Broadway.

"This was in the fall of 1898. All that winter I played with the dramatic corps of the Daly forces. It was the season when Mr. Daly interspersed Shakespeare with musical comedy. On the nights 'A Runaway Girl' occupied the stage at Daly's, Miss Rehan and the rest of us were sent to near-by towns with

'The Shrew,' 'The School for Scandal,' or something else of the classic trend. In 'The School for Scandal,' I remember, I must have been a particularly atrocious *Lady Sneerwell*. But by February we were all back on the home stage rehearsing for 'The Great Ruby.' And now I want to give the real reason why I played the part of the adventuress only two nights.

"It was a matter of gowns. I did not care for those provided by the management, so I procured some of my own. Mr. Daly protested, and I persisted, with the result that just as soon as Marcia Van Dresser, my understudy, was up in the rôle, she was put in my place. Miss Rehan was always most kind to me, and, as may be seen from this, she had nothing to do with my sudden departure from Daly's."

HER FIRST REAL HITS

Miss Bates' hit in "The Great Ruby" was most pronounced, and she had no difficulty in procuring another engagement, passing at once to the Liebbers, for *Miladi* in "Three Musketeers," and later on appearing under their management as the heroine *Hannah* in Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto." The Zangwill play was a failure, but of Miss Bates the veteran critic, William Winter, was moved to say:

An actress of deep sensibility, of a sweet and fine temperament, of a beautiful personal appearance, and of uncommon capacity for expression. It was not difficult for her to represent a young woman of noble mind, high spirit, ardent affections, and sound moral principles.

In describing her work in the one scene of passionate conflict provided by the playwright, Mr. Winter wrote:

In this the acting of Miss Bates, representative of a fervent yet conscientious spirit torn by varying impulses, was dignified and vitalized by splendid excitement, and, alike in utterance and demeanor, was indicative of a most unusual command of the resources not alone of feeling but of that excellent art which, while it holds passion in perfect restraint, makes it seem absolutely spontaneous and gives to it the wings of the tempest and the reckless force of the storm.

Meantime David Belasco, who had struck twelve with his presentation of "The Heart of Maryland" and "Zaza" for Mrs. Carter, recalled the fact that

Blanche Bates' mother had been kind to him when he was a simple stage manager in San Francisco and she the leading woman of the theater. Now he determined to do something for the daughter, on whom he had been keeping his eye. At various times she had come to him, but he had invariably replied: "No, I am not ready for you yet."

When she was a mere infant Mr. Belasco had carried her in his arms. These were the days when Belasco himself was an actor in the San Francisco theaters. For instance, in the cast of "Camille," when Blanche Bates' father was the *Armand*, her mother the *Camille*, he was the *Gaston*.

But Belasco is not the sort of man to act on impulse. He likes to sink the foundations deep before he starts to rear the superstructure. Finally he decided that he was ready for Blanche Bates, and he certainly succeeded, in so far as getting her talked about was concerned.

But, unhappily, the vehicle with which he provided her had the distinction of being his first and only failure as a manager. It was a play in a new vein for him to work, a farcical comedy, called "Naughty Anthony." It required Miss Bates to be a hosiery model.

The company all liked the piece. Old Mr. Le Moyne, who acted the rôle of a valentine-maker, used to go into shrieks of laughter at rehearsal. Any actor will tell you that this is invariably a bad sign. When the players think a piece is going to make a big hit, look out for a frost. And the sign held true in this case. But the cloud had its silver lining. Because "Naughty Anthony" fell down, "Madame Butterfly" was put up, as an after-piece. It made a glittering success, and carried Miss Bates, as the deserted Japanese wife, *Cho-Cho-San*, to a pinnacle which commanded a prospect of "The Darling of the Gods." Meantime, she created still another furore as the heroine in "Under Two Flags"—a part as different from *Cho-Cho-San* as her *Girl of the Golden West* is different from the *Yo-San* of "The Darling."

And the public may be certain that her next new rôle, in the season of 1907-08, will be wholly unlike any of these, for the scene is laid in—but Mr. Belasco loves to surprise his audiences.

THE COPPER-SHIP

BY J. OLIVIER CURWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE CHRISTOPHER DUGGAN"

UP out of the pearl-gray mist of the morning came the copper-ship. In her hold was a treasure in red metal from the Michigan mines. Near her wheel lay a dead man. Amidships a group of sailors, armed with knives and pistols, stood half-faltering, facing the captain's cabin. In that cabin kneeled Jimmy Bosworth, and beside him, her face white with fear, was the girl for whom he was risking his life.

Captain Jimmy's face was red with blood. A trail of it led to the barred door, and between his knees a pool of it had gathered. The man's pistol hand trembled weakly as he leveled his blue-steel revolver.

"I guess they ain't coming any farther, Mi—Miss Williams," he faltered. The man was hardly conscious of his terrible wound. He knew that he was losing blood quite freely, and that the objects around him were very slowly fading away. If he had known more, he would not have turned.

The girl's pale face became whiter still as she looked at Captain Jimmy. But the young man failed to notice it.

"You must let me tie up your head, Captain——"

Something choked back the words. If Captain Jimmy could have used his eyes well he would have seen that the girl was crying. But Jimmy was losing himself. He knew that the treasure-mad crew were outside preparing to take his life and hers, and that the girl near him was the owner's daughter. Beyond that he only knew that he must shoot through the door when he heard the sound of feet. He had great reason for keeping this in mind and for battling against the weakness that was overpowering him. From the time they had played together

as little children Captain Jimmy had loved this girl. When he was given his first ship, only a few months before, he had asked her if he might still love her and hope some day to call her his wife. The girl's answer had nearly broken his heart.

Now she was going to Detroit, in his care, and he must take her there safely.

A sudden sound outside brought the wounded man to his senses. Men were approaching. Captain Jimmy could hear their feet and the voice of one of them talking. They came in a clumsy, stumbling way, as though bearing a heavy object, and though the man with the revolver could hardly grasp the true situation, the girl beside him did.

"Jim—Jim—they're going to knock down the door!" she cried.

The captain seemed to hear and comprehend as though just awakening from a sleep. One word burned in his brain, and that was his own name. He knew that the girl had called him Jim, and that, as he leveled his revolver, a supporting arm encircled his shoulder and a warm little hand grasped his own. That encouraged him, and he fired. The girl saw a tiny black spot come like a lightning flash in the panel of the cabin door, and in an instant another bullet bit its way through, a few inches below. From outside there came a cry of pain, then the falling of a heavy object; and Captain Jimmy leaned back against the girl with a faint smile.

"I guess I fixed one of 'em," he said. "O God, how I wish I could see!"

"You must let me bind your head," replied the girl softly. She lowered the man gently to the floor and hurriedly wet a towel in a pail of water. Her beautiful eyes grew big with agony as she

bathed away the blood. She knew well that Captain Jimmy would never see again. As she tied the towel around the wound the man struggled feebly to a sitting posture and raised his hand protestingly.

"I can't see t' shoot," he pleaded; "please take——"

The girl's hands helped to support him where he sat. "Jim," she whispered, "do you remember how you taught me to shoot with the old horse-pistol when we were children? Well, I'm going to do the shooting now!"

She caught up the big revolver, cocked it, and laid it beside her on the floor. Then she put her arms around Captain Jimmy and gently drew him back against the wall.

"It's a good thing I've got the only big gun aboard," said the captain, as if talking to himself. "If I 'adn't they'd soon get our range through the door."

The ship-owner's daughter picked up the revolver again, and, steadying her arm over the back of a chair, leveled it coolly at the black spots Captain Jimmy had made. Outside there was an ominous quiet. The girl listened for a time; then she said, without taking her glance from the little spots:

"Jim, why didn't you let them kill me? They would not have hurt you; they wanted you to join them."

The blinded man groped out with his hands. The girl heard him move, but did not look behind.

"Mildred, ain't I—ain't I fought for you a hundred times—when we were kids?"

"You bet you did, Jim!"

This time the girl turned and looked down upon the huddled figure against the wall. Her face was wet with tears, but there was a smile upon her lips and a look in her eyes that would have made Captain Jimmy's heart leap with joy could he have seen them.

"You were my hero then—and now."

There came a rap on the door as if some one were tapping it with a long stick. The big revolver wavered for a moment between the two black spots; and then a third came, to the right and a little high. Before the girl could fire again a voice called from the deck.

"Don't shoot ag'in, Cap'n Bosworth

I want t' talk with y'!" Captain Jimmy recognized his mate's voice. "We want t' give y' one more chance, Cap'n. We'll give y' a third of the copper aboard if y'll jine us 'n' give up th' girl."

Mildred felt something touch her arm. It was the captain's hand. He groped blindly for a moment.

"Milly—Milly—please give me th' gun!" he whispered.

"Will y' answer, Cap'n Bosworth?" came the voice from outside. "Th' girl's got t' go down with th' ship. We've got our reckonin', 'n' nobody kin salvage the copper but us. If y' don't jine us, we'll send y' t' hell along o' th' girl——"

"Please—please give me th' gun, Milly!" almost sobbed Captain Jimmy. He reached up, a pathetic figure, swaying weakly on his knees. In place of the revolver, the girl put one of her hands in his and then she fired again through the panel of the door.

There came a yell of rage from outside.

"Curse y'! If that's yer answer, Cap'n Bosworth, we'll send y' t' hell with pleasure!"

The girl smiled. Her white teeth gleamed between her red lips and her bosom rose and fell with excitement. But she was taking courage from Captain Jimmy. She listened for a sound outside that might guide another shot, but in place of that there came a throbbing of the floor under her feet, and, in a sudden spasm, the wounded man almost crushed the little hand he held.

"They're stopping th' engines!" he exclaimed. "Here——" Captain Jimmy held up a box of cartridges. The girl took them and counted out six while her companion broke the breech of the gun. After she had reloaded the weapon, the owner's daughter tiptoed to the door and for a full minute stood with her ear against it. When she came back the captain was figuring on his fingers and his lips were moving. The girl watched him. In the excitement of the last hour her hair had become loosened and now it fell in rich waves around her shoulders. As she leaned quietly over, attempting to catch the murmur from Captain Jimmy's lips, a mass of it tumbled about the man's face and he

caught it in his hands before she could move away.

"Milly——" he whispered.

The girl gently drew her hair away.

"What were you doing, Jim?" she asked.

Captain Jimmy sank back on the floor.

"Excuse—me—Miss Mildred," he mumbled. Almost fiercely the girl bent over again so that her hair swept the man's face. But Jimmy did not touch it.

"I was figurin' where we were," he continued. "If you get away, Miss Mildred, tell your father they scuttled th' ship somewhere on a line b'tween Hammond's Bay 'n' Grand Manitoulin Island. I reckon she'll go down in—fifteen fathom——"

In a moment the girl was upon her knees beside him.

"And you, Jim—you—you——"

Captain Jimmy raised a hand to his head.

"I'm burning up!" he gasped. "I shouldn't wonder, Miss Milly——" He slowly wavered and fell back. With a cry of agony the girl caught him in her arms.

"Oh, my God—Jim—Jim, my darling——" She pressed her lips passionately upon the dead-white face against her breast. But Captain Jimmy did not know it. For a few minutes the owner's daughter held it pressed to her, sobbing over it and kissing it and beseeching the man to speak. "I love you, Jim—I love you—I love you——" she repeated again and again. "I love you—I love you—Oh, I love you so!"

Captain Jimmy was dreaming. He dreamed that his boyhood sweetheart had not refused him, and that she had become his wife. It was a long dream, but the same thing over and over again, and so pleasant that he thought he was always smiling. When he awoke again somebody was bathing his head in cold water, and he sighed deeply.

"Are you feeling better, Jim?" asked a voice.

Captain Jimmy came to his senses with a powerful effort.

"I feel better, Miss Mildred—I guess I've been sleeping!" The man straightened. Then he sniffed the air. He seemed to be in a different atmosphere—

hot, stifling. A crackling sound filled his ears, too, and he staggered to his knees, the girl's arm supporting him.

"Milly——" His voice was full of inquiry.

"It's the ship, Jim," she whispered. "She's sinking, and they've set fire to her, too. They left nearly an hour ago. You and I are the only ones aboard, Jim."

The girl spoke in a calm, sweet voice. She brushed back Captain Jimmy's hair and half-bent over as if to kiss him, but caught herself and only smiled into his sightless face.

"I tried to pull you out," she continued, "but I couldn't."

Captain Jimmy staggered to his feet. He was stronger, but his eyes burned terribly.

"You wouldn't leave me, then——"

"No, Jim."

The two made their way slowly to the cabin door, the girl straining to hold up half of the man's weight. Jimmy reached out and drew back the bolt. As the door opened a breath of hot air struck him in the face and his nostrils were filled with smoke. For a moment he stood there and listened. There was no sound of the sea lapping the ship's sides. There was no singing of the wind in the spars overhead. All was lost in a sullen rumbling that seemed to freeze Captain Jimmy's blood.

"She's burning deep down," he said. "The fire ain't more'n amidships in the hold. I don't believe there's any danger—yet." Captain Jimmy lied bravely. The girl knew that he was lying, and looked at him as though she would have liked to take him in her arms again.

"I don't believe there is, either, Jim."

But the girl could see. Away aft, the cook's cabin, and everything behind it, was a mass of flames. Out of the midship hatch poured a cloud of smoke, and now and then a column of fire shot out with it. Even as the two stood there, hand in hand, there came a jarring explosion under their feet.

"Milly, I must see—I must see!" cried the captain. He tried to pull the towel from his eyes, but the ship-owner's daughter stopped him.

"You mustn't take it off, Jim," she

pleaded. "It will blind you if you do. And there's nothing that you can do. The boats are gone. There were only two life-preservers in your cabin and——" The girl caught herself suddenly. Captain Jimmy had not noticed the preserver about his waist, and he began to fumble at it. Again his hands were caught in those of his companion.

"They're on—I mean it's on all right, Jim!"

There was something almost pleading in the girl's voice. The man straightened as if he had been struck a blow. He reached out, but the girl eluded him. Once more he groped and caught her by the arm. With all his strength he pulled her to him.

"You've put them both on me, Milly!" His voice trembled with excitement. "You've put them both on me——"

It seemed as if his old strength had returned to him. He held the girl in a grip that hurt her as he worked one of the life-preservers over his head and then slipped it over the shoulders of the owner's daughter. When it was done he was conscious of a great pain in his head and a sudden weakness.

"Milly—I—I—didn't think y'd play me like that!" he gasped.

There came a detonation from under their feet and a pillar of fire leaped out of the midship hatch. Nothing else in the world sounds like the rumbling of fire in a ship's hold. For a time there is a rolling, muffled roar, punctuated by explosions which become louder as the fire grows hotter. Then the end comes like a powder-flash, and instead of a smoldering hulk a thing hidden in flames rolls upon the sea. It was not the first time that Captain Jimmy had heard that sound under his feet, and he knew that the end was not far away. He measured the throbbing of the deck and could tell that the fire had passed the midship hatches and was burning forward like a furnace. Unperceived by the girl, he drew the towel down from his eyes. There came a stinging, biting pain as the smoke and heat touched his wound—but no sight. He put the towel back, and from deep down in his soul there struggled a faint cry of anguish.

"My God—I—I—wish I could see!"

The girl turned to him again.

"You'll see after a time, but you mustn't lift the bandage, Jim," she said. She took the man by his hand and led him around the end of the cabin. A steady pillar of fire now poured out of the midship hatch, and the owner's daughter held up her skirt to protect Captain Jimmy's face from the heat as she slowly led him into the bow.

"Is the for'rd boat gone, Milly?" he asked.

"It's gone, Jim."

"'N' the rafts?"

"They threw them overboard, Jim."

Captain Jimmy caught hold of the ship's rail as the girl brought him to it and leaned over. He could smell the clouds of smoke that were pouring from somewhere along the water line.

"O God, if I could only see!" he cried again.

"What would you do, Jim—what would you do?" The girl caught him eagerly by the arm. "Be my captain, Jim—and I'll be the crew! I can do anything——"

"Wood and a rope!" cried the man. "Milly, has the fire reached the cabin?"

"Not yet——"

"Then take me back!" almost shouted Captain Jimmy. "We must have th' table—and there's a rope under it!"

"Stay here, Jim, and I'll get them!" In an instant the girl had gone. Captain Jimmy shouted for her to return, then groaned and waited as he received no reply.

Abaft the midship hatch the copper-ship was now wreathed in flames. The muffled thunder under the deck was lost in the crackling, snapping roar of the superstructure, and the heat that came from it almost stifled the girl as she bowed her head and plunged into the smothering clouds of smoke. Almost blindly she felt her way along the side of the cabin until she came to the door. The room was filled with smoke, and in one corner of it lurid tongues of flame were licking their way up the wall from the bursting floor. Almost sobbing for breath, the girl caught up the rope, ran to the door, and flung it forward. She heard a shout from Captain Jimmy—a shout that had in it warning and terror,

but she hurried back again without losing a gasp of breath in reply. One end of the cabin was spreading into a sheet of flame. The girl could feel her face blistering in its heat, but she tugged at the long table and dragged it foot by foot toward the cabin door. Each moment her strength seemed going. She knew that she was suffocating, almost burning, but still she fought, with the deck crashing in half a dozen yards away and the cabin fire almost at her feet.

Out upon the deck she stumbled and fell. For a moment she felt as though she would like to lie there and rest; then came reason and one more effort to reach Captain Jim. The table dragged like lead. Through the smoke the fire seemed to be gaining upon the panting girl. It shot up until it wrapped the spars in a shrieking mass and the whole end of the ship went in with a thundering explosion. Around the ship the sea was turned into a boiling caldron and clouds of hot steam poured about the fighting girl. Her heart seemed bursting for want of air. One foot—two—three, inch by inch she made them! The girl heard shouts near her, but she could not answer. Then she backed into something, and was conscious that Captain Jimmy was there helping her, and she tugged all the harder—tugged—tugged—until the table slid out into the free air of the bow, and there she turned and put her arms around the man's neck.

"Oh, Jim—Jim——" she whispered in a breaking sob.

Captain Jimmy held her close to him. He would have stood like that until the fire had utterly consumed him, but in a moment the girl took his arms away.

"We must hurry, Jim!" she said.

She caught up the rope from the deck and gave it to the man. With trembling hands Captain Jimmy cut it into three lengths. One of these he fastened around the girl's waist, another round his own, and then he tied the three ends to the table. The free end of the third rope he fastened to the rail of the ship. When this was done he lowered the table over the side, the girl helping bravely.

"You must climb down the rope, Milly," he said. "We're all tied together. We can't lose——"

Another section of the deck crashed in behind them. With it there came another sound—a sound which Captain Jimmy had been straining his ears to catch since he had come to consciousness in the cabin. It was the rush of in-pouring water. Captain Jimmy knew well that the last moments of the ship had arrived.

"Quick—quick!" he cried.

His voice spoke their danger. The running of the water was changing into a hollow roar. In an instant the girl was over the side and her voice came up cheerfully to the man.

"I'm here, Jim."

Captain Jimmy slipped over and swung down the rope. He bit hard on the handle of a knife between his teeth, and, as his partly submerged body rested in the water, he seized the knife in his hand and pressed its blade against the rope.

"Are you right, Milly girl?"

"I'm not only right—I'm comfortable," replied the girl.

The man pressed hard and the rope parted. Then he began working his feet and arms in the water and slowly the table drifted away. Each moment the roaring of the burning ship grew less distinct. Soon the noise of rushing water died away, and Captain Jimmy ceased to paddle. With difficulty he pulled himself half upon the table, and the girl put one of her arms around his shoulder.

"How far, Milly——"

He did not finish. With eyes big with excitement and horror, the girl stared at the ship. The blazing stern shot up into the air, and like a hissing rocket the copper-ship sank into the sea. There went up a spout of milk-white steam, and then there came a rolling of the water under the table. After that there fell a strange quiet in the air, and Captain Jimmy's face was death-like as he turned it toward the sky that he would never see again.

"She's gone, Milly——" A boyish sob almost choked him. "She's gone—I've—lost—my—first—ship——"

"But you've won something else, Jim." The girl tightened her arm around the captain's shoulder. "You've won *me*, dear!"

Captain Jimmy was very quiet. His hands trembled, his lips quivered.

"You—you said you didn't love me, Milly."

"I didn't then, but I do *now*, Jim!" The girl reached over until both of her arms were around Captain Jimmy's neck. "Won't you please ask me again, Jim—please——"

The man supported himself with one arm. The other he reached out and slipped about the owner's daughter.

"And when I see again and get another ship, you'll marry me?" he asked.

The girl smiled into his sightless face.

But as she smiled tears ran down her own.

"No, Jim, I'll not wait until then," she said. "I'm going to make you marry me as soon as we get ashore—even before you see a doctor; and then I can be your nurse. Will you promise?"

Captain Jimmy smiled. He felt that the whole world was before him again. He pressed the girl to him, and she met his lips with her own.

In the path of the copper-ship that day there came a freighter. In mid-lake she picked up a man and a woman—both burned, one blind.

THE BEST PROSE EPIGRAMS

BY ARTHUR PENN

FROM THE TIMES OF SHERIDAN AND FOOTE ENGLISH EPIGRAM HAS CONTRIBUTED BRILLIANTLY TO INTELLECTUAL CUT AND THRUST—A FEW EXAMPLES OF THE SMART SAYINGS AND ADROIT REPARTEE OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN WITS

THE English language has adopted the word *epigram* from the Greek, enlarging its meaning. In Greek *epigram* was closely akin to *epigraph* and to *epitaph*; it meant a brief bit of verse in which a single thought was beautifully phrased. In English *epigram* was applied to a very short humorous poem with a sting at the tail of it. And, by a natural extension, it has come to mean a smart saying or a witty retort either in verse or in prose. A mere merry jest is not fairly to be classed as an epigram unless it is an adroit repartee—unless there is in it something of the cut and thrust of the duello.

At its best the epigram in prose has the unexpectedness of the swift counterstroke. It ought to suggest a sudden and unforeseen "checkmate" in answer to the adversary's cry of "check." And therefore the bare pun, unless it is pro-

voked by the immediate occasion and unless it has extraordinary felicity, is not entitled to rank as an epigram. Sometimes, of course, the pun does achieve this effect of unforeseen happiness which almost elevates it to the level of the real epigram. For example, when Mr. Oliver Herford asked a friend who was about to sail for Europe, what ship he was going on, the friend whimsically gave the name of the well-known liner as the Keltic—whereupon the artist instantly returned, "Don't pronounce it like that, or you will have a hard sea all the way over!"

THE PRETTY ANALOGY

On the other hand, the true epigram in prose is not merely a carefully polished phrase, a pretty analogy, like Disraeli's assertion that the hansom cab was "the gondola of London." To this same class

belongs the remark of Mr. Herford's about a certain overpoweringly sumptuous hotel in New York, to the effect that "its real purpose was to supply exclusiveness to the masses."

The true epigram ought to be a parry. Once when the late Maurice Barrymore was talking with his wonted paradoxical brilliancy, a semi-intoxicated bystander broke in with the brutal assertion, "You're a liar!" As Barrymore was known to be an expert boxer, the listeners expected a swift body-blow; and it came instantly, but it was not the physical attack they had looked for. Barrymore, looking at the drunken man, smiled pleasantly and sweetly answered, "Surely not—if *you* say so!"

This is not without resemblance to an ingenious evasion of Voltaire's, that arch-wit whose conversation bristled with epigrams. He was once praising a certain man of letters, when a friend broke in with the remark that this was very generous of Voltaire since this man was always abusing him. And Voltaire smiled and dismissed the subject with the remark that "after all, perhaps we are both of us mistaken."

LINCOLN'S KEEN RETORT

We all know that Abraham Lincoln had humor as well as good humor; but he had wit also, and he could be counted on for an epigrammatic repartee when the necessity arose. In the darkest days of the Civil War when many members of congress were violently dissatisfied with the administration, Ben Wade went to the White House and said to Lincoln, "Mr. President, I've come to tell you that your government is going straight to hell! You're within a mile of it now." And a smile wrinkled Lincoln's long, sad face as he answered, "Well, Senator, I believe that is about the distance from here to the Capitol."

Of the same general type was an apt remark of Huxley to George Henry Lewes, perhaps now best recalled by his connection with George Eliot. Lewes, who was as facile as he was vivacious, had been explaining that he wrote with extreme ease and that he did not find any difficulty even in beginning his day's labor at the desk whether he felt eager for work or not. "In fact," he declared,

"I boil at a low temperature." And then Huxley saw his opportunity and asserted that this was "very interesting, indeed, for, as you know, to boil at a low temperature implies a vacuum in the upper region."

Not quite so cutting and yet caustic enough was the suave remark of Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity, at some sort of a college conference in Cambridge, when the clever young Balfour, after making several proposals, was finally voted down by an emphatic majority. Dr. Thompson, smiling victoriously, looked across the room at his defeated opponent and said, "We are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us."

It was this same Dr. Thompson who polished off the late Sir Richard Jebb, the Regius Professor of Greek and also a good deal of a dandy in the scrupulousness of his attire. Thompson was asked whether Jebb was not conscientiously filling his professorship; and he is reported to have answered that "what time Jebb can spare from the adornment of his person, he devotes to the neglect of his duties."

Here the wit resides partly in the artistic choice and collocation of the words themselves; and there is a similar verbal adroitness in the triple repetition of a single word in one of the late Speaker Reed's pungent sayings. At the time of the unfortunate trouble between the friends of Admiral Sampson and of Admiral Schley, Mr. Reed was asked for his opinion in the matter. "Well," was his drawling reply, "I don't really take much interest in a controversy between two heroes about a battle when one hero wasn't there, and when the other hero tried to get away!" The slur is unfair, of course; and no doubt the ex-Speaker knew that he would not be taken too seriously; but he felt that the opportunity for a characteristic cynicism was too good to be wasted.

THE JESTS OF SHERIDAN

It is this same skill in playing with words which delights us in a jest of Sheridan's. The comic dramatist had made a speech in parliament in which he had spoken of "the luminous page of Gibbon." A party friend asked him why

he had gone out of his way thus to praise a political opponent; and Sheridan explained that he had meant to say "the voluminous page of Gibbon." This is almost a pun, and yet it seems to be better than a mere play upon words. And Sheridan himself, if he could have come to life again a hundred years after the first performance of the "Rivals" to see Joseph Jefferson's rather bold rearrangement of it with *Bob Acres* as the central figure, would have enjoyed the epigram of Jefferson's cousin, William Warren, a more reverent admirer of the old comedies, who declared that the "Rivals" in its new form was most amusing—"but Sheridan twenty miles away!"

Not quite an epigram, and yet most amusingly impudent, was Sheridan's own reply to the unattractive lady whom he had promised to take for a walk and to whom he had excused himself when it came on to rain. A little later the weather improved and the lady caught the dramatist sneaking out of the house by himself.

"Ah, Mr. Sheridan," she said, "I see it has cleared up."

"Yes," he responded promptly; "it has cleared up enough for one—but not enough for two."

SHAW BEFORE THE CURTAIN

Irish impudence, if we choose so to regard it, and paralleled by another Irish playwright, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, on one occasion. At the first night of one of his plays he was called before the curtain with cries for him to speak. As he came forward a voice from the gallery roared out boldly, "No speech."

Absolutely unabashed, the Irish dramatist looked up at the objector and

said, "I quite agree with you. But what are we two against so many?" This has the pleasing unexpectedness of the true epigram.

There is a merry jest of another comic playwright, Foote, at the expense of Sheridan's predecessor in the management of Drury Lane. Garrick was liberal enough, but he was careful, so he was often accused of parsimony. On one occasion he dropped a guinea, and failing to find it, he cried in disgust, "I believe it has gone to the devil!" At which Foote broke in. "Trust you, Davy," he said, "for making a guinea go farther than anybody else."

Oddly enough this same joke was perpetrated a century later and quite independently by William M. Evarts. Visiting the Natural Bridge in Virginia, he was told that Washington had once thrown a silver dollar over it, whereupon he dryly remarked that "a dollar went farther in those days."

This epigram—if indeed it may claim to be considered a true epigram—was apparently as original with Evarts as it had been with Foote. To every noted wit, however, many smart sayings are ascribed without warrant. At the end of the eighteenth century the floating epigram attached itself to Sheridan; and in the middle of the nineteenth century the witticism at large is fathered on Sydney Smith. Sheridan and Smith were not only witty themselves, but they were the recipients of the wit of others; as the French proverb says, "We lend only to the rich." Many a merry jest has come scintillating down through the centuries tagged now to this wit and now to that. It is a wise joke that knows its own father; and it is never easy to trace the family tree of an epigram.

THE MENACE

SHE leaves her babe to others
To climb the factory stair;
She creeps home at night to her children,
Too weary to bind her hair.
With the sacred chrism of motherhood
In her tired and careless hands,
Through her they must come
With souls born dumb—
The men who shall rule our lands!

Grace MacGowan Cooke

THE SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE HARDY AND HIGH-NATURED PEOPLE WHO HAVE BECOME AMERICANS—THE WONDERS THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED AS CIVILIZATION BUILDERS IN MINNESOTA AND OTHER PARTS OF THE UNION—AND THE MEN AND WOMEN OF GENIUS WHO BEST REPRESENT THE THREE BRANCHES OF THE SCANDINAVIAN RACE

IT is commonly said that there are three Scandinavian countries—Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. But why omit the United States, which contains nearly three million Scandinavians—more than there are in either Denmark or Norway? Every fourth family of this Northern race is now living under the American flag.

The Scandinavian centers in America are Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Brooklyn, and Omaha. Minneapolis, especially, is the home of the Americanized Norseman. This great city of the Middle West, spreading far on all sides of its magnificent new Capitol, is one of the main pillars of our national pride. If the Scandinavians had only given us Minneapolis and St. Paul, they would have done enough, surely.

The whole State of Minnesota might almost be called Scandinavian. In no other part of the country are the Swedes and Norwegians massed so thickly. Coming from a land where Nature thought of scenery first and of agriculture second, they find that Minnesota is a farming paradise, with its vast level prairies and convenient rivers.

To the American of Scandinavian blood, there is no place on earth like

Minnesota. He never tires of telling you about its ten thousand lakes and its flour-mills, which are the largest in the world. Where is there richer soil? he will ask you. Where is there a more honest and straightforward climate—a climate in which summer is summer and winter is winter? Where are there such forests of white pine or such treasure-pits as the iron mines of the Mesaba? Best of all, where is there another State in which the average man has so comfortable a home?

Minnesota has grown in recent years with almost the suddenness of an explosion. Fifty years ago there were only six thousand people scattered over its fields and forests. To-day it is a country in itself—six times as big as Denmark, and with almost the population of Norway. It is no longer a frontier State. The westward trek of the American nation has made it central; and its towns and cities are busy with manufacturing. This one fact, that there is now more than sixteen million dollars in its public school fund, piled up from ore and lumber royalties, shows the wonderful progress of Minnesota, the home of half of our Scandinavians.

To speak of the Scandinavians as

EDITOR'S NOTE—The series of articles—in which this is the eighth—dealing with the leading racial elements in the population of the United States, is attracting wide interest and attention. "The Jew in America" appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for January; "The Sons of Old Scotland" in the February number; "The Germans in America" in the March number; "The Irish in America" in the April number; "The English in America" in the May number; "The French in America" in the June number; "The Canadians in the United States" in July.

Next month's article will be "The Welsh in America." In later articles other nationalities will be treated, including the Italians, the Dutch, the Spaniards, and, finally, the Americans.

though they were one race is, of course, not strictly correct. They have in Europe the same religion, the same basic language, the same currency, and, to a large extent, the same ancient history. All three are proud of Ole Bull, the Norwegian; Linnæus, the Swede, and Thorwaldsen, the Dane. As Ibsen has said, the Scandinavians are a "spiritual unit." But in a great many matters of national sentiment, the three nations stand to-day widely apart. There is no hostility. Each respects the other, but has a strong preference for his own branch of the Scandinavian family.

THE DANISH AMERICANS

Taking the three countries in alphabetical order, we come first to Denmark, which has given us as many Americans as there are in the State of New Hampshire. It is not generally known that there are so many Danish Americans. They do not flock together, as some of the other races do. That they have often been pioneers is shown by the fact that we have fifteen post-offices named Denmark.

The Danes are a peace-loving, good-natured people. You will search through many a public institution before you find one. They are seldom winners of the big prizes in the race for wealth, not because they lack force, but because their energies are used for higher things. Their bumps of acquisitiveness are low.

Where there are several Danes holding an earnest conversation, you will seldom hear the everlasting word "dollars." In most cases the subject of their discussion is likely to be a poem, a play, or a romance. Those who come to America are naturally more practical and enterprising than the ones whom they leave behind; but taking the Danish people as a whole, they are inclined to value life itself more than the gilded upholstery of life. For this reason they are a highly valuable ingredient in the making of the United States.

In an article like this, which deals mainly with leaders of action and thought, it is impossible to do full justice to the Danes. With the exception of Captain Bering, who explored and named the strait between Asia and

Alaska, in 1741, there were few Danes in the earlier history of America. At the present time, in the great army of eighty million Americans, there are not many Danes who wear the gold lace of generalship, but no country has given us a more brilliant rank and file. It would be hard indeed to find an American Dane who is not an intelligent and worthy member of our big family.

JACOB RIIS, THE "MOST USEFUL CITIZEN"

The best known Dane in America is Jacob Riis, who has for years been spoken of as "the most useful citizen in New York." Jacob Riis is self-made. Better still, he has helped tens of thousands of other immigrants to make themselves into the higher brand of Americans. Sixteen years ago, when he was a police reporter, he wrote a book which made a sensation. He had explored the abysses of slumdom, and mapped out the misery that existed under the shadow of New York's skyscrapers. "How the Other Half Lives," he called his book.

This book was a revelation and a warning. It was journalism of the highest class. Many an author had written about the poor, but Jacob Riis was the first man who had the courage and the patience to get the facts. He was the Christopher Columbus of the slums. Since then, the sunless tenements described by him, which were fireproof because they were too dirty to burn, have been in scores of cases torn down. Parks and playgrounds, music and recreation piers, have been provided. And millions of dollars have been spent in American cities to give the poor a fairer chance for health and happiness.

As we might expect, there are few men of finance or trade among the famous Danes of America. Most of them are like Jacob Riis—men of ideals and social purposes. There is one engineer and inventor, who has become well known in Chicago and Milwaukee—Niels A. Christensen. There are three professors, and, strangely enough, they are all connected with the United States Department of Agriculture. If a farmer wishes to get information about tree-planting, he may write to Professor Niels E. Hansen. If he wants to know

the scientific way to kill any particular kind of beetle, he may ask Professor August Busck. And if he has any curiosity about Arctic plants, he may inquire of Professor H. T. Holm, who was a member of the Danish North Pole Expedition in 1882. The busy city of Racine has a Danish mayor—Peter Behring Nielson; and one of the leading business men of Brooklyn is Niels Poulson, president of the Hecla Iron Works. As a man of large affairs, Mr. Poulson is undoubtedly our foremost Dane.

From Kansas City comes the name of Carl Busch, a musical Dane who was born and educated in Denmark. And in Lincoln Park, Chicago, there is now standing a monument which marks the genius of two Danes—the statue of Hans Christian Andersen by our New York sculptor of Danish birth, Johannes S. Gelert. Of Danish actors and singers, there are many in Copenhagen, but none in the United States who have achieved a national reputation. As yet, we have never had the pleasure of seeing an actor from Denmark in the part of *Hamlet*, the melancholy Dane.

THE NORWEGIANS—DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA

Next come the high-spirited Norwegians. They number about twice as many as the Danes and two-thirds as many as the Swedes. No race makes a nobler type of American than these proud, free-natured people. In the isolated valleys of their home-land they have learned to be independent of authority. They think their own thoughts and live their own lives. They have fought for centuries with the mountains and the sea, and finally have developed a type of national character which all the world respects. In the cold, clear air of Norway the germ of servility sickens and dies.

According to Norwegians, the proper name of this continent should be, not America, but either New Norway or Eriksonia. From their point of view, Christopher Columbus made his voyage nearly five hundred years too late to deserve the credit of being the first European in this part of the globe. Did not Leif Erikson, they say, set sail with thirty-five other Norwegians in the year 1000

and discover North America? Were not several colonies of Norwegians established in this new country of Vinland, as they called it? And was not the first white baby born in America a Norwegian who was given the name of Snorro?

I find no record of Norwegians in the days of George Washington. Although they made the earliest beginning, they seem afterward to have forgotten America entirely until 1825, when fifty-three of them arrived under the leadership of Lars Larsen. These are called "Sloop-folks" in the Norwegian histories.

Seven years later, a Norwegian made a famous horseback ride through the Western States, ending in Texas. He sent home the story of his exploits, and as a result two parties of immigrants crossed the ocean, one settling near Rochester, New York, and the other pushing on to Texas. In Wisconsin, which is now a favorite State among Norwegians, there were none until 1839. And it was eight years later before their first newspaper, the *Nordlyset*, took its place among American weeklies.

The first Norwegian who compelled the whole American nation to applaud his genius was Ole Bull, the violinist. In view of the two important facts that he married and made most of his money in the United States, we may lay claim to him as an American. At one time he owned about two hundred square miles of land in Pennsylvania, and had a dream of establishing there a little Norway of his own; but he was a man of music, not business, and the plan failed. As a master of the violin, Ole Bull has in many respects never had an equal; and those who heard him at his best cannot be persuaded that he will ever be surpassed.

To-day we have only one famous Norwegian who represents the world of music—Olive Fremstadt, who has sung for three seasons in grand opera. As an artist of the highest rank, her position is now well established. As *Carmen*, *Venus*, *Sieglinde*, and *Kundry*, she has won golden opinions.

The three most conspicuous Norwegians in public life are Andrew E. Lee, who was for two terms the Populist Governor of South Dakota; Nils Hangen,

who began with an ax and a dictionary, and who is to-day one of the foremost public men in Wisconsin; and Knute Nelson, one of the United States Senators from Minnesota. Both men are thorough Americans, as they were brought to this country in childhood. Both are self-made. Lee was a clerk in a country store and Nelson was a tiny newsboy on the streets of Chicago. The latter, who is several years older than Lee, took a short cut to fame by making a Civil War record. At twenty-five he was in the Minnesota Legislature. At fifty he was governor—the first American governor of Scandinavian blood. And to-day he is politically the foremost of our eight hundred thousand Norwegians—a man of high character and unusual ability.

There is another Nelson who has reached fame by the rocky road of commerce, and who has done his best to make that road a smooth one—N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis. This remarkable man has become widely known because of his plan of dividing the bulk of his profits among his customers and employees. Last year, for instance, he gave away sums that amounted to more than a hundred thousand dollars. For his own services he takes no more than a fair salary and interest on his invested capital. "I will not pile up a lot of money that I have no use for," he says.

LEADERS IN THE PROFESSIONS

There are half a dozen Norwegian professors who are leaders in their various lines—Storm Bull, who teaches engineering in the University of Wisconsin; Leonhard Stejneger, of the Smithsonian Institution, who has written a dozen learned books on zoology; Henrik Gundersen, a theological professor in the Chicago University; John N. Kildahl, now President of St. Olaf College, Minnesota; Emil G. Lund, of the United Church Seminary, Minneapolis; and the venerable Laur Larsen, who was for over forty years the President of the Norwegian Luther College, of Iowa.

There are two other Norwegians whom we cannot describe as Americans in any sense, and yet whose names and writings are very familiar to us: the late dramatist, Ibsen, who has set the whole

civilized world debating over the social surgery of his plays; and Björnson, the poet and politician, whose name is to the Norwegians a sort of national war-cry. Björnson became personally acquainted with a large number of Americans during a lecture trip through the United States about twenty-five years ago.

THE ENERGETIC SWEDES

Passing on to the Swedes, we find a great army of thirteen hundred thousand, half of whom were born in Sweden. Next to Stockholm, Chicago has more Swedes than any other city in the world. New York has nearly fifty thousand—as many as its total population a century ago. And Minneapolis has forty thousand or more.

It is simple fact, and not flattery, to say that prosperity follows the Swedes. They are never lazy and seldom unskilled. They mix brains and muscle. No people produces a smaller proportion of drudges or kickers. They go at their work with vim and cheerfulness, whether the pay-envelope be thick or thin. And as for energy, any one who has seen Stockholm, that city which is half hewn out of the rocks and half built into the sea, will always regard the Swedes as a most masterful and indomitable race.

When the colonization of America began, the Swedes were among the first to arrive. They founded Wicaco, which grew into Philadelphia. Many a Philadelphian deed, it is said, dates back to a certain Swen Swenson. For seventeen years the Swedish flag floated over a prosperous colony in Delaware; then the flag of Holland took its place; but the Swedes remained and did their share in the making of the United States. Captain Robert Anderson, who met the first shock of the Rebellion at Fort Sumter, was the descendant of a Delaware Swede.

JOHN ERICSSON AND JENNY LIND

Probably if a vote were to be taken upon the question, who have been the two best-known Swedes in the United States? the answer would be, in almost every instance, John Ericsson and Jenny Lind. It was the genius of these two that first taught us to welcome and respect the Swedes. Both were typically

Swedish, although they differed so widely in the nature of their abilities.

John Ericsson! How can we take a snapshot of that mighty engineer? His life was so intense, and so fruitful of great results, that a single week of it would fill a book. John Ericsson was a man who took no interest in doing what other men had done. It was his work, or rather his recreation, to achieve what was believed to be impossible. He was a pathfinder in mechanics. In most respects he was ahead of his age; in some respects he was ahead of ours. By his invention of the screw propeller, for example, he revolutionized navigation; and by his designing of the United States battleships Princeton and Monitor, he compelled the reconstruction of the navies of the world. His long life was packed with achievement and enriched with many honors. In Battery Park, New York, his statue is now standing, with its face toward the sea.

As to Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," her début in America was a big event. Seven thousand people greeted her at her first concert in New York in 1850. Next day one of the New York newspapers said: "Such a heart-felt welcome was never before given to a living being in this country. People who had a moment before been reasonable and quiet, suddenly became frantic. They clapped their hands; they stamped; they shouted; they roared; they waved their hats, their walking-sticks, handkerchiefs, and umbrellas; they showered bouquets upon the stage."

It was her voice, we may say, that first made Sweden famous in the United States. John Ericsson had been here for several years before her arrival; but his great abilities were known only to a few. Jenny Lind, on the contrary, was spoken of everywhere. For years it was the custom to call Swedes the "Jenny Lind men"; and every school teacher alluded to Sweden as "the land where Jenny Lind came from." Twenty years after Jenny Lind's American début, came Christine Nilsson. She, too, with her wonderful three-octavo voice, made her name so well known that we are often apt to claim her as an American.

There were three others, not now living, who helped to form our idea of

the Swedish people: Admiral John A. Dahlgren, whose father was the Swedish consul at Philadelphia, and who made some very valuable improvements in our navy; Fredrika Bremer, a talented novelist, who spent two years here and wrote a book about us entitled "Homes in the New World"; and Baron Posse, of Boston, who was perhaps the first to establish here the Swedish system of physical culture.

To-day, if a Swede is not a farmer, we have learned to expect him to be some sort of an engineer. The inventive spirit of John Ericsson seems to be marching on in his whole race. In New York there is a Swedish Engineers' Club of more than three hundred members, with John E. Franzen as its president. Ask a Pittsburgher, and he will tell you of the big jobs that were carried through by Andrew Carnegie's two Swedish partners—P. T. Berg, the rolling-mill inventor who went back to Sweden as soon as his fortune was large enough; and Emil Swensson, who has become a national authority on the subject of structural steel. What these two men have done, for the United States and for themselves, is told in this month's instalment of the "Romance of Steel," now being published in this magazine.

There is a John Erickson the Second in Chicago, superintending a number of extensive public improvements. Another Swede, named V. Sylven, is at the head of the United States Lighthouse Service; C. J. Mellin is the chief engineer of the Schenectady Locomotive Works; and John F. Anderson, who left Sweden as a penniless sailor boy, has since earned both fame and wealth in all parts of the country.

In business ability the Swedes rank higher than the other Scandinavian nations. They are saving and persevering. When they become rich, it is more likely to be by adding dollar to dollar than by taking big chances of loss or gain. In Greater New York, their two best-known men of affairs are E. A. Johnston and J. Edward Swanstrom.

Johnston, who is the Swedish consul and agent of the Scandinavian-American Line, has been the means of bringing tens of thousands of his fellow-countrymen across the ocean. He himself ar-

rived in a sailing vessel fifty-two years ago. He went to work as a boy for two dollars a month, and rose with Swedish persistence until he reached the top of the ladder. Swanstrom was born in Brooklyn of Swedish parents. He became a political and financial leader, and was for a time the President of the New York Board of Education. To-day he is best known as the head of the Home Trust Company.

BANKERS AND JOURNALISTS

Other men of money, too eminent to miss, are John A. Lindgren, of Chicago; N. O. Werner, of Minneapolis; and C. J. A. Ericson, of Boone, Iowa, who stand high among American bankers. Charles A. Smith, the Minnesota lumber king, arrived here as a boy of fifteen, and was the first Swede to enter the University of Minnesota. Victor F. Lawson, too, is a Chicago publisher of wealth and influence.

One judge, and one only, I find in the list of famous Swedish Americans—Judge Axel Chytraus, of Chicago. John Lind, who is in many respects the foremost Swede in America, is not at the present time in any public office, but his name is a household word in every Swedish home. Although he is a Democrat and the vast majority of Swedes are Republicans, he is everywhere regarded with the highest respect.

The veteran among the journalists is John A. Enander, editor of the *Hemlandet*, of Chicago, the first born of the Swedish press in the United States. In New York the leading editor is C. K. Johansen, who is not only the editor of a monthly magazine, but also the president of the National Union of Swedish Singers. Among the writers, there are several dozen who are more or less well known. The two most representative ones, perhaps, are the learned Josua Lindahl, of Cincinnati, and Ernst Skarstedt, of San Francisco, who is a sort of Swedish John Burroughs.

In art, the Swedes have given us our marine painter, Henry Reuterdaahl, and the following distinguished artists: Arvid Nyholm and August Franzen, of New York, and L. S. Sellstedt, of Buffalo. In education and religion our Swedish communities are second to none.

In the last half century they have spent fifteen million dollars on churches and colleges. They have four universities, in Illinois, Kansas, New Jersey, and Minnesota. The Swedish ministers have invariably been men of worth and learning, who have taken a sincere interest in the welfare of their people. Officially, the foremost Swedish minister at present is Rev. Eric Norelius, of Vasa, Minnesota, who is President of the Augustana Synod.

While the Swedes are quick to become citizens, at the same time they have always preferred to live by themselves in a number of "Little Swedens." Some American cities, such as Jamestown, New York, and Rockford, Illinois, are almost entirely Swedish. These colonies are widely scattered. There is one, for instance, in Seattle, and another in Aroostook County, Maine, with which we always connect the name of W. W. Thomas. Mr. Thomas is an American who married a Swedish wife, became United States Minister to Sweden, and has so thoroughly identified himself with the Swedes that he is often supposed to be one of their blood relations.

A WHOLESOME RACE

Such are the Scandinavians—the artistic Danes, the practical Swedes, and the independent Norwegians. They have won the highest respect from all other Americans, by deserving it. They are honest, industrious, wholesome people. They make no trouble. There is not a Scandinavian slum in any American city. In morality and in intelligence they rank with the best of us. They are all readers, not only of their own newspapers, of which there are a hundred and forty, but of papers and magazines in general.

We have been obliged to raise the barriers against certain classes of foreign immigrants; but so far as the Scandinavians are concerned, they have a standing invitation to come across the water and join the three millions of their own people who are here now. In fact, it is safe to say that if the whole three nations decided to move, bag and baggage, to the United States, we would throw all the gates wide open and give them a hearty welcome.



PORTRAIT SKETCH OF IGNACE PADEREWSKI, THE FAMOUS PIANIST, MADE IN 1899
AT PADEREWSKI'S SUMMER PLACE ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA

From a crayon drawing by Emil Fuchs

EMIL FUCHS, SCULPTOR AND PORTRAIT-PAINTER

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON

A YOUNG AUSTRIAN ARTIST WHO, THOUGH TRAINED AS A SCULPTOR, HAS RAPIDLY MADE HIS WAY TO THE FRONT AS A PAINTER OF PORTRAITS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK

THE name at the head of this article is practically unknown to the American public at large: even to those who follow the movements of the world of art, it is as yet unfamiliar. Emil Fuchs is a newcomer here, but at his first visit

he has taken a prominent place among the foreign portrait-painters who have found it pleasant and profitable to spend part of the year on this side of the Atlantic. More remarkable still, he has been a portrait-painter for only half a

dozen years, but in that brief time he has established himself as one whose skill is of the first order.

Of the pictures that this young Austrian artist painted in New York

Distinctly less ethereal than Shannon, his canvases have that clever painter's smoothness and suave charm. His command of the human figure is what might be expected from his thorough training



PORTRAIT OF MISS EVELYN MARSHALL, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES H. MARSHALL, OF NEW YORK

From the painting by Emil Fuchs—copyright, 1906, by Hagelstein, New York

last winter some of the best and most interesting appear on these pages. They give as fair an idea of his work as can be done in black and white. Somewhat less virile and dashing than Sargent, he strongly suggests that master in his brilliance of style and coloring.

as a sculptor. He has made divers experiments, not all of them entirely successful; but by that very fact he shows that he is a student, that his possibilities are not yet exhausted. His latest portraits are his best, and it seems safe to say that still better ones are to come.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. EDWARD R. THOMAS, OF NEW YORK

From the painting by Emil Fuchs—copyright, 1906, by Hagelstein, New York



PORTRAIT STATUETTE OF LADY VICTORIA GRENFELL, DAUGHTER OF EARL GREY, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

From a marble statuette by Emil Fuchs

It was partly his love of color, no doubt, that turned him from sculpture to painting—as was the case with Mac-Monnies, but he frankly admits that his principal reason for the step was a commercial one—the same that kept Gérôme toiling with his brush when he longed to be amusing himself with his modeling tools. Monumental sculpture may bring fame, but it is not remunerative; there is practically no demand for portrait sculpture, and but very little for the higher forms of decorative work.

When he first settled in London—to which city he came with the prestige of a prizeman in the Berlin Academy, and after nine years of study at the German capital and in Rome—Mr. Fuchs found occasional commissions; but a couple of years later there came the South African war, monopolizing public attention, dislocating society, and bringing hard times to the brotherhood of art. He passed some of his idle hours at an artists' club, sketching and painting from models; and from this it was an easy transition to

portraiture. His work elicited praise, and won him clients—among them some Americans, notably James Henry Smith, of New York, who suggested that he should visit the United States.

The idea of wintering across the Atlantic attracts the London artist for one reason, at least, which has no direct connection with American dollars. It gives him New York's clear air and brilliant sky instead of the gloom and darkness of a foggy metropolis where for days together painting is practically impossible. Last winter, with its unusually mild and

sunny weather, delighted Mr. Fuchs, who expresses his intention of becoming a regular visitant.

MR. FUCHS' NEW YORK STUDIO

In New York he established himself in a studio-building overlooking Bryant Park, with Chartran as his next-door neighbor; and here he worked assiduously, executing a series of commissions for portraits, and modeling and sketching for his own amusement. A visitor needed only to glance around the painter's workshop to see his versatility. The



PORTRAIT OF JAMES HENRY SMITH, OF NEW YORK

From the painting by Emil Fuchs—copyright, 1906, by Hagelstein, New York

big room was a veritable storehouse of the usual artistic "properties" and of some distinctly unusual ones. Besides the unfinished portraits standing on their easels, and completed canvases hanging on the walls, there were studies, a bust

of Marlborough; yet another, a head of Paderewski, modeled during a visit to the great pianist's country place at Morges, on the Lake of Geneva.

Mr. Fuchs is a man who has no greater pleasure than to toil from sun-



"MOTHER AND CHILD"—ONE OF EMIL FUCHS' MOST SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS IN RELIEF SCULPTURE

or two, decorative sculptures in high and low relief, a number of clay models, a frame of designs for medals, landscape studies, and sketches in oil and crayon. One of the most striking features of the collection was the beautiful relief "Mother and Child," shown in the illustration on this page; another, a charming marble portrait of a little boy, one of the children of the Duke and Duchess

rise till late in the evening, seeing some beautiful creation grow under his hand. His only other pastimes are music, skating, and fencing—which last he thinks the finest of all exercises as an alternative after long hours in the studio. He has even given up smoking—"for the pleasure," he says, "of waking up in the morning absolutely clear-headed and fresh for work."



PORTRAIT OF MISS MARJORIE GOULD, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD,
OF NEW YORK

From the painting by Emil Fuchs—copyright, 1906, by Hagelstein, New York



"ROSIE" — PORTRAIT-STUDY OF AN ENGLISH GIRL
From the painting by Emil Fuchs

Thus happily wedded to his art, he is otherwise a bachelor. In London he lives with his sister in a house on Park Road, Regent's Park, which he bought from Sir Maurice de Bunsen, now British ambassador at Madrid. It is one of those quiet residences that abound in the west and northwest of London—unpretentious without, roomy and comfortable

within. Mr. Fuchs has built a studio in the garden; this year he intends to install another feature in his house—an organ.

A SINCERE AND CAREFUL WORKMAN

In all his work he is characteristically thorough and conscientious. Even in sculpture, in which the more mechanical processes are usually left to assistants, he

will not intrust a single detail to any hand but his own. "I do all my own chiseling," he told the writer. "The fact that others do not is one great reason for the present discredit of portrait sculpture."

A feature of Mr. Fuchs' painted portraits is the careful study he gives to the hands of his sitters. This is a subject on which he has views.

"In classical times," he says, "the Greeks, in their warm climate, and with their fondness for baths and games, were accustomed to see the whole figure—a fact which is one secret of their marvelous sense of form and the wonderfully correct modeling of their sculptures. We moderns see but two parts of the body—the head and the hand—and it is from these that we get our impression of a personality. While most artists have centered their attention wholly or mainly on the face, to my mind the hand possesses almost an equal amount of character, and a portrait is incomplete without it."

The doctrine of hard work, which Mr. Fuchs consistently preaches and practises, was a favorite precept of his old teacher at Berlin, Anton von Werner, the historical painter, of whom he speaks with respectful and affectionate remembrance.

"As head of the Academy," he says,

"Von Werner used to make regular addresses to the pupils. Once he told us:

"Our school is not intended to bring exceptional geniuses to the front; exceptional geniuses will come to the front of themselves. It is an institution to give the learner crutches, which he may need for a short time or for a long time, according to the development of his powers. It is a place—in a sense I am sorry to confess it—for the average student, for mediocrity."

"Another of our old master's little lectures was to this effect:

"Talent is something—let us represent it by the figure 1. Industry, alone, is nothing; for without some talent you will not achieve anything worth while. So set down industry, by itself, as a cipher, 0. But now combine talent and industry, and we have something vastly greater than either of them alone—the figure 10."

On the much disputed question as to the best place for art students, Mr. Fuchs has a decided opinion in favor of Berlin. "The training there is more thorough than at any other school," he says, "and the discipline is excellent—in marked contrast to conditions in Paris."

Mr. Fuchs' old school may well value such a tribute from so successful an alumnus.

A SEA THRALL

THE murmur and the moaning of the sea,
They master me;
I am the serf of sound,
Bondslave to aural beauty grave or gay;
Happy to be so bound,
I hang upon the lyric tides that sway
Night's swimming satellite of ice and fire
Compacted, and although I flee away,
Upon the falcon pinions of desire,
Into the wood's most secret sanctuary,
Or hide amid the mountain's mightiest rocks,
Where, in a mood maniacal, the wind
Mouths like old doddering Lear, and mocks and mocks
At all of lower earth, I may not find
Escape from those vast fugues that veer and vary
As do the moods and mazes of the mind.
Yea, I am thrall complete
(Finding the thralldom sweet)
To thee, to thee,
O all-embracing and most sovereign sea!

Clinton Scollard

THE BLACKMAILER

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "FOLLANSBEE'S PLAY"

NOBODY in the gambling profession had a meaner tongue than Slippery Wyman's. Under its abuse, young Kenny's chin twitched; but he pushed the cheap gold watch persistently across the table in the dingy and deserted restaurant.

"Yes, I do mean it," he repeated. "This is yours. I am going to quit."

Wyman clumsily counted the links of the watch-chain. He was a heavy man, and his fingers were stiff and unwieldy.

"Well, Kid," he said in a voice which suddenly became smooth as silk, "is this a square deal to me? I put it right up to you."

"Oh, square!" protested Kenny. "Is anything square in our crooked business? Leave that out."

"Listen," said Wyman, bending forward. "Haven't I given up the best of a year to learning you, Kid? Haven't I made you what I used to be before rheumatism crippled me—about the slickest card-handler in New York City? And now what? You go back on me just when we're getting on velvet. Is that fair? When I found you, Kid Kenny, and took you for my partner, you were shooting craps for nickels in a Bowery cellar. Last night at Chris McGee's we won out a couple of hundred—and this——"

He held up the watch. Kenny shook his head with an obstinacy oddly at variance with his girlish, innocent face. The Kid needed only a cassock and hymn-book to pass for a choir-boy. Wyman's wrath again got the best of him.

"Don't think you can throw the old man down so easy," he sneered. "You're a pretty one to talk about reforming, all of a sudden!"

"My reforming isn't so sudden," said Kenny; "but it was winning the watch off that fellow last night that clinched

it. I don't know—cheating a fellow out of a watch seems more like stealing, somehow, than cheating him out of a cash bet does. I'm through, Wyman. To-night I'm going to nail that position in the machine-shop I was telling you of. There's no hard feeling, Wyman, is there?"

He held out his hand timidly. Wyman struck Kenny's knuckles with the flat of the carving knife.

"Machine-shop!" he echoed scornfully. "Don't I know your game, Kenny? Don't I know what becomes of your winnings? You won't tell me where you spend 'em, but I know. You spend 'em on some woman. You're quitting me for a woman now, you little masher. Reform be hanged! You've tied up to a partner in skirts, after all I've——"

"That's not true," said the boy, flushing. "I've been thinking it over for a long time. I'll never touch another card!"

After Kenny had gone, Wyman studied the mottled table-cloth morosely. An hour in a pool-room that afternoon had bankrupted him. Wyman was afflicted by the rakish improvidence of a gambler of the antiquated school. He was not one of the modern practitioners who invest their plunder in government bonds or rare pictures. When he picked up Kenny on the Bowery, he was nearly as poor as the lad whose angelic face, clever eyes, and supple fingers had engaged his expert approval.

He had not exaggerated the wonderful proficiency which his patient instruction had imparted to his pupil. He glowed with pride when he began to see in Kenny a duplicate of that Slippery Wyman whose inscrutable poker-playing, in the later sixties, had puzzled the saloon of every steamboat of consequence

on the Mississippi. Old Wyman, with his unscrupulous nerve, and young Kenny, with his brilliant skill, made a gambling combination hard to beat. During the last month, Slippery Wyman had allowed himself to dream of the smoking-rooms on the big liners and the American clubs in Paris. And now? He contemplated his gnarled, twisted hands, and knew that he would be lucky if he could get a job turning a spindle behind the horse-shed at a country fair.

A waiter cleared the table. Wyman pocketed the watch, which was now his sole bulwark against penury, and went to the street.

"I'll show the little fool!" he muttered as he unlocked the door of the lodging-house room which he and Kenny occupied. "I'll get even, all right. A lady's pet, hey? I wonder can I find out who——"

Kenny's extraordinary good looks had always convinced Wyman that his protégé was constantly engaged in amorous conquest. He highly respected the Kid for denying this, and for keeping secret the names of his Dulcineas. Wyman's belief was solidified by the fact that Kenny's share of their winnings usually disappeared in a mysterious way the Kid declined to explain.

Kenny's trunk was open, and Wyman ransacked it. Beneath a pile of neckties in a handkerchief box he found a narrow book, which he had never seen before. It was a thin volume of poetry, gaudily bound. Wyman barely glanced at the verses. He had a low opinion of poetry, associating it vaguely with love-sick girls and St. Valentine's day. He whistled reflectively and held the book under the gas-jet.

"To my own Ken, from his dearie," was written on the fly-leaf, and below this, and in the same refined, feminine script: "Margaret Laidlaw, The Rectory, Antonyville."

The gambler's whistle was suddenly suspended.

"My own Ken!" he ruminated. "What license has a lady in a parson's house to give love poetry to Mr. Kid Kenny, the crook? From his dearie! Margaret, maybe you're worth while!"

He threw the book, with some clothes, into a valise, and proceeded to Mullaly's

saloon. Mullaly's close-mouthed, shifty-eyed patrons were of an inquiring nature as to various things, and for their convenience the proprietor kept a postal directory and a railroad guide. There was but a single Antonyville, a small town on Long Island, about an hour's run from New York.

When Slippery Wyman descended to the platform of the little station the next morning, he blinked irritably at the sunny landscape. He had spent the night in Mullaly's back room, and Mullaly's whisky still buzzed in his gouty veins. Wyman cursed the whisky and the rosy recollection which it had inspired, of how his friend Natchez Dick had blackmailed a planter's silly, love-letter-writing daughter in Baton Rouge. His scheme of a lucrative revenge on Kenny by means of this Margaret Laidlaw seemed more promising when considered in the squalid semi-darkness of Mullaly's than when he thought of it by the golden light of a June morning in the country. The old night-hawk was unused to the freshness of the air and to the free flood of sunshine.

The talkative clerk of the Antonyville House thought that Wyman was a surly sort of a drummer to be selling books to ministers, but nevertheless he described volubly to the stranger the clergymen in the village.

"And Dr. Laidlaw, he's 'Piscopal," concluded the clerk. "But he won't be looking at no books to-day, mister. You see, the parish folks is giving the Laidlaws a kind of donation party. It's a anniversary of them taking the church."

"That so?" remarked Wyman, clipping a finger-nail thoughtfully with his penknife. "Big family, I suppose. Lots of daughters? Parsons usually have."

"Laidlaw ain't ever had no children," said the clerk affably. "But Mrs. Laidlaw, she looks some like his daughter—'most young enough."

"Ah!" grunted Wyman, and clicked his knife.

The rectory was a low, cuddling, comfortable house; but the sight of it touched Wyman's memory uncomfortably. The last time he had entered such a house was the last time he emerged from the dens of his kind in the city, years and years ago, to see his favorite

brother buried. The rectory porch was crowded with flowers and palms, and a cheerily rotund, middle-aged lady with shining cheeks appeared on the threshold.

"Mrs. Laidlaw?" said Wyman.

It flashed into his mind that if this elderly lady was Margaret Laidlaw, his blackmailing expedition was a wild-goose chase, and he felt for a moment queerly relieved. The lady laughed.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed good-naturedly. "The Laidlaws have moved out this forenoon and the committee's moved in." She noticed his valise. "If you're one of the gentlemen," she added, "from the Ploverby church——"

An unconsciously emphatic shake of Wyman's head assured her to the contrary.

"Well, the doctor and his wife are out in the garden somewhere," continued the lady. "Come right this way."

Slippery Wyman took off his hat sheepishly and followed her. The house was filled with women bustling about from room to room. Their contented chatter discomposed Wyman. The few women of his acquaintance did not laugh like this. Two pretty girls, carrying a table, brushed by him. He retreated as close against the wall as he could.

"This is for the presents, Miss Quinton," said one of the girls.

"Front parlor, then," directed Wyman's guide. "I'll fix it in a minute," and, making a trumpet of her hands, she called through an outer door which stood open. "Margaret!" cried Miss Quinton. "Gentleman to see the doctor."

A lady rose from a bench under an apple-tree as Wyman advanced slowly along the path. A flat, old-fashioned garden hat hung low over her forehead. She had a placid, delicately tinted face. Her gown of sober violet was simply made; her figure was slight and graceful; and, when she came nearer, Wyman perceived that she was not young. "No fool like an old fool," he reflected, and imagined her romance—a visit to New York, a chance encounter with Kid Kenny on the street, and so forth.

"Perhaps you wish to see my husband," she suggested.

"Not yet, ma'am," said Wyman. "Not if you're Margaret Laidlaw."

"Why, that's my name," she replied. The gambler stroked his chin, sniffing uneasily. The peace of the orchard and the perfume of its blossoms were getting on his nerves.

"Might as well drop down to business," he began. "I've been sent here by a friend of yours. He wants"—Wyman hesitated and ground his heel into the turf. "I've been sent here by a particular friend of yours," he reiterated. "Guess who."

"I'm sure I can't," said Mrs. Laidlaw pleasantly.

"Oh, yes, you can," insisted Wyman. "By Kenny!"

He turned upon her squarely, so as to lose no sign of agitation, and he was not disappointed. Mrs. Laidlaw leaned against the bench, twining her fingers.

"By my darling Ken?" she gasped.

"Sure!" said Wyman with an exultant chuckle. "The Kid sent me here, ma'am, on a very special errand."

All at once the lady looked over his shoulder. Wyman had been so intent on his victim that he did not hear the footsteps of the clergyman, who was now close behind him.

"My dear," said Mrs. Laidlaw, "a friend of Ken's—Mr.—Mr.——"

"Lincoln," supplied Wyman, after some perplexed hesitation.

"Really!" cried the minister, and offered his hand heartily. "Margaret," said he, "Miss Quinton demands you in the house."

"I must go, then," she answered. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Lincoln? Only for a few minutes. I must have a long talk with you, even on this busy day."

She nodded prettily, and Wyman bowed. The situation was quite beyond him. He stared at a rose-bush, and wished that he was back in a grimy New York card-room, where he could feel at home.

"Sit down, sir," said Dr. Laidlaw. "And what of Ken, now? He does not write long letters."

"No, I guess not," faltered Slippery.

The kind-faced rector remarked Mr. Lincoln's hesitancy and hospitably determined to set him at ease.

"But he writes us enough to make us as proud of him as if he were our own," pursued the doctor.

"Your own?" mumbled Wyman. "I thought——"

"Ken is my wife's nephew," the clergyman rambled on. "When the poor boy was orphaned, we adopted him and gave him our name—Kenston Laidlaw. It was a great sorrow to have him leave us a year ago; but of course this was no place for him, with his mechanical talent. At first his letters worried us. He is very young to face the temptations of a city. Of late we have been encouraged. And besides, he is making money—as you doubtless know."

"Yes," agreed Wyman gravely.

"Some patent or other," said Dr. Laidlaw. "I do not understand much about such things. I judge from the remittances he sends us—bless his generous heart! And yet, we would rather see him than his letters."

Wyman shifted sideways on the bench.

"I sort of reckon you're likely to see him soon, sir," he murmured bashfully.

"That's the best of news!" exclaimed the doctor. "Margaret! What do you think? A message from Ken!"

He called to his wife, who was hurrying over the grass of the orchard. The picture of a robin, hopping fearlessly near her dainty feet, stuck curiously in Wyman's mind for long afterward.

"There's not a second to lose, dear," she said to her husband. "The presents are ready. And the people are beginning to come. Change your clothes immediately"—for the rector was in gray flannel and slippers.

"All right! All right!" he assented humorously, and departed in burlesque haste.

"I guess I'll be going, too, ma'am," said Wyman, and moved toward the garden gate near by.

Mrs. Laidlaw stared at him in astonishment.

"But you'll stay for the dinner!" she urged. "You must stay. A friend of Ken's here to-day of all days, and running off like this? No, you *must* stay."

Wyman blurted an unintelligible reply. The minister's wife laughed, but stood between him and the gate with the determined resolution of a sentinel.

"You shall not stir!" she reiterated. "You have no excuse. As for your errand, that shall be postponed until——"

"Oh, yes, the errand," Wyman interposed hopefully.

"Well?" said Mrs. Laidlaw.

"The errand won't wait, ma'am, and I've got to hurry." Wyman buttoned up his coat briskly, and his thumb caught in his watch-chain. "Yes, ma'am, I must hurry, sure," he added.

Mrs. Laidlaw laughed again. It was quite obvious that the visitor was making a desperate summons on his invention.

"Really, we must go to the house," she said. "You see, you can find no excuse. I believe that Ken sent you on no errand, except to give us the pleasure of entertaining one of his friends—which we propose to do;" and she laid her hand lightly on his wrist.

Slippery Wyman drew back his arm. What right had this good woman to touch a seasoned scoundrel such as he? The pressure of her hand was the winning stroke of all the incidents of that morning which had conspired so cunningly to defeat him.

"I'll tell you, ma'am," he said, clearing his throat. "Kenny—Kenston had word how folks were making presents to-day to—the parson. He knew I'd be passing through, so he asked me to leave this." Wyman dropped the watch into Mrs. Laidlaw's fingers. "I can't wait, ma'am—my train—no, don't thank me, thank him. Good-by. Thank him."

He took advantage of the lady's helpless and delighted surprise, snatched his valise, slipped by her, and was out in the lane before she recovered. He almost ran; a policeman might have been at his heels. Breathlessly, and with his gaze fixed on the ground, Wyman circled the tall hedge beyond the rectory and came into collision with a pedestrian who was walking rapidly up the hill from the station.

"Good morning, Mr.—Kenston—Laidlaw!" panted Wyman, backing against the hedge.

"You?" blurted Ken. "You? My Lord!"

"Better let me by, Kid," enjoined Wyman.

"No!" cried the boy. "You've hunted down those two good people of mine, have you? You've broken their innocent hearts with my miserable story, have you? You low-lived dog! I'll——"

Wyman clutched Ken's fist and bore it downward.

"Look out!" he said dangerously. "I won't stand everything. I'll ruin the three of you yet. Look out!"

"What worse can you do than you've done?" snarled Laidlaw, crazed by a flash of fury. "I'll kill you if I can."

In silence he strained madly, but the other's heavy weight locked both of them motionless. Quick footsteps pattered down the lane, and the men heard the voice of a woman.

"Where are you, Mr. Lincoln?" she called. "I've not half thanked you."

Wyman loosened his grip. Ken staggered away. "Aunt Margaret!" he groaned; and the next moment she was laughing and sobbing in his arms.

Wyman edged off and became discreetly absorbed in the foliage of the hedge. Botanical research, however, was futile. He was obliged to abandon it when Mrs. Laidlaw addressed him. She was rubbing her cheek happily against Ken's shoulder.

"This is the best present of the day, Mr. Lincoln," said she. "You knew he was coming all the time, didn't you?"

"Yes'm," affirmed Wyman unblushingly.

"Mr. Lincoln has been telling us such fine, friendly things about you and your work, Ken," Mrs. Laidlaw said. "Your gift of the watch he brought will stupefy your father with pleasure."

"Watch?" stammered Ken, stupefied himself.

Wyman's elephantine wink was something to see.

"I'll leave you, ma'am," he declared. "I'm bound to. Ken knows I'm bound to. So long, Ken. Good luck!"

Laidlaw took Wyman's hand tremulously. Ken's downcast eyes fell on his linen cuff, torn in the grapple, and his face turned very red.

"So long, Wy—Lincoln," he responded slowly. "I'll always remember this. I thank you. I'm sorry I——"

"Oh, it was no trouble," said Wyman, with an indifferent swing of his satchel. "You needn't bother your head about trouble, young fellow, now you've found the way to your folks again."

He stumbled ponderously down the hill. On the platform of the station, he paused and felt absently in the empty watch-pocket of his waistcoat.

"Held up by a lady!" commented Slippery Wyman grimly. "By thunder, she's what I call a regular blackmailer!"

AZURE EYES

RIPPLING pools of sunlit water,
 Magic mirrors, which Eve's daughter,
 Ever since the days of olden,
 Has employed in forging golden
 Links of love for our enchaining;
 And when summer short is waning,
 All the flowers lost I find
 In these gardens of your mind:
 Roses red and lilies, too,
 Myrtles, laurels, pansies, rue;
 Vistas cool and glades entrancing,
 Where the nymphs of love are dancing.
 When your lashes black are falling
 I can hear Pan's pipes a-calling,
 Lilted music down the glen,
 Wringing all the hearts of men.
 Sweet! the summit of my skies
 Lies within your azure eyes.

Isabelle D. Cameron

THE VALUE OF TITLES

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN

THE SPECIAL PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES WHICH BELONG TO RANK IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COUNTRIES OF EUROPE—THE VARYING IMPORTANCE OF SIMILAR TITLES IN DIFFERENT MONARCHIES—THE GERMAN FÜRST, THE RUSSIAN KNYAZ, THE GERMAN MEDIATIZED HOUSES, AND THE SPANISH GRANDEZA

GREAT is the distinction between aristocracy and nobility. Aristocracy implies the possession of blue blood and of ancient lineage, whereas all that is needed in order to belong to the nobility is a title. Many aristocrats are so proud of having no handles to their names that they would decline with something akin to scorn the proffer of a new-fledged coronet. There are, on the other hand, plenty of plebeians who are dukes, princes, marquises, earls, and counts. In Spain I have known a successful hatter who was created a duke, and a retail butcher of Madrid who received the title of marquis. Czar Paul made his barber a prince. In England there was a village cobbler's son who became an earl, and for many years presided over the deliberations of the House of Lords as lord high chancellor.

Another legal light, the late Lord St. Leonard's, was the son of a hair-cutter. In his mid-career he stood for Cambridge at the Parliamentary general election. While he was speaking at the hustings, a man in the crowd interrupted him by asking the price of soap, the composition of the same, and the general nature of suds.

"I am particularly obliged to that gentleman," replied Sir Edward Sugden, as he was then, "for reminding me of my lowly origin. It is true that I am a barber's son, and was once a barber's apprentice myself. If the gentleman who so courteously reminds me of these facts had been a barber, he would probably have remained one to the end of his life."

There is a great deal of confusion and misapprehension with regard to the relative value of titles. Even in the monarchical countries of Europe it is often difficult to get people to understand that a mere count, if he belongs to one of the mediatized houses of Germany, Austria, or Belgium, outranks a marquis, a prince, or even a duke of the ordinary nobility; that a Spanish grandee, with no title except the prefix of "Don," outranks most of the dukes created by the various sovereigns who have occupied the throne at Madrid during the past hundred years; and finally that, save in England, the grant of titles of nobility carries with it no prerogatives that are of any value.

PARVENU TITLES IN ITALY AND SPAIN

In fact, nowadays, titles are at a discount; that, however, does not prevent their extraordinary increase in number. Perhaps it is because of the increase that they are held in less high regard than formerly. Indeed, both in Italy and in Spain, where titles abound—Spain being able to boast of some two hundred dukes, nine hundred marquises, and several thousand counts—the members of the old aristocracy have completely abandoned the use of the titles which they possess. They merely prefix the word "Don" to their Christian names, and address one another as "Don Emilio," "Don Fernando," or "Doña Angela." Mrs. Mackay's Roman son-in-law would never be spoken to by equals as "Prince" Ferdinando Colonna, but as "Don Ferdinando." At Madrid the Duchess of

Alba is invariably addressed as "Doña Maria." These aristocrats of ancient lineage are most punctilious in conceding to parvenu dukes, marquises, and counts, their titles. Their courtesy in the matter is so pointed as almost to be insulting.

PRIVILEGES OF THE MEDIATIZED HOUSES

Of all the titles of nobility in the Old World the most valuable are those of the so-called Mediatized Houses. The heads of these families, some of them dukes, some princes, others counts, formerly enjoyed the rank and power of petty sovereigns, though they were vassals to his apostolic majesty, the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, at Vienna. The Napoleonic wars swept the majority of the small states away, and the Congress of Vienna set its seal to their disappearance. But, as compensation for the loss of their dominions, and as balm for their wounded pride, these petty sovereigns and their lineal descendants were invested with a number of privileges, including the right of marrying on a footing of equality with the reigning dynasties, immunity from all taxation, and exemption from military service.

If of their own accord they enter the army, they are entitled to an officer's commission at once, instead of having to go through the ordinary procedure to obtain it. Up to 1878 they were not amenable to the ordinary tribunals of the land, even when engaged in legal disputes with persons who did not belong to their caste, but were subject to a court of their peers, organized for the occasion. Even to this day they are not obliged to take the ordinary form of oath in court, their mere word being held sufficient—a privilege which, by the by, is shared in English law-courts by British peers of the realm. What renders their standing so altogether exceptional in the ranks of the Old World nobility, is that no sovereign has it in his power to add to their number; for the Holy Roman Empire no longer exists, and it is impossible for any one of the now sovereign houses of Europe to usurp the functions that once belonged to the Holy Roman Empire.

The one ambition of the late Prince

Bismarck was to be raised from the rank of a mere noble to that of a mediatized prince, as Duke of Lauenburg, and he took the ground that either old Emperor William or his grandson, the present Kaiser, could have fulfilled his wish, if they had been willing to go to the trouble of securing the consent of all the other sovereign states of the new German Empire. But neither of the two emperors would take the requisite steps, and when, on his retirement from the office of chancellor, Prince Bismarck received the title of Duke of Lauenburg, it was without the accompaniment of mediatized rank.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S POSITION

Even as Duke of Lauenburg, Prince Bismarck remained inferior, socially and officially, to every mediatized noble—as, for instance, Count Maximilian Pappenheim, before he surrendered his rights as the member of a mediatized house in order to wed Miss Mary Wheeler, of Philadelphia. Had this Count Max Pappenheim married the daughter of Prince Bismarck, he would have been obliged to sacrifice his status as scion of a mediatized family in precisely the same way as when he made Miss Wheeler his wife. The men of the mediatized families cannot wed women who do not belong either thereto, or else to the now reigning houses of Europe, unless they forfeit all their rights and privileges, merely retaining their titles.

UNPRIVILEGED GERMAN NOBLES

German nobles have, as such, no prerogatives or legal immunities beyond those of their plebeian-born fellow citizens. Some are dukes, as, for instance, the Duke of Trachenberg, who is likewise Prince Hermann of Hatzfeldt, and the Prussian Duke of Sagan, who is likewise French Duke of Talleyrand-Périgord and of Valençay. Others are princes, as, for instance, Prince Eulenburg, Prince Kinsky, the Prince of Battenberg, and Prince Radziwill. Then there are the margraves, or marquises, the counts, the barons, and the hereditary nobles. If these classes enjoy any privileges, it is not as nobles, but in connection with the lands which they own, often by means of tenures which retain much of medieval feudality.

There is a distinction between nobles whose titles were conferred two or three centuries ago by the sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire and those whose coronets are of recent origin. The possessors of the older titles are known as *Reichsgraf* ("count of the empire"), and *Reichsfreiherr* ("baron of the empire"). Titles such as these are justly prized, and enjoy a prestige superior to those granted during the last hundred years. For it must be borne in mind that not merely Emperor William, but every other ruler of the sovereign states comprised in the German Empire, retains the right to confer titles. While the late Elector of Hesse-Cassel created princes, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar distributed coronets. Mere patents of baron are scattered broadcast, principally among financiers, in return for loans, by the rulers of those small German states which were so often the theme of Thackeray's satirical humor.

THE MULTIPLIED SUCCESSION OF TITLES

In the German states all the legitimate children of counts are themselves counts and countesses. The progeny of a baron inherit in the same way the honors of the father. In some of the princely and ducal houses, however, only the eldest son inherits the father's title, the brothers and sisters being obliged to content themselves with the rank of count and countess. Thus, the eldest son of the Prussian Prince of Pless is Prince Henry of Pless; his little boy, however, is merely Count Hochberg, a title likewise borne by Prince Henry's younger brother. A similar rule prevails in both branches of the princely house of Hatzfeldt. Prince Alfred's son, Francis, the husband of Miss Clara Huntington, of New York, is a prince, like his father, as is also the eldest son of Prince Hermann Hatzfeldt, Duke of Trachenberg, whereas all the other members of the House of Hatzfeldt are counts and countesses. On the other hand, all the members of the Radziwill family bear the title of prince and princess, the head of the house being usually styled *Fürst* in order to distinguish him from its younger members. I am often asked about this title of *Fürst*, and can convey some idea of its value only by stating that, al-

though its correct translation is "prince," it is something more than an ordinary non-royal prince. Its possession generally implies the chieftainship of the house.

The coronets of the mediatised houses of Germany, which alone on the Continent carry valuable legal immunities and prerogatives, as well as immense social prestige, are beyond the reach of the American heiress. But there is no obstacle in the way of her becoming the wife of an English peer, who retains privileges, dating from the Middle Ages, that are in some respects almost as great as those of the mediatised nobles on the continent. All told, there are about eight hundred British peers, five hundred of whom occupy seats in the House of Lords, and are members of the national legislature either by inheritance or by favor of the sovereign. They are free to marry whom they please, and their wives become invested by marriage with immunity from the jurisdiction of the ordinary criminal courts. If guilty of felony, peers and peeresses can be tried only by the House of Lords, specially constituted into a tribunal for the occasion; as, for instance, when the Earl Russell was tried a couple of years ago for bigamy. The wife of a peer gains, too, a certain legally defined precedence, not merely in society, but likewise at court and at state functions. In fact, she becomes possessed of all sorts of privileges and immunities which distinguish her and the other peers and peeresses of the realm from the remaining three hundred million subjects of the British Crown.

PECULIARITIES OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE

Among the peculiarities of the British peerage the following points must be borne in mind. The crown can create peerages of the United Kingdom, which carry with them a seat in the House of Lords, and Irish peerages, which do not possess that advantage; but the sovereign is debarred by statute from creating any Scottish peerage, although he may revive ancient honors of this kind which have been dormant and in abeyance. Although the Irish peerage of itself confers upon its holder no seat in the House of Lords, he is not only

at liberty to take part in the election of the twenty-eight members of his order who are chosen for life to represent the Irish peerage in the House of Lords at Westminster, but is free (if not himself one of the representative peers) to seek a seat in the House of Commons.

Thus, the late Lord Palmerston, who was for so many years foreign minister and premier of England, sat until the day of his death in the House of Commons, although he was an Irish viscount and a Knight of the Garter. The present Lord Curzon, too, when Queen Victoria wished to confer a peerage upon him at the time of his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India, requested and obtained from her an Irish peerage instead of one of the United Kingdom, so that on his return to England he might resume his seat in the House of Commons, while enjoying all the statutory, social, and official advantages of a peer.

On the other hand, Scottish peers, and peers of the United Kingdom, are barred from the House of Commons by law. Even if they should wish to waive their inherited honors in order to remain in the lower chamber, they could not do so. This was conclusively shown after the death of the late Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England. His eldest son, who occupied a seat in the House of Commons, had before him a brilliant political future, which he was aware would be sacrificed if he was transferred to the upper chamber. He exhausted every legal means to remain a commoner and a member of the lower house. But it was decided by the courts, as well as by Parliament, that he had no alternative, that he had become a peer of the United Kingdom by the death of his father.

GRADES IN THE BRITISH PEERAGE

The British peerage is divided into the following grades: dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons; and the prerogatives of the peerage belong only to the head of the house, to his wife, and to the widows of his predecessors in the family honors, as long as they have not remarried. But his children have no share in these privileges during his lifetime, save in the matter of precedence, and the eldest son of a peer is not even

entitled to the use of a coronet on his coat of arms during his father's lifetime.

When Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise, married the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, and the time came for arranging the armorial bearings of the newly wedded couple, it was found that the Marquis had no right to any coronet as long as his father remained alive, and that he was, in point of law, merely a commoner, his title of Marquis of Lorne being only one of courtesy. A courtesy title is usually one of the minor dignities of a duke, a marquis, or an earl, and is borne by his eldest son and heir, more as a matter of social usage and custom than of law. Thus it is that one finds a number of men and women in England, bearing the titles of marquis, of earl, of viscount, and of lord, who are commoners in the eye of the law, and destined to remain as such until they succeed to their fathers' honors. Baronetcies and knighthoods, though they confer upon their owners the right to the prefix of "Sir" to their Christian names, and a certain defined social precedence, carry with them no other prerogatives or immunities.

TITLES IN FRANCE

In France the nobility lost all its privileges and immunities at the time of the great revolution. An attempt was made by the Bourbon rulers of the Restoration, and also by King Louis Philippe, to constitute a Chamber of Peers recruited largely from the *bourgeoisie*, but the endeavor failed. Napoleon III, on becoming emperor, did not attempt to revive the privileges of the nobility.

As long as France remained a monarchy, the number of titles was, in a measure, restricted to those who lawfully inherited them and those upon whom they were conferred by the ruler. But since the establishment of the French Republic, the assumption of titles has proceeded on a scale of ridiculous magnitude, the government professing indifference as long as the titles are not used to obtain money or goods under false pretenses. At least two-thirds of the titles borne in Paris to-day are based on no right or warrant. If there is less

of this kind of thing in the provinces, it is merely because the pseudo-nobles fear the ridicule of their neighbors.

THE SPANISH TITLES

In Spain an attempt is now being made to restrict the extravagant number of titles by the imposition of a heavy succession tax on every hereditary honor of the kind, and many are being dropped for the sake of economy.

A feature about these Spanish titles is that in the case of male issue they pass from father to eldest son, but in default thereof they are inherited by the eldest daughters, who possess the singular privilege of transferring them to their husbands. One A. M. Rosales, who was fortunate enough to capture the heart and the hand of the heiress of the ducal house of Almodovar del Valle, has become a duke by his marriage; and in the same way the late Don Manuel Falco became, through his wife, the Duke of Fernan-Nuñez. Nobles who have thus obtained their titles are popularly known as *marquesos*, *condesos*, etc.

THE SPANISH GRANDEZA

Only the *grandeza* retains the privileges of olden times. It is limited to about three hundred members, and, as a long line of ancestry is required on the part of the applicants for the honor, it is a dignity that still remains highly prized. It was first instituted by Emperor Charles V in 1520. Desirous of imitating Charlemagne in everything, he created twelve peers, or *grandees*, whose number has gradually been increased to the present figure. Possession of a certain amount of annual revenues, derived from landed property, entitles a grandee to a seat in the Senate, and in addition to this the grandees have the right of waiting upon the sovereign in the capacity of chamberlain, and also of remaining covered on state occasions in his presence.

This seems like a petty prerogative to us, with our American notions of democratic usages, but it is none the less true that one of the principal features of the rare ceremony of conferring the *grandeza* is the donning by the candidate of his hat while seated on a tabouret face to face with the monarch.

In Portugal hereditary titles have been abolished in deference to popular sentiment on the subject, and all peerages and titular distinctions are merely held for life by their present possessors. On account of the singular ease with which they are obtained, they are not held in high esteem either at home or abroad. Quite a number of foreign merchants engaged in the Portuguese trade have been able to obtain the titles of viscount and baron.

ITALIAN TITLES

In Italy titles confer no privileges and but little prestige, owing to the extraordinary liberality with which they were formerly distributed by the numerous petty sovereigns of the peninsula. The present government is endeavoring to restrict their number by instituting laws providing for the punishment of all those making use of titles which have not received the sanction of the crown.

The true aristocrats of Italy are the so-called "patricians of Rome," many of them untitled, the names of whose families were inscribed in the fourteenth century in the great golden book of Rome. Only those were included in its pages who were able at that time to prove two hundred years of patrician ancestry.

In Rumania, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro, nobiliary titles have been abolished by law. The numerous gentry from the Balkan States who adopt the title of "prince" when abroad are not allowed to make use of this borrowed plumage at home. In Denmark the greater portion of the aristocracy is untitled.

TOPSYTURVY CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

Conditions in Russia are difficult to describe. Titles possess there even less value than in the rest of Europe. They are very common, because the titled families are numerous and all the children bear the titles of their parents, even during the parents' life. There are thousands of so-called princes and princesses who have not the right to appear at court and who would not be admitted into society at St. Petersburg or in that of any other capital. The poor-houses and the prisons swarm with

them. There is a *bona-fide* Prince Krapotkine who is earning his living as a cabman on the Nevskiy Prospekt, St. Petersburg. There is a Princess Galatzin who figures in tights and spangles as a bareback rider in a fourth-rate circus, and there is a Prince Dolgorouki who is a stevedore and porter at Moscow.

THE RUSSIAN "KNYAZ"

Strictly speaking, the Russian title of "prince" is due to a misapprehension and wrong translation. The Russian word used to designate a prince is *knyaz*, the correct English synonym for which is "lord." A *knyaz*, in fact, possesses much the same rank and status as an ordinary English country squire or lord of the manor. During the reign of Louis XIV of France two of these *knyaz* happened to visit Versailles. Inquiries being made by court officials concerning their rank, their interpreters, partly with a view to increasing their own importance and partly through ignorance, translated the word *knyaz* as prince. Since then every Russian squireen has invariably been treated with the title of "prince" from the very moment that he crossed the Czar's western frontier, much as every well-to-do Bombay pedler is greeted as rajah as soon as he sets foot in Paris. The titles of count

and even of baron, therefore, enjoy far higher consideration in Russia than that of prince. Since the days of Peter the Great there have been only sixty-seven creations of counts and twenty of barons. Besides these, there are, of course, a certain number of counts and barons in the Baltic provinces who are subjects of the Czar.

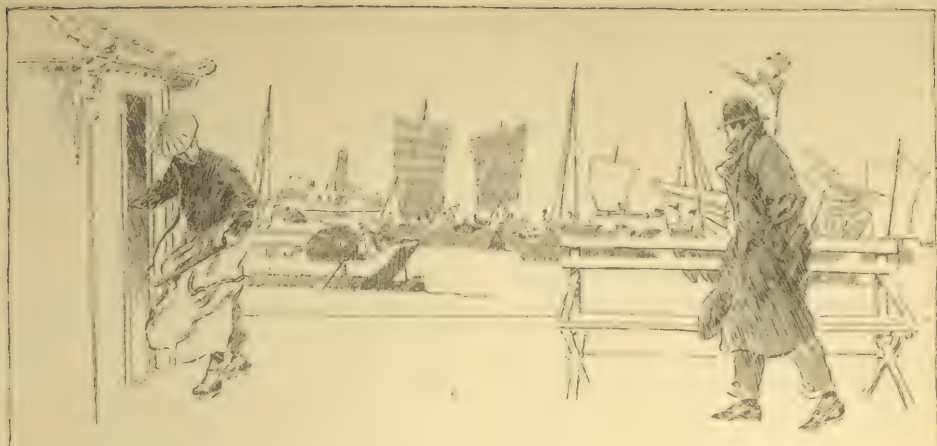
Russian nobles, titled or untitled, when possessed of a certain amount of land in a particular province, form a species of diet of that province which is presided over by one of their number, elected by them for the purpose, who is styled the marshal of the nobility of this or of that province. These assemblies of nobles are allowed a limited participation, chiefly of an advisory character, in the affairs of their province. Nor is blue-blood indispensable in order to belong to these assemblies. The possession of certain orders of knighthood, which may be conferred by the Czar upon whomsoever he pleases, *ipso facto* invests the persons thus honored with hereditary nobility. I may add that in Russia, as also in Spain and in Italy, the trend of the government is toward the restriction of the number of nobiliary titles. Steps analogous to those taken by the governments of Spain and of Italy are now about to be adopted at St. Petersburg.

ROMANCE IS NOT DEAD

ANCIENT minstrel, do not sorrow
 In your earthen bed;
 Though our day is your to-morrow—
 Romance is not dead.
 Songs have we, and eager finger
 O'er piano keys to linger—
 (Harpsichord I should have said).
 Themes quite oft from love we borrow—
 Love is far from dead!

Maids have we in faerie bowers,
 Wooed by ardent hearts and true
 As, of yore, scaled aerie towers—
 (Irate fathers have we too);
 Though 'tis passed—love's silken ladder,
 And our youths—I'll own 'tis sadder—
 Elevators use instead,
 Yet, old minstrel, do not sorrow—
 Romance is not dead!

Leighton Demain



THE MAN FROM HONGKONG

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

CAUCASIANS may stroll on the Bund; men of saffron hue may not. There are benches facing the river-front where one has the privilege of sitting and watching the long procession of *sampans* toiling up and down stream—*sampans* of all sorts and descriptions, from those carrying passengers to the market-boats freighted with vegetables from Whampoa and the adjacent countryside. The smaller craft, manned by slave-girls in pajamas, and decorated with bits of red and gilt, are the most picturesque, perhaps; the larger, heavy-laden and sent along by the brawny muscle of half-naked coolies, bring a truer conception of the brute force of labor.

Occasionally a big lumber boat passes, propelled by a treadmill—a treadmill sent around by the incessant working of the bare feet of coolies, laboring in gangs of six. Wheezy little tugs scream peevishly; big river steamers of the side-wheel type lie in the offing, waiting to return to Hongkong; trim customs cutters flying gaudy yellow ensigns blow imperiously, and sometimes run down

plebeian boats with the lofty disregard of caste. Afar up and around the Shameen stretches the city of house-boats—a million souls subsisting upon and by the beneficence of the river; a network of cordage, stark spars, bamboo masts, lateen sailing, and clumsy hulks.

Looking a bit farther, Canton itself arises, that great city of temples and smells, joss-sticks and officialdom. The Shameen holds the European population, the consulates, the banks, the great merchant houses. It is an island prettily paved, laid out like a Christmas garden, separated from the Chinese city by a bridge which is guarded by iron gates. Blue-bloused, red-lettered soldiers of the Chinese viceroy stand there in lazy attitudes, holding medieval pikes, and scowling upon their brother Chinese from their altitudinous height of minor officialdom.

All this is interesting, no doubt; but Gough had been walking the Bund since nine o'clock that morning, and the air was bitterly cold. He had no other place to go, this Gough. It seemed to him that the mental photograph of this

busy scene was one that would ever appear kaleidoscopically before him, the background of the most hopeless day he had ever known.

Five separate and distinct times he had started toward the American consulate, whose flag-pole—"The smallest consulate on the island, but the biggest flag-pole, sir!" as the consul-general was wont to exclaim)—caked with the drifting snow, was a white finger stretched heavenward, and perhaps an omen.

"You fool! You've simply got to go," he said when indecision first came; but it was several hours before he summoned enough courage to pass through the gate of the consulate into the garden, ascend the steps, and ring the bell at the door. A Chinese servant, appearing, delivered himself of a genuflection, and led the visitor into an office where a Portuguese clerk sat writing busily.

"The consul-general," Gough said.

The Chinese "boy" bowed again.

"Me go find missee can do," he replied.

The Portuguese looked up from scribbling his signature for the sixtieth time, and inspected Gough. Apparently concluding that the stranger was one whose word as to the clerk's industry might carry a little weight on the promotion side, he continued writing his "Manuel da Silva" with the appearance of being busily engaged on work which required instant, speedy, and thoughtful execution. At the sixty-seventh repetition, he managed a new flourish, and eyed it admiringly.

"You wish to see the consul-general?"

Gough turned, with a start. It had been some time since he had heard the even tones of breeding—and from a girl. She looked very clean and fresh; and her hair, chestnut and slightly waved, was parted in the middle and combed smoothly back from her broad, white brow. Her eyes—clear, hazel-brown, long-fringed—welcomed him.

He was quickly on his feet. Somewhat awkwardly he took the proffered hand; and as the delicate fingers were inclosed in his, he felt a sudden glow. For a moment he was silent. He had not been used, of late, to women of her kind.

"Come into the private office, won't you?"

The room which Gough entered was simply furnished, as any private office of a business firm might be. The girl waved him to a revolving chair, while she sat on the edge of a leather divan, her chin on her hand.

"Now!" she said pleasantly.

The man twisted at a button on his coat.

"I—er—the consul-general, you know? Really, I beg your pardon——"

He looked away from her. She nodded at him, quite seriously.

"I am the consul-general, *pro tem.*," she assured him. "I am Miss Livingstone. My father is in Manila, looking into some affairs there; and the vice-consul-general is away on sick leave—so you see——"

She smiled again, with the perfect assurance of a woman in the presence of a man of the right sort. Women make few mistakes of this kind. Whatever Gough may have done or might have been, it was plain that he was a man of breeding. His clothes, beginning to turn shabby, had given the girl a clue as to his errand.

"You mustn't hesitate in treating me just as you would my father. I'm here to look out for Americans, and——"

Her glance was one of inquiry. Gough's eyes wandered away from her.

"I'm a stranger here—came in on the Kai-Ping this morning from Hongkong. I need"—he hesitated—"I need something to do."

"Yes?" Her tone was encouraging.

"In fact, I must have employment pretty soon, or—I tried to make it in Hongkong—no go. This was the nearest——"

Miss Livingstone pursed up her pretty mouth and wrinkled her brows.

"Now tell me," she said, in what she considered quite a businesslike way, "what would you like to do?"

"Anything!" he burst out; then, more soberly: "I'm a college man; failed at the law, back in the States; took up expert accounting; had a place in a bank." He paused, and anticipated the question trembling on her lips. "My bill-roll, containing my letters of recommendation and most of my money,

was stolen from me in Hongkong." Her eyes did not lose their sympathetic light, he noted. With an effort, he finished: "My name is Gough—James Dinwiddie Gough. I'm from Virginia—Richmond—my college was the University of Virginia."

He spread out his palms with an air of having completed his history. The girl looked at him thoughtfully.

"I see," she meditated. "You've had awfully bad luck, haven't you?" She smiled that rare, encouraging smile again, and her air was one of confidence. "I tell you what to do, Mr. Gough. You come back here in an hour's time, and I may be able to do something—or will you remain here and wait?"

"I'll come back," said Gough quickly.

The girl arose, and the man followed her example.

"You see I want to do all I can," she said. "Of course, there's always the customs—but maybe something better. Shall we say an hour, then?"

The man fumbled about for some words and found none adequate.

"You're most awfully kind," he stammered. "I don't know how——"

She gave him her hand.

"In an hour!" she said.

She saw him to the door. When he had gone, she quitted the office; and presently went out into the garden, attired in a long coat and a walking-hat. Her way took her to the local branch of the New York, Manila, and Hongkong Banking Corporation; and on arriving at the building, she knocked at the door marked "Manager." A cheery American voice invited her to enter; and she was warmly greeted by Mr. Peter Harkins, slightly bald, more than slightly fat, and from Vermont.

"Well, now!" said Mr. Harkins. He pushed his papers from a chair to the floor, dusted the chair with a slouch hat hanging on the wall, and waved her toward it. "This is something we don't get often. How's the Princess Kitty this morning, eh?"

Her little gloved hand rested in his for a moment, and her earnest eyes questioned him.

"I've come to ask a favor, Mr. Harkins," said she.

"Ask away," commanded Harkins,

much pleased. "You can have the bank if you like. Favors, indeed! Wish you'd ask more of them."

"You wait until you hear this one," she said. "Then you'll open your eyes, Mr. Harkins. I heard from Alice yesterday that Mr. Carson left the bank suddenly and went to Shanghai, and that you need a new cashier. Is that so?"

Mr. Harkins nodded gloomily.

"What I call pretty low down in Carson. The H. K. & S. offered him a big chance in Shanghai, and he took it without saying 'by your leave.' Now I'll have to wait months until they send another man out from the States. Can't get 'em out here."

"If you could get one out here, would you take him?" asked Miss Livingstone.

"Would I? Like a shot, if he had the right references. Not fair to the bank, otherwise. Man could loot a hundred thousand if he was dishonest. Have full charge when I'm away. Rest of the people Chinese."

Very slowly and concisely, Miss Livingstone told him about Gough. When she had completed her narrative, the manager looked somewhat troubled and perplexed. For some time he did not speak.

"Won't you give him a chance?" she begged. "I can see he's just the man you want—he is a gentleman; don't you think I can tell? He's honest, too. I know he's honest!"

After twirling about the paper-cutter for some little while, Mr. Harkins spoke:

"Now, Princess Kitty, you've put me in a hole. You say the man's all right; but appearances—you know the rest of it. I'd have to watch him if I didn't trust him—and how could I trust him? Would it be fair to the bank?" In his embarrassment Mr. Harkins broke the paper-cutter. "Think of it—he could loot a hundred thousand if he wasn't honest!"

He meditated.

"Please do give him a trial," begged the consul-general *pro tem*. "I know he's all right—I know he is!"

Mr. Peter Harkins narrowed his eyes and thought deeply. Then he took a cigar from his case, fingered it, and bit

off the wrong end. When he looked up there was a triumphant gleam in his eye.

"Well, Miss Kitty," said he. "We'll try him. If he qualifies, all right!"

II

GOUGH, his face very white, his fingers holding the note and trembling, turned his eyes on the sallow Portuguese clerk at the American consulate. It was exactly one hour later, and when he had come, he had received the missive from the clerk.

"This—this——" Then his voice became firmer. "Where is Miss Livingstone?"

"Out!" said the Portuguese insolently. Da Silva was sure, now, that Gough was of no importance.

"Ah!"

Something like a sobbing sigh escaped Gough. He read the note again, the letters running themselves together before his eyes, the faint woman's perfume of it smiting him as a severe blow:

DEAR MR. GOUGH:—I don't just see what I can do for you to-day. Call to-morrow morning, and we'll try to arrange things.

KATHERINE LIVINGSTONE,
For the Consul-General.

Gough thrust the note into his pocket. Paying no further attention to the sallow clerk, he let himself out of the office, and hurried to the street. He walked rapidly, for it was very cold. He was tired; he had been striding about all morning.

The snowfall had begun again. The wind from the river blew in his face; it was a cold wind, and he beat his hands together and rubbed his nose gently.

"Why didn't I tell her how I stood?" He was speaking aloud, apparently to the snow-birds who were chattering and flying about in circles, greatly excited. "She thinks I have some money. What a fool I was!"

His last dollar had been paid out for his passage up from Hongkong in the second-class Chinese compartment of the Kai-Ping. The soles of his shoes leaked, and his feet were wet and cold.

"Well!" he mused bitterly. "You have let yourself in for a mess, my friend. You've bungled this as you bungle everything. The girl only means

to be kind—she can't do anything for a man without references."

He was on the Bund again. He passed several policemen—little Chinese in a queer admixture of European and Chinese clothes. They bobbed in and out of their little sentry-boxes like so many squirrels. He noted that each box had its fire of charcoal. Several times he half paused, trying to make up his mind to ask one of the policemen to let him go within; but his unholy pride revolted at the idea.

"Glood mlawning," they cooed to him affably.

He walked around the island three times. The snow was coming down in broad, white concatenations. It no longer melted on the ground, but piled up in little drifts. The boats on the river were seen through a haze. Lanterns bobbed to and fro in the white silence. The trees stood out white silhouettes, ghostly, ill-omened.

Gough was getting quite tired and sleepy. His limbs ached. A thousand and one little pin-pricks assailed his body, as if he wore underclothes of hair. The cold had made him active, the snow was bringing on drowsiness. He collapsed in a heap on the bench.

He must have drowsed. His dreams were quite beautiful. Then he was aware that something horrible had happened; and awoke to the realization that some one was clapping him on the back. He staggered to his feet, aching. His knees collapsed.

"Well!" came a cheery voice out of the silence. "So you've gone on a little bout all by yourself, eh, Captain Fane? I'm ashamed of you. Why didn't you come to the house? I've got the best whisky in the place. Come on now, you disreputable person!" The laugh took the sting out of the words. "I've been looking for you ever since the Kai-Ping docked."

In a dull sort of way, Gough realized that he had been mistaken for some one else; but he was too cold to argue the question.

"I'm not feeling very well," he gasped; and swayed in his place.

Immediately he was braced and supported, the man by his side walking him hurriedly off.



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE GIRL HAD CROSSED THE ROOM. HER HANDS RESTED, EVER SO GENTLY, ON GOUGH'S SHOULDERS

Presently they ascended some steps. A warm gust of air blew in Gough's face; and a door was shut on the wintry blast. A quiet, peaceful unconsciousness came over him.

III

WHEN he awoke, he was aware that he was quite comfortable. He was between soft sheets, and one hand clutched a blanket. Outside, the snow was piled up on the window-ledges.

A cheery glow came from a wood fire on the hearth. It was growing dark without. When last he remembered, it had been scarcely past noon.

The room was burlapped in green. There was a dressing-table near one window, with silver-backed military brushes and other toilet articles.

The green holland window-curtains, pulled half-way down, obscured most of the view outside; but for all that he could see the remorseless snow and hear the sigh of the wind. He shuddered and looked at the fire; then he got out of bed and went over to it.

The door opened without noise. A Chinese servant came into the room.

"Master have got luggage here?"

Gough was suddenly brought back to his real condition. He remembered that he was an unwitting impostor.

"No," Gough said.

"Velly well. Me catchee some master's clocs." As Gough would have interposed, he nodded with understanding. "Him all light—master say can do. Likee one piece bath, master?"

"Yes," said Gough involuntarily.

The servant opened a door on the right, clicked on an electric arc, and began to run water. Gough sat quite silent. His eye wandered from the snow outside to the fire. Also he was very hungry.

It was an alternative that would commend itself to no man. Under the name of Fane, he might remain here, man to man with his host, a welcome guest, with clean clothes, warmth, food, a clean bed for the night. On the other hand, there was only the snow. No doubt if he told this fellow he was not Fane, he would be allowed to remain, but only out of sufferance and pity. Gough's false pride rose at the thought; his lips set grimly.

He did not care for the pauper's share. It was his host's fault, anyway. He had not claimed to be this Captain Fane, whoever he might be.

"Bath him leady," said the boy.

He held open the swinging door to the bath-room. Gough passed in. The warm water was soothing. He soaped and rubbed himself into a splendid glow. When he came out, he found clean linen, another suit of clothes, another scarf, and another pair of boots. With the assistance of the Chinese, he dressed himself carefully.

Gough's appetite positively pained him. Clean and comfortable, he realized that all he needed was a hearty meal.

"Chow him all leady, master him wait. Me show you way."

Gough followed the boy meekly into the hall and down the stairs. He was a little dazed when he entered the dining-room, and saw the clean linen and the man who sat at the head of the table.

The man in question hastily arose and came over to Gough, taking the impostor's hand in a good strong American grasp, and shaking it vigorously.

"Well, well!" said he. "You've played us a shabby trick, you have! Here you come in this morning, got to go back to-night, and all I see of you is at dinner. I must say, Fane, you haven't treated me right!"

The Chinese boy pulled back a chair for Gough, and guest and host seated themselves.

"I was—ill," stammered Gough. "I—er—didn't leave the boat—until nearly noon—and then I got faint—and—" Gough was not a good liar. His invention gave out. "You see," he added, with a wave of his hand.

His host's tone was sympathetic.

"Sorty — mighty sorry — thought you'd gone on a joyful little toot all by your lonesome." His tones took on anxious interest. "All right now though, aren't you? You look well enough."

"Oh, I'm fine now," laughed Gough, glad to be on solid ground again.

The servant brought the soup. The host continued to talk, and mostly about people in Hongkong whom Gough did not know. He maintained a discreet silence, only replying in monosyllables.

when asked questions; trusting to his luck that his affirmations and negations were in the right places.

When Gough finished his dinner, his eye was bright and he was almost forgetful of the fact that this man was an entire stranger whose name, even, he did not know. The warm blood coursed through his veins. He was merry and satisfied. Several times he blossomed forth with good stories that set his host to laughing uproariously and caused the Chinese servant to conceal a respectful grin. Gough was feeling at peace with the world, and very friendly to his host.

And now they sat, stirring their after-dinner coffee and smoking cigars. They had been talking quite aimlessly. Gough's host had recalled some adventures in the heart of Kwang-Tung province when he had been establishing local branches. As if they reminded him of something, he began to chuckle. Presently he patted Gough's shoulder.

"But the best of all was the way you got around old Tai-Luan-Shi!" His chuckles were positively explosive. "I say, Fane, tell me that again—it's about the funniest thing I ever heard or read. Fire ahead with it, you artful dodger!" Suddenly Gough came out of his dreams. He stared at his host quite miserably. No longer was he Fane the equal, but Gough the pauper, partaking of hospitality which was not his, shamefully imposing on a man of his own kind. He was an impostor, a thing to be despised. There was plainly but one thing to do. It must be done sooner or later. It was best to do it now.

His hands were clinched; his lips set. He cleared his throat.

"Well, you see——" His voice trembled. "I had no intention of——"

His host raised a hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Wait a moment, Fane. Well, boy?"

He was speaking to the Chinese servant, who had entered again. He was answered swiftly in Chinese.

"Ha, exactly! Well, that's too bad. By George! Fane, here's the rottenest kind of luck. All right, Ling, you can go." He leaned over toward Fane, disappointment on his face. "Your boat sails in half an hour. The captain's had a change of sailing orders."

The news came to Gough with the welcome knowledge of relief. He would not be forced to make the painful confession now.

"I'm—sorry—too." His voice was quite shaky. "I'll get up-stairs and shift these togs of yours, and——"

His host touched his sleeve.

"Wait—we've got to fix this money business first. I should have settled all this before dinner, but you were sleeping so quietly I hated to disturb you."

While Gough stood, staring, his host crossed the room, twirled the combination of the safe at the other end, and opened the door of it. Gough, meanwhile, quite sure that this new development boded no good for him, watched the other's movements as one who has been mesmerized.

The man came back with a steel-bound portmanteau in his hand. He laid it on the table and opened it.

"Now, Fane, let's be quick. It's too bad you've got to get back to Hong-kong to-night, but—well, anyhow, here's the money. Wish you'd count it."

He tossed a heavy sealskin bag across the table. It fell with a thud near Gough's hand; and the first packet of gold pieces, by impact with the hard teak of the table, burst their paper covering and fell in a golden, rippling rain over Gough's fingers. He looked at the gold in stupid surprise, and drew back suddenly, as if he had been burned. His hands gripped the table.

"Five thousand, gold, in packets of one hundred—I think you'll find it all right, Fane. And here are the bank-notes—fifty thousand dollars, and all negotiable without the slightest trouble. You'll have to keep a close watch on that little case. If a thief got the lot, there's not one could be traced!"

Gough's finger-nails grated on the hard teak.

"Fifty-five thousand in all, Fane. I'm glad it's off my mind—hope you'll have no misadventures with it. The portmanteau is patent-locked, and here's the key." He looked at the clock. "Come on, Fane, we've got to rush a little to see you aboard that boat!"

Gough had time neither to think nor to maneuver. Surprise had driven his senses away.

"What am I—to do with it?" he blurted out.

The other clapped him on the shoulder.

"Brace up, Fane! The claret's gone to your head. Why, you're to take it to the bank in Hongkong—your bank, of course. Come on, now, and count the money!"

Fifty-five thousand dollars, and all negotiable! The man was practically giving it to him. To-morrow he might be in Hongkong, a week later in Australia—

Quite plainly, he did not know why, he saw the face of the girl at the consular office. Her clear eyes questioned him. They betokened a trust. She had seen the real man in the supplicant; she knew that he was what he was, in spite of his shabby clothes and his lack of money. To-day he might face her with no shame upon him; to-morrow—

His hands left the table; his cigarette dropped into his saucer with a sudden hiss. The other man jumped slightly. It seemed that the ticking of the clock was unnecessarily loud. Gough's fingers smoothed his hair and fumbled with his scarf; they went within his waistcoat pocket for a match, found it, and twisted it about until the smell of sulphur became evident.

Gough was standing very straight; his chest was thrown well forward, and his eyes looked squarely into those of his host.

"I've deceived you," he said. "I'm well aware that I've been dishonorable. The fact that I'm clean, warm, and fed is due to you. I've worn your clothes, slept in your bed, eaten your food, drunk your wine—and lied to you. You did these things for me out of the kindness of your heart, no doubt—but for another man. So, as I say, I've lied to you, deceived you, and taken things under false pretenses. Not nice for a man who once had some honor!" He paused and breathed heavily. The other man was silent, watching him. "I let you think I was Fane because I was hungry and cold. A liar, yes; but I'm not a damned thief!" He reached down and pushed the money across the table toward the other man. The gold clinked; the bundles of notes rolled erratically. "You'd

better keep that for Fane—whoever he is. My name's not Fane. It's Gough!"

He moved toward the door. His host's chin was sunk on his collar; his eyes were narrowed and fixed alertly upon Gough. The silence which had settled seemed interminable. The two men watched each other, both faces impassive. Gough had his hands in his coat pockets, the other had crossed his behind his back.

"Well?" said Gough.

The other nodded.

"Just a minute," he said.

He tinkled the silver bell on the table three times.

At the noise of the door opening, both men turned, and a girl in a hooded storm-cape entered, smiling brightly. Stray locks of hair blew into her eyes; there was the flush of a battle with the storm upon her face.

"Miss Kitty," said the host, "your intuition wins. Let me introduce you to our new cashier, Mr. Gough!" He turned to Gough again. "It was a trick—yes. I'm sorry now I didn't take her word. You see I had to test you." He advanced with his hand outstretched. "Mr. Gough, my name is Harkins, and I'm the bank-manager here. Miss Kitty asked for the cashier's place for you, and you have it. Will you shake hands?"

Gough's teeth bit into his lip. He forgot the girl. His brain was afire.

"Shake hands?" he grated. "Not by a long shot. Shake hands?" He laughed harshly. "So you had to send me through hell to try me, and for your petty cashier's place! Shake hands? No!"

He swung open the door. The next moment, the girl had crossed the room. Her hands rested, ever so gently, on Gough's shoulders.

"I trusted you," she almost wailed. "Oh, I know what you must feel; but I trusted you. Won't you believe me? Won't you stay?"

His eyes met hers. Slowly the fire within him died down. He forgot what had passed—forgot only that she was there, and that her hands rested on his shoulders.

"I'll do—whatever you say," he stammered.

STORIETTES

A Police-Court Portia

Mrs. JAGGART and her husband breakfasted in their usual manner. With businesslike gravity he mechanically sipped his coffee and perused the morning paper, forcing an occasional reluctant reply to the steady stream of extracts his wife was issuing from the little pile of letters beside her plate.

"You didn't volunteer any information in regard to that communication on top," he said grimly as he turned to the editorial page of his newspaper. "It must be a bill!"

She raised her eyes serenely, and handed him the document.

"Yes, it's a bill. My hat. You had better bring me a check for the amount when you come home to-night."

He gazed at it fearfully.

"Is this the bargain you were telling me about?"

"Oh, no!" she replied with superior condescension. "That's another one. It's really wonderful how they can sell a pattern hat so cheap at this time of the year!" she explained, waxing enthusiastic over the subject. "The material——"

But her husband was returning to his paper with some ostentation, and she realized that his legal mind declined to follow so trivial a subject.

After he had left the house, Mrs. Jaggart received a morning visit from a gushing young woman who was at present going in extensively for literature and oratory.

"Oh, Mrs. Jaggart," she exclaimed effusively, "it must be ideal to spend your life with such a great-brained man as your husband is!"

"Well, I don't know!" replied Mrs. Jaggart doubtfully, recalling the millinery theme. "He is not always responsive."

"I suppose that is when he is absorbed in some great case and can't come down to ordinary things," suggested the caller.

"Of course you go frequently to listen to his wonderful arguments."

"No; I have never been in a court-room," admitted Mrs. Jaggart. "Law subjects seem dreadfully tiresome to me. William says they do to him, too."

"What! You never heard one of his famous speeches!" exclaimed the amazed caller. "Why, the court-room is simply crowded when he makes an argument. Even the judge is fascinated, and he captivates a jury always. I heard a great judge say that usually an eloquent lawyer was good for nothing but his oratory, but that Mr. Jaggart was wonderful on cornering a witness on cross examination—that no one could elude him."

"I can!" ruminated the great man's spouse thoughtfully.

She found new food for reflection in her guest's dissertation. She was slightly ashamed of the fact that she had never heard one of her husband's clever arguments. She knew in a vague way that he was well informed and that he was successful; but was he so distinguished as her guest had said, and was she—his wife—alone ignorant of his true value?

Mrs. Jaggart ever acted on impulse, and her impulses always prompted direct action. When she had finished sizing up her husband's greatness from a distance and from other people's standpoints, she donned her wraps and went to the court-house.

She knew in a vague way that it was the time of year when cases were tried, and as her husband was prosecuting attorney, of course he would be in court. It chanced to be a day when the calendar was unimportant, and there were scarcely any spectators in the room.

Jaggart's expression of amazement when he saw his wife enter gave way to one of apprehension.

"Has the furnace fire gone out, the kitten had a fit, or the water pipe burst?" he wondered.

She said something to an attendant, who stood near the entrance, and he obsequiously led her up to the inner circle, reserved for brethren of the court and distinguished visitors.

"What is it, Georgie?" asked Jaggart anxiously, as he came up to her.

"I just wanted to visit court, and hear you try a case," she explained.

He looked visibly relieved; then amused.

"There's hardly any case on the calendar worth hearing," he remarked. "Let me see. Oh, yes, there is a poor devil up for petty larceny, a sort of tramp, who is accused of stealing from clothes-lines."

"Who's his lawyer?"

"He hasn't any. Probably some young, newly fledged graduate will volunteer for the sake of experience. Let me see——" His eye ran quickly over the room. "Yes, there's young Colby. He'll probably donate his services."

"Oh, Fred Colby!" she exclaimed, eager and interested. "He plays an elegant game of golf. I hope he'll win. You ought to let him—to encourage him and give him a start."

Jaggart laughed.

"It's a very clear case. I guess Colby won't expect to win, or hardly try, except to make an effort for form's sake."

"What a farce!" she exclaimed. "There isn't anything really legal about law!"

Again Jaggart laughed and walked away to repeat her protest to the judge, who grinned appreciatively.

The case was called: *The People vs. Tate*. The prisoner was brought in, and Mrs. Jaggart's interest and sympathy went out to him at once because in spite of his shabby, unkempt look there was a something—a sort of boyishness in his face that made her heart yearn to him. She felt sure she had seen him before somewhere, but her erring memory failed to locate when and where.

As Jaggart had predicted, Colby volunteered his services and performed his part perfunctorily. The People had a seemingly clear case; even if they had not, the judge, jury, Colby, and the prisoner knew that the People would win, because Jaggart had never lost a case.

When the prosecution had so tightly

coiled the incriminating evidence about the prisoner that extrication seemed impossible, the prisoner's counsel arose. He called his sole witness, a young, awkward country lad, who had come to town in search of work, and who had put up at the same cheap lodging house as had the prisoner. After a few questions, ostensibly to put him at ease, Colby won from him testimony that was decidedly favorable to the prisoner. The slow manner and the open, honest face of the youth made obviously a good impression upon the jury; but Colby, and, in fact, every one save the luckless witness, knew it would be mere horse-play to Jaggart to dispose of the testimony of this raw lad.

There was something in the relentless eye and manner of the prosecuting attorney as he rose and took his victim's measure that gave the youth a premonition of the dreadful something coming. He began to move uneasily, and fumbled nervously and unceasingly with his big, soft, shabby hat as he waited with a little anticipatory shiver of expectancy for the first question. It did not come in interrogative form, but as a thundering command.

"Put down that hat!"

The last spark of intelligence and reason was extinguished in the witness for the defense. He became incoherent and finally, unknown to himself, contradicted all his former statements.

The judge and the court habitués were used to this procedure of Jaggart's, but Colby had never heard the great lawyer handle a witness of this character before. His resentment at the treatment of the lad was entirely subservient to his admiration of the ease with which the wily lawyer accomplished his purpose, and he determined to profit in the future by this method of cross examination.

The prisoner looked contemptuously at his sole dependence for acquittal, but the witness was too miserable and confused to feel the scorn. A little red spot of indignation in each cheek manifested Mrs. Jaggart's feelings.

"How small, mean, and despicable in Will to treat like that a poor, ignorant, honest lad!" she thought. "And what business was it of his what the fellow did with his hat! I suppose that milliner's

bill of mine rankles yet, and makes the sight of every hat repugnant to him."

The prosecutor arose for his summing up. An argument scarcely seemed necessary, but his two new auditors, his wife and Colby, called for an exhibition, and he made out a merciless case against the prisoner. He ended tragically, dramatically, and overwhelmingly.

"Look!" he commanded in grand finale—"look at the shirt the man is now wearing!"

All eyes turned to the prisoner. As he was vestless, a wide expanse of shirt-front was displayed.

"Doesn't that fine linen, that hand-embroidered monogram, subtly impeach the thief and brand him as a robber of clothes-lines?"

Judge, jury, and advocates of the law all marveled at the keen observation which nothing, however trivial, escaped.

The prisoner stared at the fancy stitching. He had not before been aware of its significance. Mrs. Jaggart's memory gave a tiger-like spring, and she regarded the man with fresh interest. As his eyes came up from a contemplation of the monogram, they met hers and recognition followed.

There was nothing for Colby to say, but he arose to say it. Before he could speak, there was a quick rustle of skirts, and Mrs. Jaggart held the floor and the surprised attention of the court.

"That's just like you, William Jaggart! To twist things around to look as if they were really true. The man didn't steal that shirt. I gave it to him myself! He came to the kitchen door to ask for work. It is my brother's shirt—one that didn't fit—and I worked the monogram—J. L. F.—James Langley French. I must say I think you are in big business to try and fasten a theft on a poor man whom you know nothing against—just to gain your point, and I guess that poor boy over there had a right to do what he pleased with his own hat!"

Having delivered herself swiftly of this speech, Mrs. Jaggart swept from the court-room, and walked home, telling herself that, after all, she knew her husband better than other people did, and that he behaved in a court-room just as he did at home.

Colby broke the silence.

"Your Honor," he asked in a smothered tone, but with dancing eyes, "I ask that the prisoner be discharged."

The judge looked sympathetically at Jaggart, and hesitated.

"I second the motion," said the prosecuting attorney dryly.

The cost of his little dinner at the club that night far exceeded his wife's millinery bill.

Belle Maniates

Au Naturel

"It was good of you to arrange this charming little luncheon," said Miss Lorimer quietly. "When I wrote you that I had something to tell you, I hardly expected an invitation to Sherry's."

"You honor me by accepting it," I answered. The deference in my tone was not out of place with Juliet Lorimer. Her face—the kind that Raphael loved—the mystery of her smile, the pathetic sweetness of her low voice, united to make her a shrine by the common pathway, an object of tender reverence, if not adoration. Her very presence made a man realize what a coarse brute he was. She was that kind of girl.

We crossed the nearly empty dining-room to our table by the window, and I slipped off her sables, feeling all a servant's outward humbleness; yet I knew from the gentle graciousness of her manner that I was a fool for thinking so. After perusing the menu and wondering what angels eat in the middle of the day, I finally wrote down the most delicate and unsubstantial-sounding concoctions I could find.

"I hope I sha'n't shock you by the amount I eat," I apologized in advance, "but I'm very hungry. I thought I'd warn you!"

Her soft dark eyes grew larger and she smiled a little. "I suppose she's trying to imagine what 'hungry' means," I commented to myself. But she only said:

"No, I don't think you'll shock me. If you could have seen how much Sœur Agathe ate!"

"I'm willing to bet that Sœur Agathe's appetite was that of a canary-bird's compared to mine!" I gaily in-

interrupted, and then stopped suddenly as I saw her eyes. Why attempt facetiousness with a semi-réligieuse débutante. I almost laughed again at the thought.

"Please be serious," she asked gently. "I want to tell you something—to make you a confidant. You're the only one I want to know just now, because you're his friend and my father's and I think—I think you'll understand."

"You mean about Herbert?" I said quickly.

She silently nodded and then hesitated, as if she found it rather hard to speak. I waited eagerly. At last I was to hear something. Herbert Carr had suddenly gone back to Italy after two years of inspiration gained from Miss Lorimer's lovely face.

With her delicate and wonderful intuition, she had discovered genius where nearly every one else saw uninteresting eccentricity, and this she had cultivated until its flowers bade fair to delight the world. He had dedicated the "Songs of the Dawn" and "Larma" to her; and the sonnet-cycle that the critics held up with Rossetti and Mrs. Browning bore her name on the title-page, while her soul and her beauty filled the others. It had appeared simultaneously, here in New York and in London, just as Herbert sailed for Naples a month before. I was thinking of all this, and what a wonderful thing their relations must be, when she finally broke the pause.

"I wouldn't tell you this if you hadn't been his friend always," she began, "but I want somebody really to understand. Then I don't care what people say. I am engaged to be married."

"Of course I can't tell you how glad I am!" I said in a low voice. "I know how futile mere congratulations are in this case; but I think I realize something of how——"

"Wait a moment!" she interrupted; and then, looking me full in the eye, "You think I'm going to marry Mr. Carr. I'm not. It's Billy Colby."

Before I could recover, the waiter had brought the hors d'œuvres. Then I found difficulty in restraining myself until he had gone.

"Not Herbert?" I burst out. "Why, every one thought—but we took the whole thing for granted!—and Billy

Colby!—that big boy of a foot-ball player!—Oh, Miss Lorimer!" Amaze-ment had bereft me of my manners.

She smiled gently and began toying with her caviar.

"That's why I wanted to see you—to explain. I want to make a—confession!"

"A confession?"

"Yes—it's this. Mr. Carr bores me to distraction!"

I could say nothing. She went on in the same limpid voice. "People are always saying that I made him write those marvelous things. I suppose I did—but I certainly never meant to. He was merely a rather odd acquaintance of mine, until I heard from every one how I had inspired him. Then, of course, I took more interest. It was quite entertaining for several months!"

"Entertaining?" I gasped.

"Yes, I mean until he began to make love to me. Then he tired me to death. He—he didn't know how at all!"

"Miss Lorimer!"

"It is queer, isn't it? The author of 'Larma,' and the sonnets, too. But he didn't! He sat on the other side of the room and his knees shook! And he said such—well, such—I really can't explain! Anyway, he bored me." Her eyes were faintly amused.

"But why didn't you tell him?" I objected.

"Because I felt—I had no right to. Can you understand that?"

"I think so," said I, after a little pause.

"I believed for so long that it was my duty to marry him. I really thought that, but I never seemed able to tell him. Then I sent him back to his beloved Italy to let me think it all out and decide alone."

"I suppose Billy Colby helped you," I observed. She laughed one of her low, rare laughs.

"He did—a little," she admitted, and then became softly serious again. "But I did most of it alone. You see I realized that if I married him, if I sacrificed myself on the altar of art, so to speak, he would inevitably find me out sooner or later, and so lose everything I had given him."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I see I've got to strip off the mask at last!—I don't think I could have gone through a whole lifetime hearing Richard Strauss and 'Tristan' when I was inwardly aching for Montgomery and Stone or Fritz Scheff. I think my endurance would have snapped at last and I'd have blurted out to him that I liked Gibson better than Whistler. Oh, if you knew the hours of torture I have suffered with him at Whistler exhibits, trying to be appreciative!"

Her eyes were smiling again. "And if he once found it out, I'm afraid—I'm afraid there wouldn't be any more poems. You see I am—everything!"

I leaned my elbows on the table after the consommé had been removed and looked at her long and curiously. My feeling of reverence had quite gone. I began liking her all over again in a new and attractive way.

"How you have taken us all in!" I remarked, still gazing at her. She blushed a little.

"It was really your fault," she murmured. "I never meant to. I wrote Mr. Carr last night, announcing my engagement."

"But won't that——"

"No," she said very quietly. "He will stay in the Italy he has always loved—Venice—Amalfi—Florence—how he worships them! I sometimes think his love for me is only a part of his love for them. He always called me 'Our Lady of the Lilies,' you know, and said I should be hanging on the walls of the Pitti with a halo around my head. I know he will never come back—he will dream his dreams and sing his songs—always to me—and I shall be very glad and proud——" Her voice was wonderfully tender.

"No doubt," I assented with some asperity, "you will go down to history as a second Laura. Certainly you have the easy end of the bargain; and the best of it is that people will never believe the facts of the case. They will scent some romantic renunciation—and adore you all the more! Aren't you the least little bit ashamed?"

"I can't help being I, can I?" answered Miss Lorimer. "Although, if it gives you any satisfaction, I will say that a retroussé nose and dimples would

have harmonized with my disposition." The corners of her exquisite mouth went up and she added: "Like Polly Sanger. But the odd part of it is that I've caught *her* more than once secretly buried in Maeterlinck!"

I made a discovery.

"You have a sense of humor!" I stated triumphantly.

"He hadn't!" she answered slowly. "He wore tan shoes with his evening clothes—*once!*"

"You lucky, lucky girl!" I whispered; and then I sighed and then smiled.

"Now that I stand revealed before you," said Miss Lorimer after a pause, "would you tell me what you have ordered after this—this——"

"Saumon à l'Angélique," I answered. "I hope you like it."

"Delicious—but—may I ask what is to follow?"

"Certainly," I said wonderingly. "Filet-de-bœuf au Paillard, French peas, reed-birds au something—I forget—with asparagus tips, and ices on spun sugar with——"

"May I make a request, since this luncheon is in my honor?" she asked gently.

"With pleasure—anything you wish."

"Then will you countermand all that and order a thick porterhouse—rather rare—with plenty of fried onions?"

"Onions?" And I glanced up involuntarily at her fragile, Madonna-like loveliness. She read my look, smiled her faint and enigmatic smile, then answered softly:

"That's just what I want!"

E. B. Sheldon

At the Foot of the Hill

GRANDFATHER HUXLEY was a relic in the family. He had been handed down for many years, from father to son, along with the brass andirons and the mahogany settle. Unfortunately, although the last two pieces of family property were more and more appreciated the older they grew, almost the reverse was true with the old man.

When his daughter had died, in late middle life, she willed the family homestead—and her father, who had built

it—to her son. The old man was seventy-five then, and his wife had been dead a dozen years. The grandson was kindly enough; to his mother's father he gave a comfortable room and a half contemptuous kindness which showed itself in a total disregard of the old man's politics and an evident idea that at threescore and fifteen one should lose all interest in this world and prepare for the next.

If Grandfather Huxley rebelled, he said nothing. He began to take the evening paper up-stairs after the family had finished with it, and to spend a great deal of time polishing the sword he had carried in the Mexican War.

Old people as a rule have few possessions. One by one they dispose of unnecessary things. The belle of fifty years ago, who took a dozen trunks and boxes with her to make a month's visit, at seventy-five generally has an old-fashioned bureau full of necessities, and, locked away in a little trunk, a handful of letters and sentimental trifles. And so with Grandfather Huxley: the possessions of a lifetime had dwindled to a huge upholstered chair, with which he defiantly refused to part, and his old sword.

The sword hung in its scabbard just across from the old man's bed, where, in the sleepless hours that come to age, he could lie and dream about it. From much tramping and dragging the scabbard was worn away at one corner; it was that corner which gave Grandfather Huxley his dreams of long-ago marches through cactus plains and desert, his nightmares of long-ago thirst and heat.

Below the sword was his wife's picture. There was another portrait of her in the room; a photograph taken when her cheeks were furrowed and her thin, white hair parted and crimped; but oddly enough, he never looked at that one. He was very, very old, and he lived in his youth. Everything between was hazy and dim. The picture at which he looked was that of a girl, a little old water-color of a girl with thoughtful eyes and frivolous hair.

After his ninetieth birthday Grandfather Huxley became abnormally sensitive. Sometimes he could hear scraps of conversation about him.

"And how is the old man to-day? It's almost uncanny, isn't it?"

"Oh, he's always just the same. But in the nature of things he won't be with us very long."

One day some army officers dined at the house. Grandfather Huxley polished his sword until it glittered, and fixed his white neckcloth with trembling fingers. At the table the conversation turned to things military, and the old man, filled with fire, told of that wonderful campaign of '47. The officers listened respectfully—they were gallant fellows; but when Grandfather Huxley dropped back in his chair, he heard the apologetic voice of his great-granddaughter Ellen across the table.

"He's a dear old soul," she said, "but getting childish now; go on with what you were saying."

After dinner the old man went upstairs. He took the shining sword from his bed and fingered it lovingly.

"I guess you and I have lived past our time," he said huskily, and then he reached for his handkerchief and polished away carefully a spot of moisture that might have been a tear.

That night an idea seized him. He was of no use in the world; no one depended on him, no one needed him. He had lived twenty-three years past his allotted time; perhaps the good Lord had forgotten him. There could be no harm in taking a life that was nothing but a burden. And so, the next day, he began his pitifully few preparations. He sorted out his letters, and, finding none that he cared to have profaned by alien eyes, he burned them all. He went over his wardrobe, and decided that Mike, the gardener, should have his winter coat.

When it came to his most cherished possession—the sword—doubts assailed him; so few were worthy of the honor. Finally, however, he decided to give it to Ellen's husband. After all, they had been kind to him; it was not their fault that they lived in a future in which he could have no share, and that he lived in a past which they had never known. So he wrote a little card, "To my granddaughter Ellen's husband," and tied it to the scabbard.

His preparations were made now. The sleeping-mixture stood on his bed-

room table—an overdose; and when Ellen came back from the theater that night he would be asleep, as he should have been long ago.

He put on a clean neckerchief, and, sitting down in his big chair with the sword on his knees, listened for the slamming of the hall door below. The little wooden clock on the mantel, with the queer pink roses on the face, marked eight, five minutes past, ten minutes past; and still the family had not gone out. The old man sat and thought—thought of the day he was married; of long-ago Christmases and rows of little stockings; of children that had never lived to grow up; and then, with the sword before him, of Buena Vista and Monterey.

After a time, he began to feel hungry. He remembered that there had been cream cakes for dinner, and that he had refused them. They were very nice, those little cream cakes—but then, after all, what did it matter? If they would only go out——

Grandfather Huxley sat looking at the picture hanging under the unfaded spot on the wall-paper which marked the sword's resting-place. After a little, the picture faded and grew misty in outline. The old man's head dropped on his chest, and he was asleep. The fire burned to a dull red, bursting now and again into a smoking jet of flame, shining on the sword across the old man's knees, on the bottle beside the bed, and the narrow, dropping chin of the sleeper.

He wakened finally, with a start. The crust over the smoldering coals had fallen in, and the room was bright. From somewhere below was audible a faint, creaking cry, a wail that beat against the ear insistently, that paused for a second, to go on with fresh vigor.

Grandfather Huxley looked at the clock. It was ten thirty, so Ellen was not at home. He listened for Nora's step. Hearing no one, he got up heavily and went to the head of the stairs. The cries kept on, longer now, with fewer intervals for breath, and with an occasional hoarse note of infantile rage.

The old man lost his look of indecision; he turned back into the room, and fumbled for his slippers. Then,

with an agility that no one in the house suspected, he went down-stairs to the nursery.

The wicker structure of the baby's bed was vibrant with its occupant's rage. From among the dotted Swiss ruffings and blue ribbons Grandfather Huxley extracted his great-grandchild, and gathered him into his empty old arms. The baby quieted at once; his wrinkled face relaxed, and he settled comfortably, seeming to recognize the practised touch of hands that had handled, on occasion, three generations of babies.

It was an hour later when Ellen came home. She tiptoed up-stairs ahead of her husband; then she paused, and with her finger on her lips cautioned him to silence. The oldest and the youngest member of the family sat before the fire, in dreamy, open-eyed content. When she saw they were awake, Ellen went over, and, stooping down, kissed first the baby, then the old man.

"He wakened, and Nora must have been asleep," said Grandfather Huxley apologetically.

Ellen slipped her hand into his with a grateful little pressure.

"What should we do without you?" she said impulsively. "This family without you would be a ship without a keel, wouldn't it?"

Grandfather Huxley smiled, the first time for a week. Ellen got up and went toward the door.

"I'm going to bring you something to eat. You ate no dinner at all, and there are some of those little cream cakes left. Perhaps, if you eat something, you won't need the sleeping medicine."

Grandfather Huxley choked.

"I'm going to throw that stuff away, every drop of it," he said firmly.

Left alone, he gathered the youngster closer in his arms.

"So the old man's of some use after all," he mused. "A ship without a keel, eh?"

A little later, Ellen and her husband, in the butler's pantry below, stopped to listen. Grandfather Huxley was singing to the baby, and down the stairs came the stirring words of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," sung in a thin, tremulous old voice.

Mary Roberts Rinehart

BARTLETT CARTER'S AWAKENING

BY WILLIAM FORSTER BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VERBECK



ARRAYED becomingly in her best black silk, Mrs. Hepsibah Harkness descended backward with

the celerity of much practise from the high seat of the newly varnished Concord. Securing the fat old farm horse to the hitching-post, she advanced along the graveled path toward Mrs. Bartlett Carter's back door.

"Thank goodness," she ejaculated, glancing over her shoulder at the morning sun, "I don't believe it's goin' to rain. I'm here good an' early; I do hope Linda's ready! I've been lookin' forward to this trip all summer," she continued, walking briskly past the glowing geranium beds, crossing the worn boards of the narrow piazza, and lifting the latch of the screen door. "An' I—mercy sakes, Belinda Carter, don't you know what time 'tis?"

Mrs. Harkness paused on the braided rug just inside the kitchen door; astonishment, wrath, and glowing apprehension fighting within her for coherent utterance.

Mrs. Carter, standing beside the kitchen-table, laid down her rolling-pin, pushed up a faded calico sleeve with three floury fingers, and turned a pair of swollen eyes toward the door.

"Good mornin', Hepsie," she said forlornly. "Ain't you dretful early? I s'pose you're struck all of a heap to see me in this rig, but"—with a sudden sniff—"I ain't goin' to the Food Fair."

"You ain't goin'?" echoed Mrs. Harkness helplessly. "You ain't sick, or you wouldn't be rollin' pie-crust. There ain't nothin' the matter with Bartlett, is there, Linda?"

"No," Mrs. Carter answered slowly. "He's down in the lower wood-lot with Jim Raymond, sawin' wood."

"I thought Jim was sawin' over to Berwick's place this week," commented Mrs. Harkness. "He told Nathan he didn't expect to get 'round here for a fortnight."

"He wasn't goin' to," agreed Mrs. Carter, "but yesterday afternoon Berwick's roan colt kicked the buggy he was hitched up in all to flinders, and Berwick got hurt pretty bad. You know, Hepsie, the old man's close as the bark of a tree; he wouldn't hear of Jim's sawin' another stick till he could be 'round an' see he wasn't bein' cheated. So Jim yoked up his oxen an' dragged the engine an' mill over here, 'bout ten o'clock last night—woke Bart an' me up, gee-hawin'."

"What's Jim Raymond an' his travelin' saw-mill got to do with your goin' to Boston?" demanded Mrs. Harkness sternly. "You ain't agoin' to help 'em saw, be you?"

"No, course not; but somebody's got to get the meals for all of 'em to-day, so Bart said I'd hev to stay to home."

Mrs. Harkness fairly snorted.

"Do you mean to tell me that jest 'cause Bart thought you orter cook them men a hot dinner you're goin' to give up the Food Fair, Belinda Carter?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Now, see here, I won't put up with no such foolishness, Bart or no Bart. Ain't there some cold vittles you can leave for 'em? You hurry an' change your dress an' I'll get out some pies an' things an' cover 'em over with the table-cloth."

"I jest wish I dared to!" gasped Belinda, fumbling at her apron-strings. "I declare I believe I will!" she went



"I AIN'T GOIN' TO THE FOOD FAIR"

on, flinging off the apron. "I jest about cried myself sick this mornin' 'cause I'd got to give it up."

"You won't hev to give it up," Mrs. Harkness assured her, bustling energetically about the table. "Leastways, you won't if you stir yourself."

Mrs. Carter disappeared into another room, and her sister continued her trips to the pantry.

"Bartlett Carter means well," she said to herself, "but he's gittin' to be mighty thoughtless an' domineerin'. Linda's begginnin' to look as dragged out as an old rag—an' she used to be the prettiest girl in Meadowfield. I guess I'd better go in an' hurry her up some. There! That dinner's good enough for a king."

Mrs. Carter sat on the edge of the bed, her face bowed in her hands, the tears flowing thick and fast from between her locked fingers. With a quick swoop Mrs. Harkness gathered the weeping figure into her arms.

"Don't cry, Linda," she said soothingly. "You ain't got more'n time to finish gittin' ready. Bart ain't a fool, an' mebbe your showing a will of your own'll do him a world of good. It's high time he learned there was somebody in the universe besides himself."

"I warn't cryin' 'bout Bart," Mrs. Carter sobbed, wiping her eyes. "It was—was—'cause I can't go, anyway, Hepsie; I ain't got any money."

"No money?" broke in Mrs. Hepsibah in amazed tones. "Why ain't you? You got four dollars for the rag carpet you sold, didn't you? An' saved nine dollars butter-money? What's become of it?"

"Bart took it. That is—I gave it to him," answered Mrs. Carter. "We warn't expectin' Jim so soon, you see, so there warn't no money in the house but my thirteen dollars. Bart reckoned Jim'd git through sawin' by supper-time, so he wanted my money to pay him with. He said as I warn't

goin' to the fair I wouldn't need it."

Twice Mrs. Hepsibah Harkness essayed speech, and failed.

"I'm goin' to speak my mind for once," she announced finally; "an' when I git through, if you don't put on your hat an' do as I tell you—thank the Lord you've got your dress changed—I'll wash my hands of you an' go to Boston alone. I don't b'lieve in interferin' between husband an' wife 'cept on uncommon occasions, but I allow this is one of 'em. You've been married goin' on five years, ain't you?"

Linda nodded.

"Well, what hev you got out of it? You've worked early an' late—like a slave—so Bart could put money in the bank. Mind you, I ain't sayin' but what that's a good thing—the money part—but 'tain't everything. You can't hev this, an' you can't hev that, 'cause Bart thinks he can't afford it. You're even scairt to give a loaf of cake or a pie to the Ladies' Aid Suppers, 'less you ask him first. Bart's a good man—I ain't runnin' him down a mite—but he's no different from other men; give 'em an inch of authority more'n rightly belongs to 'em, an' nine times out of ten they'll take an ell. I tell you, Linda Carter,

you're actin' like a fool givin' in to Bart the way you do, an' if you don't turn square round pretty soon an' stand up for your rights it'll be overlastin'ly too late!"

"I dunno but you're right, Hepsie," admitted Mrs. Carter reluctantly.

"Linda," resumed Mrs. Harkness impressively, "if I tell you something I ain't breathed before to a livin' soul, I hope you'll profit by it. When Nathan an' I was first married, I was jest about as proud of our big new barn an' all the stock we had as any girl ever was; 'specially of Nellie, the colt Uncle Amos give me for a weddin' present. I guess I used to go down to the barn 'bout forty times a day to look every-thing over—the pigs an' the mowin' machine, an' the tons an' tons of smelly hay piled 'way to the rafters—an' I allus wound up by gettin' Nellie out of her stall an' currycombin' an' brushin' till she'd shine like a silver dollar. Bimeby some busybodies seen me doin' it, an' said they thought I'd better stay in the house; that horse-cleanin' an' messin' round stock warn't a woman's business. One afternoon

Nathan come into the barn while I was fussin' over Nellie, an' said, with his face kinder drawn down:

"Hepsie, don't you think it would look better if you stayed in the house more, 'stid of comin' down here to the barn so much? It's makin' talk!"

"I guessed in a minute what had put him up to sayin' it, for he'd allus been as tickled to hev me 'round the barn as I'd been to be there. I knew if I didn't put my foot down right then, I'd hev to give in till kingdom come, so I sez, soft an' pleasant:

"Do you mean I'm lettin' my house-work go, or neglectin' anything I ought to do, Nathan?"

"No," he sez, hesitatin'. "I don't; but a woman's place is in the house."

"Mebbe you're right," sez I, an' I dropped the currycomb an' started for the house without another word—for an idea had popped into my head.

"We'd had a dretful backward spring that year, an' the weather was middlin' chilly for April. Soon's I got to the house I shook down the settin'-room fire so's it would go out; then I took Nathan's slippers an' put 'em in the closet. After a while I got supper, an' when Nathan had got through eatin'



"YOU BOYS WILL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH A COLD DINNER"

he went into the settin'-room to read a spell, same's he did every night—but in a minute he'd come out ag'in."

"How'd you come to let the fire go out, Hepsie?" he sez. "It's colder'n Greenland in there."

"I s'pose it is," I sez, as if it was the most natural thing in the world—but all the time my heart was beatin' faster an' faster. "I allowed I'd run over to Mis' Green's, an' as I warn't goin' into the settin'-room to-night I thought I might as well save the wood."

"Nathan looked at me as if he didn't hardly know what was comin' next.

"I can't find my slippers," he sez.

"I've put 'em away," sez I, screwin' up my courage an' lookin' him square in the eye. "A man's place is in the barn,

not hangin' 'round the settin'-room in easy-chairs an' slippers every night; it don't look jest right, an' folks might talk. I reckon they'd hev as good reason as they hev talkin' about my goin' to my own barn!'

"He didn't say a word for as much as two minutes, an' the expression on his face made me feel mighty uncomfortable; but I was bound I wouldn't give in. All to once I seen a change come over Nathan's face, an' he laughed an' grabbed me into his arms.

" 'I reckon they would, little girl,' he sez, pattin' me on the back—I begun to cry then, like a good one—'though it never struck me that way till jest now; I guess we'll agree to let 'em. The currycomb's hangin' on the inside of the harness-room door, 'stid of layin' on the beam—an', Hepsie, do you s'pose while I'm buildin' the fire you could find my slippers?'

"That settled the 'woman's place' business in the Harkness family, for good an' all," concluded Mrs. Harkness, rising. "An' now, Linda, you write a note an' tell Bart that you're goin' to the fair—that you've borrowed the money of me; I can spare it jest as well as not. Pin the paper on the tablecloth in plain sight, an' for the land's sake, hurry! It'll be touch an' go if we git the train."

II

THE shining Concord was vanishing over a rise in the road across the valley from the lower wood-lot as Bartlett Carter, piling the last stick of a methodically packed cord of freshly sawn wood, caught the glint of whirling wheels.

"That must be Hepsie," he mused, shading his eyes. "She must have stopped at the house quite a spell. I reckon Linda's pretty well down in the mouth because she had to give up goin'. She ain't talked of nothin' else all summer; but she's just as well off. It don't hurt a woman to stay to home. Thirteen dollars is a good sight of mon-

ey to spend in one day for car-fare an' foolishness, leavin' nothin' to show for it."

Bartlett began a new pile and dismissed the subject from his mind.

Twelve o'clock arrived, and the screech of the saw promptly ceased. Five, ten, fifteen minutes went by, and Bart heard no welcome toot from the direction of the house—and dinner.

"That's queer," he remarked, in a voice that betrayed increasing wonderment. "I never knew Linda to be behindhand before by as much as a minute. Guess we might as well go up to the house, Jim; 'taint no use waitin' any longer."

A glance at the cloth-covered table, and a hasty perusal of the scrap of paper pinned conspicuously on the linen, revealed to the astonished Bartlett the

cause of the dinner horn's silence. For a second his domestic world tottered about his ears; but he came of a hard-headed race and was game to the core.

"You boys will have to put up with a cold dinner," he announced, as Jim Raymond and his helpers filed in from the back-room sink.

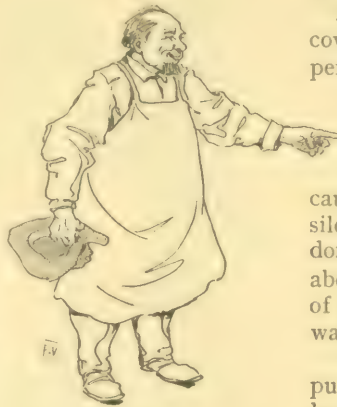
"Linda's gone to the Food Fair after all; I cal'late her sister must have overpersuaded her. Jest set right down, an' I'll make some coffee."

The meal was despatched in silence, the frown on Bartlett's face discouraging conversation.

"You can start right up without waitin' for me," he remarked, as the men headed for the door. "I'll clear up an' come along bimeby."

Left to himself, Bartlett, during trips to the sink, dish-laden, gave audible vent to the wrath that welled up in his affronted and bewildered soul.

"By Judas!" he muttered. "I wouldn't 'a' b'lieved Linda'd do such a thing; but I'll bet a dollar it was all Hepsie Harkness' doin'. She's too high an' mighty anyhow, an' Nathan lets her do jest as she's a mind to; but Linda'll find out that things ain't agoin' to be



"BE YOU A GOIN' CRAZY?"

run that way in my house. I ain't Nathan Harkness, an' I don't cal'late to be, nuther! When Linda gets back I'll——"

A loud "Hello!" ended Bart's soliloquy and brought him hurriedly to the piazza, to behold a white-topped meat-cart and the red face of Caleb Myrick, the Plainfield butcher, peering forth inquiringly from beneath the cover.

"Hello, Bart!" called Myrick, hitching forward on his seat. "Have you heard the news?"

"I ain't heard nothin'," admitted Bart, with interest. "Berwick ain't dead, is he?"

"Not as I know on," replied the butcher soberly. "It's worse'n that: the Meadowfield Center excursion train has gone through the bridge into Miller's River—eight cars an' the injine—pretty nigh everybody on it killed or drowned. I've jest come from the Center, an' they got word 'bout fifteen minutes 'fore I left. There's a wrecker comin' from Fitchburg with a car-load of doctors—it's something awful!"

The noonday sun went out in black eclipse over Bartlett Carter's head. He clutched unconsciously at the piazza rail. Myrick leaped from his seat and clattered swiftly up the path.

"What's the matter, Bart?" he queried anxiously. "Don't tell me any of your folks was on that train?"

"My wife and her sister!" Bart's dry lips writhed in an endeavor to frame the words. "They went to the Food Fair this mornin'." He groped uncertainly for the latch of the screen door. "I must hitch up an' go for Nathan," he muttered thickly. "He'll know what to do—I—can't—think straight!"

"You go right into the house and sit down," commanded Myrick, laying a hand on Carter's shoulder. "Mebbe they ain't hurt after all; 'tain't likely everybody's killed. I'm going by Nathan's place, and I'll tell him to come here right off—that'll save time, anyhow."

Caleb departed, and Bart—with a vague idea that he must change his working clothes before going to the Center—



"I DONE THE BEST I COULD WITH 'EM, BUT THEY DON'T LOOK RIGHT, SOMEHOW"

wandered into the bedroom. Through the open window a slender golden finger of sunshine touched Linda's worn calico dress, thrown carelessly over the back of the rocking-chair, and the sight of its familiar outlines went into his heart like the thrust of a knife.

"What shall I do?" Bart groaned. "I can't stand it—I can't!" His fingers closed convulsively over the limp sleeve. "Life ain't worth nothin' to me without Linda. I ain't been as good a husband to her as I might hev—but I've meant to—God knows I hev!"

The recollection of his scarcely cold anger at his wife rose up and smote him accusingly. A hundred poignant memories of her housewifely virtues, of her patience, of her unwavering love and trust, thronged in on his brain; and he saw in damning contrast his own selfish, unworthy soul.

"It's a judgment on me," he cried bitterly. "I ain't done right. I never realized how good she was an' how precious—the best wife a man ever had! I've been rough an' overbearin' an' mean—an' now she's taken away from me. Oh, God!" he prayed in sudden fierce entreaty. "If you'll only give me back my wife, safe and sound, I'll do anythin'—I'll be different—I'll promise——"

The door slammed violently, and Bart-

lett, with a choke, turned and looked into the eager face of the butcher, standing on the bedroom threshold.

"Look here, Bart Carter," Myrick cried excitedly. "It struck me all to once, as I was goin' along, that jest now you said somethin' or other about the Food Show. Ain't that in Boston?"

Bart nodded dismally.

"Then, by the great horn spoon," yelled the butcher, "you ain't got nothin' to worry about after all! 'Tain't the Boston excursion that's wrecked; it's the Hoosac one. If it hadn't giv' me such a jolt seeing you keel over on the railin', I'd hev remembered there was two excursions to-day: one to Boston an' t'other through the tunnel.

Bartlett Carter, with an inarticulate cry of relief and thanksgiving, snatched up his wife's dress and buried his quivering face in its faded folds.

III

HOURS afterward, when Belinda Carter—flushed, tired, but holding tight the memory of a deliriously exciting day as a talisman to cling to when the waves of the coming domestic upheaval should close over her head—pulled open the screen door and stepped on the braided rug, she halted in sheer amazement at the picture that confronted her apprehensive eyes.

The oblong openings of the range draft were glaring cheerfully, and from under the spider's tin cover arose a fragrant hissing. The supper-table—laid for two—stood forth spotless and complete, even to a tall vase of ruddy nasturtiums. To crown the wonder, Bart—the defied and outraged husband, whose bitter and not unmerited censure Linda, during the long ride home, had been steeling herself to endure patiently—was withdrawing a pan of biscuits from the oven, whistling softly to himself.

"That you, Linda?" he called eagerly. "I reckoned it was about time for you, so I took out the biscuits. I done

the best I could with 'em, but they don't look right, somehow; mebbe I forgot somethin' or other. They're good an' hot, anyhow, an' p'raps you can eat 'em. Had a good time? I've been off on a little trip of my own this afternoon; been to Plainfield to get some money to pay back Hepsie—I don't believe in owin', not even to relations—an' I brought back somethin' for you."

Bartlett fumbled in the breast pocket of his coat, and extended a small, flat book with drab covers.

"Why, Bart," exclaimed Linda wonderingly, turning the book over in her hand, "ain't you made a mistake? This is your bank-book you've giv' me."

"No, 'taint; you jest open it an' see," said Bart exultantly.

Mrs. Carter complied.

On the first page, in the crabbed handwriting of Jason Stubbs, cashier of the Plainfield Savings Bank, was chronicled the astonishing fact that Mrs. Belinda Carter had, deposited to her credit in that institution, the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars.

"Oh, Bart!" faltered the dumfounded Linda. "You don't mean this for me, do you? Why, it's half of all the money you've got in the bank, an'——"

"Don't care if 'tis," broke in Bart, coming nearer. "It's yours, Linda. You can spend it jest as you're a mind to; I don't cal'late for you to hev to borrow no more money."

Mrs. Carter dropped the book, and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"Bart," she sobbed, "you're the best husband that ever lived, and I don't deserve it, nuther! I've been a wicked an' ungrateful wife, but I'll never do anything again you don't want me to."

"I reckon you won't hev no call to," replied Bartlett, a curious little catch in his voice. His claspings arms tightened, and he pressed his lips to his wife's brown hair.

THE MAGICIAN

So strange the spell Love weaves o'er mortal heart,
In her dim palaces of smiles and tears,
That what of fleeting moments seem a part
Are not of moments, but of dreams and years.

Andrew Shaughnessey



PHYLLIS AND HER FAN

SWEET Phyllis with her old French fan
(Some long-lost master laced and fashioned)
Delights to cool her snowy shoulders,
As only languid Phyllis can;
Till hearts flare up in fires impassioned,
While languid Phyllis scarcely smolders.

SWEET Phyllis with her old French fan
(She wields in such an airy fashion)
Cools her fair breast, with haste amazing,
As only sober Phyllis can,
Yet, cooling, fans our coals of passion,
Then puffs us  out when we are blazing!

Arthur Stringer

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxv.

September, 1906

Number VI

FRANZ VON LENBACH

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

THE HISTORIAN-PORTRAITIST OF MODERN GERMANY WHO MANAGED TO IDENTIFY HIMSELF SO CLOSELY WITH THE PARTICULAR SPIRIT AND THE PRINCIPAL PERSONALITIES OF HIS DAY AND GENERATION—HIS PLACE AS A PAINTER OF MEN

IT is doubtful if the world of art has ever, within a similar period, lost so many illustrious names as during the opening years of the present century. England and America have only recently laid to rest the lofty idealist, George



FRAU MARY STUCK

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

Frederick Watts, and the eager, inquisitive Whistler. Belgium still mourns Constantin Meunier, France has just paid her final tributes in rapid succession to Gérôme, Henner, Bouguereau, Car-

score years and ten, or even considerably more, Gérôme and Bouguereau reaching fourscore, Watts dying at eighty-six, and Menzel at ninety.

The varied, colorful panorama of



LOLO VON LENBACH, THE ARTIST'S SECOND WIFE
From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

rière, and Breton, while Germany has in turn seen fade from sight the Olympian Böcklin, the veteran Adolf von Menzel, and the greatest of her portrait painters, Franz von Lenbach. Adding to this list Verestchagin, Tissot, Benjamin-Constant, and Camille Pissarro, it will be seen that almost every phase of painting has suffered serious depletion. It is curious to note that many of these men attained the traditional span of three-

nearly a century of artistic endeavor is conjured up with fair completeness by a rehearsal of these few names. In one way or another they touch modern graphic expression at all its essential points. The lingering fires of the Renaissance glowed again on the dim, exalted canvases of Watts; a new paganism was triumphantly ushered in by the vigor of Böcklin's brush; reality found its invincible champion in Men-

zei, and labor was given an august dignity at the hands of Constantin Meunier. With Pissarro the undulant light on plain or busy square enlisted a patient apostle; with Carrière came a

particular spirit and the principal personalities of his day and generation. Franz von Lenbach will always remain the historian-portraitist of nineteenth-century Germany. The chief figures in



"VATER UND KIND"—PORTRAIT OF FRANZ VON LENBACH WITH HIS DAUGHTER MARION
From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

deep and intimate psychic evocation, and it was reserved for Whistler jauntily to introduce subtleties hitherto unsuspected. In certain instances these men were the foremost masters of their time; in each case they won wide applause and publicity.

It was the forceful, aggressive Lenbach, the son of an obscure Bavarian stone-mason, who managed to identify himself perhaps most closely with the

her military, political, intellectual, esthetic, and social life were painted one after another by this rigorous analyst to whom beauty and color were naught and character was everything.

LENBACH'S PLACE IN ART

Judged purely as an artist, Lenbach reveals serious defects; as an interpreter of the mind, and occasionally the heart, his equals have been few. While his



ARNOLD BÖCKLIN, THE SWISS SYMBOLIST PAINTER
From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

records of both man and woman are restricted and summary, for intensity of concentration they stand almost alone. From their dark backgrounds, as from the dubious unknown, these solemn statesmen and scientists, these stormy musicians and poets, look out upon you with compelling fixity and truth. There are no distracting details of costume or surroundings—the hands, even, are often neglected, but about compressed lips and on brooding brow cluster the minute, infallible indices of individuality. It is, however, the eyes of Lenbach's sitters that tell the final story of what lies

within, for he succeeded as no artist has ever done in making the eyes a veritable reflex of the soul.

A PAINTER OF MEN

In glancing over these pages you need not look for caressing grace or delicate, aristocratic allure. There is, it is true, a semblance of such qualities, yet the stone-mason's big, angular son never learned to read aright the elusive mysteries of a woman's heart. It is in his likenesses of Bismarck and of Moltke, of combative, conscience-tortured Gladstone, of doubting Döllinger, of Heyse,

serene high-priest of beauty, and Böcklin, brother spirit of faun and sea-sprite, that Lenbach achieved his undisputed triumphs. Man he knew and early learned to transfix upon canvas; womanhood, and in a sense childhood, always escaped him. The feminine enigma remained to the last insoluble.

No painter of recent times enjoyed such vogue as Lenbach, or so richly reaped the rewards of success. His

career recalls the princely days of Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke. From a poor apprentice he placed himself on a level with the great ones of the earth. Born in an isolated workman's cottage, he died in a superbly appointed palace. Franz von Lenbach's phenomenal rise in the world was due to a conjunction of courage and opportunity. From the outset neither was lacking, nor did either ever desert him.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstäengl after the painting by Lenbach

This painter of emperors and popes, of Iron Chancellor and taciturn field-marshal, of thought-clouded philosopher and sinuous, sense-disturbing

trial school at Landshut. Until after his father's death Franz followed the trade of a mason, but later, through the strictest economy on the part of his



PAUL HEYSE, THE GERMAN POET AND DRAMATIST

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaeigl after the painting by Lenbach

dancer, was born on December 13, 1836, at Schrobenhausen, an otherwise insignificant village between Ingolstadt and Augsburg, some forty miles from Munich. One of seventeen children, his father promptly destined him for the paternal calling, and with that end in view sent the boy to the near-by indus-

family, he was enabled to attend the polytechnic school at Augsburg, where his artistic tastes developed with singular rapidity. The old masters in the Augsburg Museum he particularly admired, and these he copied with reverent fidelity.

On leaving the polytechnic school, he



COUNT VON MOLTKE, THE GREAT GERMAN SOLDIER

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach



FRAU LILI MERK AND HER DAUGHTER

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

spent some time at Schrobenuhausen, being much in the company of Hofner, a kindly, superannuated painter of peasant life and scene, who furthered the youth's ambition to become an artist. Munich inevitably proved the magnet which drew him onward, and until the last Lenbach recalled with enthusiasm those fresh, dewy mornings when he used to start out barefoot to pass a few silent hours among the immutable treasures of the Alte Pinakothek. At this period his sympathies were equally divided between the sovereign spirits of the past, notably

Rembrandt and Rubens, and the sun-bright beauty of sky and meadow which lay ever about him. Yet little by little the brown of the galleries began to darken the frank radiance of his palette. From being a free child of nature—*ein natur kind*—he became a follower of tradition, an echo of those somber times before the light was allowed to flood art with its throbbing ambience.

By twenty Lenbach was already studying with Gräfe and Piloty in Munich, and a year later exhibited with success his "Peasants Taking Refuge

from a Storm in the Chapel of the Virgin." The prompt sale of this bit of sentimental realism, together with a prize of five hundred gulden, enabled him to accompany his teacher, Piloty, to Rome, where he remained some six months before financial straits compelled his return. It is unnecessary to follow, except in brief outline, this restless seeker's subsequent wanderings. Nearly two years were passed teaching at the Weimar Art School with Böcklin

and Begas, and about six more were consumed in Italy and Spain, copying the masterpieces of Titian, Giorgione, Rubens, and Velasquez for Count Schack's splendid private collection in Munich.

PORTRAITURE HIS FIELD

It was not until he had regained the Bavarian capital in 1868 and made the acquaintance of Paul Heyse and of the Wagner circle on the occasion of the



PRINCE BISMARCK, THE IRON CHANCELLOR

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstäengl after the painting by Lenbach



ELVIRA, COUNTESS OF WRBNA AND FREUDENTHAL, A PRINCESS OF THE REIGNING HOUSE OF BAVARIA

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

first performance of "Die Meistersinger" that Lenbach devoted his energies exclusively to portraiture. From the completion of those early likenesses of Heyse and Wagner until the hour of

friend, Gabriel von Seidl, later built him an imposing Germano-Italian villa, fronted by its pretty garden and fountain and filled with all the richness of the Renaissance.



HERMANN ALLMERS, THE GERMAN AUTHOR

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

his death he did practically nothing save place upon canvas with unflinching fidelity and supreme plastic energy the features of the distinguished personages he had the good fortune to meet. Though he drifted successively to Vienna, Berlin, Rome, London, and elsewhere, Munich continued his headquarters, and it was in Munich that his

At the salon of Frau von Wertheimstein in Vienna, which was the focus of the diplomatic and artistic life of the capital, Lenbach quickly made his presence felt. An almost boorish brusqueness of manner, a biting yet servile tongue, and a superb capacity for forging ahead, all helped him to secure the most flattering commissions. He aimed high, this

low-born son; he painted only those who would add luster to his rapidly increasing list of sitters. In less than a year he was able to show fifteen portraits at the Inter-

exhibited at Vienna in 1873. Although he had already realized his ambition regarding the choice of models, Lenbach did not find unqualified favor with either



LILY SEITZ

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

national Exhibition, including those of Count and Countess Andrassy, Count Wilczek, and Princess Obrenovitch. Yet he was to go still further, for within a few months Franz Josef called him to Budapest and Kaiser Wilhelm I summoned him to Berlin, both portraits being

the public or the press. The exalted rank of his two imperial patrons clearly paralyzed his faculties, the finished pictures being considered weak and lacking in observation. Moreover, critical opinion was unanimous in agreeing that the artist had too scrupulously assimilated the lessons



BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstäengl after the painting by Lenbach



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

THEODOR MOMMSEN, THE EMINENT HISTORIAN AND ARCHEOLOGIST

From a gravure after the painting by Lenbach, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company. New York

of those particular old masters he had spent so many years copying. Despite the latter insinuation, which was revived from time to time throughout his career, Lenbach never faltered in his devotion to that formula which he deemed the su-

the dominant figures of his time; and such he did not find either in the pacific Franz Josef or in the reminiscent and rapidly declining Kaiser Wilhelm I. Lenbach's name will ever be associated with those two makers of modern Ger-



FREIFRAU VON FABRICE

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

preme expression of painting. His colleagues, Menzel and Liebermann, became frankly radical and luminous; he continued to refine upon the golden glow of Rembrandt and the rich repose of Titian.

That factor which proved Lenbach's salvation and won for him the foremost place in Teutonic portraiture was his penetrating grasp of character, his ability to translate in enduring terms

many, Bismarck and Moltke, of whom he has left scores of searching and powerful presentments. Whatever we may read or hear of the two men, we must always see them through the eyes of Lenbach. There is, indeed, about certain of these portraits a finality which only the greatest painters have been able to attain.

As the field-marshal's inexorable and cruelly effective task was accom-

plished first, it is fitting that he should have been painted before the massive, feudal chancellor. If one typified destruction, the other typified fundamental

a specific word, even, and all the while he was painting to keep repeating this word over and over to himself. By this means he arrived at that singleness of



"MISS P."—ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF LENBACH'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN

From a gravure by Franz Hanfstaengl after the painting by Lenbach

despotism, and the former of these qualities looks from every canvas, every sketch of Moltke; the latter from each likeness, each drawing of Bismarck.

LENBACH'S CONCEPTION OF A SITTER

It was Lenbach's invariable habit to reduce his sitter to a mental conception,

impression which constitutes at once the strong and the weak feature of his work. He was willing to sacrifice everything to secure this unique result. He secured the result and—he sacrificed all else. It was a purely perfunctory and literary program which had come from Schopenhauer, and before him from Plato. Its

application to esthetic problems remains debatable.

Having made Moltke's acquaintance in 1873, Lenbach proceeded to paint his conception of him as the commander incarnate, the impassive, self-contained genius of war, whose results are all pre-ordained, whose victories are all assured in advance. He visited the field-marshal several times at Kreisau and elsewhere, producing at least three unforgettable portraits and later marrying his niece, the young, high-bred, and beautiful Countess von Moltke. Each of these versions of the silent, passionless captain, though showing the progressive stamp of shifting years, conveys an identical impression. Moltke himself was by no means insensible to the painter's rigid procedure, for he once impatiently exclaimed: "Why does he always seek to make a hero of me?"

LENBACH AND BISMARCK

Though it was through the Minghetti at Kissingen that Lenbach first met Bismarck, he did not succeed in painting him until four years later, after they had renewed their acquaintance at Gastein. From 1878 until the chancellor's death, twenty years after, the two were much together, Lenbach staying with the prince for long intervals at Varzin and Friedrichsruh, and Bismarck once returning the courtesy by stopping over in Munich on his way from Vienna. Upward of a hundred portraits and studies are the result of this intimacy, for, despite the difference in rank, such it may be termed.

In later years formal sittings were dispensed with, Lenbach having been accorded the privilege of sketching the seigniorial chancellor at any time or place, even being a silent observer at confidential meetings of state importance. Nearly every Christmas was passed with the family, and on the prince's birthday it was the painter who was chosen to propose his health. It is thus natural that Lenbach's portraits of Bismarck, whether at the apex of his power or as the deposed and disillusionized recluse of Friedrichsruh, should have acquired a reality, a humanity, lacking in much of the artist's other work. During this long association he perhaps unconsciously

put aside all theory and remembered only the man—gigantic, primitive, beset by dreams of absolutism or mellowed by wholesome touches of humor. It is a significant fact that Bismarck was pleased with these portraits, for he one day said: "I am glad to see myself immortalized by Lenbach's brush; it is thus that I should wish to descend to posterity."

LENBACH'S METHOD OF WORK

That which above all gave these portraits their incomparable intensity of expression was the painter's own power of deliberate, concentrated observation, coupled with his ready insight into character and almost fabulous speed of manipulation. From behind a pair of enormous gold-rimmed spectacles he flashed upon the sitter a piercing yet reflective gaze. None of his triumphs was accidental; nothing was left to chance. When absorbed he never stopped for fatigue nor failed to take infinite pains. He employed with consummate fluency every technical resource, every trick of his craft. Not satisfied with human vision, he frequently relied upon the more accurate record of the camera. In order to arrive at what he held to be a superior, composite truth to physiognomy, he would take as many as sixty photographs of a single head in various positions. An inferior colorist and at times a careless and inaccurate draftsman, he nevertheless managed to secure effects which seem the essence of graphic verity. Only on the rarest occasions did Lenbach picture his sitters in any save moments of absolute repose, thus letting them, as it were, speak for themselves.

HEROES OF THE MIND AND SOUL

While he was notably successful with Bismarck, it cannot be maintained that the painter was equally fortunate in his likeness of Leo XIII, the prince's subtle adversary and vanquisher in the *kulturkampf* which was then rending asunder Germany and the Vatican. In 1884 Lenbach had his first audience with His Holiness, and in the following year he finished the picture which now hangs in the Neue Pinakothek. It is a pope-diplomat that he has given us, a master of statecraft, not the spiritual

father, gentle and beneficent as well as resourceful in the ways of men.

Only a shade less absorbing than his mighty and merciless builders of the Prussian hegemony are Lenbach's array of *geistesheroen*, or heroes of the mind and soul, such as Döllinger, Mommsen, Helmholtz, Hammacher, Virchow, the rugged Norse radical, Björnstjerne Björnson, and the eloquent Slav, Strossmayer. They all loom out of the same enigmatic envelope; they seem, one and all, perpetual prisoners of thought, and they are unique to-day for psychological intent and surety of characterization. Though Lenbach will never rank beside the artists he so revered, it must have been something after this fashion that Holbein limned Erasmus of Rotterdam, that Velasquez painted Pope Innocent X, and the youthful Raphael, Pope Julius II.

If it is true that Lenbach conceived most of his men as a mental image, it is equally obvious that he made the majority of his women conform to a certain preordained type. The former are always severe and introspective, the latter are usually sensuous or frivolous. While there are welcome exceptions, such as the essentially dignified likeness of Freifrau von Fabrice, a clumsy coquetry and a persistent effort to simulate the charm of the English school or the morbid delicacy of a Kaulbach distinguish most of the famous Bavarian's portraits of women.

LENBACH'S TWO MARRIAGES

After several years of stormy bachelorhood he had himself married one of these flowers of the German noblesse, and doubtless fancied he understood her, a dream which dissolved shortly after the birth of their daughters, Marion and Gabrielle. The reserved, patrician wife found it impossible to adjust herself to his primitive ways, nor could he comprehend her wholly natural and innate aristocracy of feeling. They separated eventually, she marrying Bismarck's physician, Dr. Schweninger, and he some time later resigning himself to the more comprehensive temperament of Baroness Lolo von Hornstein. Toward the last, having painted most of the grand folk of his own and other coun-

tries, he used to take the keenest pleasure in depicting the artless grace of his children, especially Marion, whom he arrayed in all manner of fancy costumes, now placing her in the arms of Duse or other women, now holding her close to his own shaggy, simian head.

There is scant reason for passing in review more of these portraits, which, together, form perhaps the most diverse and complete gallery any artist has left of the men and women of his day. They touch all classes and embrace all callings, from the benign "Old Kaiser," broken and moodily awaiting the end, to vivacious Fritz Scheff on the threshold of a bright career. The vast majority were painted at the Villa Lenbach, in Luisenstrasse, not far from the soaring Propylæa. It is in reality a double structure, one part the living quarters and the other a sumptuous studio, filled with bronzes and brocades, and breathing that Renaissance atmosphere which the painter so loved and with which he strove during so many years to identify himself.

AN ARTISTIC ANOMALY

He lived and died an anomaly, a contradiction; he came from below and rose far beyond his station. His art, while modern in its analysis, went back whole centuries to find a congenial setting. Possessing a keen, unflinching vision, he yet persisted in looking upon the world through the eyes of other men. During his lifetime no painter was more honored. They made him a nobleman and an *ehrendoktor* of the University of Halle. He was chosen president of the International Exhibition of Munich, and usually had a room to himself, ornately furnished and hung with scores of his somber, momentous portraits.

When the crowd gathered silently before his house on the bright spring morning of his death, two years ago, each watcher seemed to be saying softly to himself that the world had lost a master-spirit—each, except a slender few who chanced to recall that the mind of man is too baffling and too complex to be reduced to a definition, and that the soul of man eternally demands light, the pulsing light of day, for its solace and its inspiration.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

BY CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D.

PASTOR OF THE MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK

THE GREATEST QUESTION NOW BEFORE THE WORLD—A STRIKING STATEMENT OF THE EVILS OF THE EXISTING SITUATION, OF THE POWERFUL FORCES THAT ARE MAKING FOR A RADICAL CHANGE, AND OF THE PRINCIPLES THAT SHOULD UNDERLIE A BETTER AND JUSTER SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM

THE question is still whether Cain is answerable only for Cain, or whether Cain and Abel are answerable both for themselves and for each other. Cain's problem is one upon which the thought of the world continues to work. A live idea of the sort, once thrown into the public mind, clings there till it has fought its way through, and the livelier the idea the hotter the fight.

Christ was a socialist. It is not intended by this to say that he was committed to any one of the specific economic theories which now pass as socialistic, but only that he generated the impulse which has since then been seeking to materialize itself into concrete forms of social relation. He created the motive power, and others have been setting up various kinds of machinery through which that power shall work out into finished product. And let it be said just at this point that any man who does honest and serious experimenting along that line is a contributor to the final result, and is to be encouraged, not vituperated. Bigotry is no more commendable in economics than in religion. The heresy of to-day always stands a chance of being the orthodoxy of to-morrow.

THE INDIVIDUAL OR THE COMMUNITY

The kernel of the matter is stated in the inquiry—how far is each man to be considered as an integer, and how far as a fraction inherent in an organized whole? The answers severally rendered

to this question will depend less on one's faculty of reasoning out a conclusion than on individual temperament and on one's personal relation to interests involved, for there is ordinarily only a very loose relation between one's opinions and one's brain. If I am personally sensible of a deficiency of assets, mental or material, I may like to merge my individual fractionalism in the totality of the race; whereas, if my consciousness is of a redundancy of assets, I shall probably find at home all the totality I want without going outside for it, and shall treat whatever savors of the socialistic as the panacea of mediocrity. It is only when our opinions work at cross purposes with our prepossessions that they begin to have weight. One millionaire turned socialist means more than a thousand millionaires screaming for monopoly.

The socialism inaugurated by the Galilean was not of a kind, however, that repealed or questioned proprietary rights. Even his command to the young ruler to sell all that he had and give to the poor cannot be stretched into advocacy of communism. The most we can argue from it is that in this particular instance property was an incubus upon its possessor, so that his wisest policy was to rid himself of it. But in moral as in physical pathology, the same specific is not relevant to all varieties of disorder, and the poverty that was prescribed to the young ruler might easily have proved the ruination of some other one dissimilarly con-

ditioned. One man may be kept out of the kingdom because he has so much money, while another might find it easier to get in if he had more.

Just as little is individual title to property vacated by certain communistic tendencies represented as existing in the apostolic church. In the first days of the church at Jerusalem it is related that no one said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but that they had all things common. In regard to the policy thus pursued three things are to be said—first, it was a policy voluntarily, not prescriptively, adopted; second, it was quite likely due in part to this devoted but slightly hysterical mode of administration that the church there was notoriously poverty-stricken; third, it was distinctly declared to lying Ananias, who undertook to be both a saintly communist and a thrifty capitalist, that the land was his till he sold it, that the proceeds of sale were his till he relinquished them, and that it was not till he made over his claim to the ecclesiastical commune that his title became extinct.

THERE IS NO ABSOLUTE OWNERSHIP

At the same time, while ownership has a certain nucleus of definiteness, it is edged with an irreducible margin of ambiguity. To say that a thing is mine seems a sufficiently easy proposition; but upon investigating it the effect is like looking at a patch of the Milky Way, which is visible enough as stellar mist but hesitates to be worked down into solid star-stuff. "I own my house," I say; but fire consumes it and it is gone; the city condemns it for public uses, and it is gone; the tax commissioners auction it off to pay tax arrearages, and it is gone. I own it till something or somebody takes it away, which is not quite all that it would be convenient and comfortable to understand by ownership.

That being so, of course the matter of what we call establishing a "title" to a piece of property involves a good deal that is visionary and precarious. A time ago I went about to purchase a piece of land on the East Side of New York, and the first thing in arranging for the transfer was to look up the title. The record of the transfers went back distinct and without a break to the year 1777. That

is to say, there had been no thievery for above a hundred years. Back from that date the retrospect became increasingly shadowy. The ancestors of the then owner appear to have received it as a grant from the Dutch government; and somewhere back in the haze of bygone years the Dutch government had grabbed it. My abstract of title does not say that, but the Dutch government grabbed it all the same.

THE ORIGIN OF OWNERSHIP

All human ownership begins in a grab, in assuming that to be ours which is not ours, and continues as long as we can maintain the assumption successfully. And what is to be understood by the clearness of proprietary title varies approximately with the number of hands through which the property has methodically passed since the original grab was committed. For example, we should never ourselves have gone out into the Pacific Ocean and seized the Philippine Islands. The Spanish had done so, and we paid them twenty millions for the spoils, and think our title fairly clear—not too clear, but fairly clear, because one tenure intervenes between the original grab of the islands and our possession of them. When one pays for stolen goods there is experienced a degree of restfulness that is not quite possible when one steals them oneself.

When, therefore, we discuss questions such as are touched by the doctrine of socialism it is not well to be over-dogmatic, nor to draw lines between *meum* and *tuum* that are too incisive, nor to treat ownership as though it were something clean-cut and absolute, instead of being ambiguous and quite considerably relative.

Now this relativity of ownership takes a peculiar complexion from the introduction into the world's ethical system of the brotherhood idea. It would take us too far afield just now to inquire what it is that authenticates this idea. It is enough for present purposes to say that the notion is becoming more and more a part of the world's best conviction. Like other creedal propositions, it may be very often denied in action, but it is accepted in profession; and no scheme of interrelation among men less exalted than that

is fit to be considered when the question is one of social debts and dues.

THE IDEA OF HUMAN FRATERNITY

Where considerations of fraternity do not obtain, a man's tenure of property will be conditioned by the strength of his neighbor. Where considerations of fraternity do obtain, a man's tenure of property will be conditioned by the necessities of his brother. In one case he will retain his holdings till a stronger takes them; in the other he will retain his holdings till a weaker needs them. In ordinary domestic relations two men are only then brothers in the personal import of the term when there is a sense of mutual membership, and a sense so pronounced as to create for the less favored member of the coalition a valid claim upon the belongings of the other; so that if the more affluent comes to his brother's relief the conferment is not to be reckoned as an act of grace, but as a discharge of debt. So deeply rooted is this sentiment in the general heart of the world that, under ordinary circumstances, a man amply supplied with material comforts who should let his brother suffer would be regarded as having defrauded his brother—an act of fraud not to be taken cognizance of by the civil courts, of course, but recognized as fraud before the tribunal of the general conscience.

The above fact is stated as a means of setting forth a part of the true containings of the brotherhood idea when that idea is construed in its restricted and domestic sense; and it is now in order to remark that the same element will inhere in that broader idea of brotherhood as between man and man universally, if the word is to be taken at its face value, as I assume it is, rather than in any sense that is merely metaphorical. And yet it is true of the word "brotherhood," as of a good many other generous terms and phrases in vogue among us, that it is perhaps more often employed to denote a relation that we feel ought to exist than one that we recognize as being actually in force. Almost any man is richer in his vocabulary than he is in his affections.

Ownership, then, when interpreted by the standards of Christian socialism, is

pretty closely the equivalent of trusteeship. It means tenure in the interests of the family, rather than tenure in the exclusive interests of the individual holder. It proceeds upon the basis of the organic unity of the race, and conceives of each individual as both the means and the end of all the rest. Under the auspices of an administration of that order, the advantage of the whole becomes the law of the individual.

It is hardly in point to urge against this proposition the fact of its idealism. There are very few who do not feel that conditions existing among us at the present time would be bettered if the spirit of our proposition were in part, at least, carried into social relations and social dealings. Those whom the world most delights to honor are those who treat their assets of wealth or of brain as a trust to be applied according to the exigencies of the general situation; whereas the people most obnoxious to human execration are those whose life is maintained in pursuance of the reverse policy, human maelströms, whose theory and practise of life may be stated as "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

WHAT CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM IS

This, then, is what we understand by Christian socialism. It is not communism; it is not the negation of wealth. It is not the denial of individualism, but it is the insistence upon individualism considered as means to a wholesome collectivism. It is a form of "trust," differing in this respect from institutions more generally known to us under that name that, while the latter appear to exist for the purpose of drawing the public blood, this has for its distinct aim to deepen the flow of that blood and to oxygenate it.

Nor does it at all carry with it the idea of a more prodigal expenditure on charitable lines. Much of what is beneficence in name is maleficence in fact. There is such a thing as giving money in the public interest, but equally is there such a thing as accumulating and retaining money in the public interest.

Christian socialism is no enemy to millionaires, provided the millions in their tenure are viewed by them as funds that

are to be bestowed or withheld, invested or disbursed, with reference to general requirements; and provided, also, such funds have not been collected in defiance of general requirements; for the kind of socialism that this article is advertising is one that is as much concerned with the way a man makes his money as with the way he uses it, and sordid individualism in getting it is not made good by flamboyant collectivism in expending it.

When a person of extended means makes big gifts for the conversion of the heathen, or for the endowment of schools and colleges, no man is in a position properly to characterize such gifts till he knows something about the scale of wages paid to his employees, and also until he knows whether the business which yielded so large revenues was maintained in generous rivalry with competing enterprises of the same order, or whether it was built upon the ruins of such enterprises. Cooking and eating one's neighbor's flesh, after the manner of the South Sea Islanders, is not the only kind of cannibalism in the world, nor the worst kind. I might forgive a Fijian for making a cold lunch off my body, but he is a more abandoned cannibal who, while posing as guardian of Christian civilization at home and abroad, stuffs his capacious belly with my means of livelihood, and sucks up my prospects of material success in order to tickle his own palate and distend his own paunch. Barbarism is prettier when it is left to show the natural grain than when it is coated over with evangelical shellac. It is not in the spirit of sweet fraternity to burglarize one brother as means of capitalizing some other brother, nor to be clandestinely ruthless in order to be pyrotechnically humanitarian.

PUTTING PRINCIPLES INTO PRACTISE

That leads on to say that Christian socialism, so far as it becomes a controlling influence in material affairs, will have a good deal to say about wages, and will take matters into its own hands, if a private sense of the fitness of things does not become more concerned for the needs and rights of employees than appears generally to be the case at present. These things are going to be managed, by and by, on the basis of brotherhood;

and when that is the case workmen will be paid on the scale of what their services are worth, not on the scale of the lowest market rate at which those services can be obtained. The law of supply and demand may be properly relevant to sugar, potatoes, and mutton; but when applied to men and women it degrades them to the level of live stock, and serves them with dispossess proceedings so far as relates to membership in the family.

As things are, the relation between employed and employer is not a relation between man and man, but a relation between workman and utensil. So far as all sense of humanness and fraternity is concerned the man that is hired is practically a tool, as much so as hammer and tongs are tools in the hands of a blacksmith—purely a machine for coining money, and no less a machine in his owner's eyes for all he is made of heart, brains, and blood rather than of cogs, levers, and belting.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE UNDER DOG

Labor is as essential to business success as capital is, and should have half the profits; and the reason why it does not is that the capitalist's wealth is a weapon which the employee has nothing that he can bring forward to rebut. The man with abundance can afford to wait till the man with a pittance has used up his pittance and been starved into surrender. Money can buy legislation, poverty cannot. The poor man has less show before the courts than his affluent brother, and is in all ways the under dog. And socialism, whether Christian or unchristian, is the attempt that the under dog is making to be the dog on top, or at least the dog alongside—that is to say, to be taken back into the family where he belongs.

This which has just been stated must not be taken to mean that men are never anything but tools in the estimation of their employers, but that that is all that they usually are. Nor would we be understood to indorse all the means that the laboring classes take to secure to themselves the rights that belong to them as brothers in the household; only we must remember that when people are fighting for what they conceive to be their rights, and have not muskets, they

will instinctively resort to paving-stones and pitchforks. It is not good form to hit below the belt, but a fighter will be exceedingly likely to hit anywhere he can when the struggle appears to him to be a matter of life and death.

Without entering into any discussion of the protective tariff, viewed as an economic principle, the system as at present enforced among us is a slap at the working people of the country, and is a device for abstracting money from the lean purses of the poor and turning it over into the plethoric bank account of the rich; for it is the few at the top, and not the many underneath, that are benefited by it. The Roosevelt administration is running the locomotive and sitting on the throttle-valve, notwithstanding the increasing alarm and protests of the people who are behind in the train; and the longer the valve is held down, the smaller will be the pieces into which the engine will be disintegrated when the explosion comes. The prices of bread-stuffs, meats, and clothing are steadily rising, and, according to Dun's statistics furnished in April of this year, are higher now than they have been before since February of 1884.

THE PROBLEM OF WEALTH AND POVERTY

Now the serious question that Christian socialism raises is this—why is it that there are so many poor brothers and sisters in the family who can scarcely get enough to eat, or the wherewithal to clothe themselves comfortably or even respectably, and so small a minority of brothers and sisters who have not only enough to eat and drink and wear, but enough to be wildly, licentiously extravagant in the luxuries of life, and coarsely, rudely, insultingly demonstrative in their display of wealth?

The principal reason of it is that the larger number of sons and daughters have been practically ostracized from the household and excluded from all controlling participation in the production of the necessities of life and in their distribution. We are here brought face to face with a touchy and difficult problem, but it must be confronted, and its solution is bound to come by one means or another. The existence of an impatient majority is not a condition

which can be permanently tolerated in a country where intelligence is as widely diffused as it is in our own.

THERE IS ENOUGH FOR ALL

It is a statement that is self-founded, and that needs no argument to corroborate it, that the resources of this country are sufficient to warm, clothe, and feed our entire population, and to do it comfortably and handsomely. Nor is that nearly all there is to it. In order to procure all the necessities of life in ample abundance, and many of its luxuries in a manner to meet the requirements of all our millions of people, it is not necessary that our working classes should toil any greater number of hours each day than they do now, nor nearly as many hours. The introduction of labor-saving machinery has wrought a tremendous revolution in the matter of production, but only in a minimized degree are the toilers themselves getting the advantage of such revolution. The fact that a man works in a cloth manufactory, and by the aid of looms or sewing-machines is able to turn out goods enough every day to cover the nakedness of a hundred people, is no sign that he will not himself have to go naked, or at least ragged; and this notwithstanding all that Christian socialism has to affirm touching the matter of brotherhood.

Some very careful study has been given by economists to the matter of the amount of time required in order to produce in ample abundance all that is required for home consumption. Taking the population of Austria as twenty-two millions, Professor Theodor Hertzka, the distinguished economist of that country, argued that "five million able, strong male members could produce everything imaginable for the whole nation in two hours and twelve minutes per day, working three hundred days a year."

I am not aware that the same searching investigation has been given to the situation in our own country, but the figures quoted are sufficiently illuminating for our purpose in a general way. Capitalistic manufacturers are constantly screaming for colonial expansion in order that there may be a market for their wares, so that the employee, for example, who works in a shoe-shop on too

small wages to be able to keep the bare feet of his own children off the frosty paving-stones may be helping to shoe some little Jap or Hottentot, and to swell the profits of his employer, who has hardly the interest in his workmen that he has in his awls, leather, and shoe-pegs. Then, when the colonials have all been shod and the market generally has become glutted and sales slow, the works are shut down and wages stop; so that at the very time when there are most shoes, and when for the same reason there are the most woven goods and manufactured garments in the country, the poor people are nearest to being obliged to go naked. That is to say, when the drawers and closets in the house are all stocked with outer garments and underwear, the children, all but favored Thomas and Mary, are put into rags and sent out to shiver.

AN INTOLERABLE SITUATION

Now this situation is intolerable, and cannot survive. The great toiling majority are realizing that considerable of the trouble lies in the fact that they are admitted to no controlling share in production and distribution, and that the

fruits of industry are handled with no reference to the men, women, and children who produce those fruits; and the tendency toward the concentration of control in the hands of a few has proceeded till the toiling classes are verging toward revolt. The tremendous growth of socialism here and abroad is one of the phenomena of the times that capital needs to take account of.

It would seem unfortunate that anything that can be done successfully, economically, and with an eye to the general interest, should be relegated to municipal or federal control. The danger would be that such disposition of the case would check individual enterprise and initiative and embarrass our material development. But however that may be, we are not a people where the majority can be permanently counted out, nor where eight out of ten will consent indefinitely to have their feathers plucked in order to line the nests of the other two.

The future has an uneasy look, and if not as soon as 1908, at least in 1912 the Presidential election will turn directly on the question of socialism—socialism Christian, or if not that, socialism unchristian.

THE DEATH OF AMAL

HE lay upon his bed of beaten gold

And called for music, and they brought it him.

First they essayed the songs he loved of old—

Of love, of languor. With set features grim

He started up: "Nay, play no more of those!

I want no songs of languor or repose!

"Let them play war-songs, that I used to chant

Upon the battle-field when hated foes

Were dashing on our spears! No recreant

In all our ranks was found; the battle's close

Saw many fallen, lying where I lie.

Play faster, you! I will not, must not die!

"Play faster, faster!" So they played a while,

Madly, tumultuously; and on his face

There came a smile, a fierce and savage smile,

Exultant, like a hunter in the chase,

A warrior in the fight. The music ceased

And Amal whispered to the white-faced priest:

"Let there be songs like these beside my grave:

I want no chants of sad funeral kind,

No solemn hymns; but carols loud and brave,

That ring like sword on shield, that seeks to find

The bold heart beating there so strong and well!

So it found—me. Play on!" But silence fell.

Robert Francis Allen

CALLOWAY'S CODE

BY O. HENRY,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIGHER ABDICATION," ETC.

THE New York *Enterprise* sent H. B. Calloway as special correspondent to the Russo-Japanese-Portsmouth war.

For two months Calloway hung about Yokohama and Tokio, shaking dice with the other correspondents for drinks of 'rickshaws—oh, no, that's something to ride in; anyhow, he wasn't earning the salary that his paper was paying him. But that was not Calloway's fault. The little brown men who held the strings of Fate between their fingers were not ready for the readers of the *Enterprise* to season their breakfast bacon and eggs with the battles of the descendants of the gods.

But soon the column of correspondents that were to go out with the First Army tightened their field-glass belts and went down to the Yalu with Kuroki. Calloway was one of these.

Now, this is no history of the battle of the Yalu River. That has been told in detail by the correspondents who gazed at the shrapnel smoke-rings from a distance of three miles. But, for justice's sake, let it be understood that the Japanese commander prohibited a nearer view.

Calloway's feat was accomplished before the battle. What he did was to furnish the *Enterprise* with the biggest beat of the war. That paper published exclusively and in detail the news of the attack on the lines of the Russian General Zassulitch on the same day that it was made. No other paper printed a word about it for two days afterward, except a London paper, whose account was absolutely incorrect and untrue.

Calloway did this in face of the fact that General Kuroki was making his moves and laying his plans with the profoundest secrecy as far as the world out-

side his camps was concerned. The correspondents were forbidden to send out any news whatever of his plans; and every message that was allowed on the wires was censored with rigid severity.

The correspondent for the London paper handed in a cablegram describing Kuroki's plans; but as it was wrong from beginning to end the censor grinned and let it go through.

So, there they were—Kuroki on one side of the Yalu with forty-two thousand infantry, five thousand cavalry, and one hundred and twenty-four guns. On the other side, Zassulitch waited for him with only twenty-three thousand men, and with a long stretch of river to guard. And Calloway had got hold of some important inside information that he knew would bring the *Enterprise* staff around a cablegram as thick as flies around a Park Row lemonade-stand. If he could only get that message past the censor—the new censor who had arrived and taken his post that day!

Calloway did the obviously proper thing. He lit his pipe and sat down on a gun-carriage to think it over. And there we must leave him; for the rest of the story belongs to Vesey, a sixteen-dollar-a-week reporter on the *Enterprise*.

II

Calloway's cablegram was handed to the managing editor at four o'clock in the afternoon. He read it three times; and then drew a pocket-mirror from a pigeon-hole in his desk, and looked at his reflection carefully. Then he went over to the desk of Boyd, his assistant (he usually called Boyd when he wanted him), and laid the cablegram before him.

"It's from Calloway," he said. "See what you make of it."

The message was dated at Wi-ju, and these were the words of it:

Foregone preconcerted rash witching goes muffled rumor mine dark silent unfortunate richmond existing great hotly brute select mooted parlous beggars ye angel incontrovertible.

Boyd read it twice.

"It's either a cipher or a sunstroke," said he.

"Ever hear of anything like a code in the office—a secret code?" asked the m. e., who had held his desk for only two years. Managing editors come and go.

"None except the vernacular that the lady specials write in," said Boyd. "Couldn't be an acrostic, could it?"

"I thought of that," said the m. e., "but the beginning letters contain only four vowels. It must be a code of some sort."

"Try 'em in groups," suggested Boyd. "Let's see—'Rash witching goes'—not with me it doesn't. 'Muffled rumor mine'—must have an underground wire. 'Dark silent unfortunate richmond'—no reason why he should knock that town so hard. 'Existing great hotly'—no, it doesn't pan out. I'll call Scott."

The city editor came in a hurry, and tried his luck. A city editor must know something about everything; so Scott knew a little about cipher-writing.

"It may be what is called an inverted alphabet cipher," said he. "I'll try that. 'R' seems to be the oftenest used initial letter, with the exception of 'm.' Assuming 'r' to mean 'e,' the most frequently used vowel, we transpose the letters—so."

Scott worked rapidly with his pencil for two minutes; and then showed the first word according to his reading—the word "Scejtzez."

"Great!" cried Boyd. "It's a charade. My first is a Russian general. Go on, Scott."

"No, that won't work," said the city editor. "It's undoubtedly a code. It's impossible to read it without the key. Has the office ever used a cipher code?"

"Just what I was asking," said the m. e. "Hustle everybody up that ought to know. We must get at it some way. Calloway has evidently got hold of something big, and the censor has put

the screws on, or he wouldn't have cabled in a lot of chop suey like this."

Throughout the office of the *Enterprise* a drag-net was sent, hauling in such members of the staff as would be likely to know of a code, past or present, by reason of their wisdom, information, natural intelligence, or length of servitude. They got together in a group in the city room, with the m. e. in the center. No one had heard of a code. All began to explain to the head investigator that newspapers never use a code, anyhow—that is, a cipher code. Of course the Associated Press stuff is a sort of code—an abbreviation, rather—but—

The m. e. knew all that, and said so. He asked each man how long he had worked on the paper. Not one of them had drawn pay from an *Enterprise* envelope for longer than six years. Calloway had been on the paper twelve years.

"Try old Heffelbauer," said the m. e. "He was here when Park Row was a potato patch."

Heffelbauer was an institution. He was half janitor, half handy-man about the office, and half watchman—thus becoming the peer of thirteen and one half tailors. Sent for, he came, radiating his nationality.

"Heffelbauer," said the m. e., "did you ever hear of a code belonging to the office a long time ago—a private code? You know what a code is, don't you?"

"Yah," said Heffelbauer. "Sure I know vat a code is: Yah, apout dwelf or fifteen year ago der office had a code. Der reborters in der city-room haf it here."

"Ah!" said the m. e. "We're getting on the trail now. Where was it kept, Heffelbauer? What do you know about it?"

"Somedimes," said the retainer, "dey keep it in der little room behind der library room."

"Can you find it?" asked the m. e. eagerly. "Do you know where it is?"

"Mein Gott!" said Heffelbauer. "How long you dink a code live? Der reborters call him a maskeet. But von day he butt mit his head der editor, und—"

"Oh, he's talking about a goat," said Boyd. "Get out, Heffelbauer."

Again discomfited, the concerted wit and resource of the *Enterprise* huddled around Calloway's puzzle, considering its mysterious words in vain.

Then Vesey came in.

Vesey was the youngest reporter. He had a thirty-two-inch chest and wore a number fourteen collar; but his bright Scotch plaid suit gave him presence and conferred no obscurity upon his whereabouts. He wore his hat in such a position that people followed him about to see him take it off, convinced that it must be hung upon a peg driven into the back of his head. He was never without an immense, knotted hard-wood cane with a German-silver tip on its crooked handle. Vesey was the best photograph hustler in the office. Scott said it was because no living human being could resist the personal triumph it was to hand his picture over to Vesey. Vesey always wrote his own news stories, except the big ones, which were sent to the rewrite men. Add to this the fact that among all the inhabitants, temples, and groves of the earth nothing existed that could abash Vesey, and his dim sketch is concluded.

Vesey butted into the circle of cipher readers very much as Heffelbauer's "code" would have done, and asked what was up. Some one explained, with the touch of half familiar condescension that they always used toward him. Vesey reached out and took the cablegram from the m. e.'s hand. Under the protection of some special Providence, he was always doing appalling things like that, and coming off unscathed.

"It's a code," said Vesey. "Anybody got the key?"

"The office has no code," said Boyd, reaching for the message. Vesey held to it.

"Then old Calloway expects us to read it, anyhow," said he. "He's up a tree, or something, and he's made this up so as to get it by the censor. It's up to us. Gee! I wish they had sent me, too. Say—we can't afford to fall down on our end of it. 'Foregone, preconcerted, rash, witching'—h'm."

Vesey sat down on a table corner and

began to whistle softly, frowning at the cablegram.

"Let's have it, please," said the m. e. "We've got to get to work on it."

"I believe I've got a line on it," said Vesey. "Give me ten minutes."

He walked to his desk, threw his hat into a waste-basket, spread out flat on his chest like a gorgeous lizard, and started his pencil going. The wit and wisdom of the *Enterprise* remained in a loose group, and smiled at one another, nodding their heads toward Vesey. Then they began to exchange their theories about the cipher.

It took Vesey exactly fifteen minutes. He brought to the m. e. a pad with the code-key written on it.

"I felt the swing of it as soon as I saw it," said Vesey. "Hurrah for old Calloway! He's done the Japs and every paper in town that prints literature instead of news. Take a look at that."

Thus had Vesey set forth the reading of the code:

Foregone—conclusion
 Preconcerted—arrangement
 Rash—act
 Witching—hour of midnight
 Goes—without saying
 Muffled—report
 Rumor—hath it
 Mine—host
 Dark—horse
 Silent—majority
 Unfortunate—pedestrians *
 Richmond—in the field
 Existing—conditions
 Great—White Way
 Hotly—contested
 Brute—force
 Select—few
 Mooted—question
 Parlous—times
 Beggars—description
 Ye—correspondent
 Angel—unawares
 Incontrovertible—fact

"It's simply newspaper English," explained Vesey. "I've been reporting on the *Enterprise* long enough to know it by heart. Old Calloway gives us the cue word, and we use the word that naturally follows it just as we use 'em in the paper. Read it over, and you'll see how pat

* Mr. Vesey afterward explained that the logical journalistic complement of the word "unfortunate" was once the word "victim." But, since the automobile became so popular, the correct following word is now "pedestrians." Of course, in Calloway's code it meant infantry.

they drop into their places. Now, here's the message he intended us to get."

Vesey handed out another sheet of paper.

Concluded arrangement to act at hour of midnight without saying. Report hath it that a large body of cavalry and an overwhelming force of infantry will be thrown into the field. Conditions white. Way contested by only a small force. Question the *Times* description. Its correspondent is unaware of the facts.

"Great stuff!" cried Boyd excitedly. "Kuroki crosses the Yalu to-night and attacks. Oh, we won't do a thing to the sheets that make up with Addison's essays, real estate transfers, and bowling scores!"

"Mr. Vesey," said the m. e., with his jollyng - which - you - should - regard-as-a-favor manner, "you have cast a serious reflection upon the literary standards of the paper that employs you. You have also assisted materially in giving us the biggest 'beat' of the year. I will let you know in a day or two whether you are to be discharged or retained at a larger salary. Somebody send Ames to me."

Ames was the king-pin, the snow-petaled marguerite, the star-bright looloo of the rewrite men. He saw attempted murder in the pains of green-apple colic, cyclones in the summer zephyr, lost children in every top-spinning urchin, an uprising of the down-trodden masses in every hurling of a derelict potato at a passing automobile. When not rewriting, Ames sat on the porch of his Brooklyn villa playing checkers with his ten-year-old son.

Ames and the "war editor" shut themselves in a room. There was a map in there stuck full of little pins that represented armies and divisions. Their fingers had been itching for days to move those pins along the crooked line of the Yalu. They did so now; and in words of fire Ames translated Calloway's brief message into a front-page masterpiece that set the world talking. He told of the secret councils of the Japanese officers; gave Kuroki's flaming speeches in full; counted the cavalry and infantry to a man and a horse; described the quick and silent building of the bridge at Suikauchen, across which the Mi-

kado's legions were hurled upon the surprised Zassulitch, whose troops were widely scattered along the river. And the battle!—well, you know what Ames can do with a battle if you give him just one smell of smoke for a foundation. And in the same story, with seemingly supernatural knowledge, he gleefully scored the most profound and ponderous paper in England for the false and misleading account of the intended movements of the Japanese First Army printed in its issue of *the same date*.

Only one error was made; and that was the fault of the cable operator at Wi-ju. Calloway pointed it out after he came back. The word "great" in his code should have been "gage," and its complemental words "of battle." But it went to Ames "conditions white," and of course he took that to mean snow. His description of the Japanese army struggling through the snowstorm, blinded by the whirling flakes, was thrillingly vivid. The artists turned out some effective illustrations that made a hit as pictures of the artillery dragging their guns through the drifts. But, as the attack was made on the first day of May the "conditions white" excited some amusement. But it made no difference to the *Enterprise*, anyway.

It was wonderful. And Calloway was wonderful in having made the new censor believe that his jargon of words meant no more than a complaint of the dearth of news and a petition for more expense money. And Vesey was wonderful. And most wonderful of all are words, and how they make friends one with another, being oft associated, until not even obituary notices them do part.

III

On the second day following, the city editor halted at Vesey's desk where the reporter was writing the story of a man who had broken his leg by falling into a coal-hole—Ames having failed to find a murder motive in it.

"The old man says your salary is to be raised to twenty a week," said Scott.

"All right," said Vesey. "Every little helps. Say—Mr. Scott, which would you say—'We can state without fear of successful contradiction,' or, 'On the whole it can be safely asserted'?"

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL

BY NEWTON DENT

THE BILLION-DOLLAR SCHOOL SYSTEM THAT IS EDUCATING EIGHTEEN MILLION AMERICAN BOYS AND GIRLS—ITS VAST COST AND EXTENT, ITS COMPLETENESS, AND SOME OF ITS PECULIAR FEATURES

OUR public school is only a single American institution—nothing more. Yet, as we shall see, a simple description of its greatness reads like the story of an empire. In fact, if the realm of Schoolville, United States, were a country in itself, it would rival France in area and Spain in population. It would be almost as rich as Hungary in its revenues. And in the character and efficiency of its public officials, it would be unsurpassed by any country in the world.

To be more exact, our public school season begins this month with more than eighteen millions of pupils, taking their seats in two hundred and sixty thousand buildings, under the instruction of four hundred and sixty thousand teachers, and at an expense of two hundred and sixty million dollars a year. The present value of our schoolhouses is more than seven hundred millions; and if we add to this the selling price of all the school lands, we shall find that the American public school is pretty nearly a billion-dollar institution—the largest and richest of all educational systems, either of to-day or of any former period in human history.

Uncle Sam is certainly proud of his youngsters. He is bent on giving them the best education that his money can buy. He spends more on his schools than he does on his army and navy. In Asia, a skilled workman seldom gets more than fifteen cents a day in wages; yet Uncle Sam gives slightly more than this for every day's instruction of every boy and girl under his flag. All told,

the liberal old gentleman who wears stars on his hat and stripes on his trousers pays a school bill of five thousand dollars a minute, and feels satisfied that he gets good value for the money.

In spite of the unparalleled sums of money which have been given to our universities in recent years, the United States is still a public school country. Half of the boys and girls are done with school at fifteen and begin to earn their own living. At seventeen only one out of four is left at his books. And while the aforesaid Uncle Sam has a standing offer of sixteen years' free education to any American child that demands it, it is still a fact that few take complete advantage of his generosity.

Roughly speaking, the average full-grown American has had a thousand days of schooling. This is twelve times as much as the average of a hundred years ago. It is an evidence of amazing progress. But it is not long enough to make college degrees a drug on the market. It is almost as true to-day as it ever was that the primary school is the greatest of all influences in developing the abilities and molding the character of the American people.

THE CHIEF AMERICAN INDUSTRY

"Education has been the chief industry of the United States." So said Joseph Choate on one occasion before the professors of a British university. This, of course, was set down as a humorous exaggeration. But he might easily have defended his boast, had he chosen to do so, by drawing a comparison

between the schools of America and those of Europe. For instance, he might have shown that the yearly cost of the schools of New York City is much more than the annual revenue of either Switzerland or Denmark, and that the United States spends as much for education as all the nations of Europe combined.

He might have told the story—almost incredible to Europeans—of the multi-millionaire school systems of the Western States—of Texas, Utah, Washington, Michigan, and Minnesota, which shower upon childhood the wealth that foreign countries lavish upon royalty. Each one of these five States has endowed its schools with vast tracts of land that yield an income of from one to three millions a year. Some of the richest iron mines of Lake Superior—those wonderful mines where a fifty-ton car is loaded in five minutes by steam-shovels—pay a royalty of twenty-five cents a ton to education. Every swing of the great shovel puts a dollar and a quarter into the school fund.

It is said that the public school is not a new idea—that Herodotus, for example, was educated in a free school in the city of Thurii. But neither Herodotus nor any other scholar of ancient times ever dreamed of such schools as those that stand in our larger American cities. The whole population of Thurii, very likely, could be housed in Number Sixty-Two or Number One Hundred and Eighty-Eight—the two biggest schools in New York. These two immense palaces of education contain two hundred and fifty teachers and ten thousand pupils. They would shelter a dozen regiments of United States infantry. Each contains an auditorium as large as an average theater, and in round numbers, each cost a million dollars to build.

WHAT AMERICAN SCHOOLS TEACH •

As to the information that is dispensed in these great universities of childhood, it is, in many respects, far beyond anything that was taught in the most illustrious halls of learning in the days of Herodotus and Thurii. Instead of the "three R's," we have now nineteen different branches of knowledge. Our little twelve-year-old Ameri-

cans are given a higher course in science and hygiene than the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge received less than a century ago. They learn more about the Constitution of the United States than many a lawyer knew in the early period of the republic. They are taught to sing, to sew, to cook, and to know much about the long story of the human race.

What would a pedagogue of long ago think of a school in which boys were taught to whittle, to fish, to cobble shoes, to weave, to plant radishes and potatoes, and to hammer iron into shape on little anvils? What would he think of a school in which girls learned to wash, dust, prepare meals, and take care of babies? Yet in the vacation schools of the past summer there have been twelve hundred teachers giving just such instruction to the children of our overcrowded cities.

All manner of innovations have been introduced to make life more worth while for the children of the tenements, who have not inherited their share of the green fields. A voyage to Milwaukee on a whaleback is the most popular branch of study in Chicago. In New York, too, there is a real ocean-going vessel in which boys are given a two-years' course in navigation. Probably the most expensive school playground in the world is Seward Park, in the overpacked East Side of New York. There are here three acres that have been captured from commerce at a cost of two and a half millions, in which every fine evening you may see more than seven thousand children playing games and listening to band concerts.

All told, New York City is spending three hundred thousand dollars a year for school playgrounds. Like other cities that have grown swiftly, it did not think of the playground problem until too late. It is now practically impossible to provide as much land as the six hundred thousand children of the greater city ought to have. Five hundred acres more, which would not be too much, would cost at the present time not far from a hundred millions. The best that can be done in some parts of the city is to build playgrounds on the school roofs. This has already been done in a dozen instances.

The United States, of course, has no monopoly of good schools. But there is one respect in which the American public school stands absolutely alone. It is the only institution in which the children of all nations are taught to work and play together—to learn one language and to be loyal to one flag.

MAKING AMERICAN CITIZENS

Here is one school in New York, for instance, which is a veritable Noah's Ark of twenty-nine nationalities. Besides a small handful of native-born children, there are Irish, Germans, English, Swedes, Russians, Poles, Greeks, Italians, Hungarians, Egyptians, Rumanians, Scots, Slavs, French, Armenians, Canadians, Danes, Dutch, and a few from odd corners of Africa and the West Indies. Whoever would know what the United States of America means should go from room to room of a school like this, and hear the tiny delegates from all races chanting their daily pledge: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

This pledge is now being taught to a hundred thousand little immigrant children who arrived in the United States last year. It has already been learned by the hundred thousand who came in 1904. They make more progress in patriotism, it seems, than in any other subject.

"The most popular stories that we tell these children," said one of the teachers, "are the stories of George Washington and his cherry-tree exploit, the crossing of the Delaware, and the capture of the Hessians."

In this way they are started on the wide road that leads to American citizenship and farther. Some day, who knows, a son of one of these young newcomers may win a four years' lease of the White House from his fellow Americans. Was not Andrew Jackson the son of an Irish immigrant?

It is the public school, too, which is doing the real work of Americanization in the new communities which we have adopted into the family. There are now forty thousand little brown children in Porto Rico and two hundred thousand in

the Philippines, who are singing "America" and pledging allegiance to the republic which has "liberty and justice for all."

Even in Alaska there are more than two thousand little Eskimos who walk to school over seven feet of snow and answer to such names as Ok-ba-ok and Segabruna. And such eager scholars! Some of them are in so great a hurry to get to school that they run away from home before breakfast. Others go four miles in fifty-below-zero weather. Generally, in Alaskan schools, the first lesson is how to get thawed out.

ALASKA'S REINDEER SCHOOLS

But probably the most extraordinary schools that any bureau of education ever has had to manage are the fifteen reindeer schools for grown-up Eskimos. Ten thousand reindeer have been brought from Siberia at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the Eskimo young men are being trained as herders. After a five-year course of study, each graduate is set up in business with a herd of fifty reindeer, lent to him by the government.

A whole race is thus being put to school. Instead of wandering from place to place, in search of seals and walrus, the Eskimos may now settle down and become prosperous herders. It is said that Alaska might easily support ten million reindeer.

These reindeer schools, by the way, are practically the only ones that have not been captured by the women teachers. Elsewhere, fully three-quarters of our teachers are women. Arkansas has the fewest and New England has the most. William T. Harris, a mere man, is Commissioner of Education; but there are two State superintendents, in Idaho and Colorado, fifteen city superintendents, and twenty-seven heads of normal schools, who belong to what we may call the educational sex.

Fifty years ago a young woman's education was considered satisfactory if she could crochet a Berlin-wool parrot with beaded eyes. But in all American schools at the present time, Alaskan reindeer ranches excepted, all the doors of opportunity are open to girls and boys alike. In fact, so far as our high schools

are concerned, three pupils out of five are girls.

As to when our first public school was started, it is not safe to say. Four or five States are claiming the honor. The truth is that our public school system is very young. The oldest school in New York City is celebrating its centenary this year.

The idea that all children have equal right to life, liberty, and education, is a new one in the history of the human race. The belief that every child has a right to be educated, whether the father can pay the bill or not, was, a century ago, declared to be a dangerous theory.

THE SCHOOLS OF PIONEER DAYS

The first schools were certainly small enough to allay all suspicions. One in Virginia was founded by a donation of four cows; another in Massachusetts was endowed by a collection taken up on board ship. George Washington's first teacher was an old slave named Hobby, who was also the gravedigger of the community. He probably learned to read from one of the old-fashioned hornbooks, which consisted of a scrap of parchment nailed to a block of wood and covered with a sheet of transparent horn. If he was lucky enough to have a primer, his lessons were mainly little rhymes, as:

The boy that is good
Does mind his book well,
And if he can't read
Will strive for to spell.

"The New England Primer," most famous of all American school-books, was regarded as a wonder. Its lessons were supposed to contain high moral truths. One of them, for instance, was the burning of "Holy John Rogers" at the stake. The illustration shows the worthy Rogers standing complacently in a sheet of flame, while his wife and ten small children, all about the same size, are looking on with placid indifference. Two million copies of this primer were printed; yet less than fifty of them can now be found.

The little pioneer schools struggled along until about seventy years ago. Then came Horace Mann and Henry Barnard, the real founders of the American public school. What these two men

did is a story that every American should know. They found the public school despised, and they left it honored. They found it poor, and they left it rich. They found it an exception, and they left it universally established.

THE WORK OF MANN AND BARNARD

Both began their life-work in the same year—1837. Horace Mann was a typical pioneer—self-made, tireless, and mastered by one idea. Being made secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, for twelve years he worked sixteen hours a day. At the end of that time he had become famous. So had the schools of Massachusetts. He had lifted the whole idea of education to higher levels.

Henry Barnard did for Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin what Horace Mann had done for Massachusetts. His greatest work was a "History of Education" in thirty-one big volumes. He, too, foresaw that the public school was to be the most vital of all American institutions. He believed it to be the foundation of democracy. His favorite story was of a certain New England school where a woodchopper's son won the first prize and the son of the President of the United States the second.

Mann and Barnard sowed the seed; and we are now gathering the fruitage of a two-hundred-and-sixty-million-dollar school system. Our public school has become one of the main pillars of our national pride. True, we are far below the mark in the matter of teachers' salaries. We drive the average young woman teacher into matrimony after four years of service. But, generally speaking, the schools that open this month are the most useful and satisfactory products of American civilization thus far. We should be an envied nation, indeed, if all our other institutions stood on the same level as our public schools.

When Alfred Mosely, the eminent British educator, had finished his thorough examination of our school system, a year or so ago, he was asked to deliver his final verdict.

"Well," said he, "my opinion can best be told by one fact—I have placed my two sons in a school at New Haven to prepare for Yale."



TOUCQUES VALLEY— BY ROBERT DEMACHY, PARIS

The original photograph has been recently purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, for two hundred and fifty dollars

Reproduced from a bichromate of gum print

THE ARTIST OF THE CAMERA

BY C. HOWARD CONWAY

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY—UNIQUE RESULTS ACHIEVED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE PHOTO SECESSION, TO WHOM LENS, PLATES, AND CHEMICALS ARE BUT MEDIUMS FOR THE EXPRESSION OF ARTISTIC IDEALS—GROWING INTEREST IN THEIR WORK

A NEW and very definite province has been recently added to the realm of art. As yet, it is practically without a name, so far as the general public is concerned. It calls itself the "Photo Secession"—a negative term for a movement which is essentially positive and creative.

This movement, in its present organized form, is not more than four years

of age, although it has existed as a tendency for a much longer period. It may be fairly described as a banding together of a number of American photographers, who are of an artistic rather than practical temperament, for the purpose of developing photography on its pictorial and artistic side.

The prevalent idea in photography, with which the members of the Photo



LILAC BUDS—BY EDWARD J. STEICHEN, NEW YORK

Secession disagree, is to let the sun and the camera do the work—and to produce prints which have sharp outlines and plenty of detail. To the average pho-

tographer, indistinctness and blurred outlines are the most inexcusable of faults, permissible only among raw beginners. If he produces a print that is

not clear and vivid, he flings it among his failures, and tries again.

The new school agrees that clear photographs are desirable and necessary for all ordinary purposes, but it maintains that photography has higher uses than the mere reproduction of persons and objects. Its belief is that the camera is

cently it has been regarded as an abnormal fad that was destined eventually to destroy itself by its own eccentricities.

In the last few years, however, the Photo Secession movement has established itself upon what seems to be a permanent basis. Exhibitions have been held in Russia, Germany, Belgium,



HORSES - BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ, NEW YORK

not a machine, but a means to an end—a sort of miraculous brush which an artist may use to express his thoughts and feelings. To a Secessionist, the main idea is neither clearness nor vagueness, as such, but personality and self-expression.

THE PHOTO SECESSION MOVEMENT

Like all new and separatist movements, which have no traditions nor ancient history, it has had to run the gantlet of ridicule. Its photographs have been characterized as "fuzzy-wuzzy" and "brilliant aberrations." Its exhibitions have been called "mysterious and emotional." In fact, until very re-

France, England, and Italy, as well as in a dozen of our States. Its photographs won the King's prize at the Turin Exhibition; and collections have been purchased by the art galleries of Hamburg, Brussels, Dresden, and Vienna. In this country a number of private collections have been made by well-known Americans, as, for instance, Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston; Fred W. Pratt, of Worcester; Spencer Kellogg, Jr., of Buffalo; and the late Stanford White, of New York.

Commercially, too, some of the new photo-artists are achieving success, although money-making is the least result they have in view. At the last exhibition



THE WHITE LADY: MRS. BOYESEN—BY EDWARD J. STEICHEN,
NEW YORK

Reproduced from a gum print

held in New York, six pictures brought fifty dollars apiece, two were sold for seventy-five, three for a hundred each, and one for a hundred and fifty. No fact has astonished the photographic world more than this, that the product of a camera should have the money value of a work of art.

Strictly speaking, the pictures produced by the Photo Secession school are neither photographs nor paintings. A hyphenated word, such as art-photos or photo-paintings, would come nearest to describing them. They are a new product in the realm of photography, for the negatives are radically altered during the process of development. To produce desired effects, the plates and prints are treated in various ways in the different processes, so that the final result is achieved partly by the camera and partly by the man behind the camera.



THE LAST HOUR—BY JOSEPH T. KEILEY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



THE ORCHARD—BY CLARENCE H. WHITE, NEWARK, OHIO

Reproduced from a platinotype

Enthusiasts of the Photo Secession quote William Morris, who once said: "Get the effect, no matter how—empty an ink-bottle over it if you like, but get the effect that you want. It is nobody's business how you get it." From their point of view, photography ceases to be a semi-mechanical process. It is no longer a matter of following directions. The first requisite is not sunshine nor a camera, but the individuality of the photographer himself. First the idea, they say; and afterward the expression

of this idea by a photography which is personally conducted at every stage.

To an unpractised or prejudiced eye, many of their pictures look like the results obtained by a beginner who has made his début on a cloudy day with a cheap camera. Further study shows that there are effects in the pictures which no tyro could have produced. They have meanings—subtle, elusive meanings, written in the language of the artist. Naturally, those who have learned nothing whatever of this language can find

no meanings, and see little in each picture except a good opportunity thrown away. It is not our fault, say the photo-artists, if some people can see no value in our work.

In illustration of this point they tell a story: Recently two critics were looking at a picture in a Photo Secession exhibition. "Well," said one, "if that is high art, I'm an idiot." To which the

organization in America, has spent much time and money to establish it upon an enduring foundation. His first experiments were made at the University of Berlin, in his student days, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Being by nature an artist and an idealist, he was not daunted by the practical difficulties that confronted him. He made pictures, published magazines, held exhibitions,



THE DARKER MOUNTAINS BY J. CRAIG ANNAN, SCOTLAND

other responded, firmly but gently: "That is high art."

At first the Secessionists were cast out by artists and photographers alike. The former distrusted their methods and the latter their results. They had no standing among any school of art-workers. But now that their pictures are being hung in the best art galleries of Europe, their claims are being more fairly considered on all sides. And there are not many who will deny that they have had a good influence upon photography in general, influencing photographers to abandon the iron head-clamp, the stilted pose, the invariable top-light, and the conventional cardboard scenery.

Alfred Stieglitz, the founder of the

opened a little Fifth Avenue salon in New York, and in recent years has undoubtedly become a pioneer of international reputation and influence.

As to what the long future has in store for these photo-artists, no one can say. Their school may develop its great masters, its masterpieces, its traditions, its literature. It may create a field of its own, with distinct boundaries. Or, on the other hand, it may prove to be an interesting phase in the evolution of photography, becoming modified as its ideas are more clearly understood.

At present, it is unquestionably pushing photography to new expressions of artistic beauty. It is opposing itself to whatever is medieval, and doing much to



WANDERWOMAN ON THE DUNES—BY HEINRICH KÜHN, AUSTRIA



HAPPY DAYS BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER, NEW YORK

Reproduced from a platinotype

reconcile idealists to the achievements of this industrial century. At the same time, it is setting itself against the tendency to regard photography as a mechanical trade, in which any one may touch the button and let the lens and the chemicals do the rest.

The camera, it says, should not be used as a yardstick. Rather place it on the same plane with the chisel of the

sculptor and the brush of the artist. To run a photograph factory, according to the Photo Secessionists, is one thing, and well enough in its place. But it is quite different from taking photographs of things as they really are, in such a way as to express their meaning. Life, after all, is more than logic and statistics and clear-cut fact. It is imagination also, and beauty, and reverence.

MOONSHINE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "A PHILANTHROPIC HONEYMOON"

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

ON Charlie's next trip to New York, the first week in January, Maggie Wright threatened laughingly to make him escort her East. She had long been meaning to visit a boarding-school friend in Durwood, and this might be a good time. There was a certain amount of the half rough, half sentimental sparring which had come to be their conversation, before the young business man could induce her to give up the scheme.

"I'll have a hard enough time with Fanny, without anybody else butting in," he said to himself, more crudely than he had come, of late, to formulate his thoughts.

But, contrary to his expectations, he did not have a hard time with Francesca. She was very pale and quiet, docile to a pitiable degree, and let him do exactly as he pleased. He thought she was not well, and, moved partly by pity, partly by relief that she was so much more reasonable than he had feared, he was kinder to her than he had been. She sometimes sat for a long time, quite still, looking at him with a wide, fixed gaze, full of some significance he could not fathom. She answered his questions as quietly and apathetically as she did everything else, scarcely seeming to know what she said. "Yes, Aunt Giuseppina was still talking about the marriage in Italy. Uncle Matteo was coming on from Wranston in a month or two on his way to Genoa. Yes, she was quite well. No, she had not noticed that she was so much paler than usual. Yes, she was working hard at her embroidery."

A fleeting recollection came into Charlie's mind of once when he had kissed the color into her cheeks, on one of their

rambling walks. It seemed a long time ago. He wondered if she would like to have him do it now, but she drooped so listlessly upon her red plush chair that he felt it useless to try to arouse her. Before the end of his visit he even felt aggrieved that she was so cold to him, presenting her lips for his good-night kiss like one in a dream. Aunt Giuseppina was entirely and ominously invisible.

Maggie Wright wrote him a note or two in her large, dashing hand, making various childishly sly insinuations about the hot time he was giving the old town. He read them as though they came from another world, his heart filled with a dull ache which he could not analyze.

"I'm not acting right to Fanny," he told himself vaguely, "and it makes me feel as mean as the devil. She's not very well, I don't believe."

He felt the need of something to restore his peace of mind, and that evening, his last in the city, he went to Francesca's, resolved to carry away a recollection that would save his conscience.

When she opened the door for him, he took the girl in his arms and kissed her a great many times.

"You sort o' forget what it's like to have a real beau, now I'm away so much," he said, half earnestly. Holding her off at arm's length a moment later, he was startled by the change in her. For the space of three or four long breaths she looked like one risen from the dead, with so vivid a return of vitality that she seemed to radiate a conscious and resplendent joy of life. It was like a vision. She seemed scarcely to be human.

And then, with a swift change, her eyes became intolerable to him by their piercing questioning, fixed on him with a despairing intensity that made him drop his hands from her shoulders and stand facing her in a miserable uncertainty. The tension became unendurable; he felt that he must cry out from a wretched consciousness of self-condemnation, vague but unbearable.

"Why, Fanny," he said, trying to caress her, "how strange you look at me. Turn around and see how bright the moonlight comes in the window. We've had some good times in the moonlight, haven't we?"

The icy rigidity of the girl's pose was broken by a long, gasping breath, and she frightened the man by bursting into a rending tempest of sobs. He tried to calm her; he tried to make her say what troubled her; he tried to hold her quiet in his arms; but her agony of weeping shook him, too, until his tired and overwrought nerves were quivering in painful agitation. Once she said, incoherently: "You see—how I am with you—even when I cry—for what I am crying now—I have only you to go to—even now—even now—"

"But why *do* you cry so, Fanny? Come, stop! Get hold of yourself! Tell me what is the matter. You mustn't mind my being sort o' absent-minded at times. I have a lot to think of in my business."

Although he spoke excusingly, he felt, springing instantly in his heart, an injured idea that it was really hard on him at the end of a week's work to treat him like this. He controlled, however, his rising irritation with the ungoverned, undisciplined creature in his arms, and tried again to lead her to the window to see the moon. At this she resisted him with a sudden fierceness, pulling away from him altogether and crying out wildly: "No—No—No! I never want to see the moon again!"

Moodily, Charlie went alone to the window, and stood with his back to her, wondering what Aunt Giuseppina thought of the commotion. It needed only the arrival of that untamed old termagant to complete the evening, he thought. But the little room was intensely quiet except for Francesca's sobs,

which grew gradually fainter and fainter. When they stopped he turned about and saw her sitting quiet, her swollen, tear-stained face lying against the back of the hideous chair, her whole body limp in the abandon of exhaustion.

"I'm sorry you feel so bad about something, Fanny, dear," he said in a tone which he felt to be very kind, under the circumstances, "but if you won't tell me what it is, I can't fix it for you, can I?"

Francesca did not stir or raise her eyes.

"And I suppose you know, Francesca, this is my last evening here this visit."

The girl nodded faintly.

"I'm sorry I've had to spend it in this way," he went on, drawing out his watch. "I've got to go now, dear. I hope you'll be better when I come back to New York the next time."

He bent over and kissed her cheek, flaming with fever and glazed with dried tears. "Good-by," he said, and, waited for a moment. He felt that she expected him to say something comforting about Aunt Giuseppina's persecution. He really wished to say something. He was very sorry for her. But a curious choking perversity held him silent.

As he groped his way down the stairs, he said to himself excusingly: "I won't let on how I feel about that, but I won't put myself out to let on I feel different from what I do. Good Lord! How she did cry! These dagos have got the most awful sensitive feelings! I guess she'd pretty nearly die if I gave her the go-by. Here's where Charlie Devlin's got to come up to the mark."

Following this conviction, he sent her more frequent letters than he had during the winter, and tried to write more affectionately. He was so keyed up nervously that this was easy for him, his overwrought condition making him add, spontaneously, an unnatural emphasis to whatever he did. He never had succeeded so brilliantly in business as he did during the next two months, seeming to carry all before him by sheer nervous energy.

His relations with Maggie Wright grew more and more exciting. "The crowd" began joking the two and making more or less open allusions to old

Mr. Wright's interest in Charlie's business prospects. One of "the boys," as the shrewd, stirring young business men called themselves, asked Charlie seriously if he were engaged to Maggie, and, after listening to his denials, returned mocking and jocular professions of disbelief.

Sometimes the young man asked himself, in a sort of fury of perplexity, "I'd like to know where I'm coming out at in this?" but he felt too breathless, too desperately hurried in some mysterious way, to think connectedly. Francesca wrote from time to time, but she had never learned to write English well, although she spoke it so fluently, and the quaint stiffness of her inappropriate phrases gave him little knowledge of what she was feeling and little actual sense of her reality.

II

WHEN he went East in March, Maggie Wright went on the same train, the joking crowd seeing them off, with broad, innocent innuendos. "This is only a dress rehearsal of the real event," some one called out, as the train began to carry them away from their tormentors. "Aren't they the *meanest* things!" exclaimed Maggie, in a quickly evaporating indignation, settling herself for the long trip.

At the end of the journey, Charlie escorted Maggie to her friend's house in Durwood. She was naively proud to show him how magnificent a house it was. She introduced him lightly to the family as "one of my Wrانston friends—only he's a real New Yorker. He came on the same train with me to take care of me." And then to him heartily: "Honestly, Charlie, I've had a perfectly lovely time. I'm ever so much obliged to you. Don't forget you're going to take me to the theater to-night. I'll be ready early."

The young man raised his hat with a bow and took himself off, sustained as far as the street by the consciousness that he probably looked very tall and stylish, seen from the windows of the house. At the gate he paused, so shaken by uncertainty of his course, that he could scarcely bring himself to determine what his next step should be. Finally he de-

cided, in desperation, to put Francesca out of his mind for a day or two until he could have time to think how he should meet her. The feeling that she was there, inexorably waiting for him, made him move uneasily in his seat in the train, as though in an attempt to shift a heavy physical burden. But he posed before his mental mirror with virtuous airs. "I'm not going to get back on a little girl that thinks as much of me as she does," he said, in answer to an unformulated thought.

Then his mind went back to Maggie Wright and how he felt strung up to forceful action by her unspoken demands on him.

"A fellow would *have* to make good, or it'd be all over with her. She keeps you up to the mark all right, all right! Anybody that marries her has just *got* to get on, that's all there would be to it! She'd keep you on the hump till you'd won out, and it's being on the hump that counts in this world. Now, Francesca—there's nothing to live up to, there. She wouldn't care *what* you did—the firm could give you the good-by hand and she'd just pity you; but I see Maggie from here, if a fellow came home and said he'd lost out. He'd hustle right around and win something or kill himself!"

Although the quivering tension of his nerves needed no stimulant at that time, he felt, half consciously, the necessity for such merciless spurring in moments of jaded depression, if he were to conduct his life with the steady triumph he coveted.

"Francesca's like sitting on a park bench in the moonlight and feeling as though you'd never stir again in the world; and Maggie is like a cold winter day on the ice, when you've got to keep going *fast* or you'll fall down and break your neck or freeze to death." In this way Charlie finally summed up the situation.

All day, through his business, there ran this conception of Maggie, and when she went with him to the theater she looked as though she had dressed for the rôle. Her light brown hair was elaborately waved and burnished, every floating strand confined by an invisible net, applied with the wooden tightness of the

professional hairdresser. Her red dress was obviously a city production, although he knew the city must have been Chicago. She breathed the air of the metropolis with an eager zest in the hurrying crowds, and a crude pleasure in the triumphant comparison of her own toilet and good looks with those of the other women.

During the supper afterward, at a fashionable restaurant, glittering with light, and filled with the smell of delicate food, fading flowers, and perfumed laces, she seemed positively to give forth actual rays of brilliant self-satisfaction. Charlie admired her immensely, and the more because he saw other men looking at her. He was very careful in helping her on with her wrap and took great pains not to betray the fact that the experience was as new to him as to her.

Late as it was, there was the usual crowd on the ferry as they started back to Durwood, and he showed his gallantry by securing two seats and holding them against all comers. The ice in the upper river was breaking and, after crashing and grinding its way for some time, the ferry-boat came to a dislocated and jerky halt and began floating aimlessly about. Charlie left his companion to investigate and returned with the news that the steering-gear had broken, and that they must send up distress signals for tugboats.

"My land!" cried the girl, "it'll be awful late when we get to Durwood, won't it?"

Charlie looked at his watch. "It's two o'clock now," he said. "We won't be home till nearly four."

"We won't be home till morning!" she chanted irresponsibly. Her eyes were very bright. She fell to questioning him about his business, showing, through all the excitement of the evening, a shrewdness that made him remember her father. During the long wait until the tugboats arrived to the rescue they sat in a corner of the brightly lighted saloon and talked in low voices, occasionally laughing nervously. They had a singular feeling of perverse intimacy, in the midst of the sleepy passengers, and yet quite alone with each other. Their eyes met with the effect of crossing electric wires, and yet they knew that to

outsiders they had the aspect of merely casual acquaintances. Sometimes they looked at each other for a long time in silence, shifting their eyes restlessly under each other's scrutiny, and yet unable to turn them in another direction. The flush on Maggie Wright's cheeks grew deeper and the red of her lips was like a stain.

There was a faint hint of dawn in the sky as finally they stood before the door, Maggie fumbling with the key; but when they were inside, the hall was quite dark except for a tip of gas burning yellow above them. They had been together for many hours, but this was the first moment they had been really alone.

"Good night, Charlie," said the girl, holding out her hand. Her teeth showed white between her lips, half open in a smile, and her eyes glittered in the faint light with a brilliance which made the man dizzy. He looked at her hard and made a sudden rush to put his arms about her, but she was quicker than he, and darted around the hall table, setting it as a barrier between them.

"No, you don't!" she said, shaking her head at him knowingly. "Not yet awhile, anyhow." They faced each other in silence, the girl looking at him in harmlessly unabashed effrontery. On the landing there was a rustling stir and a large clock solemnly boomed out four strokes. Maggie evidently expected him to say something, but he was silent. He was almost deprived of any conscious thoughts at all. He was chiefly aware that he was very, very tired and that he would like to sit down. Maggie stirred him from this sudden apathy by continuing, "Not yet, I say, but if you make good—" She paused again, smiling brilliantly at him.

Charlie did not speak. A curious, sickening revulsion was rising in his throat. "Here, you can kiss my hand if you want to," went on the girl, extending her arm across the table to him. He bent over and placed his lips upon her hand, and continued afterward holding it vaguely. "And if you make good," she said with a sudden tender intonation, "why, I'll deliver the goods!"

The man heard her as from a great

distance. He was realizing the extreme significance of her remark. His fatigue grew upon him with an anticipatory ache. He saw a long vista of years before him, filled with the necessity to answer and satisfy this imperious and insistent demand. He felt a sudden horrifying doubt as to his capacity to come up to this inexorable and obdurate expectation, and a beaten and spiritless foreknowledge of the deathlike bitterness that failure would mean.

The girl's shrewd eyes took in one meaning of his altered aspect. She felt that she no longer needed the table between them. Quitting this shelter, she advanced boldly to him as he stood with hanging head, and struck her hand familiarly, like a man, upon his shoulder. There was a genuine note of rough kindness and affection in her voice as she said:

"Oh! cheer up, Charlie! Don't be so afraid! You'll make good all right. Why, see here, I *want* you to—I'll *make* you make good! How's that for a bargain? Now, you run along and get some sleep. You're all knocked out."

She held out her hand again with confident security in his change of mood. Indeed he had no desire to kiss her this time. She looked terrifying to him, her color still high, her coiffure still crisply carved in hard, waving lines. He felt himself pale, disheveled, exhausted, unable to cope with her, and turned away without a word. She laughed a little at this, and called after him a final heartening word.

"Don't you worry, Charlie boy; you'll make good all right. I'll *see* that you do!"

III

ON the train Charlie sank into a seat in a huddle, indifferently conscious that the conductor would probably think him drunk. Streaks of clear dawn were beginning to show, and when he roused himself to take the ferry it was quite light. He noticed that it was just six o'clock—the hour that Francesca arose to begin her long day of embroidery. He remembered her saying how angry Aunt Giuseppina was if breakfast was later than half after six. It suddenly occurred to him that he would go and see

her now instead of waiting. For an instant he doubted, hesitating to show his crumpled linen and pale, unshaven face; but then he said to himself wearily: "Good Lord! That's all Francesca's good for—to take me as I am. If I've got her on my hands, I might as well take what comfort I can in her."

Although the expression was harsh, the thought back of it was curiously and infinitely soothing to his drawn and excited nerves. He fell to picturing his welcome. Francesca, in her joy at seeing him again, would forget all about the awkward way he had left her. It was, in fact, quite an inspiration as to the best way of making up the half quarrel in which they had separated. He had dreaded seeing her for the first time. This would be an excellent expedient for bridging over that uncertain moment, to surprise her utterly.

The idea of Francesca and all that she stood for was like salvation to him. With all his keen longing for her physical presence there came into his mind, overwrought and vagrant, some fragments of an old church chant he had learned and forgotten by the time he was ten, "How vain is all the world, save only Love and Truth." What bound him, after all, to the Juggernaut wheels of progress in Wranston?—what was the use of living only to beat some one else?

As he approached the house he looked up at her window. A light showed palely in the bright dawn. They were probably just finishing breakfast. He felt a stirring of tenderness to think of her joy, and a real and surprising pleasure to think of the room where he would be shut away from the snowy morning and warmed by the ardor of Francesca's devotion. It seemed to him that he could get a rest from the confusion of thought which had so beset him for the last weeks. He put Maggie out of his mind with the same despairing certainty of a problem insoluble with which he had before turned his thoughts away from Francesca. As he passed the place on the stairs where the Italian girl had rushed to meet him before, he quickened his steps, and his heart began to beat faster. He forgot to think; he could only hurry to the door and knock on it

with a hand trembling with nervous excitement.

Aunt Giuseppina opened to him, unchanging as the hills, in her brilliant costume. At the sight of him a bright and alarming flame shot into her hard, black eyes.

"You no getta Francesca's letter?" she asked.

Charlie shook his head impatiently, looking past her into a room quite empty. The old woman drew a long breath and began speaking in her slow, broken English, which she took an infinity of pains to make excessively intelligible. She spoke with a ruthless zest and relish in her words that pointed them like so many knives.

Charlie heard her in a dismayed astonishment that knew no bounds. When she finished, he stared at her in a passion of incredulity.

"It's not true!" he cried. "You've got her here somewhere! She hasn't gone!"

The old woman nodded her head innumerable times.

"But she was engaged to me!" he said in a protest he dared not make as emphatic as he felt, under the denouncing eyes of the aunt. "She shouldn't have gone off this way! She needn't have believed her uncle's stories about me in Wranston."

Aunt Giuseppina said with a grim satisfaction: "When next I hear she will be married to an Italian, a good man who will love her."

"But she was to marry *me*!" Charlie repeated. Aunt Giuseppina looked at him, lowering and menacing, and began muttering unintelligible, animal-like exclamations, of which he could make nothing.

"I loved her," he went on, half to himself, putting his hand to his head, as though to make sure of one fact in all the mad confusion of emotion that overwhelmed him and made him lean weakly against the wall. Aunt Giuseppina stopped her mutterings and looked at him in a black and challenged attention.

"Why, yes," he said, this time to her—"why, yes, I loved her."

At this the old woman became concisely and terribly articulate, advancing

upon him with so furious a face of indignation that he fell back outside the door.

"You lie!" said Aunt Giuseppina. "Get out!"

She slammed the door in his face and he was left in almost total darkness. He said to himself: "Why, I am free! Just what I wished has happened. This is all over. I need never come here again. I will never see that hideous old hag again. Yes, I am free! I can go back to Maggie."

He began the descent, feeling his way slowly. "Francesca is gone—she is gone," he said, and stopped short upon the first landing, a rush of recollections overpowering him.

"I never broke with her. I never said an unkind word to her," he went on, as he groped his way down the next flight. "I would have stuck by her if she'd 'a' stayed."

His foot struck hard upon the boards, and he saw that he was on another landing. He stopped for a moment, breathing hard. It was very dark, so dark that he could not have seen Francesca if she had been there. He flung out his arms wildly and hit his hand upon the corner of the molding. He felt the blood begin to trickle down his finger, but no pain went with the sensation. "What the devil makes me feel so?" he quavered petulantly, as he went on down the stairs. "I couldn't have cared for her as much as this and wanted to get rid of her—could I? I'm free. I'll be the richest man in Wranston, and Maggie—"

He found himself upon the last landing, shivering uncontrollably in a mounting agitation. "Aw, what's the *matter* wid me?" he cried aloud, his East Side roughness returning to him with his whirling emotion. "If she'd 'a' been there, smellin' o' garlic, wouldn't I ha' wanted to chuck her and get out?" He brandished this speech like an impotent weapon against the cold horror which crept inexorably upon him as he went staggering down the last flight of stairs.

When he reached the place in the entry-way where they had always said good-by, he stopped, the thick throbbing of his heart suffocating him, and

snatched at another momentary and futile defense against the furious commotion in his brain.

"Hell! How this place does stink!" he cried, and burst open the outer door.

He stepped out from the ill-smelling darkness of the lower hall into a crisp winter morning. The sun shone upon the newly fallen powder of snow with a bright, hard light, and the cold reflections dazzled him for a moment. He could hardly realize that he was free. He told himself that the consciousness of bondage had weighed upon him so long that he would need time to learn to recognize his liberty, his freedom to advance, unchecked, in the path which circumstances and his own will had marked out for him. He noticed that he was very much excited, his muscles quivering, his breath coming fast, and his knees shaking under him.

As he entered the park he looked absently toward the west and saw the fainting ghost of the moon still hanging

pale above the trees. Before he could realize of what it reminded him, he was fairly staggered by the acute and rending sharpness of regret which pierced him like a sudden thrust to the heart. He stopped short on the icy walk and caught at a bench as though he had been stricken down with an unendurable physical agony. The whiteness of his upturned face seemed a reflection from the pale shadow which hung like a fading cloud in the cold brilliance of the sky.

Like a breath of vapor, enclosed in an invisible ring, it wavered mistily before his eyes. He fixed his gaze upon it with a straining intensity as though the sight were the last of his mortal life—as though the vision of what the world would be, when that vanished, sickened him with an unbearable and unavailing despair of regret.

The sun rose higher, and, like a dissolving snowflake, the moon melted from the sky.

THE END

SUMMER'S GOOD-BY

BEFORE I knew it, Summer went;
Between the dusk and day
Her courtiers struck the sunny tent
And with her went away.
I found her message in the dawn,
Too late to make reply—
A lyric lying on the lawn—
A last rose, and good-by.

The green leaves withered in the sun,
And turned to red and gold;
Upon her wheel the Autumn spun
Frost tapestries untold;
The birds departed with their mirth
To seek a softer sky,
And silence fell upon the earth
When Summer said good-by.

Garden and grove and meadow now
Are desolate and bare;
No leaf is left upon the bough
To whisper in the air;
The brooks all falter in their song,
And fast the white flakes fly;
The rose is dust now. Ah, how long
It seems since her good-by!

Frank Dempster Sherman

HOW TIME IS MEASURED

BY EUGENE WOOD

NATURE'S PERSISTENT HINDRANCES TO MAN IN HIS EFFORTS TO FIX ACCURATELY THE LAPSE OF THE YEARS, AND MAN'S GRADUAL CONQUEST OF THE DIFFICULTIES—FINE INSTRUMENTS WHICH HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTED TO MAKE THE RECORDS

IF man has learned more in the last few years about the universe that surrounds him than in all the countless centuries before, it is because he has lately got instruments of precision for his measuring. Now, old Dame Nature doesn't like folks poking around finding out how she does things. It looks to me very much as if she had deliberately gone to work to mislead anybody that should get too curious and want to know too much. For example, she must have foreseen that man would want to count and calculate, so while apparently facilitating things by giving him fingers and thumbs, she was really doing her best to lead him up a blind alley. Because they are ten, we naturally build our numerical system on tens. Now ten can be evenly divided only by two and five, whereas if she had given us one more digit on each hand we should have had twelve instead for the basis of our arithmetic, a number so much more convenient that we have twelve inches in a foot, twelve pence in a shilling, twelve months in a year, twelve hours in the day and an equal number in the night, and we buy our eggs by the dozen, except in New York, where we buy them by the quarter's worth.

But I think she showed her meanness more when it came to estimating time than in anything else. She gave man a pulsating heart that was sure to impress upon him, at least upon his subconscious, involuntary self, some concept of time elapsed. Indeed psychologists guess that it is by this internal timepiece that

some people are able to wake themselves at a predetermined moment. Perhaps this is why time passes so much more quickly in the midst of exciting events than when the day is dull and the pulses are not stirred. But the very variability of the heart's beat makes it useless as a chronometer, and I do not now recall one line in ancient literature showing that man gaged time by his pulse.

THE COMPLEX MOTIONS OF THE EARTH

Dame Nature had to make the earth turn once around each day and spin around the sun once each year, besides looking after the moon. And just see how she did it. Instead of making the equator coincide with the plane of the ecliptic, she gave the earth such a cant over to one side that only on four days of the year is the sun right by the clock. Instead of arranging it so that the earth would swing around the sun in a circle, she made it an ellipse, so that some days it would go faster and some days slower. Only once a year is the sun right by the stars.

It would have been just as easy as not for nature to have made the year an even three hundred and sixty days long. That would have been such a comfort, for there are three hundred and sixty degrees in a circle, and it is a real pleasure to do business with that number. It can be divided by two, three, four, five, six, eight, nine, ten, and twelve. If she had made it three hundred and sixty-four days long, that would have been something, for then we could have divided it by seven, that num-

ber which she has made us all so crazy about. (I know why, but I'm not going to tell.) But no! She made the year three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and forty-six seconds long, so that it could not be divided evenly by anything.

The difference between the real year and an even number of days is 0.2422, one of these provoking fractions that dribble down both sides of the slate and then don't come out without a remainder. And just look at all the trouble this awkward year has caused us, keeping the almanac year straight with the real year, so that the Fourth of July should not be inching along toward cider-making time. I won't go into all the wretched mess they had before the Julian era, but will just call your attention to the makeshifts we have to employ in this twentieth century under the Gregorian system. It is like Captain Cuttle's watch: "Set it forrad half an hour in the mornin' and back a quarter of an hour in the afternoon, and it's a watch'll do you credit, Wal'er, my boy."

The year isn't long enough if we make it an even three hundred and sixty-five days, and so we must put in a whole day every four years. But that is too much, so in the last year of each century we must remember and not put in that February 29. That is too little, now, so every fourth century—for instance, 1600 and 2000 A. D.—we restore the extra day. We are not quite right yet; we should have an error of one day in three thousand, three hundred and twenty-three years, so we must leave out one intercalary day every four thousand years. Our old friend Omar Khayyam had a better plan, which was to insert eight extra days every thirty-three years, though the modern Persian system is to put in thirty-one days every one hundred and twenty-three years. But did you ever see such a way of doing things as having the year such a length? I don't know what you think about it, but it looks to me very much like spite-work.

That there was some hope at first of the moon's being of some account is evident from her name, which seems to indicate that she is "the measurer." But the hope faded when it became generally known that her year has only three hun-

dred and fifty-four days and her month twenty-nine and one-half days. It couldn't have been an even thirty or twenty-eight, but it was close enough to let us gratify our hankering after the mystic number seven; and so we have the week, which is, roughly, a quarter of the month, and pretty nearly divides the year into fifty-two. The Jews and the Mohammedans are the only important moderns that reckon by the moon, but the classic nations had their try at it. When we consider what a time they must have had figuring out some sort of a system for her apparent motion in the heavens and arranging a calendar by her, it is no wonder they connected Luna and lunacy. It was enough to drive anybody crazy.

THE LUNAR CYCLE

But Meton discovered that there was method in her madness, and that new moons happened on the same days of the solar year once every nineteen years. The discovery of this cycle was such a great thing that it was written in golden letters, whence the name "Golden Number" that you see in the front part of the prayer-book. Ah, many's the long, dull sermon that same "Golden Number" and a pencil have enabled me to survive!

It wasn't much our forefathers asked in the way of time-reckoning, but even that they couldn't get. An hour as long in winter as in summer, a noon a little steadier than sixteen minutes fast one day and fourteen minutes slow another day, would have done them nicely, but they couldn't get it. Even in King James' day, when the Bible was translated into common English, they had no notion of what a minute or a second of time was. The book speaks of hours, and once of "half an hour," but for any smaller division of time it says, "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

The sun-dial is mentioned once in the Bible, when Hezekiah thought he was going to die of a boil and Isaiah put a poultice of figs on it and assured him he would get well, the sign being that the shadow on the dial of Ahaz would go backward ten degrees. All the wisdom of the Egyptians that we read so much about could not have amounted

to a great deal, for I hear that no sundial, or any picture of one, has ever been discovered by the Egyptologists. Maybe people that can't tell the time of day have solved the riddle of the universe; but I doubt it. Still, perhaps I do them an injustice, for a dial has been found in Italy—it is believed to be the very one that Cicero sent to Tusculum; he said he was going to have one like it—which must have been made in Memphis, since it is correct only in that latitude.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE SUN-DIAL

Some may wonder that sun-dials are not more common. Don't you foster the belief that all you have to do is to drive a nail in a board and mark off twelve divisions for the shadow of the nail to fall on. Dialing is about as pretty a combined problem of trigonometry, astronomy, and geography as one would wish to see. If you do not know the latitude of the place, you might as well hang up the fiddle, for the thing that makes the shadow has to be set at that angle, or the sun-dial is worthless as a timekeeper. It is right with the clock only four times a year anyhow, and the chances are that those days will be cloudy.

The classic nations knew that the twelve divisions of the day from sunup till sundown were uneven, and they called them "temporary hours." They got along the best they could, but indoors and at night they tried to estimate the flight of time by the slow trickling of water through a tiny hole in a vase, gaging the hours by the height of the liquid. But water runs out faster when it is high in the tube than when it is low, and wet days and dry days make a difference. Still, it was accurate enough for Julius Cæsar to find out that summer nights in England were shorter than in Italy. King Alfred—a good man, that—tried to make out with candles marked by hours as they burned to the socket; and the ancient Japanese had lengths of flax that took about so long to smolder from knot to knot. In these devices nature had the best of man, for the wind blew or combustion was hindered.

I fancy most of us suppose that the hour-glass must be very ancient. The fact is that no part of one has been

traced to classic times. The earliest record is in a picture by Antonio del Fiore in 1436. I have seen these three-minute glasses they boil eggs by, but I don't remember that I ever saw a real proper hour-glass. Still, I never saw a ballot-box made of a glass globe set in a four-legged frame; but if you tell an artist to draw a ballot-box, that is what he will give you, and if you want him to make a picture of Time, he will make the old gentleman carrying an hour-glass. I don't understand much about artists; they're queer people.

No real advances could be made in science so long as there was no accurate way of keeping time. It did no particular good for Hipparchus, away back in 140 B. C., in the only book of his we have left, to give a list of forty-four stars scattered over the sky at intervals of right ascension equal to one hour, so that one or more of them would be at the meridian at the commencement of every sidereal hour. The night might be overcast, and, besides, the sun's year is one day longer than the stars' year, which is marked by the "first point of Aries," the vernal equinox.

AHMED IBN ABDALLAH, CALLED HABASH

The ancients seem never to have got it into their heads that they ought to tell the exact minute that an eclipse or an occultation took place. With them it was always "toward the middle of the third hour," or "about eight and one third hours of the night." Shiftless! The earliest record of the exact time of an eclipse is that made by Ahmed ibn Abdallah, called Habash, who on November 30, A.D. 829, noted that the sun at Bagdad was seven degrees high at the beginning of the eclipse and twenty-four degrees high at its end. Enlightened Christendom, just then, was so busy spatting about the true faith that nature's secrets were pretty safe. It was not until 1457 that any European thought of doing what the Mohammedan did six hundred years before.

When the New Learning came in nature found out that, if she could be mean, man could be dogged. If he discovers that she has something that he wants very much and she says: "No, you can't have it. Now, that ends it.

Go on away from here," that doesn't settle the matter. Sometimes, if he is strong enough, he knocks her down and takes it away from her. She revenges herself by tumbling rocks on him in mines when she gets a good chance. Sometimes he flatters her and tells her she can heal much better than the doctors, and she lets him know a few of her secrets of medicine. But even then she is malicious, and as often does her best to kill as to cure, particularly if she gets out of patience with a man for being sick so much. He might better be dead than grunting around, she thinks. And sometimes man lies to her, which is as good a way as any. I will try to explain how to go about it.

When I was young, if a boy came to school with a big red apple from which he would not allow even a "lady-bite" to be taken, and to which "there wasn't going to be any core," some of us used to say:

"Oh, looky there! See that bird? All red an' yellor an' blue! Right 'over yon in that there maple-tree. Can't you see it? Right where I'm a-pointin'."

While the stingy boy was trying to see the bird, somebody would grab his big red apple and run. The trick has often been played since, with other things than the red and yellow and blue bird. Sometimes it is, "Oh, see the Gospel light!" and sometimes it is, "Oh, looky at Independence!" But the result is the same. The boy with the big red apple of lands and liberty always loses it before school takes up.

HOW WE LIE TO NATURE

So with nature. Man wanted to know what things were made of. Nature wouldn't tell. Then man made up a yarn about how you could cut a thing up into little pieces, and keep cutting and cutting till finally you got a piece so small that it could not be made smaller even in thought. This perfectly absurd lie he called "the atomic theory"; and while nature stood there with her mouth open and her eyes bulged out, taking it all in, man ran away with some of the secrets of chemistry, and won't give them back.

It was the same thing in regard to time. Man got up a cock-and-bull

story about a mean sun moving in the equator with uniform velocity. There wasn't a word of truth in it; but the first thing Dame Nature knew man had his pockets bulging with valuable facts about astronomy and navigation and a thousand and one things that I can't stop to tell you about, but which you can easily believe depend upon the ability to measure time exactly.

This is about the way he first went to work at it: If a weight is fastened to a rope, and that rope wound around a barrel, it is possible to gear the barrel to cog-wheels so that they will turn a hand slowly enough to mark the hours, if some kind of an escapement can be contrived. Nobody knows for sure who first rigged up a horizontal bar, pivoted in the middle and weighted at each end, to oscillate and release one tooth after another in a wheel shaped like King David's crown in the big pictorial Bible, only with the prongs all slanting one way. But the first real clock, built by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury Abbey, in 1335, had that kind of an escapement. If he had only thought to make it a wheel, instead of a straight bar, and with a coiled spring to it, like a hair-spring—well, it's too late now to make a fuss about it.

Peter did pretty good work, though. His clock ran for more than five centuries, and is in Wells Cathedral now, tucked away in a corner. It has new works and goes with a pendulum. It has only an hour-hand, a sun going around the world once in twenty-four hours just as poor deluded Peter thought it did. It has puppet-knights that ride out from time to time.

THE INGENIOUS CLOCK AT CLUNY

What they lacked as clocks they made up as puppet-shows, those old things. The one at Cluny announced the hour thus—a cock fluttered his wings and crowed twice; an angel opened a door and saluted the Virgin; God the Holy Ghost descended upon her in the form of a dove; God the Father gave her His benediction; a carillon chimed; animals moved their eyes; then the bell struck the hour, and the puppets went back.

Now here's a curious little thing.

The hammers that strike the strings of a piano are called "jacks." There is a Low Latin word, *Jacchiomardus*, that means a man in armor. What's the connection? Just this—almost all the old clocks, like St. Paul's in London, had the hours struck on the bell by the figure of a man in armor.

PETER HENLEIN AND THE COILED SPRING

Then, as now, there was a demand for timepieces not quite so bulky as those that went with weights. Some had tried fastening a straight, stiff spring in one side of the case, with a string tied to the free end and wound around a barrel; but such clocks did not run long. One day in 1500 Peter Henlein, or Hele, of Nuremberg, thought of making the spring a long coiled ribbon. Nature had apparently thought of it, too, and prepared such difficulties as to make Peter ask himself: "How am I going to fix it so that the watch will go while it is being wound up? How can I keep the watch from running too fast when it is wound up tight and too slow when it is nearly run down? What kind of an escapement will do for a watch that is moved about?" and so forth and so on with much more of the same sort. He probably would not suit customers of to-day either in his prices or the quality of his goods, but folks then were like Mary Queen of Scots—if the watch only had a case shaped like a skull, with a lot of Bible pictures and verses engraved on it, it did not make much difference if it lost or gained an hour or so every day.

There were no pocket timepieces in those days. The only distinction between a clock and a watch was that a clock struck the hour and a watch did not. Some watches lay flat on the table, so that a dome-shaped structure with a bell in it could be set on. When the one hand got to, say, five o'clock, it tripped a catch that set off a spring that rang the bell till the man rubbed his eyes and sat up on the edge of the bed, gaping and wishing he had promised to start on the 8:15 instead of the 6:10. What's that? Why, what am I talking about? Of course there were no railroads in those days. I knew that, if I'd only stopped to think.

One day in 1583 a young fellow named Galileo—you may have heard of him—was in the church at Pisa and saw the big bronze lamp swinging. He noted that it kept perfect time in its arc. He was very near the secret then. I can imagine this old lady we have been speaking of growling to herself, "He'd better be saying his prayers instead of gawking around," but she needed not to get uneasy, for it was not until long after the Pilgrim Fathers had landed and were well settled in the business of whipping Quaker women and banishing Baptists that the first clock with a pendulum was made. As in other important inventions, many men claimed credit for it, but it was Huyghens that first worked out the pendulum mathematically and showed its stupendous difficulties. It is not the arc of a circle that it swings in, but a part of a cycloid, tremendously hard to study. The attraction of gravitation complicates it, too, so that a pendulum, 39.14 inches long, that will tick seconds in London will lose two and one quarter minutes a day if taken to the equator. A pendulum to tick seconds in New York must be 39.1 inches long. Heat and cold, by lengthening and shortening it, affect its time-keeping.

Nowadays, in an expensive clock the bob is a steel can nearly full of mercury that shifts the center of gravity in heat or cold to compensate for the lengthening or shortening of the swinging rod. Friction, air-resistance, barometrical pressure, a thousand petty annoyances have to be allowed for in a clock that is expected to vary no more than three tenths of a second a day. Snow and rain and wind and heat join hands to make tower clocks untrustworthy, when they ought to be the most reliable of all. After a hard blow it will be found that most of the clocks in these skyscrapers are either wrong or stopped entirely. A wall facing east or west is the best to hang a clock on, since the gales mostly come from the north and the thunderstorms from the south.

Of tower-clocks perhaps the most carefully arranged for is that on the Philadelphia City Hall. The four dials, each twenty-five feet in diameter, have hands that all together weigh an even

ton. They took enough glass to glaze them to make a sidewalk ten feet wide and two hundred feet long (nearly a city block), and are three hundred and sixty-two feet above the pavement, high enough to be obscured by clouds at times. The clock itself is not up there, but two hundred feet below, the impulse to the hands being transmitted by compressed air through pipes. The real clock is in a dust-proof case in a dust-proof room, which is automatically kept at a temperature varying not more than one degree from seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit all the year round. Once a month the attendant takes out a plug in the case and winds the clock with a long key. He is the only person ever allowed in the room, because, you know, the human body gives off moisture, and that tends to injure the works. That gives an idea of how hard it is to get correct time.

MONUMENTS TO HUMAN INGENUITY

It may be interesting to know that on this clock there are no numerals. What need? There are rectangular marks on the dials at the hour places and we tell time by the set of the hands, not by the figures.

If the stationary clock is thus beset with difficulties, how much more so is the watch, carried about in the pocket, subjected to vicissitudes of temperature and shock. I wish I had sense enough to understand, let alone to explain to you so that you could understand, all the cunning devices that have practically answered the questions I have figured Peter Henlein asking himself.

The watch is a memorial monument to the ingenuity of all the men known and unknown who have labored, here a little and there a little, that we might have this precious gift. More to be honored are they than soldiers and statesmen. We cannot understand their thoughts. It is enough for us to know that the crowning glory was the invention of the balance-wheel of brass and steel that swings around with the hair-spring—that delicate ribbon of steel half as thick as the finest human hair, and turns in equal time through an arc of two hundred and seventy degrees and an arc of only four or five degrees. It

is a simple thing, but the invention of it was well worth the reward of one hundred thousand dollars paid by the British government to John Harrison in 1767 for an instrument that should determine a ship's longitude within thirty miles. What its latitude is may be learned by looking in a sextant at midday, bringing the sun to the horizon and noting the angle. Then, if the chronometer tells what the time is at Greenwich, the navigator knows exactly where his ship is. On the ocean greyhounds of to-day the sun is almost never taken, but the vessel runs so many hours on this compass course, so many hours on that, allowing for wind and tide. All other seamanship, though, depends upon the chronometer.

Twenty-five years ago Western railroad centers often had as many as seven standards of time, besides the local mean solar time. Now, every day, just before noon, the tick of the clock at the United States Naval Observatory at Washington comes over every Western Union wire throughout the land—click! click!—till at ten seconds before meridian there falls a hush which is broken by the tick that marks *noon*—not noon for all the land at once, but noon in a strip fifteen degrees wide. In the next strip west, central time, it is eleven o'clock, and so on till at San Francisco, Pacific time, it is nine o'clock, while in New York the clock hands close together at the zenith of the dial.

If we could flash around the watery globe to that imaginary line where the day takes up its course we should reach the place in the Pacific where Sunday's midnight leaves off and Tuesday's morn begins. A paradox? Verily, verily I say unto you, and more than a paradox. Nature here traps us in the lie we told her that we might win her treasures from her. She knows it is a lie, and proves it to us that there's no such thing as time. It's but a word; it has no real entity, no existence save in the mind of man, and when the last one of the race shall fall asleep forever, though the lower, hardier forms of life may struggle on for ages, and for ages more the blackening earth go swinging on its circling path, yet in that moment when man dies "Time shall be no more."

LIGHT VERSE

MOLLY'S RESTFUL SUMMER

WHEN the season's annals
Haply are no more,
Molly's outing flannels
Lure her to the shore.
Utter relaxation,
Molly says, is best;
Now for her vacation,
She says, to get a rest!

In the morning early
Molly coils her locks,
Then she's off with Charley,
Scrambling o'er the rocks;
Next she goes a boating,
Always neatly dressed,
Actively denoting
She's off to get a rest!

Swimming in the noontime;
Walks till half past four;
Dances in the noontime
On the sounding shore;
Clambakes on the ember;
Bivalves won't digest,
And Molly, you remember,
Is off to get a rest.

When the summer closes
Molly homeward streaks—
Where are all the roses
Once on Molly's cheeks?
That she's rather nervous
Peevish lines attest;
Heaven and earth preserve us,
She's been to get a rest!

Molly's now reclining
In a darkened room,
Quilts of eider lining,
Curtains shedding gloom;
Quiet is the best cure
Science can suggest—
Molly's taking rest-cure,
Reviving from her rest!

Wallace Irwin

CAUGHT

"DAME FORTUNE smiles! Most
kindly fate!"
I cried on meeting pretty Kate
Unfastening her garden gate;
"How luckily we meet!"
But Kate replied, "If I were you,
I'd only give the dame her due;
I've seen you for an hour or two
A waiting down the street!"

Doris Webb

ON HER PARASOL

HER parasol is what I call
A silken sanctuary,
Where we may hide and safely bide
And innocently vary
A little hour of sun or shower
In mutual devotions,
And, while we walk or sit, just talk
According to our notions.

The drops of rain come down in vain,
This cover gives their quittance:
I wonder why it won't deny
A rain-beau an admittance?
It seems to be polite to me,
And always makes me wonder
That it should rout the sunshine out
But let the sun come under.

Beneath this screen of pink or green
We taste of joy together;
Gray skies or blue, what matters? Who
Would waste a thought on weather?
To us the sun and rain are one—
Material and stupid:
Our bower of bliss is under this
Silk canopy with Cupid.

Julian Durand

A MYSTERY

UPON her cheek the blushing rose
Blooms red amid the snow.
It seems to thrive in such a soil;
Then why, I want to know,
Cannot the seed of love be made
In her cold heart to grow?

Margaret Rohe

WILD CONVULVULUS

PALEST pink of the rose,
White of the upland snows,
Blend in a beauteous
Chalice, and lo, there blows
The wild convolvulus!

Tilt thou the cup, O bee!
Here there are sweets for thee,
Nectar and overplus;
Share thou the brew with me—
The wild convolvulus!

No? Prithee why, I pray?
"With me you see one stray,
Gracile and gracious;
I have her lips, you say—
A wild convolvulus!"

Clinton Scollard

THE AFTERMATH

I SAT at tea with her I love last night,
 Rejoicing in the sweetness of her eyes.
 The world was filled with glory, free from
 blight,
 The while I sat with her—in Paradise.
 The troubles that beset me fled away;
 Each bit of worry, gloom, and carking
 care
 Before her beauteous smile, more fair than
 May,
 All vanished like to smoke in thinnest
 air.

But now a sense of dread doth haunt my
 soul;
 To-day succeedeth yesterday, and I
 Am sick at heart, my being full of dole,
 And cruel sleep hath coldly passed me
 by!
 I fear the hours to come, the day, the
 night;
 My spirit will not rest, 'tis so afraid;
 Because, I may as well confess outright,
 The biscuits we partook of *she* had
 made!

ENVOY

Beware, ye lovers of Perilla fair—
 The maid who like an angel ever looks
 May prove a messenger of grim despair
 When she descends from Paradise—and
 cooks!

John Kendrick Bangs

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

ALAS for the hero we worshiped of
 old—
 The Guardsman all conquering, the dark,
 brooding Childe,
 The good country Doctor, who braved heat
 and cold,
 The Beau, whose fair victims half
 swooned when he smiled,
 The Heir misanthropic, the Clergyman
 mild—
 Their glory's departed, mere legend their
 power.
 By lads in jean roundabouts now they're
 exiled;
 The clocks are all striking the juveniles'
 hour!

Alas for the ladies whose stories were told
 In volumes that once all our ennui be-
 guiled—

Amelia the tender, and *Katherine* the scold,
Virginia the chaste, and poor *Tess* the
 defiled.

Now, though their adventures were Pelion-
 piled

Each publisher'd greet them with coun-
 tenance sour.

By pinafores misses they're rivaled, exiled;
 The clocks are all striking the juveniles'
 hour!

No more may poor *Jem*, as he trudges the
 wold,
 Dream day-dreams of *Jess* and a cottage
 red-tiled.
 No longer may *Edwin* triumphant enfold—
 At end of the book—*Angeline*, reconciled
 To wooing once flouted, to love once re-
 viled.
 Small now is the use of a moonlighted
 bower;
 By nursery tears are the passions exiled.
 The clocks are all striking the juveniles'
 hour!

ENVOY

Prince, pray for its passing, this vogue of
 the child,
 Before we train ogres the young to de-
 vour—
 We old-fashioned authors from print far
 exiled,
 While clocks are all striking the juveniles'
 hour!

Katherine Hoffman

THE RAIN

HEAR the rain elves' soft, wet fingers,
 Creeping o'er the window-pane,
 Gently tapping, tapping, tapping
 A monotonous refrain.
 Pattering lightly on the shingles,
 'Neath the old eaves murmuring low,
 From the gables to the portals
 Gaily dancing to and fro.

Everywhere the green things growing,
 Upward reaching thankful blades,
 Flaming young leaves of the maples,
 Swaying wild flowers in the glades,
 Brakes and ferns in mossy dingles,
 In the fields the growing grain,
 Springing grass and full buds bursting
 Hail the coming of the rain!

Eleanor French

BELLES AND BEAUX

SWEETHEART, there is just one
 thing you
 Surely ought to know—
 Since you have me on a string, you
 Ought to tie the beau.

I should try it, but I know not
 How such things must be,
 And I fear to make a bow-knot,
 Not a beau, you see.

So she tied one very neatly,
 Kissed me, too, as well,
 Saying, as she did so, sweetly:
 "Now we're Beau and Belle."

For a Bow a Bell's about the
 Most attractive thing,
 And it's also true, no doubt, the
 Belle must have a Ring!

Felix Carmen

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

VI—THE HARVEST OF GOLD

The Quarrel Between Carnegie and Frick—The Negotiations Which Led to
Carnegie's Declaration of War Against His Competitors and the
Deal by Which He and His Partners Were Bought Out and
the United States Steel Corporation Was Organized
—What the Carnegie Partners Did with Their
Millions in the First Flush of Fortune

IN 1899 came the great quarrel of the Carnegie Steel Company. Carnegie collided with Frick—the irresistible against the immovable. The tragedy of the quarrel was the separation of Carnegie and Phipps, who had been the closest friends for over fifty years. And its importance to the general public lay in the fact that in the struggle the lid was knocked off the treasury, allowing the outside world to discover for the first time the immense profits of the steel business.

The immediate cause of the quarrel matters little, as it became inevitable. Carnegie and Frick were incompatible, both in mind and temperament. The wonder is that they agreed for thirteen years. Carnegie represented one school of steel-makers; Frick represented another. Carnegie stood for the patriarchal system of industry—for one-man power and the promotion of those only

who proved loyal and obedient. Frick stood for the corporation system of industry—for the rule of the directors—for the building up of an industrial system which should be interdependent and not competitive—for the socialization of commerce.

For a time mighty steel kings called each other names like a couple of school-boys. "You did." "I didn't." "You got mad first." "You pushed me in the hole." "Well, it was you that dug the hole." And so the quarrel went on, to the delight and enlightenment of the world at large. The newspapers were turning their searchlights upon golden Pittsburgh. The Carnegie Building was besieged by reporters. While this publicity eventually proved worth a hundred millions to Carnegie, he saw nothing but danger and annoyance in it at the time, and a secret peace conference was arranged at Atlantic City. James B. Dill,

a famous corporation lawyer, was called in and a decision was reached which brought the quarrel to an end.

The company was reorganized and capitalized at three hundred and twenty million dollars, half stock and half bonds. Frick was still a shareholder, though not a director, and held thirty-one million dollars' worth of stock and bonds. For arranging this settlement, Mr. Dill received a fee of a million dollars—the largest ever paid for legal services.

Henry Clay Frick became at once one of the central figures of the iron and steel world. He was no longer "Carnegie's man Frick." He was a new and powerful factor in commercial affairs. He was not an expert on steel, or coal, or any other one thing. His power lay in the possession of a co-ordinating mind of wonderful efficiency. Under his personal management the Carnegie company had been developed into the most automatic and most profitable corporation ever organized, and he was now only fifty years of age. For him to enjoy his thirty-one millions in idleness was out of the question. Business was his recreation—his game—his life. "To pour work on Mr. Frick is like pouring water on a duck's back," said S. L. Schoonmaker, one of his most intimate friends. Henceforth he would emerge from the smoke of Pittsburgh and carry on his work in the national arena.

Mr. Frick has been well called "the perfected type of the modern business man." But he is much more. He is the forerunner of a much better business system than the present. He has the commercial virtues that make a man wealthy to-day. He is a shrewd bargainer. When he sells, he looks at the property through the small end of the telescope;

when he buys, through the big end. He is firm, alert, able, progressive. But he is also one of the most distinguished members of the new school of capitalists who believe in a "community of interests." He is one who advocates "team play," not individual prestige. He is a business architect upon a larger plan than that followed by the earlier steel-

makers. He is not a disintegrator of business. His effort, both in the coke and steel industries, has been not to ruin competitors, but to eliminate the wastefulness of competition and to make terms upon which all could do a secure and profitable trade.

Mr. Frick looks far ahead. He knows the significance of his work, although his own generation may not. "Gradually the whole fabric of American industry," he says, "has grown into a solid struc-

ture of intersupporting relationships. One blunder by one man cannot to-day block the wheels of progress or bring ruin to thousands. It is a movement from feebleness to strength. We are creating a large, orderly system of industry and finance, which will give courage and security to our business men, and better conditions to workmen. There will be less waste and warfare. Brains, energy, and character will be more likely to find their true level. No important business will be left to stand alone. Instead of looking upon this industrial evolution with alarm, we should rather welcome it as sound and helpful to the whole human race."

THE MOLTKE OF AMERICAN FINANCE

It is the general belief that Frick could not have begun at the foot of the steel ladder, as Carnegie did. Neither



HENRY CLAY FRICK AS A YOUNG MAN

From a photograph taken about 1870

could he have chosen men as wisely and attached them to himself with the fine leadership of the Scot. But, on the other hand, Frick was far superior to all his fellow steel kings in grasping the newer idea of consolidation and corporate interdependence. Carnegie played check-

ty years. Like Napoleon, Carnegie won his victories through an army that was quick, loyal, and enthusiastic. Like Von Moltke, Frick won by following out vast plans that cut off all possibility of mishap or accident. Carnegie fully trusted only those whom he had promoted from the



WILLIAM H. MOORE, A DARING KNIGHT ERRANT OF FINANCE

From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York

ers; Frick played chess. Carnegie was absolutely a man of one corporation; Frick has innumerable interests. Carnegie built up an industrial feudalism, in which all power sloped from the chief downward to every member of his tribe. Frick believes in the socialization of capital for the benefit of the private capitalists.

"Carnegie was a Napoleon; Frick is a Von Moltke," said a Pittsburgher who has known both men for more than twen-

ty years. Frick, on the contrary, prefers to cooperate with his equals. In Pittsburgh, Frick's best comrade in finance is A. W. Mellon, the most astute and independent capitalist in western Pennsylvania. Frick is a director in eight Pittsburgh corporations; his secretary, William A. Carr, is a director in eight others; and the Mellons sit at the board of eighty-two. In New York, Frick is the close associate of H. H. Rogers, the master-mind of the active

Standard Oil group of financiers. Taking him all in all, it would be hard to find a more central or pivotal figure than Henry Clay Frick in the whole field of American finance.

THE PERSONALITY OF H. C. FRICK

Keen, self-possessed, approachable, courteous, Mr. Frick might more appropriately be called the perfected type of the self-made American. He is no uncut diamond, as many steel-makers are. He has the greater and the lesser virtues. When, during the Homestead strike, a Russian anarchist broke into his office and inflicted serious wounds upon him with pistol and dagger, his first words were, "Don't kill him," as he rose bleeding from the floor.

Yet to the possession of this rare physical courage he adds the tenderest sentiment. His devotion to flowers, to music, to paintings, and, above all, to his two children, Childs and Helen, is well known in Pittsburgh. Childs, a slim young man of twenty-three, is crown prince of the Frick dynasty, and Helen, a romping girl of seventeen, will



JAMES H. MOORE, LIKE HIS BROTHER, W. H. MOORE,
AN ABLE EXPONENT OF HIGH FINANCE

From a photograph



ROSWELL P. FLOWER, WHOSE DEATH CREATED
A BRIEF PANIC IN THE STOCK-MARKET

From a photograph by Pack, New York

be the wealthiest heiress born in the Smoky City. Mr. Frick has had a special check-book made, which he uses for all charitable purposes; and upon every check is a picture of his daughter's face. His private art gallery is one of the finest in the United States. In it are master-works by Corot, Romney, Murillo, Lawrence, Millet, Gainsborough, Turner, and Rousseau. It was Mr. Frick who paid one hundred thousand dollars for Dagnan-Bouveret's "Christ at Emmaus." Even in his inner business office at Pittsburgh a magnificent oil painting of tigers hunting their prey hangs on the wall.

Because Mr. Frick's "Yes" is "Yes," and his "No" is "No," he has been popularly characterized as a capitalistic Bismarck—a man who is steel by trade and steel by nature. During the five months of the Homestead strike, all the forces of the labor and Republican worlds surged and broke around him like waves upon a rock. "If the President of the United States, and his entire Cabinet, and the Republican National Committee, and Andrew Carnegie in person,



NATHANIEL THAYER, A BACKER OF THE FEDERAL STEEL COMPANY

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston

should all come to me and sue for peace; I would not yield one inch," he said as he lay wounded upon his couch. "I shall fight it out if it takes all summer and all winter and every dollar I have in the world." Yet it was the same Frick, afterward, who took pity upon two of the leaders of the Homestead strikers, and paid for the education of their three children. This was not done ostentatiously, but so quietly that most Pittsburghers will learn of it here for the first time.

FRICK'S ATTITUDE TOWARD CARNEGIE

In speaking of Carnegie, who has been his best friend and his worst enemy, he displays no feeling. "I have no prejudice against Mr. Carnegie," he answered quietly when he was asked about the Scottish steel-master; "but I do not approve of his methods of doing business." His reply to Carnegie's attack upon him, so say Pittsburghers, was made not with words, but with the erection of the Frick Building. This masterpiece among skyscrapers, built wholly of steel and white marble, and with a thousand rooms, half

encircles the Carnegie Building and towers a hundred feet above it.

Another instance of the poise and balance of Mr. Frick's mind is shown in his support of Kingsley House—a university settlement in Pittsburgh. Although he is usually regarded as a matter-of-fact financier, without social ideals or visions of a cooperative commonwealth, he is a warm personal friend and backer of Dean Hodges, the Christian socialist who founded Kingsley House.

Being the most self-contained man in Pittsburgh, Mr. Frick has commonly been alluded to as a human machine—a money-making sphinx. But his intimate friends say otherwise. He dislikes society functions and publicity, not because he is in any degree misanthropic, but because of an instinctive hatred of all veneer and make-believe. He feels at home only among realities. Whatever his ambitions may be, his unusual talents will inevitably make him the arbitrator and harmonizer of American business and finance. No one is better suited than he to become the umpire of the whole game. His mind is judicial in the highest degree.

"Frick is naturally an arbiter," says his friend Lovejoy. "I've often heard him say, after he had decided a dispute, 'I wish I could have decided that the other way, but I couldn't do it.'" In the Senatorial contest of two years ago, in Pittsburgh, it was Frick who was called in to make the decision and who seated P. C. Knox in the United States Senate. In the more recent controversies over the management of the great New York insurance companies, it was Frick who came to the front as an impartial investigator, and who demanded the reform of the abuses which he helped to bring to light. He may perhaps be called the unofficial head of the United States Steel Corporation, and every year adds to the scope of his influence. For the pomp and pageantry of power he cares absolutely nothing; but for the power itself and its heaviest responsibilities, no man is more willing or better prepared than Henry Clay Frick.

But, to move on into the main current of the story. At the time of the Frick-Carnegie suit the whole swing of industrial evolution was toward consolidation.

Ore pools, pig-iron pools, and steel-rail pools had shown the financial benefits of cooperation. When the Lackawanna works broke up the rail pool in 1897, the

was plentiful. There was a general demand for stock in industrial corporations, and to meet the demand New Jersey was manufacturing "trusts" by the score.



HENRY H. ROGERS, THE GREAT FINANCIER, WHO WAS QUICKLY CONVINCED OF THE ADVANTAGES OF THE CONSOLIDATION OF STEEL INTERESTS

From a photograph by DuPont, New York

price of rails dropped in a moment from twenty-seven to seventeen dollars, and compelled the rail-makers to come together again in a hurry. "McKinley prosperity" was at its height. Capital

Little concerns were huddling together for protection. It was a time of big ideas and big undertakings.

Ever since 1889 it had been known that Carnegie was willing to sell, as at

that time he had unsuccessfully tried to persuade a syndicate of English investors to buy him out. In 1899, just before the Frick-Carnegie suit, Judge William H. Moore, one of Chicago's most daring and adventuresome knights errant of finance, had crashed into the story of steel by



TOM L. JOHNSON, CAPITALIST AND POLITICIAN,
HEAD OF A GREAT STREET-RAILWAY SYSTEM
AND OWNER OF STEEL RAIL MILLS
AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA,
AND LORAIN, OHIO

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

trying to do what Mr. Morgan accomplished two years later. For years Judge Moore and his brother had been able corporation lawyers, with stock-market inclinations. They had recently come to the front as company promoters on a gigantic scale. With cheerful indifference they had made and lost millions. Having promoted the Diamond Match Company, they went down with it when it foundered, losing four millions or more. In a single year, by floating the National Biscuit Company and the American Tin Plate Company, they paid their debts and had millions left.

Had they been the owners of Aladdin's lamp, they could not have transformed defeat into victory more magic-

ally. With ten millions of American Tin Plate common stock in their possession—their first steel money—they set out to make more steel conquests. In a year they had organized the American Steel Hoop and the National Steel companies, getting five millions apiece for the work. Then, elated with success, they rushed to Carnegie and offered him a million for a ninety days' option on his share of the Carnegie company.

"Get my partners, Phipps and Frick, to join you in this proposition, and I will consent," said Carnegie. The price was fixed at \$157,950,000, more than one third of which was to be paid in cash. Phipps and Frick were willing, so Carnegie increased the price of the option to \$1,170,000, and received a check for this amount.

When the agreement was signed, there was every reason to believe that the steel king had abdicated his throne. Frick, Phipps, and the Moores constituted a powerful combination. The problem was to get sixty millions or so in cash, and the work was done. But at that time few New York or Chicago financiers knew the value of Pittsburgh. The J. P. Morgan interests refused to go into the scheme on any terms. Then, like a thunderbolt from a blue sky, came the announcement of the death of Roswell P. Flower, one of the "bull" leaders of the New York Stock Exchange. Stocks tumbled and money was suddenly pulled up out of reach. The panic was over in a few days, but the business situation was changed. Frick and Phipps dashed over to Skibo Castle and pleaded for more time. "Not a day longer," replied Carnegie. He retained not only the million dollars given him by the Moore brothers, but also the one hundred and seventy thousand dollars advanced by his two partners. It was the easiest million that he had ever made.

ROCKEFELLER THINKS OF BUYING

The next would-be buyer was John D. Rockefeller. He had captured ore lands and an ore railway in Minnesota, built a fleet of ore vessels, and invested money in the Federal Steel Company. Now he asked Carnegie to make his price for the Carnegie Steel and Frick Coke companies. "Two hundred and fifty mil-

lions, half in cash and half in five-per-cent gold bonds," replied Carnegie. Mr. Rockefeller shook his head. He had expected to pay a large part of the price in stock. It was not so easy, he found, to bargain with Carnegie as it had been with Lon Merritt and his brothers, six years before.

No man ever recognized a business opportunity with more electrical swiftness than Andrew Carnegie. Here was "Standard Oil" coming to him with hundreds of millions in its hands. Suddenly he realized that, so far as the iron and steel business was concerned, these men were in his power. He was the steel king, and Messrs. Rockefeller, Morgan, and the rest had become lesser chieftains of the steel empire, regarding him with apprehension and alarm. This was a pleasant thought, and a profitable one. One week after it had occurred to him, he had jumped his price up to three hundred millions.

The suggestion had been made that the four senior partners should sell out to



THE LATE MARSHALL FIELD, OF CHICAGO, ONE OF THE WORLD'S LEADING MERCHANTS, AND A PIONEER CAPITALIST IN THE MOVEMENT TO FORM THE STEEL TRUST

From a photograph by Cassford, New York



H. H. PORTER, A BACKER OF THE FEDERAL STEEL COMPANY, AND ONE OF THE GROUP OF FINANCIERS THAT MORGAN ASSEMBLED FOR THE MAKING OF THE STEEL TRUST

From a photograph

the younger men, and seven days after the Rockefeller offer Carnegie proposed that the younger partners should pay three hundred millions for the entire property, half in gold bonds and half in stock. This offer was discussed but not accepted. The young partners missed the greatest opportunity of their lives. If they had possessed the business ability of their chief, they might have cleared over a hundred and fifty millions in the next two years. Dame Fortune hammered loudly on their door, but they thought that her name was Risk, and so they sat and debated until she went away.

Every day Mr. Carnegie's vision of millions grew more radiant. His brain whirled with the details of a selling campaign the like of which had never been known before. In Wall Street language, he became a Carnegie Steel Company "bull"—a furious, rampant, untamable "bull." Million was piled on million. The twenty-five millions for which the company had been capitalized seven years before seemed to him now a mere

handful of nickels. The more he figured, the more he blended in the future with the present. Soon the three hundred millions became four hundred. "I favor holding on for two or three years," he wrote to his partners. "There is no question but we can sell our property for four hundred million dollars."

In 1889 Carnegie had retired from active business, saying that "no consideration in the world would induce me to return to it." But now he flung aside his books and fishing-tackle, came down from his Scottish hills, and began to "bull the market" in earnest. He set on foot a series of operations which, if concluded, would have driven his competitors out of business and made him the absolute dictator of the steel world. It was "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt." Never before had a multimillionaire run amuck with such force and fury. "Henceforth I will have only one profit from the ore to the finished product," he said.

To fight Rockefeller, he ordered seven eight-thousand-ton ore-carrying steamships. To fight the Pennsylvania Railroad, he set a corps of surveyors at work mapping out a railway from Pittsburgh to the ocean. To fight the National Tube Company, he announced that five thousand acres of land had been bought at Conneaut, and that he had decided to build a twelve-million-dollar tube works. To fight the American Steel and Wire Company, a new rod-mill was to be erected near Pittsburgh. And to fight all other steel companies, he proclaimed that ten million dollars were to be spent

at once in improvements which would put his mills beyond the reach of competition.

These were not mere threats. He had the men and the money and the mills. His personal profits in 1900 amounted to nearly twenty-five millions. He was making one quarter of all the Bessemer steel in the United States. He was producing three million tons of pig iron a year. He was mining twenty-eight per cent of the ore in America, and producing half of the structural steel and armor-plate. His freight-bill was ten millions—his pay-roll was fifteen. He was making open-hearth steel for sixty per cent less than his competitors, and rails for four dollars a ton less than they cost in Chicago. He was selling his steel in England for ten shillings per ton less than English prices. No other plant in Europe or America was so well equipped or

so well managed as his. And he was only sixty-five—twenty years younger than his friend Gladstone had been when presiding over the destinies of the British Empire.

"GREAT STEEL WAR," shrieked the newspapers. If Carnegie would actually go so far as to give open battle to the Pennsylvania Railroad, where would he stop? All Pittsburgh, all Pennsylvania, blustered and cowered before this mighty corporation. No one, with the exception of Carnegie and George Gould, has ever dared to throw down the gauntlet to Cassatt—the monarch of an eleven-thousand-mile empire. "If Carnegie begins to make tubes," said hundreds of



LAWRENCE C. PHIPPS, NEPHEW OF HENRY PHIPPS, A SHARER IN THE PROFITS FROM THE SALE OF THE CARNEGIE COMPANY

From a photograph by Rosser, New York

frightened manufacturers, "he may decide later to make axes, plows, machinery. He may wipe us all out with this new policy."

To a large extent his declaration of war was a measure of self-defense. The Moore and Morgan and Rockefeller steel interests were combining in such a way as to cut off trade from the Carnegie company. They were encroaching upon his territory. "A nation should never make war except to repel invaders," he had said on a public occasion. But here was an invasion of his market by the most formidable group of financiers in the country. His supremacy was in danger, and with "Scots wha hae" pluck he at once charged headlong upon the enemy.

The threat of competition had always been one of his favorite weapons. When the prices of the Frick Coke Company were not low enough to suit him he threatened to buy twenty thousand acres of coal land and build coke ovens of his own. When the Dilworth-Porter Spike Company withdrew its trade, he brought it back by threatening to build a spike-mill. The pressed-steel car people were kept in line by a similar warning; and a number of other customers were influenced by fear as well as favor. And now, finding himself facing the largest hostile force that he had ever encountered, he rallied his clansmen and, with the valor and the spirit of his fighting ancestors, prepared to give battle all along the line. It was one of the most critical moments in American industrial history.

CARNEGIE'S EFFECTIVE GENERALSHIP

When Carnegie struck, the blow fell with such swiftness and force that the enemy was thrown into confusion. There was a panic among millionaires. They found themselves attacked, not only in front, but on all sides. From every quarter they could hear the wild screeching of the bagpipes. Rumors, which spring from fear as often as from hope, added to the general consternation. It was said that Carnegie had made a fighting alliance with the Alabama iron and steel companies. A mysterious cablegram from Europe was flung like a bomb, announcing that a vast international steel com-

bination was about to be formed. Francis H. Clergue, with his French eloquence, was foretelling a glorious future for his prospective twenty-million-dollar steel plant at the Canadian Sault Ste. Marie. And a body of British investors was stimulating curiosity by making a tour of inquiry among American iron and steel works.

The immense profits in steel were now well known even to the general public. What with lawsuits and Congressional committees and political "Tin Plate" campaigns, it was the common opinion that every steel works inevitably produced an output of millionaires. Before the eyes of the steel men lay the Promised Land of Profits, but defended at every point by the warlike Carnegie and his veteran army of Philistines. Carnegie was a hardened warrior of thirty-five years' experience. He knew every foot of the ground, while most of his competitors were strangers. In the first clash they recognized at once his skill and generalship. They were playing his game, not theirs, and his swift moves transformed them into a rabble.

"We must get rid of Carnegie. At all costs, we must buy him out. Otherwise, he will wreck himself and us. We can make no alliance with this 'rule or ruin' autocrat. We must push him out into philanthropy and book-publishing. Where is Morgan? No one but Morgan can get us out of this fix." And the frantic financiers rushed to Morgan as frightened children run to their mother, clamoring in their alarm for help, for guidance, for protection. Such were the birth-throes of the world's greatest corporation.

Carnegie, Phipps, and Lauder had always been opposed, in theory at least, to the formation of a steel "trust." In 1884 Carnegie had said: "We are creatures of the tariff, and if ever the steel manufacturers here attempt to control, or to have any general understanding among them, the tariff would not exist one session of Congress. There never has been and never will be such an understanding." Five years later Phipps wrote to Carnegie: "I am gratified that we are not to go out of business, and especially to make room for a trust, which is by no means a creditable thing. As

you say, the tariff would be repealed on rails, and rightly so." Lauder described the situation to me with perfect frankness, saying: "We certainly had our trade agreements, pools, and so forth in those days; but they were always made more or less secretly. Public opinion was then strongly in favor of competition, and we could not form combinations openly, as we do to-day."

SCHWAB'S PERSUASIVE ADVOCACY

Frick was at all times in favor of combination; and as for Schwab, he was first on one side and then on the other. "A big business enterprise," he said, "is invariably built up around one man." Soon afterward, however, he became convinced that Carnegie was about to plunge the country into a disastrous war of corporations, and from that moment he was the most persuasive advocate of consolidation. At a banquet given in his honor, at the University Club, New York, he painted so eloquent a word picture of the benefits of industrial peace as plainly to impress Mr. Morgan and the other financiers who were present. A few days afterward, John W. Gates called Schwab on the long-distance 'phone and asked him to confer with Morgan. The following morning Schwab and Morgan met at the Bellevue Hotel, Philadelphia, and had a short preliminary talk.

"Will Carnegie sell out?" Morgan asked abruptly, being a man of few words.

"He will," replied Schwab, "and I'll bring you his price this week."

Schwab went to Carnegie, and the two figured out a price which was far beyond their most optimistic dreams. All past estimates were wiped out. The one towering fact which they kept before them was that their company had cleared forty millions during the last year. They were not selling so much steel, and brick, and machinery. They were selling a money-making mechanism, which had taken thirty-six years to construct. And so, in the letter which Schwab carried back to Morgan, were the following figures:

Five-per-cent gold bonds	..\$304,000,000
Preferred stock	 98,277,120
Common stock	 90,279,040

Taking the preferred stock at par and the common at fifty, this meant a cash price of \$447,416,640. Add to this the forty millions of profits for the year, and the total was \$487,416,640—*nearly half a billion.*

HOW THE GREAT SALE WAS PUT THROUGH

To ask such a price seemed the climax of audacity. It was almost a two-hundredth part of the national wealth. It was the value of all the wheat, barley, and cheese produced in the United States in 1900—more than the combined dividends of all American railroads for the previous four years. It would pay the President's salary for nine thousand years. It was more than a year's product of gold, silver, and coal. In Germany it would build ten enormous steel-plants like Krupp's—the pride of Europe. And for this huge sum Carnegie offered, not an empire, not a State, but a single corporation with forty-five thousand employees. It was like capitalizing every man and boy in his employ at ten thousand dollars apiece.

Mr. Morgan first called in Judge Gary, with whom he had been previously connected in steel corporations. Gary was in favor of a merger, and the bigger the better. Then came Frick, and after him a small-sized mob of financiers. Schwab set forth the strong points of the Carnegie company in the rosiest hues, piled fact on fact and figure on figure, glossed over sundry debts and disadvantages, and in a remarkably short time persuaded his customers to pay his price. By this achievement he became the champion salesman of the world.

Fortunately for him, he was dealing with Morgan, who is, according to one of the directors of the Steel Trust, "careless and a poor bargainer." To one who dealt in nothing but millions, what were a few dozen more or less? Also fortunately for him, the cry of the other steel-makers was ringing in Morgan's ears—"At any cost, buy out Carnegie." Gangs of men were already at work clearing the ground for the proposed twelve-million-dollar tube works at Conneaut, with which Carnegie would bankrupt all competitors. The money had already been subscribed for the Carnegie railroad from Pittsburgh to the

sea. Everything had certainly been done to create a "selling atmosphere." The men whom Carnegie was threatening saw that it was a case of being merged or submerged, and practically allowed Schwab to dictate the terms of industrial peace. They bought out Carnegie at his own price.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE BUYERS

This account of the Steel Trust's birth is, of course, from the standpoint of the Carnegie company. Another account, from the side of the venturesome financiers who did the buying, ought to be given at this point. We have traced the progress of the selling campaign, which resulted successfully. And now, in the next few paragraphs, we shall see how the buying campaign began, and how it, also, resulted successfully.

A couple of years before this time, some of the directors of the Illinois Steel Company had caught the spirit of consolidation. The first suggestion of anything practical came from A. J. Forbes Leith, who owned an interest in an ore-carrying railroad near Chicago. He proposed that the Illinois Steel Company should buy this railroad. Then some one else proposed that the Minnesota Iron Company, which was rich in ore and ore-ships, should be taken into the family. A committee was formed to arrange a plan of consolidation. Its members were Elbert H. Gary, Senator Spooner, Robert Bacon, and the late ex-Governor Flower, of New York. The longer they talked over the scheme, the better it seemed. The final result was the organizing of the Federal Steel Company, Gary and Bacon having done most of the work, and H. H. Rogers having fixed the basis of consolidation.

So far as steel-mills were concerned, the Federal Steel Company could not compare with the Carnegie company. But so far as its ore, its ships, its railroads, and its backers were concerned, it was one of the most powerful corporations in the world. Among its directors were J. Pierpont Morgan, H. H. Rogers, D. O. Mills, Marshall Field, Norman B. Ream, Nathaniel Thayer, ex-Governor Flower, and H. H. Porter. Its president was Elbert H. Gary, who is now at the head of the Steel Trust.

On April 1, 1899, Frick came to Gary with a scheme to consolidate seven or eight big steel companies, whose total capital was nearly four hundred millions. Gary approved it, but the Federal Steel Company did not. "Too big," said H. H. Rogers. "Too big," said Morgan. "Too big," echoed the others. Then, a few days later, Schwab came in with a rush and swept back the doubters.

"My arguments," said Schwab, "were mainly four—the economies that would result from consolidation, the improvement of the general business situation, the benefit to labor, and the steadying of the steel trade." One by one the big financiers were convinced. Morgan called in Robert Bacon, Marshall Field, Elbert H. Gary, Norman B. Ream, H. H. Porter, D. O. Mills, and H. H. Rogers. After two or three hours' earnest talk they said "Yes." And so the greatest of all industrial organizations was set on foot with less fuss and palaver than might be required to make a horse-trade between two farmers.

CAPITAL MEETS THE ISSUE

Gary was set to work opening up negotiations. D. G. Reid was brought in, and he, in turn, persuaded Judge Moore to join the group. Moore had lost a million a short time before, trying to do this very thing; but he was game enough to try again. Francis Lynde Stetson was called in, to give legal advice. Frick was sent to bag John D. Rockefeller, and succeeded. The John W. Gates group and the Moores made the most trouble, by holding out for a high price; but they were finally satisfied. To George W. Perkins was assigned the task of putting on the finishing touches, and the immense corporation was ready to be launched.

In the next chapter we shall describe the details and the scope of this greatest of all business transactions. Here the important facts are the passing of Carnegie from the field and the sudden enrichment of him and his partners. The Carnegie company had burst into the Golden Age, with a suddenness which amazed and dumfounded its fortunate shareholders. The young Scotsman who had entered the iron business with sixty-five hundred dollars came out of it a

grizzled veteran—the richest private citizen of leisure in the world.

He was a lonely little figure among his heaps of gold bonds. Almost all his early friends and partners were dead. He was the only surviving member of his family. Even his brother, the easy-going Tom, had died fifteen years before. Against Frick and Phipps his heart was as hard as his own armor-plate. His fellow steel-makers had come to regard him as a "disturber of the peace." He was an individualist—a survivor of the titanic period, when great steel barons, like Scottish chiefs, rallied their men and waged war upon one another. It was impossible for him to get the new "community of interest" idea, which was dominating the iron and steel world. He was the "last of the barons," and the most influential of them all.

THE SHOWER OF GOLD

As for Carnegie's forty young partners, many of them were for a time money-mad. A few have never recovered. Their good fortune came to them as suddenly as a flash of beneficent lightning. They did not climb to the golden heights. They were hurled there. Gasping with amazement, they were flung into the possession of boundless wealth. Just how it happened several of them have never yet been able to understand. All they know is that by some mysterious stroke of Carnegian magic two hundred million dollars came legally into their possession.

A few days afterward, one of these young partners, slightly intoxicated, was seen in one of the parlors of the Duquesne Club, earnestly making calculations upon a sheet of paper. "What are you trying to do, Mr. Blank?" asked one of the club members. "Why," replied the newly made Croesus, "I'm trying to see whether I'm worth seven millions or ten millions, and how in the deuce I got it." This incident shows exactly the predicament of at least thirty-five out of the forty, after the selling of the Carnegie company.

Seven of the partners immediately set sail, with their wives and families, for Europe. They were Carnegie, Frick, Lauder, Morrison, Phipps, Oliver, and Singer. Another, who had spent his

whole life in a steel-mill, started upon a tour of the world, got as far as New York, became homesick, and returned to Pittsburgh.

THE PROFITS OF HENRY W. OLIVER

Henry W. Oliver, who had, like Carnegie, begun a business life as a messenger boy, said to a friend: "I cleared up thirteen million dollars in that whole Carnegie deal." For forty years his estate will draw four hundred thousand dollars a year from the United States Steel Corporation, as payment for the Oliver ore mines. Having succeeded as a money-maker, Oliver, who was wholly unsuited for a life of leisure, developed two new ambitions—first, to become the Astor of Pittsburgh, and, second, to succeed Quay as United States Senator from Pennsylvania. At the time of his death, in 1904, he owned twelve million dollars' worth of land and buildings in the down-town section of Pittsburgh. He was also the possessor of four of the city's daily papers, and a powerful factor in State politics. And so the man who had been called "flighty" and "unsafe" brought his ship safe into the golden harbor in the end, after passing through a few shipwrecks and many an exciting adventure. He took a grim pleasure, in the last few years of his life, in the changing opinion entertained of him by the "solid men" of Pittsburgh. "I used to have to run after those big guns," he said to a friend; "but now they're all coming after me."

Alexander R. Peacock was one of those who were swept off their feet by the sudden flood of gold. Henceforth, for him nothing was too costly. He hunted up his poor friends and paid their debts. Naturally open-handed, he now spent money with the abandon of an emperor, and became one of the most picturesque figures in Pittsburgh. On one occasion he was in San Francisco and was suddenly wired to come East. Hiring a "Peacock Special," he dashed from the Pacific coast to Chicago in fifty-seven hours and fifty-six minutes—a record that was not broken until last year, when Walter Scott's "Death Valley Special" is said to have run the twenty-three hundred miles in forty-three hours.

Mr. Peacock built a dazzling, showy mansion on Highland Avenue, Pittsburgh. Encircling the spacious grounds of Rowanlea is a nine-foot iron fence, entered through massive gates that roll inward on wheels. An iron lion stands threateningly upon each gate-post. White marble columns, alternately round and square, and palm trees growing in immense urns, stand about the doorway. Within, the rooms resemble a series of magnificent halls, decorated with oriental lavishness. It is the dream of a poor young linen clerk come true. Mrs. Peacock is constantly putting Rowanlea to hospitable uses, often for charitable purposes. One Schumann-Heink *matinée*, given for the benefit of a hospital, gleaned no less than six thousand dollars from Pittsburgh's affluent "Four Hundred."

MEN WHO TOOK FORTUNE CALMLY

Next to Rowanlea, at the entrance to Highland Park, stands the red sandstone palace of Thomas Morrison, who had begun his swift career as a swarthy workman at Homestead. Morrison is one who took his good fortune quietly, and allowed it to interfere very little with his industrious and simple habits. He is a typical Pittsburgh multimillionaire, who loves the work as much as the profit. Mr. Lovejoy, on the contrary, after building a million-dollar home and the finest garage in Pennsylvania, suddenly left Pittsburgh and settled in Denver, investing a large fraction of his wealth in gold mining—"the cleanest business in the world," as he tells his friends. His first business venture, after receiving his share of the steel millions, was the erection of the largest apartment house in western Pennsylvania. It was built in too costly a fashion to be a financial success, as Pittsburghers have not yet acquired the New York habit of living by hundreds under one roof. Mr. Lovejoy is still as simple and unaffected as in the days when he drifted up and down the oil regions, a moneyless wage-worker.

Other Carnegie partners who are seldom seen in the city where their money was made are H. C. Frick, Charles M. Schwab, James Gayley, Henry Phipps, W. E. Corey, J. G. A. Leishman, and S.

L. Schoonmaker. Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, who drew \$6,198,500 out of the grab-bag, has practically deserted the Steel City, and divides the year between her estate at Raquette Lake, in the Adirondacks, and an island home off the Florida coast. The Carnegie Building, in Pittsburgh, belongs to her, but is leased to the Carnegie Steel Company for a hundred years, at a rental of five per cent of its cost. Leishman, who forfeited millions by becoming a consul-general, at seven thousand five hundred dollars a year, had to be content with a pittance of about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A Pittsburgher who visited the Leishman residence in Berne, told when he returned of the liveried servant behind each plate, and the general tone of affluent elegance in the home of the ex-steel-maker, who began life as a barefooted orphan boy in the murky city of self-help. Miss Leishman, it is well known, became several years ago the Comtesse de Gontaut-Biron.

HOW THE MONEY WAS INVESTED

Several of the Carnegie men, with less confidence in the future of steel than their chief, promptly sold their stock and bought real estate, or invested it in banks and trust companies. The steel stock, on the other hand, was greedily taken by Pittsburghers, who seized their first opportunity to become sharers of the Carnegie profits. Generally speaking, the buyers were not iron and steel men, as it was the current belief among them that Morgan had paid an absurdly large price for the plants. And so there was a sudden readjustment of capital, which brought happy days to the Pittsburgh stock-brokers. The local stock-exchange was transformed from a quiet, jog-trot little institution into a strenuous nerve-center of finance. A mob of applicants clamored at its doors for membership, until thirty were admitted, each one with a ten-thousand-dollar check in his hand as an entrance fee.

Real estate agents also shared in the profits of the golden jubilee. The Carnegie men bought so much real estate that they are to-day in control of the down-town business section of Pittsburgh. Frick led the way by a series of big purchases, amounting to over

thirteen million dollars. When we add to this the value of the manufacturing sites owned by him along the Monongahela River, his three million-dollar hotels in New York, his costly new hotel and office building which are now being built in Pittsburgh, we find that Frick is not only the real estate king of Pittsburgh, but one of the leading landlords in the world. Next to Frick, in Pittsburgh, came Henry W. Oliver with a dozen millions in land and buildings, and Henry Phipps with five millions. W. W. Blackburn and James Scott invested half a million apiece. The others were content to buy residences only.

PITTSBURGH'S REAL ESTATE BOOM

This sensational investment of thirty-five millions or more in real estate sent prices and rents up with a jump. Nowhere, outside of New York, are such exorbitant sums asked and given. Real estate is fully three times higher than it was before the forming of the United States Steel Corporation. On Fifth Avenue fifteen thousand dollars a front foot has been offered and refused. And the original landowners of Pittsburgh—the Shanleys and the Dennys—are being replaced by men who get the acres, not by the favor of a king, but by the production of iron and steel.

"When a small man gets rich fast, he is twice as bad as a grand duke," say the Russian peasants. Generally speaking, this saying does not apply to the men who became millionaires when Carnegie waved his magic rod. At least two thirds of them continued to smoke "tobies" and wear the harness of business. Not one of them has reached Pittsburgh's highest social circle, and not more than half a dozen have tried to do so. But the few who were intoxicated by their sudden riches indulged in such unique freaks of extravagance that the whole group found themselves at once in a blaze of publicity.

Pittsburgh became a Klondike for artists, book agents, curio dealers, and merchants who had expensive gewgaws for sale. One New York firm discovered that it was selling goods to more than three hundred Pittsburgh customers. To retain this profitable business,

it rented a magnificent new building in Pittsburgh for ninety thousand dollars a year, and established a branch store. Paintings were sold by the dozen and books by the hundred. Professional decorators reaped a golden harvest. Prices were raised at the theaters. To hear Bernhardt, even from the second balcony, cost five dollars. Families paid as much for one quart of champagne as they had formerly paid for a hundred and twenty-five quarts of milk. For a pound of Hamburg grapes men gave more than their fathers had earned in a week. For a couple of French apples they paid the price of a pair of shoes. And for one American Beauty rose they gave as much as a week's board had cost them when they began to work for Carnegie.

THE CITY OF MAGICAL GOOD FORTUNE

The fame of Pittsburgh's miraculous millions reached Europe, and attracted scores of steel men and engineers across the ocean. One man who heard the golden news, a highly educated Frenchman, at once went to Pittsburgh and entered a steel-mill as a laborer, having heard that this was the proper way to begin. He had no fortune and no friends, and for a time was lost in the mob of workmen. Then, by accident, he was discovered to be a man of culture and given a position as tutor. Being the possessor of rare social qualities, the number of his friends increased until he reached the higher levels of society. Pittsburgh proved, in his case, at least, to be the city of magical good fortune which he had expected it to be.

One of the forty young partners developed the habit of entertaining his guests by giving them an inventory of his household goods. "See that painting!" he would say. "Cost me twenty-two thousand dollars; but I could get twenty-eight thousand dollars for it. Have a cigar. Fine brand. Seventy-five cents apiece wholesale. Notice that chair you're on? Dealer wanted three hundred dollars for it, but I beat him down to two hundred and fifty. What do you think of my wife's necklace? Had to give up a quarter of a million to get it." This same exuberant Crœsus, writing a note of introduction for a friend, said,

"I'll back this man for millions." Money became his passion—his theme by day and his dream by night. When he arrived at his office one morning, an acquaintance said:

"Why, Mr. Blank, you don't look well this morning."

"No," he replied; "the fact is that my wife and I had a terrible quarrel last night. She would insist that I'm worth *forty* millions instead of thirty."

THE FADS OF THE STEEL MILLIONAIRES

One of the other partners developed a taste for an expensive library, which made him the easy prey of book agents. Another, to whom politics is a pastime, lent his hundred-thousand-dollar residence for a polling-place. A third ordered a special brand of half-dollar cigars made in Cuba, each with his name and coat of arms on the wrapper. A fourth had his wife's portrait painted by every obtainable foreign and American artist. A fifth spent a fortune in making "the finest mushroom cellar in America." A sixth gladdened his friends by gifts of automobiles. A seventh had eight bathrooms put in his new house, so that he would have three more than his neighbor. An eighth, when he received a twenty-five-dollar fee for his attendance at a government investigation, tossed the money airily to the stenographer and said: "Keep it or give it to your church. I don't want it." And several paid two thousand dollars apiece for admission to a history of "Famous Americans."

All this was natural, harmless, and "good for business." The Carnegie partners were all liberal spenders. There was not a miser in the group—not one who valued money for money's sake. The one partner who came the nearest to being penurious had alternating moods of extravagance and economy. One day he presented the city with a hundred-thousand-dollar conservatory, and the next day he decided that he could not afford a fifteen-thousand-dollar painting, because, as he told a friend, "the interest on fifteen thousand dollars would be two dollars a day, and it is not worth two dollars a day to look at a picture."

Some of the partners would have been wealthy had there been no Carnegie.

Such men as Phipps, Frick, Schwab, Corey, and Gayley inevitably forge to the front in any set of circumstances. But most of the "Carnegie veterans," as they call themselves, knew well that they owed their millions to the business leadership and generosity of their chief. Under most employers, they would have begun and ended as employees—nothing more. Many times they had been goaded almost to the point of resigning by their insatiable master. But they had persevered and been rewarded. One of the partners in the sales department had an unusually narrow escape from comparative poverty. He had made a serious blunder in drawing up a contract, several years before the company was sold. He discovered his mistake too late to have it rectified, and at once sat down and wrote his resignation. Taking it to a prominent Pittsburgh merchant, who was his closest friend, he said:

"I want you to read this over. I've made a bad break and I don't want to be kicked out of the company. I find I can pull out with seven hundred thousand dollars, and that's a deuced sight more than I ever expected to be worth."

The merchant read the resignation and then deliberately tore it into small pieces.

"Blank, you're a fool. Go back to your office and hang to your desk with both hands."

Blank took his friend's advice, and, by some accidental oversight, entirely escaped punishment for his carelessness. To-day his house alone is worth seven hundred thousand dollars; and when Mr. Carnegie reads these lines he will hear for the first time how nearly he came to losing one of his "young geniuses."

And so, as the twentieth century dawned, the sun of the Carnegie company set in a blaze of golden glory. When it arose, about twenty-eight years before, Great Britain was making three times as much steel as the United States; when its busy day was ended, the United States was making twice as much steel as Great Britain. Remembering that Great Britain's product had increased eight-fold, it becomes evident that industrial history can show nothing comparable to this.

The Carnegians were only one body of steel-makers out of many; but their adventures have been especially noted because they were undeniably more enterprising and efficient than their competitors. No other band of workers did so much to make America the "future seat and center" of the empire of King Steel, where, to use the prophetic words of Andrew Carnegie, the iron monarch "is to sit enthroned and work his wonders upon earth."

THE PHIPPS AND FRICK FAMILIES

Of the ex-Carnegians who continue to draw millions from steel, Phipps spends his ten thousand dollars a day in traveling in Europe and Mexico. Having married one of his daughters to a rich American and the other to the younger son of an English peer, he has turned his attention somewhat to the problems of the working classes. One of his millions is to be spent in New York, building "model tenements," and it is expected that other millions are to follow. Iron and steel workers have wondered why these tenements are not to be built in Homestead and Braddock, or to replace the wooden shacks of the ore miners in the Lake Superior region.

Frick, unlike Phipps, is still busy. He will never be anything else, unless he undergoes a chemical transformation. He is the real estate king of Pittsburgh. He is the chief adviser of the United States Steel Corporation. He is the umpire-in-chief in many a political and financial dispute. In his own business affairs, he has half a dozen ways of becoming too rich. From steel, coke, real estate, apartment hotels, speculation in railway stocks, and from trust companies, he could have to-day a yearly pension of three millions if he chose to retire and become a looker-on. He and his family have joined the Pittsburgh colony in New York. Their present home is the George W. Vanderbilt house on Fifth Avenue, which Frick has leased for ten years. It is one of the famous "twin Vanderbilt mansions" built a generation ago. And so Henry Clay Frick, who was living in half of a coal miner's shanty thirty-three years ago, finds himself to-day the welcome occupant of a Vanderbilt palace.

Few of the self-made steel kings are

allowing their children to be as hardy as themselves. Judge Moore is trying to induce his son to climb the railroad ladder by making him a freight clerk in a small town. The boy gets fifty dollars a month and no allowance. Up to this time of writing he has tightened up his hunger-belt and persevered; but he gets even with his parents by sending every day the menu of his boarding-house. Another steel millionaire put his son in Morgan's office at a salary of ten dollars a week. But as the boy goes to his work every day in a twenty-two-thousand-dollar automobile, he is not probably vividly conscious of being a proletarian.

CARNEGIE'S MAGNIFICENT PENSION

As for Andrew Carnegie, the grand old pensioner of steel, he has at least the second largest fortune, and perhaps the most secure one, in the United States. His pension, including the amount that goes to his charities, is about thirteen million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year—a daily allowance of more than forty-four thousand dollars—ninety-two dollars every time the clock ticks off a minute, allowing that he is paid on the basis of an eight-hour day. "Hurrah! I am out of business," he said in 1901. Yet he is still the greatest profit-taker of them all. Out of every dozen dollars of gain in the American steel trade, one goes to the laird of Skibo. The golden pay-car of the Steel Trust shovels out as much to this one man as to *fourteen thousand* of its Pittsburgh workmen. His pension would support a city as large as Lynn or Bridgeport. In fact, when we consider the enormous wealth of Carnegie, he ceases to be an individual. He becomes one of the financial institutions of the United States.

"I don't say that Carnegie has made money commoner," said one of the oldest and most reflective of the forty partners. "But he has put more commonness into the idea of money than any man that ever lived." This remark may be taken as representing the final opinion of Pittsburgh.

Such a feat as Carnegie had accomplished was unknown, both among the facts and the fairy tales of history. He and his two-score partners had started out upon the road of business as a

group of barefooted urchins; and before their average age was more than forty they were richer than the hereditary rulers of the Old World. Compared with the Carnegie millions, the wealth of the French court, under the "ancient régime," was a bagatelle. In his most wasteful year, Louis IX spent less than eight hundred thousand dollars. The luxurious Francis I could have maintained himself and his whole court for more than a thousand years on the amount of money which fell to Carnegie alone as his personal share. Louis XIV—the most successful of all the royal plunderers of those earlier days—has less than four millions a year to squander on himself and his entire retinue.

NEW STANDARDS OF WEALTH

Pittsburgh, in the Carnegian era, established new standards of wealth. It made the mere millionaire a back number. It drowned all records of affluence in a sudden deluge of scores of millions. It yielded to the masterful few—men without rank or learning or privilege—a sum total which had never been equaled in the long history of the human race. It piled up for them a store of riches so vast as to be proof against all spending—so practically infinite as to defy the unparalleled benevolence of Carnegie and the wildest extravagance of his young partners.

What Andrew Carnegie has done is marvelous. But more wonderful still is the fact that he has done it all so easily and incidentally. "I never found my business anything more than mere play," he said. "Golf is the only serious business of life." His conversation sparkles with contemptuous references to wealth. "It's worth ten thousand dollars to make a drive like that"—"Making one hundred thousand dollars is nothing to the sport of landing a monster pickerel"—"If I had my life to live over again, I would prefer to be a librarian"—"I would give all the millions I own and all I could get credit for, if I could only be a boy again."

He has never allowed the great things of life to put him out of touch with the small things—one of the rarest of qualities. He has been almost everywhere and seen almost everything, and yet he is the

least blasé man in the world. He has lived for twenty-six thousand days, and yet every hour is as fresh and vivid as it was in his boyhood. "Millionaires who laugh are rare," he said on one occasion; but he is as care-free and buoyant as a child, and always has been. No one could have less of the menacing dignity which is usually supposed to be a characteristic of great men.

CARNEGIE'S DEMOCRATIC HABITS

Last summer, while visiting his sister-in-law in the South, he was bossed most unmercifully by his caddie—a little darky with about eleven years to his credit.

"Now, Mr. Cahngy," his young tyrant would say, "don't you go to do dat. You's all wrong! Don't you see you got a brassie? It's a mashie dat you want to make dat dar hit. Hol' on till I gib you de right stick."

And Mr. Carnegie would meekly reply, "All right, Joe, I suppose you know best," and exchange his brassie for a mashie.

Two amazing things Carnegie accomplished: he acquired a quarter of a billion dollars in a lifetime, and—he retained possession of himself. He carries the wealth of a city easier than many a man can carry the price of a suit of clothes. Whatever faults he has, they are not those of his class. He owns millions—hundreds of them—and pays no penalty. He is still as simple, as democratic, as congenial, as when he was struggling with his debts in the early Pittsburgh days. He smokes never—drinks seldom—detests fashionable society—abhors starched clothes—abominates gambling and all games of chance. He travels, but in no private car. He attends grand opera, but has no box. Of all the money kings, not one spends so much on others and so little on himself. He forced his way over obstacles with the obstinacy of a steel wedge—not on the smooth pathway of consolidation and "community of interests," but in the jungle of competition; yet he remained from first to last a man of the widest interests. Commerce could never make him one of its automata. To a degree which has never been surpassed, he has always been "the captain of his soul."

His English friend W. T. Stead, who is a connoisseur of celebrities, has sketched him as a sort of cheerful, shrewd Marcus Aurelius, living far above the cares and prejudices of other men. Our only authentic description of Mrs. Carnegie is given to us by Stead. "Mrs. Carnegie is a home-maker," he writes. "She is skilful in that larger housekeeping which makes a harmonious household."

"All that you can say of me," said Mrs. Carnegie to Stead, "is that I am the unknown wife of a very well-known man." "But you must add," said Carnegie, "that she is, nevertheless, the power behind the throne." Mr. Carnegie met his wife, who was then Miss Louise Whitfield, of New York, on a coaching tour. It was love at first sight, but they postponed their marriage until 1887. Their one daughter, Margaret, will be one of the richest heiresses in the world.

ADMIRATION OF GREATNESS IN OTHERS

One evidence of true greatness in Carnegie is his admiration of greatness in others. He has always been a man of heroes. Herbert Spencer as a philosopher, John Morley as a literary man, B. F. Jones as a steel-maker, and Abram S. Hewitt as a citizen, are his ideals. "To discover the exceptional man"—this, he said, should be the object of the Carnegie Institution, to which he gave ten millions. He believes that the finished product of a college should be the man of power rather than the man of polish. On one occasion he replied eloquently to Sir Edwin Arnold, who had declared that a knowledge of Greek and Latin was indispensable to a writer's education.

"What?" exclaimed Carnegie. "Did not Burns and Shakespeare write well enough without Latin and Greek? The writers of the modern world must deal with facts, with realities, not with neat phrases." At another time, when con-

versing with Lord Reay, he said: "A man with a university education is a man lost to commerce. He had better begin business at eighteen than spend three or four years in a university, studying old ruffians who lived two thousand years ago. Studying skirmishes among savages in the classics is no preparation for a man going into the steel or coal trade. He might as well learn Choctaw."

THE IDEA LARGER THAN THE DOLLAR

To Andrew Carnegie the Idea has always been larger than the Dollar. "I do not believe that any very rich man ever lived before him with so much and such genuine enthusiasm for literature as Andrew Carnegie," writes Moncure D. Conway. While securing information from Mr. Carnegie for this story of steel, I discovered in the first quarter of an hour that he is prouder of his authorship than of his ownership—more pleased that his "Empire of Business" has been translated into Greek and Japanese than that his pension amounts to forty-four thousand dollars a day.

The story of his charities is in itself a book. Hastily summed up, they may be classed as follows:

Fourteen hundred libraries..	\$42,000,000
Fifty-one colleges.....	8,000,000
Carnegie Institution.....	10,000,000
Carnegie Foundation (pensions for retired professors).....	10,000,000
Carnegie Relief Fund.....	4,000,000
Carnegie Hero Fund.....	5,000,000
Scotch Universities.....	10,000,000
Pittsburgh Technical Schools	10,000,000
The Hague Temple of Peace	1,500,000
New York Engineers' Club.	1,000,000
Pittsburgh Museum of Art.	2,000,000
Donations promised (according to secretary's book)	17,000,000

Grand total\$120,500,000

And every dollar of it made from steel.

EDITORS NOTE—The personality of J. Pierpont Morgan will largely dominate next month's instalment of "The Romance of Steel." The story of his bold generalship in organizing the United States Steel Corporation will be told, and pictures will be drawn of the different financial groups that gave the corporation its backbone—as the Morgan group, the Standard Oil group, and the Gates group (which will be analyzed for the first time in the story). Vivid, contrasted statistics will show the significance of the Steel Trust.

WHITTAKER'S WHEEL

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE BLACKMAILER," "FOLLANSBEE'S PLAY," ETC.

WHITTAKER'S first name was Stub. "The Red-Eye Saloon; Stub Whittaker, Proprietor." Strangers in Bedelia City, observing Stub's tall stature, used to express surprise at his sobriquet. Whittaker was fond of explaining.

"Which it means stubborn, pardner," he would say, leaning over his bar impressively. "Stub by name and stub by character!"

He was fond, also, of living up to it. The Red-Eye was the only saloon in Bedelia City. Whittaker thought that his obstinacy, advertised on the sign, was an essential part of the establishment's stock in trade. T. K. O'Hara, an outlawed attorney from Los Angeles, declared that "the appellation was the most befitsome in Lower California."

Bedelia City, therefore, prophesied matrimonial disaster when Stub married Corinne Beebe, after ousting Mr. Beauty Bigelow, a notorious lady-killer, from the maiden's affections. Neither the bride nor the groom was in the flush of youth, and Miss Beebe had a long upper lip and a mind of her own. But on the wedding-day Whittaker received our condolence with scorn.

"Look out for her," said Corinne's brother Alec. "Don't ever take no back talk, Stub, old man!"

"I'm on," replied Whittaker. "This town knows who I be, and what I be. Parson, you may fire—when ready."

The return from the honeymoon in San Francisco was awaited with interest. The Whittakers were conventionally radiant. T. K. O'Hara immediately called upon the happy pair, and reported to a citizens' assembly.

"Evidence tends to show," he summed up, "that connubious bliss dedominates. On that point, gentlemen, both

of the accused held strong under the cross-examination. Howsomever, Stub bought a yellow gasoline bicycle in 'Frisco. This contraption ain't smiled on none by the female defendant, and it may be the *corpus delictum* yet of the entire cantata."

The motor-cycle appeared on the single street of Bedelia City, to the superstitious terror and reverence of Chinamen and Mexican half-breeds. Nobody could quite figure out Stub's reason for buying the machine, but it was probably because some one had told him he ought not to—the same reason which induced him to discharge his bartender and run the Red-Eye single-handed. Whittaker did not have much leisure for motoring. He rode to his meals, at which insistence upon rigid promptness was Mrs. Whittaker's sole domestic tyranny.

One day, at noontime, Stub locked his saloon and pushed his wheel across the street to Alec Beebe's livery stable. Wang Duck, standing in the laundry close to Beebe's office, contemplated the bicycle with religious adoration. Stub pressed the rubber bulb of the horn, and Wang Duck's lips moved in prayer, as at the voice of his ancestors. Whittaker leaned the machine against a post and went in to see Alec.

"How's matrimony?" inquired Alec.

"Fine and dandy," boasted Stub.

"Well," said Beebe, "don't give her the jump on you, that's all. I know little sister Corinne. Once she takes the bit and gets her head down, she'll travel some, I'm telling you!"

Whittaker nodded thoughtfully.

"Coffee don't go cold in ten minutes," asserted the husband. "If supper's at six, six-ten is good enough. Why, dog-gone it, I'm a business man,

ain't I? There's plenty for me to do besides beating out the grub-bell."

"Sure," agreed his brother-in-law.

Mrs. Whittaker stuck her bonnet in the doorway, and the men started uneasily.

"Dinner, dear," proclaimed Corinne.

"You chase yourself along, honey-pot," said Stub, glancing at Alec. "Soon's I'm through business, I'll follow. I can catch up with you, skee-sicks, on the wheel."

"Wheel!" sniffed Mrs. Stub. "That yellow nuisance ought to be in the junk pile!"

"You chase yourself along," reiterated Whittaker firmly.

The lady withdrew.

"I'll make her wait a plumb quarter hour," avowed Stub. "I'll knock this meal-time cadoodle sky-high!"

He watched the clock, nevertheless, with marked attention, and hurried out at the appointed minute. Immediately he returned, his face livid. Alec was alarmed.

"Holy fish!" yelled Whittaker. "She's pinched the wheel! She's led the bicycle home with her! How's that for nerve, hey?"

They searched the deserted street. None of the neighbors had seen either Mrs. Whittaker or the yellow wheel. Beebe and Stub went to the office, and the latter sat down at the desk.

"Consarn her tintype!" he said, desperately. "Something's got to be done, pesky quick!"

He grabbed a letter-pad and wrote, tearing the paper with savage jabs of his pen. The protocol read as follows:

BEEBE'S ELITE LIVERY AND BOARDING
STABLE.

DEAR MADAM:

The undersigned stays at above address till you bring back you know what. No more at present from yours truly

S. WHITTAKER.

An Indian boy was despatched with this note to Whittaker's house, where he left it in Corinne's hands. Stub then sent the messenger to the Loose Change Restaurant for a sandwich, lit his pipe, and filled Alec's office with storm-clouds of tobacco smoke.

In the mean time, Bedelia City awoke from its noon siesta. Thirsty souls were confronted by the locked door of the

Red-Eye Saloon. Alec Beebe called them over to the livery stable, and explained the situation delightedly.

"But, gentlemen," argued T. K. O'Hara, "we are a connival community, and the only barkeep in our midst can't be let to off-saddle this-a-way. Public office is a public trust. *Vox populi pluri-bus unum!*"

"Stub by name," said Whittaker grandly, "and stub by charackter. I'm bound by my own hand of write, T. K., to camp on this identical spot and not budge. As for lending my keys, I decline, not insinuating agin no gent's crookedness or oncrookedness."

"Maybe she can be got to bring back the durned wheel," suggested Conk Hoover, "when she knows the drought which is decimating of us."

A deputation called on Mrs. Whittaker, but Corinne refused to admit its members to the house, and they were forced to negotiate by futile pantomime outside her window. It was an up-hill job to explain the town's distress in dumb show, although Beauty Bigelow pretended to swoon of thirst on the lawn, where, broiled by the sun, he lay until disturbed by sympathetic dogs. Mrs. Whittaker was unresponsive.

Nightfall emphasized the city's* predicament. The livery stable was thronged. Occasionally a red artillerist proposed smashing the saloon door, or conducting Stub thereto at the point of guns, but curiosity to witness a more logical outcome generally prevailed. Moreover, we were rather proud of Stub's resolution. The spectacle of Stub, bedded down on a horse-blanket in Beebe's office, gratified our manhood.

The next morning there was a misty drizzle of rain. We met in secret conclave at the blacksmith's shop. Conk Hoover owned an ancient bicycle, and the blacksmith rigged on it a tin box, which, at a distance, resembled the gear of a gasoline motor. Yellow paint completed the imitation of Whittaker's wheel, and Beauty Bigelow, having carefully ascertained that Stub was unarmed, consented to ride the bicycle up and down the street. It was hoped that Whittaker would be moved emotionally upon beholding Corinne's old lover thus mounted.

Beauty pedaled by Beebe's window. With a shrill whoop of jealous rage, Stub leaped forth, Othello-like. The crowd cheered joyously, and Alec locked up his office. The pursuit terminated at a mud-hole, where Beauty capsized and fled afoot. Whittaker inspected the wheel, ponderously executed a destructive war-dance on it, and plodded back to the stable through the rain.

"Let me in," he demanded of Alec, who stood on the sidewalk.

"Not much I won't!" retorted Beebe. "You're a quitter. You've left the office. You've sure caved on the word you wrote Corinne. You might as well go home."

"Or else to the Red-Eye," put in Hoover, wiping his lips hopefully on his sleeve.

Whittaker glared at the saloon, where his cognomen appeared in gilt letters a foot high.

"Stub by name and stub by character," he decided. "If I can't stay where I agreed, I'll stay, by jiggers, as nigh to it as I can. That's the law, I expect."

We looked at O'Hara.

"Construckative fill-fulling of a contract," affirmed T. K.

Stub turned down the brim of his hat, leaned against the dripping clapboards, and plunged his hands, with an air of finality, to the depths of his trousers pockets. There was a vague touch of the sublime about him. We retreated, somewhat awe-stricken, to the blacksmith's shop, which, indeed, was the only resort now available.

"Say, the lid is on, all right!" exclaimed Conk Hoover gloomily. "What next, old supreme court?"

He addressed T. K. O'Hara; who was busy with pencil and paper.

"I have drawn up," said the jurist proudly, "a complaint on Mrs. Stub Whittaker, Esquire, from the Health Board of Bedelia City. It dejoins upon her for to take care of her fool husband, wandering on our tempestifurios streets without a roof whereon to lay his head, catching tonsillitis and the hives, and likely to become a public charge. I will shove this here writ under her front door, and wait for the verdict," and he departed, amid applause.

Presently Beauty Bigelow returned with caution, after a sojourn in the wet chaparral. He informed us that Whittaker had been driven by the storm into Wang Duck's laundry. This looked like weakening, and we proceeded accordingly to the Chinaman's.

There sat Stub Whittaker on the laundry counter, evidently a broken man. His chin was tremulous, his shoulders hung limply down, and he pointed with a shaking finger at a gaudy calico curtain which separated Wang Duck's workshop from his living-room.

"Gentlemen," he quavered, "I ain't saying a cussed word."

Conk Hoover tore the calico from the door frame.

"Gosh!" he remarked.

Whittaker's wheel stood on the Chinaman's cot, which had been converted to the uses of an altar. It was splendid with oriental embroidery, and several joss-sticks burned pungently. Wang Duck lay prostrate before his new idol. He was stupefied with opium, and there was no rousing him. His explanations, however, were quite unnecessary. He had secluded Whittaker's wheel for religious purposes.

"Gentlemen, I ain't saying a cussed word," repeated Whittaker, "except there's a free bar across the street for thirty minutes. Who's got that yellow paint?"

The brush and the paint were produced. Stub opened his saloon silently, but, in spite of its attractions, the citizens preferred to contemplate the owner as he mounted a ladder to his sign and scraped vigorously with a chisel.

"Dan'l Whittaker, are you loony?" cried his wife. "Are you sick, or locoed, or what? Speak to me, Dan'l!"

She had rounded the corner unnoticed. Whittaker's slicker hung on one of her arms, and on the other jingled a basket of bottled restoratives.

"Corinne," said her husband, "when you was wed up to me, you changed your last name. Now, I'm changing my first. Let me know when it's dinner-time, Corinne."

"All promenade!" said T. K. O'Hara softly; and we filed into "The Red-Eye Saloon, Dan Whittaker, Proprietor."

THE INSURRECTION AT LA BOCA

BY KARL DECKER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

BUCCANEER BLAKE sat cheerlessly regarding the blue Caribbean. A mile or so away the constant popping of rifles sounded like the finale of a fireworks exhibition at Coney Island, and his spirits died as the fusillade grew in fervor and intensity.

Rebellious forces, very drunk and very jubilant, occupied the little seaport of La Boca, and strangely enough this fact brought nothing of cheer to the soul of Mr. Bronson Blake. For the first time in a long and highly tempestuous career he found himself on the wrong side of an insurrection. All his interests lay with the government in power. He had helped that government into control when it was but a rebellion, and he had yet to wait several care-fraught weeks before he could realize on the valuable concessions he had procured as the result of his filibustering efforts in behalf of General Jose Moscoso when that hardy rebel was dodging through the woods with nothing stronger than his own proclamations back of him.

Now that General Moscoso was president of Orondo, Buccaneer Blake had come well within sight of riches. On the steamer that was to arrive at La Boca within two days were capitalists who were ready to invest large sums in the concessions that had been granted by the grateful Moscoso.

Mr. Blake felt deeply injured by the new turn of events. When those capitalists landed in La Boca they would find an entirely new party in power at the seaport; naturally the result would be a decided condition of doubt and uncertainty as to the value of the Blake concessions.

Blake sat in front of a tiny café, with all his attention directed toward La

Boca, whither the proprietor had hurried as soon as the news of the capture was received. The café was ornately pretty, being painted in seven colors and decorated like a wedding-cake. It mocked frivolously the magnificence of the mountain-range that rose behind it and the stretch of suave sea before it. It was set in the center of a pavement of tiles made by upending stone ale-bottles and driving them into the sand, and its whole effect was sensuously pleasing in a tropical fashion.

None of the many glories of the café "La Flor de Andalusia" held any attraction for Blake on this disturbing day of disaster and catastrophe. It was now noon and hot and windless under the canvas awning. The wavelets that loitered inward until they swished out into mere films across the sand kept up a faint murmur that was lulling and sleep-inspiring. The torn and tattered leaves of the banana palms on the hillsides hung limp. Behind him the road from La Boca stretched white and glaring, and beyond lay stretches of bananas and oranges, with an occasional palm like a huge feather-duster stuck into the ground.

Blake looked the scene over with a shiver of disgust.

"It would drive Billy McCormick crazy," he thought. "If he ever saw that, he would want to have a play built around it. And I guess that's all it's good for."

"The *señor* does not go to La Boca?" queried the mozo, who yearned to be in the very heart of the merry-making.

"The *señor's* only desire is that La Boca does not come to him," responded Mr. Blake drearily.

"*Si, señor,*" murmured the mozo, sympathetically if not comprehendingly. Then he wiped the round marble top of the little table for the twentieth time and wondered what they were doing in La Boca.

Blake mopped his neck and chest and cursed softly. The light uniform blouse he wore was buttoned over nothing but an undershirt beneath, which was quite according to army regulations in Orondo. The uniform was itself a menace to his safety, and his presence within a mile of La Boca would have been a bit of absurd bravado in another man. A principle, vague and undefined even to himself, prevented his discarding it.

He was hot and tired and no longer resourceful. The fairy castle of the future had dissolved like the mist over the coast mountains in the early mornings. While he had dreamed of the things he was to accomplish, old Ramon Acosta, the scarred, one-eyed warrior, known throughout Orondo as "*El Tuerto*," had suddenly appeared in front of Atalaya, the capital of the country, with a force strong enough to cause the merchants to put up their shutters in petulant fear and anger. A revolution, at first too petty and unimportant to receive serious consideration, had in two days developed into a threat against the peace and happiness of Orondo. It meant nothing less, apparently, than the death of the carefully formed plans of Buccaneer Blake.

That morning he had awakened to find La Boca ready to fall like a ripe orange into the hands of *El Tuerto*. The old revolutionist had galloped into the streets after so slight a show of resistance that the town appeared to welcome him. The very memory galled Blake. By the demands for assistance from the capital, he had been left without troops in sufficient numbers to hold La Boca. The few men with him had scattered into the hills, and he had made his way through the plantation of a friend to the little café on the roadside. Here he waited without purpose and without plan of any sort.

A sudden clatter of hoofs startled him. He reached for his gun as he dived behind the café. It was extremely likely that La Boca would be coming his

way in all its fervid intensity, and he didn't long for the meeting.

But the alarm was false. Around the turn of the road cantered an American, leading a saddled horse.

"I sneaked two mounts from behind the hotel," called out Stilton as he drew up in front of the café. "All our people are scattered through the hills, and I stole two horses from our conquerors."

"What are those concession-smashers doing now?" asked Blake as he carefully examined the led horse.

"They are having as much fun as an election-night crowd in Herald Square," said Stilton without enthusiasm. Having secured a contract for supplying several of the more important towns with electric lights, he was heartily in sympathy with the Moscoso government. "They are using up all their cartridges on one another," he said. "In an hour or more they won't have ammunition enough to pull off an execution."

Blake swung up into his saddle.

"That won't do us any good," he said. "Those village pests can cut up as long as they like; we won't be able to interfere. It's a case of hike for ours and good-by to the fancy graft in the concession game unless we can turn a few tricks in the miracle line!"

The prospect was so depressing that the two rode along in murky, gloomy silence until they rounded a turn in the road along the seashore and caught the rataplan of irregular firing ahead of them.

"Oh, shades of Cortez!" growled Blake. "Here's more of them. I had figured it out that all the rabble *El Tuerto* could collect were enjoying themselves in La Boca. We're likely to lose more than our concessions."

The two turned silently into a grove of cocoanut-palms, rounded behind a banana patch, and, tying their horses, began cautiously to scout.

At a crook in the road they stopped and turned to look congratulations at each other.

In the open roadstead lay a cruiser—a vessel of the United States navy, very white and very pretty, mingling beautifully with the tropical scenery of the shore. On the beach groups of men in immaculate white were running about

and stopping every little while to kneel and fire, while a young man, also in white, with the air of one conducting a great campaign, was coughing out orders in a voice artificially deep and guttural.

"Shore-drill for the marines," gasped Blake delightedly. "There's a ship full of real soldiers out there—soldiers with real guns that sight up to two miles and carry that far with something of accuracy. We've got to get them into our game!"

"It's good enough for me to find some way of getting out of this beastly country," said Stilton. "There's no use going on to Atalaya. El Tuerto will be hiking in there in a few days, and we shall be the little homeless wanderers in a strange country. There's no use being foolish about this thing. We'll just go visiting on board that little old Glen Island excursion steamer and jolly them into taking us as far away from here as we can get."

"We will not," said Blake, as he sat under a cocoanut-palm and beamed contentedly upon the military display. "We will make an international affair of this. We will induce these young men to make a naval demonstration against La Boca."

"In all likelihood!" purred Stilton, with delicate but wasted sarcasm. "These sailormen are taught early in life not to mingle in the affairs of these little penny-ante republics without direct orders from the Navy Department. You might fake a cable message to them, but they'd drop to the fact that it was a fake as soon as they could get off a message from La Boca."

"They will never get into La Boca," said Blake. "They don't need to go that far. I will now demonstrate to you the manner in which I will make diplomacy correct the errors of overconfidence in the worth of Orondo's troops."

Mr. Blake then thrust himself upon the party of marines occupying the road. His salute was accepted by the lieutenant in command with all the dignity that twenty-five years made possible.

"Hot work!" said the lieutenant pleasantly, as he mopped his face. "We had to get the men ashore for an hour or so. It's healthy around here—what?"

"Healthier than a Catskills sanitarium," lied Blake genially. "Only a small minority of the deaths around here just at present are from disease."

"They die of old age, I suppose," remarked the lieutenant, who appeared to be a friendly youth.

"Well, most of those that have died here recently had lived long enough," said Blake cheerfully.

The lieutenant failed to grasp the full significance of these purely local witticisms.

"There's no objection to our mussing up the front yard of your republic, is there?" he asked.

"We like to have you do it," said Blake. "I telegraphed to Atalaya, telling the president that you were here, and he sent me instructions to make things pleasant for you. I'm in charge of this section of the coast, and I'd like to show you around a bit."

He dragged out of the pocket of his uniform-coat a package of papers with huge seals and passed them over to the lieutenant.

"I'm a general in the constabulary they call an army down here," said Blake, "stationed at La Boca. Now, if you were only doing target-practise as well as shore-drill, why, I could help you a bit."

"Target-practise?" said the lieutenant, as he turned and waved his hand toward the cruiser. "Do you know what ship that is? The Nantucket, *amigo*. We hold all records in our class. Commander Wheelock in charge. He's the original target-practise pest. He's always borrowing ammunition from the other chaps in the navy. Target-practise is his one hobby. We haven't set up any floating marks here, because we hoped to locate a natural target on land. We haven't seen anything but sand and jungle since this morning, and I guess the practise has been called off."

"Come with me," said Blake, hiding his evil joy. "I've got a target that will overcome you with pleasurable emotions. There's an old blockhouse up the road that we are going to tear down, and you can help us by shooting into it all you want. The more you shoot it up the better we'll like it. Then you can march



'THE SEÑORS ONLY DESIRE IS THAT LA BOCA DOES NOT COME TO HIM,'
RESPONDED MR. BLAKE DREARILY



"THERE'S NO USE BEING FOOLISH ABOUT THIS THING"

a bunch of marines up the road behind the blockhouse, and send off a landing-party from the ship and fake up a combination drill that you'll remember as long as you live. There's nothing like

old Tuerto that'll make him eat his *machete*. The United States navy is now engaged in saving our concessions for us."

The lieutenant gathered up his men



"HOT WORK!"
SAID THE
LIEUTENANT

shooting at a real blockhouse to inspire enthusiasm among the gunners."

"Bully!" said the lieutenant eagerly. "That's all to the excellent. I'll go aboard and arrange it in a brace of minutes."

"If this thing only works out the way it should," said Blake to Stilton ten minutes later, "we'll pull off a surprise on

with many harsh and guttural commands and marched them into the shade of a great cotton-tree, where he left them in charge of a sergeant while he went aboard.

His conference with the officer in command was short. In ten minutes he was seen starting back for the shore.

"If I be not over-hopeful," said



George Gibbs

THE STARTLED GARRISON OF INSURGENTS, WHO HAD STARTED RUNNING TOWARD THE TOWN WHEN THE FIRST SHELL BURST, NOW BEGAN TO MAKE THE DUFFY RECORDS FOR THE SPRINT LOOK LIKE SCHOOLBOY PERFORMANCES

Blake cheerfully, "our little scheme has been indorsed by the powers on board, and there is nothing for us to do but to see that the chorus gets the proper cue and that the spot-lights are effectively manipulated. I rather imagine that La Boca is due to be surprised somewhat in the next hour."

The lieutenant came ashore vivaciously, and, hailing Blake, he called out:

"Commander's compliments and thanks to you, old man. He's heading up the coast now. We'll go along and give the men a chance to race around a little."

The cruiser was getting under way, and Blake and Stilton, leading their horses into the road, mounted and started off.

"I'll go ahead and see that there's no one around the blockhouse when you begin firing," Blake called back as he and Stilton rode away. Turning the bend in the road, both spurred ahead at a pace that sent them flying past the little café. Then more cautiously they rode on toward La Boca.

The blockhouse crowned a hump-backed peninsula which jotted quite a distance into the sea. The road led around the shoreward end of this hill, a thousand yards or more away from the toy fort, and as the two men rode

toward the town they noticed that a crowd of El Tuerto's men were seated on the town side of the hill, watching with envious eyes the little town in which their comrades were feverishly enjoying their victory.

"They'll never see that cruiser," said Blake. "She'll come up behind and pat them on the back before they realize what's doing!"

Stopping just under the hill, they looked down into the plaza. A barefooted band was drowsily playing, and preparations were going forward for a grand review of the victorious insurgents. El Tuerto was to ride around the town, in accordance with the custom of insurgent folk of all parties after a capture.

"It couldn't be better," said Blake, grinning malevolently. "They haven't placed any sentries, and that crowd on the hill will sit there and look longingly at the cafés for an hour yet."

In a short time the Nantucket steamed up to the peninsula, on the other side of which lay La Boca. The lieutenant marched his few files of marines along the road until he was halted by Blake. Then was begun the final act of the plot against the peace and power of Don Ramon Acosta, known as El Tuerto.

"The commander'll send a landing-party around the end of that peninsula in boats," said the lieutenant. "I'll march my men around by land to meet 'em when they come ashore. The gun-crews are yearning for a chance to cut loose at that blockhouse. It's the prettiest target they've had in years."

"Just enjoy yourselves," said Blake hospitably. "Have the time of your lives. Start your little old vaudeville show, and I'll promise you the most successful performance you ever put up."

The lieutenant signaled the cruiser. A puff of white smoke burst from her side and curled away in a great ring. The roar of the six-incher smote the countryside and roused terror and wild anxiety in La Boca. The shell screamed through the air and, scantily missing the blockhouse, flashed over the town and exploded with a bewildering crash on the other side.

"Oh, slush!" cried the lieutenant angrily. "That's too bad. They lifted

her too high. They'll never miss it again. There's nothing on the other side of that hill, is there?"

"Nothing that amounts to anything. Everything's been prepared for this little shooting."

Before he had finished speaking another shell whirled through the air and made a center shot. Splinters from the shattered roof-beams, tiles, and sections of the stone-work were scattered generously. The startled garrison of insurgents, who had started running toward the town when the first shell burst, now began to make the Duffy records for the sprint look like school-boy performances. Unlike trained runners, however, they yelled as they ran.

In La Boca a spasm of terror fell upon the insurgent conquerors. Such artillery work had never before been seen in the country, and it was as inexplicable as it was demoralizing. The mystery lasted only until the men from the blockhouse began to stream into town, where they mingled with the horde of anxious ones who were scrambling into the first saddles they could reach in their wild haste to get away.

"*Los diablos Americanos!*" screamed the blockhouse contingent, who had seen the white cruiser. This information gave nothing of comfort to the insurgents. They realized that it was no time to insist upon explanations.

But horror was added to horror. Other insurgents, who had started away by the shore road, came spurring madly into town crying out that thousands of troops were marching into La Boca. Then, in plain sight of the entire town, several boats carrying the American flag were seen rounding the end of the peninsula.

In ten minutes the only people left in La Boca were those who couldn't get away. Blake, joyously topping the hill, looked down upon a deserted village. He hooted gleefully at the tag end of El Tuerto's army as it scurried along the river bank and disappeared into the jungle-bordered road.

"Why, there's a town here!" said the lieutenant, evidently annoyed.

"Sure," said Blake complacently, "but then your shells that miss pass clear over it. There's no real danger.

Now, if you'll only send the ship's surgeon ashore for a few hours to help our doctors a bit, you'll straighten out our game splendidly."

The lieutenant looked properly scandalized at the thought of having bombarded a town in the hands of the doctors. He was also a bit worried.

"What in thunder do you want the ship's surgeon for?" he asked suspiciously. "There's no epidemic of any sort in there—what?"

"Only yellow fever," said Blake pleasantly. "We've been fooling along with it now for a couple of months, and it's rather getting away from us. It will be a favor if you'll help out a bit."

"Sorry, old chap, but we can't let our people take any chances of infection," said the lieutenant stiffly. He had frantically signaled the cruiser, which quickly stopped the target-practise, and now he began wigwagging to the men in the boats. "I can't let those men land as it is," he said.

"All right," said Blake cheerfully, as he saw the boats turning back. "We've certainly had a pleasant day."

"You chaps down here get so accustomed to the fever that you don't realize what a raking we'd get if we picked up a case of it. I'd really like to help you out, don't you know, but it's simply impossible."

"You've helped me out a whole lot as it is," said Blake truthfully. "You don't know how much it means to see a bunch of Americans in uniform playing around down here."

"And that's no lie," he remarked cheerfully to Stilton as together they watched the lieutenant, marching stiffly ahead of the force of marines, on the way back to the ship.

"Wouldn't he be the scandalized person if he only knew!" said Stilton.

A few hours later Blake sat contentedly in front of the café "Dos Hermanos" on the pier-head, looking out across the Caribbean, now flecked by moonlight. From Atalaya he had received word that the forces of El Tuerto had been mysteriously withdrawn from about the capital; and from that old trouble-maker word had been received that he would come in and be good and lend loyal support to the government, if guaranteed safety and a small share in the governmental graft. Blake himself had sent off cables to the American newspapers telling of the summary manner in which the insurrection had been suppressed, but omitting the details.

"Now," he said happily to Stilton, "all we've got to do is to turn in and clean this old town up properly for the reception of our capitalists."

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER stands like Ruth amid the corn,
Clad rosily in beauty of the morn.

Her poppies, with their sparkling dews impearled,
Girdle with crimson flame the whole wide world.

Her reddened vines with thousand fingers hold
All of the summer sunlight's living gold.

Her yellow pumpkins, plump and round and fair,
Are strewn like coins of plenty everywhere.

Her choir of echoes in the woodland hush
Sings sweeter than the summer's raptured thrush.

Her leaping brooks, with foaming fleece of white,
Skip like the lambs through meadows of delight.

Her honey bees, where ceaseless nectar drips,
Cling close upon the orchard's ruby lips.

Her goldenrod in marsh and field and fell
Outshines the amaranth and asphodel!

Edward Wilbur Mason

THE WELSH IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE REMARKABLE CONTRIBUTION THAT THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN LAND OF WALES HAS MADE TO OUR NATIONAL LIFE—THE PROMINENCE OF WELSHMEN IN AMERICAN HISTORY, FROM THE TIME OF THE PILGRIMS TO THE PRESENT DAY

WALES is a tiny country. Massachusetts beats it in size, and Chicago beats it in population. It is a small fraction of a small island. But if real greatness consists not in acres nor wealth so much as in the heart-power and brain-power of a people, then little Wales is one of the great countries of the world.

When we recall the large number of prominent Welshmen who are now in the United States, it seems hard to believe that our total Welsh population is less than three hundred thousand, even when we include those who were born here of Welsh parents. But they have for centuries been a small and winnowed race. They have little waste. Almost every Welsh family is a tiny little republic in itself, sturdily self-supporting and ambitious—just the sort of a group from which a great man or woman is likely to come.

Naturally, as the hills of Wales are rich in all sorts of buried treasures, the Welsh have become famous for their skill as miners and smelters. They did much to establish our iron business, and more still for our coal industry. And when we first began to make tin plate successfully, about a dozen years ago, it was the Welsh who taught us how.

In the matter of morality, no national-

ity stands higher. I find recent statistics which show that there are only twenty-eight Welshmen in our penal institutions—a remarkable showing. One of the British nicknames for Wales is "the land of the white gloves." It is the local custom to present a pair of white gloves to a judge who finds no cases on the docket.

But the Welsh are not satisfied with being moral. They are a spiritual and heroic people. *Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd*—"The truth against the world"—is their motto. Their beliefs and feelings have always been more precious to them than wealth. A Welshman wants to be prosperous, of course, but he never displays the same enthusiasm in making money that he does in singing a hymn or making a speech on the glory of Wales.

In temperament, the Welsh are like their own furnaces. They blaze at a breath. Nothing is more characteristic of the whole nation than this "Welsh fire." Often it burns away all tact and expediency. There is nothing suave or secretive about the Welsh. They do not
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil
leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to
sneer.

They are a hardy, enduring race. The

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the ninth in a series of articles on the leading races that have contributed to the making of the United States. The first paper, on "The Jew in America," appeared in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for January; the second, on "The Sons of Old Scotland," in the February number; the third, on "The Germans in America," in the March number; the fourth, on "The Irish in America," in the April number; the fifth, on "The English in America," in the May number; the sixth, on "The French in America," in the June number; the seventh, on "The Canadians in the United States," in the July number; and the eighth, on "The Scandinavians in America," in the August number.

Next month's article will be on "The Italians in America," and other important nationalities will be treated later, including the Dutch, the Spaniards, and, finally, the Americans.

spirit of their ancient hills is in them. Both in body and mind, they are strong-fibered. Their stamina was shown last winter, when the unconquered football team of New Zealand, which had swept away all rivals in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Australia, was beaten by the Welshmen at Cardiff. And it was mentally shown when Lord Penrhyn's quarrymen went on strike and held out against starvation for three years—the longest strike on record.

THE GREAT JONES FAMILY

One short and easy way to prove the importance of the Welsh in America is to call attention to the large number of famous Joneses. I find that there are seventy-four illustrious members of the Jones clan in the last edition of "Who's Who." Many of these, very likely, do not think of themselves as Welsh. But in most cases the name of Jones is undeniably of Welsh origin.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, whose fame as a religious teacher is international, is a thorough Welshman. When the Congress of Religions was held during the Chicago Exposition, he was its secretary and one of its central figures. In the political world the best known Welshman is a Jones—ex-Senator John P. Jones, who served four terms in the United States Senate from Nevada. There are also two owners of this celebrated name in the present Congress—Wesley L. Jones, of Washington, and William A. Jones, of Virginia, both born in the United States.

In business, there are three Joneses of unusual prominence in Pittsburgh—W. J. Jones, of the Bank for Savings; Evan Jones, the contractor; and John H. Jones, who is one of the coal barons of Pennsylvania. One other, who is too big to miss, is Colonel "Buffalo" Jones, the noted superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, who has probably caught more wild animals than any other American now living.

In our steel business there have been three Joneses who will never be forgotten—Captain "Bill" Jones, of the Carnegie company, who has never had a superior as the manager of a steel-mill; E. F. Jones, the founder of the independent firm of Jones & Laughlin,

Pittsburgh; and Daniel L. Jones, who established the iron and steel business at Pueblo, Colorado.

John Mather Jones, of Utica, was a leader of his people during the Civil War period; and in recent years, the late Samuel M. Jones, of Toledo, was our most conspicuous Welshman. The "Golden Rule Mayor," as the latter was called, was for years one of the most picturesque figures in American public life. As a boy of eighteen, he went into the oil country with fifteen cents in his pocket and worked up to riches. Then he became a politician, but such a one as Ohio had never seen. He declared himself independent of all the political parties and all the newspapers, and, with nothing but his own personal magnetism to aid him, persuaded more than three fourths of the Toledo citizens to indorse his platform of equality and brotherhood. As long as Toledo stands, its patron saint will be "Golden Rule" Jones—"the man without a party."

In the early days of American history, there were Thomas Jones, who built the first brick house on Long Island; Dr. John Jones, who saved George Washington's life in 1790; Nathaniel Jones, the inventor of the comb-making machine; and Captain Jacob Jones, who commanded the Wasp in the War of 1812. And so we may see from this incomplete list of names what a wealth of biography might be gathered together under the title, "What Happened to Jones."

We cannot, of course, assume that every man who bears a Welsh name is a Cambrian. Paul Jones, for instance, was a Scot who changed his name. Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia, is of English ancestry; and ex-Governor Llewellyn Powers, of Maine, is descended from a French family. But the Americans who are unquestionably Welsh are still very numerous.

WELSHMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE

In public life, we have a strong group of Welshmen among the leaders. John Sharp Williams, for instance, the Democratic leader of Congress, is of Welsh descent, and proud of it. "My own branch of the clan Williams," he says, "came over to America in the latter part of the seventeenth century." The veteran Sen-

ator John T. Morgan, too, who has represented Alabama in the United States Senate for thirty years, assures me that the Welsh writers are correct in claiming him as one of their blood. And one Congressman—William A. Thomas, of Ohio—claims Wales as the land of his birth.

Three Americans of Welsh descent who have acquired a national reputation for their ability and uprightness, are Charles E. Hughes, whose probing recently brought to light the insurance irregularities; Ellis H. Roberts, who has been the United States treasurer since 1897; and T. L. James, president of the Lincoln National Bank, of New York. All three are descendants of the Welsh pioneers who settled in the central region of New York State. Mr. James was Postmaster-General under Garfield for a short time—long enough to save the United States about two million dollars a year. He is a business man of the good old-fashioned sort, who has traveled far on the road of self-help since he went to work as a boy at a dollar a week.

There are four others, also of national importance, who can see in the remote past the cottages of their forefathers nestling under the shadow of the Welsh hills—General Nelson A. Miles, whose first American ancestor came from Swansea in 1664; Rear-Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans; W. W. Thomas, of Maine, now consul-general to Sweden; and Henry Clay Evans, one of the most distinguished public men of Tennessee, who has been a Representative in Congress, Assistant Postmaster-General, Commissioner of Pensions, and consul-general at London.

WELSHMEN IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

Our foremost Welsh merchant now living is unquestionably Thomas C. Jenkins, of Pittsburgh. What A. T. Stewart was to New York or Marshall Field to Chicago, Jenkins is to the Smoky City. Everybody in western Pennsylvania, at least, knows the story of his success—how he failed to get rich among the gold mines of California in 1849, and then succeeded in piling up millions with a grocery store in Pittsburgh. Few of the steel kings, outside

of Carnegie and Frick, are richer than he. Recently, so it is reported, he refused an offer of four millions for a single piece of Pittsburgh real estate.

Miles Humphreys, also, is a Pittsburgh Welshman. He was formerly the president of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers. More recently he has been the fire chief of Pittsburgh. Perhaps the ablest Welsh labor leader at the present time is Tom L. Lewis, who is second to John Mitchell in the coal miners' organization.

Highest of all, in many respects, among Americans of Welsh lineage, stands the dominant figure of J. Pierpont Morgan. He is proud to trace his family back to Captain Miles Morgan, the founder of Springfield, Massachusetts. The story of Miles Morgan is highly romantic. Love, not money, brought him to America. One morning, in 1636, he was wandering along a wharf in Bristol, England, when he saw a beautiful girl who was about to sail with her parents for the new country. Young Morgan flew to his home, packed up a bundle of necessities, rushed back to the ship, and engaged a passage. Not many months afterward the two young people were married at Boston, and tramped through the woods to a farm which was located where the handsome city of Springfield stands to-day. Morgan became noted as a great Indian fighter and a sturdy Puritan; and a statue of him, with pickax in one hand and gun in the other, can now be seen in one of Springfield's public squares.

IN LITERATURE AND MUSIC

Among our men of letters, there are few of Welsh birth, but quite a number of Welsh ancestry. The dean of them all, undoubtedly, is W. D. Howells, who traces his family back to a certain Welsh Quaker who arrived here during the Mayflower period. And in Cincinnati there is John Uri Lloyd, an author of unusual versatility and learning.

In music, I find no Welsh among the masters; yet no nation is more unanimously fond of song and music than they. Ever since the days of Merlin and Taliesin, their ancient bards, the Welsh people have found their highest pleasure in great singing festivals—"eistedd-

fods," as they are called. In the singing of sacred music the Welsh choirs have become famous, too, not only for their technique, but for their spirit of true devoutness. Almost every Welshman is ready to burst into song at a moment's notice. When the late "Golden Rule" Jones, of Toledo, had an especially difficult audience of voters to address, he invariably took his fiddle along and opened the meeting with a song. Two of the best-known Welsh musicians now in the public eye are Daniel Protheroe, of Milwaukee, and Professor William Ap Madoc, of Chicago. The latter is one of the highest authorities on the "song romances" of Wales.

Among distinguished men of other professions, we must not omit Judge H. M. Edwards, of Scranton; John M. Francis, founder of the *Troy Times*; Professor W. W. Davies, of Ohio Wesleyan University; Thomas J. Griffiths, owner of *Y Drych*, Utica, New York; and John Lloyd Thomas, who is the president of the St. David's Society of New York. The five clergymen who seem to be most prominent are Rev. D. Parker Morgan and Rev. E. E. Chivers, of New York; Rev. William H. Roberts and Rev. George E. Rees, of Philadelphia; and Rev. Thomas C. Edwards, of Kingston, Pennsylvania.

As to who was the first Welshman in America history is silent. There was a certain Prince Madoc, Welsh writers say, who sailed to this country with an imposing fleet of thirteen vessels about eight hundred years ago. He returned to Wales, so the story goes, and told of a new land across a great sea. He sailed a second time, and was never heard of afterward.

WELSHMEN OF COLONIAL DAYS

However true or imaginary this may be, it is a fact that there were some Welsh in the Mayflower and at the first settlement at Jamestown. In 1630, we know, came Edward Garfield, the ancestor of our twentieth President. The fact that there were Welsh pioneers in all parts of the country is proved by the abundance of Welsh names on our maps. In Maine, for instance, we find Bangor, Wales, Welshville, Monmouth, Jonesborough, and West Jonesport. In Pennsylvania

there are too many to mention, such as Bryn Mawr, Bala, Haverford, Berwyn, Bangor, Gwynedd, North Wales, and Penllyn.

It is said that the original name of the family to which William Penn belonged was Pen-mynydd, which meant "of the hilltop." Certainly a number of Penn's ablest assistants were Welshmen, such as David and Thomas Lloyd. In Rhode Island there was Roger Williams, the famous founder of religious freedom. In New Hampshire there was Colonel John Davis, whose nine sons reached an average age of eighty-seven years. In Delaware there was the "Welsh Tract"; and in Lynn, Massachusetts, which is to-day the largest shoe-making city in the world, the first of its shoemakers was a Welshman named Adam Dagyr, whose skill in shaping ladies' shoes made him noted in colonial days.

In Connecticut Elihu Yale, one of the most learned and traveled men of his time, gave four thousand dollars to a little college at New Haven, and so perpetuated his name in one of our greatest institutions of learning. He spent most of his life in the land of his fathers, and was buried there, in the churchyard at Wrexham. Many American tourists visit his grave, which has above it the following quaint epitaph:

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric traveled, and in Asia wed.

"We are a nation of kickers," one Welshman informed me. This being the case, we are not surprised to find plenty of the sons of St. David among our Revolutionary heroes. Only one of the signers, Francis Lewis, was of Welsh birth; but a large proportion of them—some zealous writers say eighteen—had more or less of the blood of Owen Glendower in their veins. Fourteen of our Revolutionary generals were of Welsh descent, the ablest of them being Daniel Morgan, the winner of the battle of the Cowpens. Morgan was a magnificent specimen of the Cambrian race—tall, handsome, honorable, and courageous. He had the quick Welsh temper. In his youthful days he was a teamster in Braddock's army. A British officer on one occasion carelessly insulted him. At once Morgan knocked him reeling to the

ground. Morgan was arrested for this, and given five hundred lashes. Consequently, when the War of Independence began, he had a personal as well as a patriotic reason for flinging himself heart and soul against the British forces. Three other central figures of the Revolution who are said to have been of Welsh descent are Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Robert Morris.

FOUR GROUPS OF FAMOUS WELSHMEN

A glance back over American history shows that our famous Welshmen can be arranged in four groups: the men of daring, of business enterprise, of song, and of social reform.

The first of the men of daring was Lewis, of the noted Lewis and Clark expedition, which opened up the way to the vast Northwest. The second was a strong-armed preacher named Isaac Owen, who went to California with the Forty-Niners and fought single-handed for morality against a horde of gamblers and desperadoes. During the Civil War, one of the four or five names that shone above all others was a Welsh one—General George Henry Thomas, the hero of Chickamauga. It has frequently been said that General Thomas saw more active and continuous service than any other officer of his age and rank in the entire army. Speaking of the Civil War, it might also be said that when Powell and Pritchard caught Jefferson Davis, after his flight from Richmond, all three were of Welsh descent, if we may judge from the names they bore.

Henry M. Stanley, too, the greatest of all modern explorers, was born in Wales. No one ever had a worse start on the road to fame than he. At three he was a tiny waif in a Welsh poorhouse. At fifteen he sailed as a cabin-boy to New Orleans, where he was adopted by a kindly merchant. Then, in 1869, James Gordon Bennett gave him that famous order to "find Livingstone," who had been lost in the heart of the Dark Continent for more than two years. The well-known story of his adventures and his amazing success has become one of our national epics, and will always remain a source of especial pride to his countrymen.

Under the head of business enterprise,

we begin with Oliver Evans, who might appropriately be called the Watt of America. He shares with Fitch and Fulton the honor of inventing steamships. In 1840 David Thomas came over and became the "father of the American iron business." To put even into dollars and cents the debt that the United States owes to David Thomas would be impossible. It was he who gave us the hot blast and the first big furnaces, and who prepared the way for the coming of the thousand millionaires of steel whose romantic history is now being told in this magazine. His son, Samuel Thomas, who died several months ago, was also a man of great influence in the iron trade. One evening last winter I had the good fortune to spend several hours at his magnificent residence in Catasauqua, Pennsylvania, and heard him tell of the days when Scranton was nothing but two log-cabins in a dense wilderness, and when steel was scarce at thirty cents a pound.

There were two members of the widespread Roberts family who stood among the railway kings of the last generation—Marshall Owen Roberts, who was one of the founders of the Erie, Lackawanna, and Texas Pacific railroads, and George B. Roberts, who was for many years president of the Pennsylvania.

Among the many singers we may mention two only as typical of the Welsh bards. The first is John R. Thomas, who was well known as a song-writer and singer half a century ago. His "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" and "'Tis but a Little Faded Flower" have taken their place among the old songs that never lose their sweetness. And the second is John Edwards, "the nightingale of the Twrch." For fully fifty years Mr. Edwards delighted his fellow Welshmen by an outpouring of prose and poetry, written in his little rose-covered cottage at Rome, New York.

Coming to the men who have rendered social service in various ways, we find that the first great social reformer—the man, in fact, who originated the word "socialism"—was the Welshman, Robert Owen, who came to the United States in 1823. He and his son, Robert Dale Owen, were among the earliest pioneers of that belief which is now becom-

ing so universal—that a nation is in reality one great family, and ought to act as such in all its industrial and political affairs.

The first American labor and reform newspaper, *The Workingman's Advocate*, was founded by two Welsh brothers, George H. and Frederick W. Evans, who held views very similar to those now advocated by the followers of Henry George. Two other eminent Americans who were of Welsh descent were William H. Seward, the uncompromising statesman of the Civil War

period, and Judge Noah Davis, who dared to send Boss Tweed to jail as a common criminal.

Such have been the Welsh in America—a people of hard work and high ideals. They have made their mark in every State in the Union. Wherever they have built their homes they have become ideal Americans—quick to fraternize with their neighbors, to improve conditions, and to build up a prosperous and moral community. Uncle Sam may well leave the latch-string out whenever the Welsh come to his door.

TO THE PLAYERS

You who have danced for us,
 Played for us, sung for us,
 Kept the heart merry
 And kept the world young for us,
 Naught do you hear but our clapping and laughter—
 Nothing thereafter.
 The playhouse is dark, and the players are weary;
 But still there goes ringing
 The sound of your singing
 In many a life that was careworn and dreary.
 All does not end with the fall of the curtain.
 Still do we turn to you,
 Gratefully, gladly;
 Tenderly, sadly;
 Thanking you fondly with voices uncertain;
 Drunk with the joys you have shimmered before us,
 The magical charm that your art has cast o'er us!
 We—who have been in the spell of your power
 Hour by sweet hour;
 With tears that sped laughing
 And smiles that broke sobbing;
 Hearts once so sluggish now quickened and throbbing—
 We, in our gladness, are gratefully ranking you
 High in our world, and are thanking you—thanking you.
 For, ah! you have danced for us, played for us, sung for us,
 Kept the heart merry and kept the world young for us.
 What though your own hearts were anxious and aching,
 Tragically breaking,
 'Neath voices unshaking!
 Naught did you show of it,
 What could we know of it?
 What did we see but the magic and glow of it?
 Others have chanced for us
 Much, and enhanced for us
 Many a pleasure;
 But you—you have danced for us.
 Others have prayed for us,
 Haply, and stayed for us
 Dooms that impended;
 But you—you have played for us.
 Others have clung to us
 Loving, or flung to us
 Hopes and high honors;
 But ah! you have sung to us!
 Take, then, these thanks of our hearts' fondest hoarding,
 Deeper than laughter, more true than applauding.
 Thanks, richest thanks, for the joy you have made for us,
 You who have sung to us, danced for us, played for us!

F. Jacquelin Swords

THE NEW FRANKENSTEIN

BY GEORGE HIBBARD,

AUTHOR OF 'THE ALLARD BURGLARS,' ETC.

WHEN I read the story of Frankenstein with such delightful shivers of terror I never thought—I may say that as I followed with delicious thrills of fright the adventures of the man who created a monster in human shape, I never imagined—

In very truth, we were influenced by the best of motives from the first. Then to have things come tumbling on our own heads; to find our good intentions boomeranging back on us; to be caught in the well-intended trap of our own setting!

We girls were having such a good time ourselves that we wanted every one to be as happy as we were. We were influenced by very much the same feeling which made us go and read to old Mrs. Wheeler, who was poor and lonely; which led us to play for the children to dance at All Hail Hall.

Besides, we liked and admired Edith Sherwood immensely. Of course we could not see what possible interest she might have in life at her great age. She was one of the older girls—quite twenty-seven. Often she appeared bored, with a far-away expression in her face which I found very interesting. She was so beautiful in her stately way, as if nothing could ruffle her; in fact, she actually looked young, and I had frequently to remind myself that her life was so far advanced. Sometimes she appeared almost to forget and to wake up in an astonishing fashion. For the most part, though, she was horribly indifferent, as was only natural. Considering her as we did, it really grieved us that she should have so little fun.

There were so many men in Cloverdale that there was much "doing" all the time. Being a college town, it swarmed with students and youthful professors.

The Central Electric Company's big plant supplied quantities of young engineers. Cloverdale, from a "bud's" point of view, was simply ideal. We, therefore, took the matter very much to heart, and talked about Edith's sad case frequently.

"To think of having passed all chance of pleasure or excitement or romance," declared Nan Pratt, almost in awe-stricken tones, "and not to be able to expect anything!"

We each tried to conceive of such a prospect, and the cheerlessness oppressed us.

"It's pitiful," added Phœbe Hayes presently. "I wish we could do something!"

"I know!" cried Elsie Price suddenly, with her usual enterprise.

"What?" we all demanded earnestly as she paused.

"As," Elsie began slowly, "Edith Sherwood hasn't any one to admire her and make life interesting for her, we'll just see about all that."

"How?" we chorused.

"By inventing a man," she answered confidently.

We were accustomed to her wonderful powers of imagination and her gift for fixing everything, therefore we were less startled. The idea appealed to us at once. In fact, we hailed the scheme rapturously. As a combination of plot, mystery, and adventure, we recognized it as a masterpiece. Moreover, we could assure ourselves that we were engaged in a good work. Not that at first sight Miss Sherwood would be one likely to be regarded as an object for charity. She was the nearest approach to an heiress that the place afforded. The Sherwood mansion at the end of Main Street was the largest in our little town. There her mother and she lived with a simple cere-

moniousness which in elaboration and luxury went far beyond any other establishment.

"No matter if she has so much," Nan Pratt exclaimed warm-heartedly, "there are things she hasn't, and we must try to give them to her—to fill her life—to put some color in it."

We were eager to begin without delay. That very evening we had an opportunity to make the opening moves. There was a musical at the Hawthorns'. Edith Sherwood was there, perfectly dressed and perfectly mannered, but looking more *distract* and bored than ever. We maneuvered as to who should reach her first. Phœbe got ahead and plunged in *medias res*—which I have managed to remember from my school Latin.

"Oh, Miss Sherwood——" she said, and then she paused as if momentarily intimidated. From where I sat near them I could listen quite easily.

"Yes, Phœbe," Edith answered inattentively.

"Oh, I suppose to have any one say nice things about you and admire you isn't anything to you."

Edith looked at her quickly and curiously.

"We all like—to be liked," she answered quietly.

"But a man——"

Edith Sherwood smiled surprisedly.

"I'm delighted if I have met with approbation."

"It isn't that," Phœbe hurried on recklessly. "There's some one who just raves about you—who can't say enough."

Edith distinctly blushed. I was sure of this, much as it surprised me.

"That is very nice," she replied with steady composure.

"He is the most attractive man that there is, too. Handsome and young and rich and distinguished——"

"You can't, of course, expect one to imagine whom you mean," Edith laughed quickly.

"No, indeed; how could you?" Phœbe assured her hurriedly. "But you would be awfully surprised if you knew—that is the best part of it."

Just then Mrs. De Riemer Nims began to play, and every one had to keep still. I was glad, for I concluded that Phœbe was rather rushing matters.

When we got together for a short whispered consultation up in the dressing-room as we were putting on our wraps, Phœbe gave an account of the interview, to which I added animated footnotes, and Elsie agreed with me.

"Now," she declared, "we can't do with her as we should with a 'trade last' among ourselves. This requires tact and diplomacy and finesse. She must be led on gently until she is convinced she has an unknown and ardent adorer."

After reflection overnight Elsie decided that our next move should be to send Miss Sherwood some flowers. There was to be nothing to indicate from whom they came. We felt sure that she would not fail to connect what had been told her with the roses, and that the mysterious anonymity would excite her interest immediately. We were obliged to telegraph to town for the hothouse blooms which would serve our purpose. When they came we had them conveyed to her in a way which would not allow her by any possibility to discover the sender. Then we watched for results.

That afternoon Miss Marroway had a tea. When Edith Sherwood entered late with one of the roses stuck in her coat and something of the intense pink of its petals in her usually pale face, we all gave a gasp.

"The—the—elixir is working," murmured Elsie, squeezing my hand significantly.

Unquestionably Edith's eyes shone with greater brightness, and there was an inward vivacity in every motion. She appeared to take more active interest in everything. She chatted most amiably with everybody, and made herself very pleasant indeed. She even listened with beaming attention to one of the venerable Dr. Peabody's equally venerable stories. She quite woke up when Mr. Duncan Murray drew near her and began to talk to her in his usual serious way. He is very rich and important, of course. The president and largest stockholder of the Central Electric Company, the work-people in which made up a great part of the town's population, is bound to be very much of a personage. But he is all of thirty-five, and we could not see very well what he found in society, though

he was unmarried. Really, to discover him at Miss Marroway's instead of seeing him going into the club was a great surprise. He looked lost enough, with a strange-cat-in-a-strange-garret appearance, and he fled to Edith with visible joy and relief.

Of course we were all very respectful and nice to him when we happened to sit next to him at dinners, or when he took us out in his big launch on the lake or picked up a number of us and whirled us away to the Country Club for tea and club sandwiches. In our hearts, though, we felt the grotesqueness of any one doing anything but considering his life closed when gray hairs were distinctly to be seen at the temples. Of course, he was handsome and certainly very distinguished, in his middle-aged manner; but then, some of the portraits in the rooms of the Historical Society were that, too; and there was nothing for us to do but consider him and them in the same category.

I think that Molly Perkins contributed the next impulse which sent us on the way we were heedlessly traveling. During the sermon on the following Sunday morning I saw that she was not listening as she should, but that her thoughts were wandering as she glanced every now and then at the bright flowers of Miss Sherwood's new and very expensive violet hat. As the people poured out of church into the grassy, leafy sunshine she made a bee-line for Edith. I was following close behind and I heard snatches of the conversation.

"I've got something so exciting to tell you," she began rapidly.

Edith looked at her with a startled but alert little smile, her face flushing slightly.

"You children haven't any more compliments for me?" she said rather consciously. "You'll turn my head."

"Oh, it's better," Polly swept on; "much more thrilling. I walked home late last night with Sam Warren from sitting on Clara Willis' steps, and as we passed your house I saw a man in the shadow of the trees on the other side of the street."

"Certainly there was nothing very remarkable in that," observed Miss Sherwood breathlessly.

"Wait," continued Molly with confidence. "I felt there was something unusual, and when I went up to my room I stayed at the window and watched"—here her voice sank to the deep pitch of dramatic recital—"and he walked up and down for *hours*! When you put out your light and your window was dark he went away at once."

I concluded that Molly was piling up the agony too high; overshooting the mark and going beyond the credible length of her imaginative tether. I believed that this must be the fatal last straw—the last addition, which would upset our house of cards. Not at all. Miss Sherwood actually appeared to drink in every word and to be thirsting for more.

"Some burglar, probably," she managed to object faintly.

"No, indeed," assured Molly indignantly. "He was undoubtedly a gentleman. There was a moon, and I could see very well."

"You—could tell who it was?" murmured Miss Sherwood, as if she were trying all the time desperately to keep the question back.

"No," Molly answered, "I could only know that he was tall and had very broad shoulders."

I decided that the moment had arrived for me to interrupt.

II

THERE could be no doubt about it, that something was working a wondrous change in Edith. Her whole appearance altered. She had always been awfully smart in the way she dressed, most trim and trim in her appearance, quite the best turned-out person in Cloverdale, as with her money she very well could be. Now, however, a lighter touch appeared, a certain *chic* became evident. She insensibly but quickly passed from the severity of the tailor-made moth into the *robes et manteaux* of the fluffy and furbeled butterfly. Her whole character and conduct underwent a like transformation. She lost something of her abrupt manner of competency and independence which had made her such a valuable member of charitable committees. At the same time she began to skip meetings at All Hail Hall. When

I found her playing tennis at the Country Club one afternoon I simply sat down and stared in amazement. In every way she had grown younger and more youthfully feminine.

We had not fallen away in the least from our purpose. If anything, we went with more heart and soul into what we were doing. We put our best inventive foot foremost; we left no stone of corroborative testimony unturned. As we progressed our story grew in length, breadth, and thickness. One added this, another put in that, as a point to be made occurred to any of us. The snowball increased as it rolled along, urged by willing hands, until it had come to a surprising size. We were really slightly intimidated by its bulk. Moreover, we grew exceedingly reckless in our endeavors to give strength and variety to our creation, and each was a little frightened as she considered something she had contributed to the sum total. Greater explicitness had naturally and inevitably come with fuller elaboration, and we had committed ourselves to facts the details of which we did not like to consider—the thought of which sometimes made us shudder with apprehension.

I remember that Nan Pratt looked very solemn as she came up on the veranda, where we all sat sewing or idling one lazy morning.

"I don't know how this is going to end," she said apprehensively.

We all understood what she meant, and maintained a conscious silence.

"Edith Sherwood has just been to see me. She did not think that she was showing it, but she only came to have me tell her more things about—him. I suddenly lost my nerve. I simply didn't say what she expected. She hung about in a most obvious manner, and when I did not respond she went away—oh, so sadly—with such a disappointed look on her face!"

We all presented a surprisingly subdued appearance.

"I can see," Nan continued, "that she is building on this; that it is making her life. She is expecting something to happen, and it doesn't."

"We certainly ought to have thought of that in the first place," murmured Molly Perkins.

"We didn't, though," stated Elsie defiantly, for she saw every one was silently blaming her. "I never imagined she would take it all so seriously to heart."

When we learned about the middle of May that Edith Sherwood was not going to Europe with her mother, we were panic-stricken. Every year for many summers she had sailed regularly. We instinctively knew that this could only have been brought about by one thing. With the new interest in her existence, she did not wish to be out of the country; she wanted to stay right here in little Cloverdale and have all that was coming to her.

Actually we were a good deal appalled, realizing dimly that in some way we had overreached ourselves. Events had got the bit in their teeth after a fashion they have, and were tearing along beyond control. We had unfurled more sail than we had wind for, or rather we had whistled up a gale which we could not weather without disaster.

Finally we really hesitated to meet Edith. As much as we could, at last, we kept out of her way. We dreaded, after having said so much, not to say more. The matter had become a weight and a burden. We felt like perfect Franksteins.

Things in general were not going well in Cloverdale that spring. The day of the strawberry festival at the Home was rainy, so that was spoiled. The following week Mr. Duncan Murray was in the house with a cold, and the dance he had promised to have for us for Commencement did not come off. The college baseball team was disastrously beaten in its annual match with Barton. The Country Club burned down, and, as several months would be needed to rebuild it, there would not be the usual tennis tournament.

One early, dull, gray, warm June afternoon I spied Edith Sherwood coming up the walk from the gate. My heart could not have sunk, because I knew that it was in my throat. My blood did not turn cold, because most of it seemed burning in my face. With a guilty having-had-my-fingers-in-the-jam sort of feeling I waited to receive her.

"So glad I found you in," she began warmly as she embraced me.

She came up the steps, sat down, and then remained twiddling her sunshade and gloves for some seconds.

"I am rather restless," she continued, realizing the embarrassing silence, "and I want to talk to somebody, and you are really the most sensible of the infants. I suppose it's because I've got to make a decision."

I grew more attentive, and at the same moment a chill of apprehension shot through me.

"You see it's this way," she went on thoughtfully. "They want me to become president of the Hospital Board."

"Oh, how splendid!" I cried, for it was the ambition of every woman to be on that board, and to be president; and no one could be better fitted for the position.

"I could do a great deal, and in a way it would have interested me intensely—would interest me very much and be a great satisfaction for me now."

She paused, and I hung breathless on her words.

"If—if that were all," she started off again. "It would take all my time and attention, though—more than I could possibly give, if—if I had made up my mind to do something else—to—to be married, for example."

I was staring at her with all my eyes—indeed, I felt as if I had more than two.

"Oh, do you think that possible?" I cried brutally in instinctive protest.

"Why not?" she asked gently. Then she laughed outright. "You children have been telling me so many nice things that I can't look upon myself as a helpless old maid yet."

"You," I gasped, "you are thinking of what we said and depending on it?"

"You are little birds," she answered lightly, "who have let me know a good deal."

"And you're giving up the Hospital Board because of that?" I exclaimed in horror.

"I am giving it up, if I do give it up," she answered joyfully, "because I may be going to do something even more important."

The moment she departed I telephoned instantly, and the others came hurrying at my frantic summons.

"Oh," I cried when I had them all

collected in the library, "we're in an awful scrape." Next I told them about the board presidency, and went on: "We—we have utterly upset her life. Without our interference, she would have accepted this position and accomplished a great deal of good and have something to interest her. Now, because we have been giving her false ideas and have led her into a fool's paradise, she is making frightful mistakes."

I paused, out of breath, and the rest showed that they realized the situation by the consternation with which they gazed at me.

"Elsie," I denounced, "this is all your fault. You've got us into it, and you've got to get us out."

Elsie really was daunted by the outcome of her experiment, and for a moment appeared to confess herself beaten. At least, she made no quick answer, which was in itself unusual and significant enough.

"She must not be allowed to lose anything through us," Nan Pratt urged.

"I know," said Elsie quickly, brightening up wonderfully all at once. "We'll make it all right."

"In what way?" I demanded with stern hopelessness.

"Why, we'll just kill him!"

We looked at her as if we thought she had gone out of her mind.

"Who?" faltered Molly Perkins timidly.

"Why, the Unknown. We'll just make her believe that he is no more, and as he never existed——"

"An accident?" asked Phœbe Hayes, rather hopefully.

"No," Elsie decided. "He had better pass away quietly, for we don't have to give so many facts. Accidents are rare and have to be accounted for. She would have to have details."

I saw Phœbe shudder.

"It seems awful," she asserted slowly. "And how Edith will feel, if she has come to care for him!"

We had got into the habit of speaking of the Unknown as if he were an actual person.

"It will be even *more* romantic," urged Elsie warmly. "There's nothing like unrealized ideals. In this way she will have the chance to think that he was every-

thing that was good and great and glorious, and she can go on being president, believing that she has been loved, even if she has lost, and when she's grown to be an old, old woman this memory will be a cherished, precious, tender possession."

Elsie's confidence and enthusiasm certainly cheered us up wonderfully, and matters did not look so dark.

"Better have it over at once, so that there will be no delay," Elsie decided briskly. "I think that we should go up and announce the sudden and untimely taking-off immediately."

III

IN the novelty and excitement of the proposition there was at first a feeling of exhilaration. Really, though, as we wended our way up the quiet, deserted street we presented something of the appearance of a body of mourners. The first thrill of the undertaking had passed. We found ourselves a little embarrassed as to how to fulfil our mission. We were more than doubtful as to what might happen. None of us spoke as we trailed along, and I am convinced that no one of us would have gone to the end alone. We kept up one another's courage. Still, we almost deserted in a body as the Sherwood house came into view, standing far back in the spreading grounds. We needed all our determination to bring us to the front door.

The butler, the only one in Cloverdale, informed us that Miss Sherwood was in the garden, and as we were all such intimate friends we strolled off through the hedge at once to find her.

There she was, seated in a vine-covered summer-house, reading placidly and contentedly.

"How can we do it?" Nan moaned.

"It's got to be," declared Elsie firmly. "It's for her ultimate good."

As Edith heard us approach she looked up with a smile. As I considered how absolutely she had come to dwell in the castle in Spain we had helped her to construct, how she believed in the day-dreams of our creation, I felt quickly what our announcement might mean to her, and I waited more anxiously for the way in which she would receive it.

"Good afternoon," said Elsie. There

was something so formal and funereal in her voice that Edith stared at her in amazement.

"Why, Elsie, what's the matter?"

Either because she was actually at a loss, or because she felt this the proper course, Elsie allowed us all to be seated before she resumed.

"Edith," she said.

"There *is* something," cried Edith curiously and apprehendingly. "I am sure there is. And from your manner it is something serious."

"Yes," Elsie announced in the tone of Fate.

Edith Sherwood dropped her book to the ground and inspected us with frightened eyes.

"Edith," Elsie began, "you know we have been telling you of the nice things which some one has been saying about you, of the way that some one admired you. Well, of course, as we never let you know who it was—it—it can't mean anything to you or make any difference—but—"

"What?" Edith Sherwood demanded with a low intensity which left us breathless.

"He's—he's dead," faltered Elsie, now, I saw, thoroughly frightened out of her wits.

Edith did not speak. All color faded from her cheek. She raised herself a little from the chair. Then she fell back deathly white and rigidly motionless. For an instant none of us stirred. At once, with our knees shaking, amid screams we sprang up. Elsie started toward the house, calling for help. I was too numbed to stir.

Just then a shadow appeared in the sunbeam. A large form filled the arbor door.

"What's this?" a man demanded.

"Edith!" I exclaimed in desperation. "I don't know whether she is dead or has fainted."

Immediately Mr. Murray was beside her. He lifted her up and held her in his arms. As he did so her eyes trembled open and she gazed at him incredulously.

"You—you!" she murmured. "But they said you—they told me that you were dead!"

"Not a bit," he replied heartily.

"Had a bit of a cold, but I'm all right now. Just got out and came to see you as fast as I could."

"Oh," she gasped, "I'm so glad!"

The way they spoke and looked could only mean one thing. His eyes brightened and he bent and kissed her, forgetting all about all of us.

"Edith," he said in a low but not inaudible voice, "I never believed I had a chance until you began to be kinder to me. I'd always wanted to tell you, but—what's this about my being dead?" He looked around as though he had just remembered that we were there.

"They—they——" Edith began.

"Oh, please," I cried frantically. "It's all been a mistake."

Elsie, hearing Mr. Murray's voice, had come back and stood with the rest of us.

She spoke up bravely.

"We thought you were so nice and ought to have some fun and some one to admire you—and we made him up."

"Then you didn't mean Duncan?" Edith asked incredulously.

"No," I hurried on. "We didn't mean any one. We just tried to invent something."

"And I believed it was *you*," she said, looking at Duncan Murray and blushing furiously.

"And that was the reason you——" He did not seem to think it necessary to go on.

"Yes," she answered.

"So they have had a finger in the pie for good, after all," he cried, with a great laugh, "and we'll just have to forgive them."

"And ask each one of them to be a bridesmaid," said Edith, standing up radiantly and smiling sweetly at us.

THE HILL OF PINES

STRETCHED out beneath a mountain pine,
I watch the mottled woods below;
The distant hills their clear cut line
Through soft autumnal sunlight show.

A busy robin hurries by;
And now a hawk above me veers
(Gray wings against an azure sky);
A droning bee around me steers.

This nodding little bluebell seems
A vagrant bit of heaven furled;
The nestling lake like diamond gleams,
Its sapphire calm in ripples curled.

I see the light on hill and plain;
I see the sky's resplendent blue;
But all my thought turns back again
To other days fulfilled with you.

You shared my love of flower and field;
Your comradeship to Nature brought
A fairer joy she cannot yield
To me bereft of answering thought.

About the hills a memory clings;
It haunts the forest's rustling ways—
The doubled pleasure sharing brings
I miss these clear autumnal days.

MAXINE ELLIOTT

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

AN AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO, BEGINNING MERELY AS A STAGE BEAUTY, HAS BY DINT OF WORK AND STUDY GAINED A PLACE AMONG THE MOST POPULAR STARS OF THE DAY IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES

TO one who knows the woman there is nothing surprising in the report that when Maxine Elliott was offered the largest fee ever given to an entertainer if she would consent to recite at Pierpont Morgan's house last summer she refused. Endowed with keen intelligence and quick intuitions, Miss Elliott bears herself with a dignity befitting the brunette beauty that has easily won for her the distinction of being the handsomest American actress. Nor is her dignified attitude a mere pose; it is the natural expression of her personality. One cannot imagine Maxine Elliott being tempted by any possible monetary inducement to do a turn in vaudeville. At any rate, that is the impression of one who has known her since she first appeared at Daly's, eleven years ago.

Born and brought up in Rockland, Maine, it was not strange that a girl of such extraordinary good looks should marry young. Nor, under the circumstances, was it so very amazing that the marriage should prove unfortunate. At any rate, Mrs. Jessie McDermott, as she was then, found herself in New York, with her own way to make, and all her friends at home ready to remind her, "We told you how it would be." Up in Maine a strict Puritan atmosphere had surrounded her, an atmosphere in which the theater was mentioned with bated breath as an abode of utter evil. And yet it was to the theater that the girl turned in her extremity.

She realized that she had no experience, that she would be the veriest novice in stage deportment and bearing. But

she was not blind, and she knew that she was beautiful—knew it without vanity, merely as a hard, cold fact—and she knew, too, that beauty was a passport through the stage-door of any theater that was ever built. One morning she picked up the paper and ran over the list of plays then on at the Broadway houses. Possibly because she found that A. M. Palmer had two companies in town, and might naturally be expected to have more places for unexpected recruits, her choice fell on him.

HER FIRST ENGAGEMENT

This was about fifteen years ago, when E. S. Willard was playing at Wallack's Theater under Mr. Palmer's management. At the time Mr. Willard was appearing in such plays as "Wealth," "Judah," and "The Middleman," and there were not very many women required in the casts. But not stopping to think of all this, Mrs. McDermott presented herself at the house in Thirtieth Street, where the executive offices of the theater were then located, and asked if she might see Mr. Palmer.

"What name?" inquired the Cerberus who guarded the manager's inner sanctum.

And just here the aspirant brought into play what she has always called her luckiest stroke. In determining to go upon the stage, she had made up her mind to use neither her married nor her family name. She found it necessary, therefore, to devise a *nom de théâtre* for herself, and some happy inspiration suggested the genuinely distinctive "Maxine



MAXINE ELLIOTT

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York



Elliott." This, then, was the name carried in to Mr. Palmer by the warden of the outer office, who was not lacking in enthusiasm when asked to describe the caller.

When Miss Elliott was shown in, the veteran manager told himself at once that she must be taken on, with or without experience and regardless of whether there was any opening at the moment or not. There were plenty of other theaters up and down Broadway, and if he were not mightily mistaken, he assured himself, there was intelligence as well as beauty in those lustrous eyes. She was engaged then and there, and told to report for rehearsal of a small part in a play then underlined for Mr. Willard's use. Needless to say, the rôle required very few words, but called on its interpreter to look beautiful in some handsome gowns. The first performance arrived, and there was no gainsaying the newcomer's good looks, though she was inclined to trip over her fine gowns as well as over her lines, and the stage-manager fully earned his salary in the pains he took to drill her.

HER GRADUAL RISE TO FAME

She profited by what was taught her and improved a bit every night, and very soon they came to her with an offer of a part in an ambitious offering at the American Theater, then in its early days as a legitimate-production house. She accepted, and was seen for a few nights in "The Voyage of Suzette," which went down in a gale of disapproval from its audiences. Miss Elliott, however, was retained at the same theater for "Sister Mary," an African war play. The first portrait of her that ever appeared in this magazine (June, 1895) shows her in the dress of a Red Cross nurse, as *Kate Malcolm* in this drama.

This was her first part of any real value. It opened the way to an engagement with Rose Coghlan in *ingénue* characterizations—*Mrs. Allonby* in "A Woman of No Importance" and *Dora* in "Diplomacy."

From Miss Coghlan she went into that company which, though now, alas, no longer available as a training school, has given us many, if not most, of our leading men and women. Miss Elliott's

introduction into the Augustin Daly organization was accomplished under rather unusual circumstances for so young a performer. She was not engaged to begin with small parts and gradually work her way up, but Mr. Daly picked her out to create the title rôle in a curtain-raiser of Japanese life, called "The Heart of Ruby." The almond-eyed kingdom was then not so frequently drawn upon for stage purposes, and Mr. Daly built great expectations on what might have been a fore-runner of "Madame Butterfly." The manager's hopes were destined to disappointment, but the piece served its purpose in giving to Daly's Maxine Elliott; for she was at once put into Shakespearian drama, appearing with Ada Rehan as *Sylvia* in "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and *Hermia* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

She went to England with the company in the summer of 1895 and set all London talking of her beauty as *Olivia* in "Twelfth Night" during the memorable hundred-performance run of that piece at the Daly house in Leicester Square. And, on her return to New York, as the Widow Stevenson in the new play, "The Two Escutcheons," her name was spoken oftener in connection with a visit to the theater at Thirtieth Street than any other person's.

Offers of leading posts in other companies poured in upon her, among them one from Wilson Barrett, at the Lyric Theater, London. She finally accepted an opening that gave her a play written by Sydney Rosenfeld, who had adapted "The Two Escutcheons" from the German. The new piece was called "A House of Cards," and Miss Elliott's leading man was Frank Worthing, with whom she had been associated at Daly's. It was brought out at the Fifth Avenue Theater, only a few blocks from the scene of her recent triumphs. Unhappily, the play proved to be not less flimsy than the bits of pasteboard from which it took its name, and it was speedily withdrawn.

HOW SHE BECAME A STAR

Thereupon Maxine Elliott vanished for a time from the ken of New Yorkers and cast in her lot with the

Frawley stock in San Francisco. Here Nat Goodwin, on his way to Australia, found her, and gave Frawley the rights to "A Gold Mine" in exchange for the services of his leading woman. The antipodean tour was not a success, but Miss Elliott remained with Mr. Goodwin, becoming in due course Mrs. Goodwin and a co-star with her husband in a series of plays that brought them fame and fortune in both England and America. Possibly in the list of some half dozen, starting with "Nathan Hale" and "An American Citizen," and including "When We Were Twenty-One," the part in which Miss Elliott most distinguished herself was that of the wife of a bad man in Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady." At any rate, one of New York's most caustic critics said of her: "Miss Maxine Elliott's work was admirable throughout. There was a time when this lady was merely a beauty—now she is an actress with distinction, fascination, and keen dramatic ability. Her voice is like a song and her manners are delightful. As *Mrs. Weston* she was the bright spot of a bad play."

In course of time it became difficult to find plays which gave equally good parts to both Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott, so that it was decided some three seasons ago that they should star separately.

Since then Mr. Goodwin has struck only bad luck in his ventures. Miss Elliott, on the other hand, picked a big winner at the first plunge, and in "Her Own Way," by Clyde Fitch, became one of the most profitable stars circulating in the American orbit. When the play was presented in England the London *Times* remarked of Miss Elliott that she was "still a little deficient in emotional power" (according to English standards), "but an admirably roguish actress of comedy." This should have been by way of pleasing Miss Elliott immensely, as ten years ago she announced her preference for comedy, putting the taste forward as more or less of an anomaly in one whose personal appearance was, as she herself expressed it, "rather somber."

Last season she was seen in another and an obviously made-to-order play by Mr. Fitch, "Her Great Match." At this writing, her plans for the coming winter have not yet been announced. One decided step, however, she has taken—emulating Richard Mansfield in becoming her own manager.

She is at present in England with her younger sister, Gertrude Elliott (now Mrs. Forbes Robertson), to whom she has always been greatly devoted, and who has become as celebrated an actress as Maxine herself.

LOVE IN AUTUMN

WE who have roamed the summer through
Beneath its amber-tinted sky,
Joyed in its fragrant retinue
Of bloom, and known Love's footsteps nigh,
Shall we now see him passing by
With sorrowing eye?

Or will his presence bide with us
While darker grow the wind-swept days,
Shedding a light miraculous
Upon the lorn and ruined ways,
A guide through winter's icy maze,
And blind delays?

Sweet, let us rear to him a fane
And heap thereon our hopes and prayers,
Then haply through the snow and rain
Dear Love will shield from girdling snares,
Will solace us 'mid numbing cares,
And wan despairs!

And we shall walk the paths of spring,
The misty vale, the gusty hill,
Amid enraptured caroling—
The tune of bird, the rune of rill—
Through Love's benign, mysterious will
His votaries still!

Sennett Stephens

THE HON. BILL HICKS' MARRIAGE COMPETITION

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING OF IGNATIUS GILHOOLY," ETC.

THE Hon. Percival Montmorency Charles Ernest Eustace Fitzgibbons-Windermere screwed his monocle more firmly into his eye, and gazed intently out of the bay-window of the club into the afternoon throng on Pall Mall.

"My word!" he ejaculated, with well-bred excitement.

The Hon. Augustus John William Henry James Louis Fortescue took his pearl-handled stick from his mouth long enough to allow himself to express a polite surprise at his friend's unwonted enthusiasm.

"She's ripping, y'knaow," stated the Hon. Percival. "She's really ripping, y'knaow. Gad!"

The Hon. Augustus again removed his stick from his orifice of speech.

"Who, old fellow?" he asked; and immediately restored his stick to its accustomed place.

Two 'bus drivers, experimenting with the rules of the road, had fomented a blockade of the traffic. Close to the curb, and directly in front of the bay-window, there was drawn up an open carriage in which sat a girl of about twenty. It was at her that the Hon. Percival's stick was now pointing.

"Theah," he indicated, "that American gell. My word, but she's ripping—positively ripping!"

She *was* "ripping"; of that there could be no possible doubt. Lithe and slender she was, with an unaffected freedom and grace of carriage, and the very simplicity of her gown and hat but added to her fresh, young beauty. Her dark hair was parted simply and drawn back upon each side of her forehead. Her yet darker eyes, now holding in them a little gleam of impatience, gazed forth

frankly and honestly and kindly. Her cheeks were tinged with glowing pink, and she had the reddest of lips and the whitest of teeth.

The Hon. Augustus screwed his monocle more firmly into his eye and gazed at the picture before him with not a whit less well-bred enthusiasm than the Hon. Percival.

"My word!" he observed. "She *is* ripping, y'knaow."

"Well, rawthah," agreed the Hon. Percival placidly, his reputation as a connoisseur of feminine charms thus being upheld by the Hon. Augustus.

"Wondah who she is, old chap!" he said, after a pause broken only by the sound of the complaining multitudes and the Chesterfieldian 'bus drivers who were expressing the most unflattering opinions about each other's professional skill and personal appearance.

"Her name's Hicks," said the Hon. Augustus.

"Rotten name," commented the Hon. Percival.

"Well, rawthah," assented the Hon. Augustus.

"Knaow her?" queried the Hon. Percival.

"Nao," responded the Hon. Augustus. "But Lady Fitzmaurice does, y'knaow. Taold me about her. Couldn't mistake her, y'knaow."

"Well, rawthah," assented the Hon. Percival cordially.

"Nao end o' money," observed the Hon. Augustus, after a pause.

"Really?"

"'Pon honah. I'm not spoofing, y'knaow, old fellah."

"Aoh," observed the Hon. Percival thoughtfully.

"First name's Barbara," volunteered the Hon. Augustus. "Fawthah makes glue, or sticks pigs, or cans fish, or some othah blawsted American trade, y'knaow."

"Rotten business," commented the Hon. Percival.

"Well, rawthah," agreed the Hon. Augustus.

Several efficient bobbies had now disentangled the confused medley of vehicles, and the stream flowed on unchecked. The girl had gone.

"Lady Fitzmaurice receives this awfternoon, doesn't she, old chap?" queried the Hon. Percival.

"Well, rawthah," replied the Hon. Augustus.

"She'll be theah—I mean the American gell?" said the Hon. Percival tentatively.

"Well, rawthah," the Hon. Augustus assured him.

"Let's gao," said the Hon. Percival.

"Well, rawthah," agreed the Hon. Augustus.

There was a long silence. The Hon. Percival thought. The Hon. Augustus caressed his not too luxuriant mustache with the pearl handle of his stick. At length the Hon. Percival spoke.

"Ripping!" he said. "My word!"

There was another pause.

"Nao end o' money," observed the Hon. Percival, again breaking the not at all oppressive silence.

The Hon. Augustus removed his stick from his mouth.

"Well, rawthah," he corroborated.

Yet another pause.

"I say, old chap," remarked the Hon. Percival at length, "I think I'll marry her, y'knaow."

The Hon. Augustus started in surprise.

"Really?" he asked.

"Yaas, really," said the Hon. Percival.

Again silence brooded over the bay-window. It was broken by the Hon. Augustus.

"I say, old fellah," he observed, "I think I'll marry her, y'knaow."

The Hon. Percival permitted his eyeglass to fall upon his white waistcoat.

"But, old chap," he objected, "we cawn't both marry her, y'knaow."

For a moment the Hon. Augustus looked downcast; then he brightened up.

"I'll be perfectly fair with you, old chap," he said. "We'll gao together and awsk her, y'knaow, and let her choose."

He smiled exultingly.

"Deuced clevah ideah that, bah Jove!" said the Hon. Percival.

"Well, rawthah," agreed the Hon. Augustus complacently.

II

SOME hours later, in Lady Fitzmaurice's drawing-room, they were bowing with well-bred expressions of pleasure over the white hand of the beautiful girl whom they had that morning seen from the bay-window of the club.

"Chawmed, I'm suah," said the Hon. Percival.

"Delighted, I'm suah," said the Hon. Augustus.

There was a little humorous twist in the red lips of the girl.

"Won't you sit down?" she remarked, indicating one of Lady Fitzmaurice's Louis Quinze sofas.

"Chawmed!" said the Hon. Percival, gathering the skirts of his frock coat and seating himself.

"Delighted!" observed the Hon. Augustus, doing likewise.

"Chawmed to knaow you, Miss Hicks," repeated the Hon. Percival after a pause. "I always like Americans. So interesting, y'knaow."

"Yes?" The girl smiled politely.

"I had an uncle who visited America once, y'knaow," continued the Hon. Percival.

"I hope America appreciated it," said the girl soberly.

The Hon. Percival gazed about him somewhat doubtfully.

"Yaas," he said non-committally.

"My uncle said America was a queer place," he continued. "No culchaw, y'knaow."

"Your uncle was an Englishman, was he not?" queried the girl.

"Well, rawthah," the Hon. Percival assured her.

"Oh!" said the girl.

"My word!" interjected the Hon. Augustus eloquently.

There was another pause.

"My fawthah," began the Hon. Percival at length, "is John Montmorency Charles Ernest Fitzgibbons-Windermere, ninth Baron Dunwiddy."

"Yes," said the girl with polite interest.

"My fawthah," said the Hon. Augustus, "is William Henry Charles James Fortescue, tenth Baron Devoncourt."

"Is that so?" inquired the girl colloquially and pleasantly.

"Well, rawthah," asseverated the Hon. Augustus.

"My father," vouchsafed the girl in turn, "is Bill Hicks, eleventh mayor of Indian City, Indiana."

"Just fahncy!" ejaculated the Hon. Percival.

"Just fahncy!" ejaculated the Hon. Augustus.

There was another silence. The Hon. Augustus straightened the well-bred curve in his back. He opened his mouth as if to speak; then closed it again.

The Hon. Percival took sudden advantage of the opportunity.

"My friend Fortescue and I," he began boldly, "have decided to—to marry you, y'knaow."

He stopped.

"Well, rawthah," assented the Hon. Augustus encouragingly.

"And move to Salt Lake City?" exclaimed the girl. "How delightful!"

The Hon. Percival, at the obvious encouragement of her tone and words, smiled satisfiedly.

"He means one of us," corrected the Hon. Augustus.

"How disappointing!" said the girl. "Why not both?"

"It wouldn't be legal, y'knaow," explained the Hon. Percival.

"Well, rawthah," agreed the Hon. Augustus.

"We leave it to you, y'knaow, to choose which one of us you'll marry," continued the Hon. Percival.

"That's very kind of you," said the girl feelingly.

"Yaas," said the Hon. Percival.

"Isn't it?" agreed the Hon. Augustus.

The girl looked away, and her lithe figure shook a little. Then she turned toward them, and her face was quite serious.

"I am sensible of the great compli-

ment that you have both paid me, but I am too young to decide such matters for myself. You had best see my father."

"But, I say!" began the Hon. Augustus.

"My word, y'knaow!" said the Hon. Percival. "I always thought that in America the fawthah didn't caount, y'knaow—that people always eloped."

"Not always," the girl explained. "Of course elopements are customary, but in this case the responsibility would be too great. You will see my father?" she asked anxiously.

The Hon. Percival smiled upon her reassuringly.

"Well, rawthah," he said.

"Well, rawthah," echoed the Hon. Augustus.

III

THE Hon. Bill Hicks, eleventh mayor of Indian City, Indiana, sat in the library of his suite at Claridge's, in his shirt-sleeves, with a large, fragrant cigar tucked affectionately between his lips. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" called the Hon. Bill in a voice that shook the chandeliers.

A bell-boy entered.

"Hello, son!" said Mr. Hicks.

"What can I do fer you?"

The boy extended a silver salver on which rested two visiting cards.

"Two gentlemen below as wants ter see yer, me lud," he declared solemnly.

"What did you call me?" queried the Hon. Bill severely.

"Why, 'me lud,' me lud," said the boy tremulously.

Mr. Hicks frowned down upon him in huge disapproval.

"Call me Bill," he said, "an' I'll give ye half a dollar!"

"Yes, me—Bill," said the boy.

The Hon. Mr. Hicks solemnly tendered the lad a florin—or possibly a half-crown, for he never could tell the difference.

"It's worth it," he said, and took the cards. "Are these two crested skions o' British nobility waitin' ter see me?" he demanded of the boy who, after surreptitiously biting the coin, had tucked it away between numerous buttons.

"Yes, Bill," said the boy sedately.

Mr. Hicks' hand descended against his thigh with a resounding whack.

"It feels good," he announced; and he solemnly tendered the boy another silver coin—worth either two shillings or two shillings and sixpence.

"Send 'em up," he commanded.

"Yes, Bill," said the boy, and retreated.

After a few moments there was another knock on the door. The Hon. Bill, with a complaining shrug, wriggled himself into his dinner-coat.

"Come in!" he called.

There were ushered in two figures, both clad exactly alike in top hats, frock coats, lavender trousers, white spats, and patent leathers. Each wore a monocle in his left eye and carried a stick in his right hand.

"Good evenin', gents," said the Hon. Bill. "Set ye down!"

His two visitors seated themselves. Each laid his hat upside down upon the floor and placed his gloves therein. Each screwed his monocle more firmly into its receptive eye, and each coughed lightly.

"Well?" said the Hon. Bill, who had watched these preliminaries with many and fierce whiffs on his big cigar.

The Hon. Percival cleared his throat.

"We," he said, "I mean, one of us—wants to marry youah daughtah, y'knaow."

"Well, rawthah," declared the Hon. Augustus. "Ripping, y'knaow. My word!"

The Hon. Bill went suddenly and alarmingly into the air, and came down upon the hearth-rug with heavy feet spread wide.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he exclaimed chokingly.

The Hon. Percival had expected that the father would be taken off his feet by the announcement of the greatness in store for his only child. So he continued with well-bred ease:

"We awsked her, y'knaow, and she taold us to see you. So we are—I mean, we do," he concluded somewhat lamely.

"Well, rawthah," agreed the Hon. Augustus.

A sudden light filled the humorous gray eyes of the Hon. Bill.

"She told ye ter see me, did she?"

"Well, rawthah," assented the Hon. Percival.

The Hon. Augustus nodded in assent.

The Hon. Bill's smile grew yet broader.

"Great sense o' humor," he muttered mysteriously. "Takes it from me," he added complacently. Then he turned to his visitors. "Well, gents?" he said blandly.

"I've got the oldest title—I mean I shall have the oldest title," stated the Hon. Percival.

"But there are more mortgages on his estate," said the Hon. Augustus.

The Hon. Percival turned upon the Hon. Augustus.

"Fair play, old chappie," he impertuned in low tones.

"There aren't more mortgages on it," recanted the Hon. Augustus with a greater regard for loyalty than for truth.

The Hon. Bill eyed them blandly.

"Well," he observed at length, "I'm sure you're both all right—that is, from an English standpoint. You must be, judgin' by the way you act an' look an' talk."

His two guests acknowledged the compliment with polite nods of gratitude. The Hon. Bill was immersed in thought. "It's the custom in America," he said slowly, "fer fellers that are makin' a play fer a gal ter show it by some act o' deevotion."

"We'd die for her, y'knaow, both of us," said the Hon. Percival solemnly.

"That would no doubt please the community," said the Hon. Bill; "but this ain't a case fer demises. Now," he went on, "I'll put this here courtin' o' yourn on a competitive basis, which will be fa'r to both an' equally fa'r ter Barb an' me." He grinned. The Hon. Percival and the Hon. Augustus waited in courteous silence. "I'll have cards printed," he continued, "announcing the engagement o' you both ter my darter. These cards you boys must distribute among yer friends. Then, at the end o' three weeks' time, you must return ter me, bringin' the letters o' congratulation that you've received; an' the feller that has the most wins the race. D'ye see?"

"But the chap that doesn't win?" objected the Hon. Percival, with unselfish concern for the Hon. Augustus.

"Oh, it's as fa'r fer one as the other, ain't it?" asked the Hon. Bill.

The Hon. Percival deliberated long. "Yaas," he said at length doubtfully.

"Well, rawthah," agreed the Hon. Augustus, still more doubtfully.

"Then we can consider that settled," said the Hon. Bill. "I'll have the cards printed at once an' placed in sealed envelopes, ye know—custom in America—an' then you can send 'em ter yer friends. When the contest has closed, bring me the returns, an' we'll see who's beat t'other. Good night!"

The Hon. Percival and the Hon. Augustus, seeing that the interview was over, took their gloves from their hats and their hats from the floor, rose from their respective chairs, and bowed themselves out through the door.

When they had gone, the Hon. Bill Hicks indulged in a laugh that was long and loud—so loud that it brought to his door several alarmed and somber-visaged menials who were told by the Hon. Bill, and explosively, to go to a place much warmer than London ever gets to be in its least chilly summers.

IV

It was but four nights later that the Hon. Percival and the Hon. Augustus attended Lady Grosvenor-Portman's reception. As they passed through a secluded corner of the conservatory, they came unexpectedly upon the daughter of the Hon. Bill Hicks. She was seated on a divan beside a tall, broad-shouldered man of about twenty-six or twenty-eight. Because his clothes fitted him, they immediately and correctly stigmatized him as an American. He was shamelessly holding the hand of Miss Hicks, and she was just as shamelessly permitting him to do so, while she told him something with many soft ripples of laughter.

"Such transparent and sublime fortune-hunting!" the girl was saying. "And father sent them the cards, and they have distributed them among their friends. I objected at first, for I didn't like it—it seemed a little mean, you know. But father said they deserved it—and, anyway, I didn't find out about the cards until too late. I am really

sorry for it all, though I can't help laughing!"

And the young man couldn't help laughing, either. The Hon. Percival and the Hon. Augustus stopped, turned, and made their dignified way back to the smoking-room. They lighted cigarettes. The Hon. Percival broke the silence.

"D'y'knaow, old chap, I think she was talking about us! Really I do, y'knaow."

"Fahncy!" said the Hon. Augustus. "D'ye think sao, really?"

"Did you send out the engagement cards, old fellah?" queried the Hon. Percival.

"Yaas. Did you?" asked the Hon. Augustus.

"Yaas, seven hundred," replied the Hon. Percival. "And I enclosed them in envelopes with my crest, y'knaow."

"Sao did I."

"Did you read 'em?"

"Nao. Did you?"

"Nao. Let's. I saved one, y'knaow."

"Yaas, let's. So did I, y'knaow."

Each took from the pocket of his dress coat a heavy sealed envelope of the best white linen. Each, after screwing his monocle more firmly into place, slit the envelope and removed the folded sheet inside; and each read, with aristocratic but exceedingly great surprise, the tastefully engraved words upon the white surface:

*As a friend and well-wisher, I feel it my duty
to call your attention to*

HICKS' HORSE-RADISH,

*The most delicious, appetizing and healthful
condiment of all.*

*A word to the wise is sufficient—sometimes.
Let it be so in this case.*

The Hon. Percival gazed at the Hon. Augustus. The Hon. Augustus gazed at the Hon. Percival.

"My word!" ejaculated the Hon. Percival in dull amazement.

"My word!" ejaculated the Hon. Augustus, in helpless surprise.

There was a long pause.

"Those blawsted Americans are a laow craowd," commented the Hon. Percival. "No culchaw, y'knaow."

"Well, rawthah," assented, and cordially, the Hon. Augustus.

COUNSEL FOR THE PRISONER

BY JOHN K. LEYS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. GALLAWAY

THE train glided softly away from the station, and Mr. Justice Crompton, letting his rotund form sink back upon the luxurious cushions, heaved a gentle sigh of satisfaction.

There was reason for his complacency. That day week he had been to Windsor and had received the accolade at the hand of his august sovereign; he had taken his seat upon the bench amid the plaudits of his friends and rivals; he was now on his way to Liverpool to sit for the first time as judge of assize. In another compartment was his marshal; in a third his clerk, in charge of the large boxes which contained his robes. At the end of his journey the high sheriff of the County of Lancaster, with state carriage, javelin men, and trumpeters, awaited him. For did not he represent the King of England and the incorruptible justice of the English bench?

As the train sped on its way he swiftly reviewed his past life and told himself that he had done well. Yes, for the son of a provincial auctioneer, he had done very well. He had been sent to a good grammar-school, where he had won a scholarship; then to Cambridge, where he took a respectable second-class degree. Called to the

bar, he had married the daughter of a solicitor in large practise; and, possessing a good memory, a ready tongue, and great power of self-assertion, he quickly made his way. And now he was Sir Daniel Crompton, once more "going on circuit," not as a briefless junior, nor even as a popular leader, but as a judge. It was well. It was very well.

The train slackened speed; the air-brakes scraunched against the wheels, and brought them to a standstill. Willesden Junction—seven miles from London.

The door of the carriage was flung open, and the judge started up to protest against this intrusion upon his privacy; then fell back without saying anything. He remembered in time that tipping a guard does not give one an

absolute right to a whole compartment. Besides, he had caught sight of a young and remarkably pretty face; and Sir Daniel Crompton, though emphatically a married man, had a weakness for pretty faces.

The lady came in and seated herself with her face to the engine—the judge had his back to it. A dressing-bag and a roll of rugs were handed in after her. The door was closed by a porter. The train started again.



HE REVIEWED HIS PAST LIFE AND TOLD HIMSELF THAT HE HAD DONE WELL

She was sitting full in the draft, the wind blowing the little fair curls about her brows. Should he offer to put up the window? Not yet. She might say that she liked the breeze. But in time she would get tired of it. He was sure of it. So he waited.

He was right. She tried to lift the ponderous sash. In a moment he was at

anything to eat? I slept rather late, and had scarcely time to get any breakfast," said the fair traveler, with a look that demanded sympathy.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to hear it!" cried the judge, in those rich, rolling tones that the law-courts knew so well. "But I think we stop for a moment at Rugby. I'll tell the guard to telegraph for a



THE CONVERSATION GREW MORE ACTIVE OVER THE
GOOD LITTLE PICNIC

her side and had taken the strap from her delicately gloved fingers, with a kindly but prim "Allow me."

The window came up at once. He smiled. She smiled. He said it was a beautiful day. She said it was. He offered her a magazine. She took it and thanked him. Then a period of repose.

She returned the magazine. He thanked her, and offered her *Punch*. She took it. Presently she laughed at something. He looked at her inquiringly, and she showed him the picture that had taken her fancy. Then they began to chat.

"By the way, I suppose we don't stop long enough anywhere for one to get

luncheon-basket to be brought to the carriage at Stafford."

"Oh, thank you! If you will be so kind!" murmured the lady; and the plan was carried into effect.

When the basket made its appearance with its neatly carved chicken and bottle of claret, the lady acted the part of host, and very prettily invited her traveling companion to join her in the meal.

It would have seemed ungracious, nay, churlish, to refuse. And naturally the conversation grew more active, so to speak, over the good little picnic. The lady was stylishly dressed, vivacious, and charming; but a man of fashion—or a woman, though not of fashion—would

have seen at once that she was "not quite." The judge, however, had been too busy reading briefs and persuading juries to learn much about the world of fashion; and his wife, good woman, was also outside the magic circle. He only knew that his companion was delightful. Crewe came on them all too soon, and the luncheon basket was handed out of the window.

The judge put his hand in his pocket.

"No, no; it was my luncheon."

"My dear lady, I couldn't think of allowing you——"

"But I insist—I do! I shall be offended if——" All this time the lady was searching frantically in her little handkerchief-bag, and everywhere. Her face grew pale. She clasped her hands and let them fall into her lap.

"I have lost my purse!"

The judge's long experience of the law, grafted upon a disposition naturally shrewd and cautious, developed a chilly atmosphere, through which his conventional expressions of sympathy struggled like winter flowers in a frosty afternoon.

Then he felt ashamed of himself.

"If you have no ticket, I shall be most happy to pay your fare," he began.

"It's not that!" she wailed. "I have my ticket here, and my passage is booked to New York. But I have to go on to San Francisco after that, and how can I—how can I do that without a penny?"

Mr. Justice Crompton did not profess to be able to answer this question; but he made various suggestions, none of them, it seemed, of any practical value. The lady sat in her corner, looked out of her window, and cried quietly to herself. The judge looked out of his window and asked himself what he should do.

After a time she removed her glove, took off a blazing diamond ring—the judge had noticed it at lunch—and timidly held it out to him.

"Do you think any one would lend me enough money to take me from New York to San Francisco on the security of this?" she asked.

Sir Daniel took the ring. As it happened, precious stones had a strong fascination for him, and in a small way he was an expert on the subject.

"My dear madam," he exclaimed, "I have no doubt that any—er—person accustomed to—er—lend money in that way would advance you the sum you require, I suppose twenty or twenty-five pounds. The ring seems to me worth considerably more than that."

"But there is no time!" she cried, as if suddenly remembering this fatal flaw in the arrangement. "My passage is booked on the Macedonia, and this train just catches the steamer. There is no time to find a jeweler who could lend so much at a moment's notice. And if I did, perhaps he wouldn't! Oh, whatever shall I do?"

"My dear lady, perhaps the purser——"

She sadly shook her head, and the judge resumed his inspection of the landscape.

Should he lend her the money, perhaps twenty-five pounds? Of course he might not see it again. Women were so careless in these matters. But he could afford to lose it, and—she was very pretty, and in a sad plight. He would do it.

"My dear madam—I haven't the privilege of knowing your name——"

"Miss Appleby."

The judge bowed.

"I was going to say that if twenty or twenty-five pounds would be of any use to you——" He pulled out a fat pocket-book.

"Oh, how can I thank you? You have saved me!"

"Oh, nonsense," said the judge, not ill-pleased.

He handed over five "fivers," and she laid the ring upon the cushion. He had not thought of taking the ring. But she evidently expected him to take it, and—well, it would serve to remind her of the duty of paying her debt. Perhaps it would be as well.

"Remember that this is your ring still, and I will send it to you whenever you choose," he said; and she smiled acquiescence as he slipped the ring into his waistcoat pocket.

But by this time they were close to Liverpool, and were about to stop at Edgehill. The judge was busy collecting his scattered literature, and did not notice that his traveling companion, leaning out of her window as the train came

to a standstill, exchanged a word or two with a slim lad in a gray suit. Then she turned to him to say farewell.

"Good-by, and thank you *ever* so much!" she cried, as she warmly pressed his hand.

He opened the door for her, helped her to alight, and handed out her bag. She nodded her adieu, and his eyes followed her trim figure for some distance. Then it suddenly disappeared. She had apparently entered another carriage of the same train. It looked queer. Why should she alight at Edgehill when she was bound for the New York steamer? And, then, why did she get into another carriage?

"Pooh!" said the judge to himself. "Some friend on board the train has seen her and called out to her."

But he was perplexed. She had not hinted that she had any friends within reach.

A moment later the train, with a dismal screech, moved on into the long, dark tunnel, and after some minutes emerged upon a wide platform, where a few of the city notables were gathered to receive the representative of their sovereign.

When greetings and compliments had been exchanged, Sir Daniel found time to glance out of the corner of his eye in the direction of the carriage into which his fair friend had vanished. But he could see no one that resembled her. Most of the passengers had already gone; among the last he noticed a Sister of Mercy leisurely descending the steps.

II

It was the third day of the assizes, and St. George's Hall presented a very busy and animated appearance. The spacious law-courts and the adjacent corridors were crowded with suitors, solicitors,

witnesses, waiting jurors, and spectators. An air of importance, of playing a part in a great function of state, was visible in the face of every official, from the high sheriff to the constables who guarded the doors. Newly fledged barristers in very black gowns that floated behind them, and very white wigs, flitted here and there, every one trying his hardest to look as if he had some really important business on his mind.



THE GIRL WAS YOUNG AND
INNOCENT-LOOKING

Mr. Justice Crompton was presiding in the criminal court. As his portly form, clad in scarlet and ermine, appeared in the doorway that led from his private room to the bench, the crowd of barristers rose as one man and solemnly bowed to him. Returning the salute, he gravely seated himself and took up the printed calendar that lay on the desk beside the bouquet of flowers which his thoughtful better half provided every day for his solace.

"The Meredew jewel robbery comes first to-day, my lord,"

said the associate, popping up from his seat under the bench. "Shall I tell them to put up the prisoners?"

"Yes. There is only one, though, isn't there?" said the judge, looking through his eye-glasses at the calendar.

"The other was arrested only three days ago, and committed for trial yesterday."

"Put up John and Alice Meredew," said the associate to the head warder; and next moment a pale, nervous-looking young man, who scarcely dared to lift his eyes from the floor, stepped into the dock, followed by a girl. The judge looked at them, as everybody in court did. The girl was young and innocent-looking. She was decidedly pretty. She was——

Good heavens! She was the girl with whom he had traveled from London!



"THEY SPARKLE VERY PRETTILY"

Mr. Justice Crompton's blood ran cold. It was an awful situation, for like a flash he remembered the ring—the ring that was now reposing in his left-hand waistcoat pocket. No doubt it was part of the plunder which the prisoners had stolen.

Suppose the woman recognized him? Suppose she tacitly threatened him with exposure? True, his conduct had been blameless, if a trifle indiscreet. But Mr. Justice Crompton knew the world, and he knew that his innocence would be but a poor shield against the shafts of ridicule that would assail him from every side.

What the papers would say, what *Punch* would say, what he would have to endure from his brethren of the bench, from Lady Crompton—these were appalling thoughts! He would have to resign his post almost before he had begun to feel that he had gained it. His career would be at an end.

But perhaps the story might never come out. Perhaps the girl did not recognize him in his wig and scarlet robe. He forced himself to steal a glance at her, and a very slight smile, scarcely noticeable by a stranger, but to him full of dreadful meaning, flitted across her pretty face. The judge dropped his eyes and shuddered.

What was he to do? Should he feign sudden indisposition, and get his brother Wiltshire, from the civil court, to try these prisoners? It might have been the best plan, but even as he deliberated he realized that it was too late. The jury was already selected and was being sworn. Whatever the issue, he must go through with it.

An aged "rising junior," his gown brown and his wig dark gray with years, had risen, and in mellifluous tones that were barely audible observed:

"I appear for the male prisoner, my lord. I believe that the female prisoner, having been committed for trial only yesterday, has not had time to retain counsel. But as to the man, he will, acting under my advice, plead guilty. Perhaps

your lordship will allow me to add a few words in mitigation of punishment at a later stage."

The judge bowed, and Mr. Swire, the elderly rising junior, slowly took his seat again, and seemed to be composing himself for a nap.

Something was said by the associate about appointing one of the thirty-odd waiting juniors as counsel for the female prisoner; and every man of them, according to the etiquette in such cases, looked straight before him, as if he had not the smallest interest in the proceedings, hoping feverishly that the choice would fall upon him. But the judge sat as if deaf, and counsel for the crown, rising to his feet, opened the case for the prosecution.

It was a very simple one, he said. The male prisoner, Meredew, had been a traveler for Goodman & Stevens, a large firm of jewelers in Liverpool. He had had entrusted to him a quantity of valuable jewels for the firm's customers in the north of England. Among them were thirty-three diamond rings.

Meredew started on his journey accompanied, it would appear, by his wife—rather an unusual proceeding. But instead of delivering the jewelry as instructed, he bolted with the lot to London, and he had now pleaded guilty to

the charge of larceny by a bailee. The stolen property was not recovered at that time. When the female, who, it was understood, was his wife, was arrested in Liverpool three days ago, almost all of it was discovered in her possession.

As a matter of fact, it had all been recovered with the exception of one of the diamond rings. There were only thirty-two in the bag the prisoner carried, while there ought to have been thirty-three. His task was an easy one. He proposed to prove the arrest, the finding of the jewels in the possession of the prisoner, and the fact that they were the property of the prosecutor. As for the male prisoner, he had been arrested in London the same night, and as he had had the good sense to take his learned friend's advice and plead guilty, they—the jury—need not trouble themselves further about him.

The detective's evidence was soon taken, and then Mr. Stephens, the junior member of the prosecutors' firm, was called to prove the ownership of the jewels which the officer of the law had found in the prisoner's bag.

"May we see the jewels? It is usual, I think, to produce the property alleged to have been stolen," said the judge.

A heterogeneous lot of trinkets, ornaments of every description, was handed up to the judge, the last being a small tray nearly covered with diamond rings. The bracelets had already been handed on to the jury for inspection, and Mr. Justice Crompton took the trayful of rings from the associate with his right hand.

"They sparkle very prettily," he remarked, just as if he had never seen a diamond in his life before, and passed the tray to his left hand, in order to give it to his marshal, who was to show it to the jury.

The rings were handed down at last, and some of the king's counsel, sitting on the front row of benches, fell to admiring them.

"My lord," cried one of them suddenly, "there are thirty-three rings here!"

"Surely you are mistaken," said the judge suavely.

"Devil a bit—I mean, my lord, there

are certainly thirty-three of them. The prosecutor can count them himself, if he likes."

The judge leaned back in his chair and regarded the jury meditatively over the top of his gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and the jurymen, somewhat flustered, looked curiously at one another, for the tray of rings had been handed round among them. Could it be possible that one of the jury, one of the sacred twelve, was a repentant sinner?

There was a titter here and there, and the usher called out "Silence!" with a throat of brass.

The associate now announced that there were certainly three and thirty rings upon the tray.

"I am certain——" burst out the detective, but the judge silenced him with a look and a wave of his pen.

"There seems to have been a mistake somewhere," he purred. "It is of no consequence. The prosecutor has all of his pretty things, and that is highly satisfactory, so far. Now, let us get on with the case."

The counsel for the crown contented himself with pointing out to the jury that it did not matter whether all the stolen property had been recovered or not. The main thing was that it had been stolen and had been found in the possession of the prisoner.

And then Mr. Justice Crompton turned himself in his chair and set himself to address the jury.

"It is a time-honored principle, gentlemen," said he, "of English administration of justice, that if the prisoner is not represented by counsel, the judge who tries the case should act as the prisoner's counsel. It is my duty, therefore, to set before you those facts and those principles of law which might possibly lead you to a conclusion favorable to the prisoner at the bar, as well as to sum up the evidence as a whole.

"Now, assuming, as we have a right to assume, that the prisoners are man and wife, there is a rule of English law which it seems to me ought to be borne in mind in connection with this case. And it is this: At the common law, as you may be aware, husband and wife of old were considered as one person. Although that principle has been

rudely assailed by modern legislation, it still survives; and one of its legal consequences is that, excepting only the crime of murder, no married woman can be convicted of any felony if the jury are satisfied that she was acting under the orders and the coercion of her husband.

"It would be unfair, the law argues, to hold that a woman whose daily and hourly happiness, whose comfort, whose very life may depend upon a particular man—that is to say, her husband—can be so far independent of him as to be capable of resisting his bad influence, and of defying his authority and refusing to aid him in his crimes. The law says that to expect that would be to expect every woman to be a potential martyr, which would clearly be expecting a little too much. Bearing that principle in mind, it is your duty to see whether in your judgment the circumstances of this case are such as to warrant you in coming to the conclusion that the female prisoner, Alice Meredith, was acting at the instigation of her husband, John Meredith, who has already pleaded guilty."

His lordship then went on to comment on the evidence from this standpoint, carefully pointing out that he was just then speaking as counsel for the prisoner. Ruggles, K. C., put up his lawn-covered silk sleeve so as to shield his face from observation, and solemnly winked at his friend and rival, Straddles, K. C. The latter, who was a man of severe morals, frowned and bit his lip, to Ruggles' huge delight. Ruggles had intended to insinuate that Mr. Justice Crompton meant to get the prisoner off because she was a pretty girl; and whether this was really the case or not, it is a fact that without leaving the box the jury found the female prisoner not guilty.

The next step was to sentence the husband; but before this was done, his counsel, Mr. Swire, had something to say. He began by calling into the witness-box Mr. Goodman, the senior member of the firm that had employed Meredith.

Mr. Goodman, evidently an invalid, was assisted into the witness-box and allowed to sit down.

"You have known the male prisoner for some time?" began Mr. Swire.

"Since his infancy," replied the witness. "He is the son of one of my oldest

and most intimate business friends. And I may say here that if I had not been on a sick bed at the time, this prosecution would never have been instituted. The lad behaved well, he was a pattern of industry and trustworthiness till in an evil hour he married the young woman who has been his ruin." Here Mrs. Meredith put a snow-white handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed audibly, but most becomingly. "I have not the smallest doubt that John Meredith's wife led him from extravagance to debt, and from debt to crime."

"Isn't that rather going beyond the point?" asked the judge, with a smile.

"I think not, my lord," said the old man. "I believe that, if left to himself, the young fellow would be as honest as any man in this court, and I look upon him as a victim of the bad influence and wicked incitements of the woman he has unfortunately married."

"Apart from this affair, you have always found him worthy of trust?" said Mr. Swire gently.

"Always. Left to himself, I would trust him with anything."

"And supposing for one moment," insinuated the barrister in his silkiest tones, "that his lordship were disposed to take a merciful view of this case, you might perhaps be willing to give the son of your old friend a chance of reestablishing his character by taking him back into your employment?"

This was going a long way, but the temptation to show himself an exceptionally generous-minded man, coupled with his sympathy for the victim of a matrimonial blunder, proved too much for the jeweler's caution. He hesitated but for a moment, and then said, striking his hand on the ledge before him:

"Yes, I would!"

Mr. Swire slowly sat down, and an admiring murmur ran round among his listening brethren. He had made the witness give, and give emphatically, a promise to which in his calmer moments he would never have committed himself. Mr. Swire had earned his guineas.

"I look upon the young woman as the real criminal," said the old man once more as he left the witness-box.

"But unfortunately, you see, the jury has acquitted her," said the judge.

He shot out his under lip and pinched it thoughtfully between his forefinger and his thumb.

"Prisoner at the bar," he said suddenly, "it appears that this is your first lapse into crime. See that it be your last. Seeing that the whole of the missing property has been recovered, and that your late employer, with unexampled generosity, has expressed a willingness to give you a chance of regaining the character you have lost, I have decided not to interpose any obstacle in the way of his charitable intentions. You will be discharged on entering into your own recognizances to come up for judgment when called upon."

And with these words Mr. Justice Crompton rose from his seat to intimate that the court was adjourned.

A month later Sir Daniel Crompton rejoined his family at Bayswater.

"Here is a registered letter for you, my dear," said Lady Crompton to her husband on the night of his return. "It came yesterday. I am quite curious to know what is inside. Do open it!"

The judge did so. The envelope contained nothing but a sheet of blank note-paper, and five five-pound notes.

"Daniel, what is this? No letter with it! Not a word! Who do you think can have sent it? What does it mean?"

"It may be looked upon as a debt, my love," said the judge softly. "Or you may consider it as a fee, perhaps—the last fee I shall ever earn for defending a prisoner."

And with this enigmatical declaration Lady Crompton had to be content.

AFTER VACATION

AN almost Sabbath stillness lies
Upon the city's tiles,
And mellow windfalls gleam unsought
In grassy orchard aisles.
There is no litter on the lawn—
(Tilt-yard of tiny knights!)—
The breeze just barely moves the scup
That soared to dizzy heights.
Once more the frog dreams peacefully,
Unprodged in his pool,
For brown of face, and awed of mien,
The boys are back in school.

The steaming hokey-pokey cart
Is missing from its place;
The swart proprietor thereof
Stares ruin in the face.
No longer are the bleachers stirred
By bursts of treble cheers,
Nor hostile cries of "*On behind!*"
Dinned in the drayman's ears.
The docks are dry and batherless
And Officer O'Toole
Must seek new fields of action, now
The boys are back in school.

No more the kitchen door is left
Ajar to noxious flies.
Cook sings! No grimy fingers filch
The filling for her pies.
But mother doesn't sing! Anon
She sighs; a tear-drop starts!—
She's glad vacation's done, she says,
But in her heart of hearts
She's sorry, sorry as can be!
Freed from their mad misrule
The house is pretty lonely, now
The boys are back in school.

Edward W. Barnard

STORIETTES

The Love-Letter of His Life

BOBBY DALE sat on the veranda of the Princess Anne, writing letters. Bobby Dale was young and blond and good to look upon. His straw hat rested on a lot of yellow hair, and his blue-serge coat outlined a fine pair of shoulders.

Bobby's mouth was set in firm, hard lines, and his eyes looked hollow and tired, as though he had not slept much the night before. He was writing on a sheet of hotel paper with a gold-tipped fountain pen. You would never have imagined he was writing a love-letter; but he was—the love-letter of his life. With hurried scrawls and spasmodic scratches, he was pouring out his soul—in ink.

It is needless to mention that Bobby had been refused—twice—by the girl to whom he was writing. No man nowadays ever reaches such a frenzy of devotion and passion as he was in, or fancied he was in—at the moment; no man in this era of common sense ever commits himself so unreservedly and fervently to paper, except in pursuit of the unattainable.

Mr. Dale finished his letter and signed it, cogitated a moment with the handle of his pen in his mouth, and finally, with desperate determination, added these words:

Will you marry me? I am going to give you just three weeks to answer this question—for the last time. If, at the end of three weeks, I do not hear from you definitely—AND affirmatively, I am going to marry a little girl up in York State.

Bobby read this postscript through carefully, and with a feeling of satisfaction and a sigh of relief placed the letter in one of his own business envelopes, addressed it, and dropped it into the mail-box at the corner of the veranda. Then, like a man who has got something weighty off his soul, he strolled off the piazza, where a dozen

girls in fluffy frocks were chattering maddeningly, made his way to the beach, where a lot of stiffly dressed hotel children were toddling and dancing in the morning sun, and was soon cheerfully smoking a cigar.

A month later he walked up the aisle of a village church with the little girl from York State, and six weeks thereafter—such is the inconsistency of man—he sat contentedly on the small veranda of his own suburban cottage, reading the morning paper and puffing idly at a comfortable pipe.

But in spite of his apparent content, there was a cloud on Bobby's life. You might have noted it in his restless eye and in the furtive way in which he glanced eagerly up and down the tree-lined village street, where nothing more alarming than the dancing leaf shadows, the gold and red of blowing autumn leaves, and the shuffling figure of an occasional boy truant met his vision. The day after his marriage he had heard inadvertently that "the other girl" had sailed for Europe quite suddenly a month before. Might she not have missed his note, and might not her answer, at any moment— He always shuddered and shut his eyes when he reached this point.

Bobby had been at first incredulous, then astounded, then charmed at the happiness he managed to derive from his marriage, in spite of his blighted passion. And the way in which that passion had faded made him blink with wonder. But there still remained the unanswered letter—the love-letter of his life—with its telltale postscript, following a girl around Europe. Bobby could merely sit and torture himself with pictures of the consequences if some morning his wife should find a little blue scented note in his mail. It isn't exactly conducive to matrimonial felicity for a woman to discover that she has been married "for spite." That was the cloud over Bobby's life.

"Bobby," called little Mrs. Dale from inside the tiny French window, "how do you spell indigestion? I'm telling Aunt Agatha all about that terrible attack you——"

"I-n-d-i-g-e-s-t-i-o-n," spelled Bobby carefully. He always had to spell for his wife. "Why do you suppose, Edith," he went on bitterly, "that we ever decided to live in a place where the postman takes his morning nap between houses?"

The scratch of little Mrs. Dale's pearl and gold pen stopped suddenly. A blue dress fluttered through the French window, and a dainty vision of village girlhood stepped out upon the veranda.

"Why, if it's only the postman you are waiting for, Bobby," she said sweetly, "do go now, and let me bring the mail down to you the moment it comes. You should have been at your office half an hour ago."

"Nonsense!" remarked Bobby ungratefully. "Wouldn't think of troubling you. What's half an hour, anyway?"

Between the fine brows of Mrs. Dale there appeared a little pucker. She had begun to suspect that Bobby did not trust her. For two weeks now, ever since they had returned from their honeymoon trip, there had been every morning this same soul-wearing drama. Of course, Bobby always allowed her to see all his mail—to open it, if she liked—but——

Just then the postman appeared around the bend, handed Bobby a package of business letters, turned over to Mrs. Dale a few white envelopes ("the other girl" always used blue note-paper), and went whistling on his way—just as if there was no such thing as human hope and fear. Bobby, gazing after him with suppressed contempt for his callousness, breathed freely once more, kissed his wife, jammed his hat down over his eyes, and rushed for a car.

But as day after day passed and the dreaded letter failed each morning to arrive, Bobby got worse. The great trouble was that he was falling in love with his wife, and the horror of what that letter might do to blast his happiness was wearing on him. He would lie awake nights conjuring up the words

with which that other girl should, would, or could answer his unfortunate missive. Then he would think out explanations for them and argue the case mentally with fanciful pictures of wronged wives with accusing eyes. Every charm that Edith possessed was magnified at the thought of losing her.

His wife's cousin used blue note-paper, too; and whenever the postman handed over a tinted note, he would set his teeth and the blood would rush to his head in a flood. The moment she began to read it, and he discovered that he was still undiscovered, a real physical pain of reaction would tug at his heart. It was not conscience, but consequence, that was troubling Bobby.

One day, little Mrs. Dale came rushing down to his office with a blue envelope in her hand, and he, seeing her enter, grew as white as a sheet. But it proved a false alarm. The cousin was ill and Mrs. Dale wanted to go to her at once. Bobby gave his consent so heartily that his wife was almost hurt at his apparent willingness to part with her for two whole days. Another time Bobby, on his return from his office, found Edith sobbing quietly over a sheet of blue note-paper. He shuddered and gritted his teeth as he went up to kiss her.

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby!" she cried, and his heart stood still.

"What is it, dear?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"She's dead!" sobbed little Mrs. Dale. "Father's old mare that I've driven ever since I was a tiny girl! They h-h-had to shoot her!"

And then she thought Bobby heartless, because he laughed in such a foolish fashion.

It was early on a warm October morning that the climax came at last; and, like all things long expected, it came just as Bobby had ceased to look for it—almost. The Dales were returning from a short stroll. As they turned back into their street, they could see the gray-coated postman standing on their small piazza and jerking the door-bell with angry and insistent vehemence. It is a characteristic of people who make you wait that they never can bear to be kept waiting.

Bobby caught his wife's arm nervously and hurried her along until they reached the garden gate, where they met the irate government official coming out. In his hand that indignant personage held two letters. One was a business envelope, the other a tiny square of blue. The moment Bobby laid eyes on the address on that envelope he recognized the handwriting. His heart leaped to his throat.

It had come! At that moment of all moments!

"Oh," cried Mrs. Dale, "it's a note from Cousin Dorothy. I've been waiting so long for that letter, too."

"Edith," said Bobby, and his voice sounded like the voice of an avenging angel, "don't touch that letter!"

Edith gazed up at him in blank astonishment.

"I—I think," went on Bobby weakly, startled by his own tragic tones, "that that letter is for—*me*. Let—me—see."

But Mrs. Dale was by no means to be treated like an outsider.

"Nonsense, Bobby!" she said, taking the blue envelope out of the postman's hand before her husband could snatch it. "I'll open it for you." And forthwith, while Bobby went white to the lips, she calmly drew a wire hairpin from the coil at her neck and slit the paper. Then she turned the envelope over, looked wonderingly at the feminine handwriting, and gently handed it to her husband.

Bobby took it mechanically and began to read. He had to go over the words twice before they had any meaning for him. Then a great light broke over him, and without a word he handed it back to his wife. She took it from him curiously, and this is what she read:

DEAR MR. DALE:

What an excellent actor you were! Let me congratulate you on your marriage and wish you all sorts of happiness. The lady, I know, will never be bored, if she likes amateur theatricals. Cordially yours,

MARIAN WESTLAKE.

As he turned toward the house, he happened to glance casually down at the business letter, which he had taken without ceremony from the postman. It had his own address printed in the corner, to be sure, but the address on the

envelope below was, "Miss Marian Westlake, Kansas City, Ark.," and across it there was stamped in clear red letters, "Returned for better direction."

He stuffed the missive into his pocket, gulped hard, and went over to where his wife sat reading the blue note, and kissed her.

"But who is this Miss Westlake?" asked Edith. "And why does she talk about amateur theatricals?"

Bobby laughed.

"Oh, she's a girl I used to know—let me see—where did I meet her? Oh, yes, at Virginia Beach. I suppose I must have flirted with her—and she fancied I was in earnest. Foolish girl, to take a seaside flirtation seriously. Why, I knew you at the time, darling!"

And that of course settled it.

"That postman," remarked Edith irrelevantly, "is a cross old idiot."

"Sometimes," said Bobby, "God loves an idiot." Then he went inside, crossed over to the library grate, where a fire burned brightly, and took out of his pocket his own returned letter. As he tore it viciously to bits and saw it wither away in the flames, he had the satisfaction of knowing that only one person on earth, and that person himself, had ever read the love-letter of his life.

Helen Rowland

Mirth's Pilgrim

"I WISH you'd come over to our house and laugh."

The small boy made his request mildly, his little hands crossed behind his white piqué back, his serious eyes fixed upon the other.

The old black man broke off suddenly in the midst of the harangue he was addressing to a fat, morose poodle, which he had brought out for exercise. He rounded eyes of astonishment upon the intruder, and then burst into one of the inimitable guffaws of his race.

"H'yah—h'yah—h'yah—h'yah!" he shouted, with the characteristic, unctuous, liquid click between each syllable. As the ululations of his joy, frankly, richly barbaric, but sweet and kind, smote upon the prim quiet of that New England village street, the boy listened

appreciatively with the air of a music lover at a concert.

"That was a good one," he said soberly, as Uncle Zeke came to the last gasp. "My name is Junius Brutus Brandon. But it's father's name, too, and he needs it; so they call me June. I don't much care for being just named a month that way—but it's a very nice month, of course," he added with the quick deference of a well-trained child for those in authority. "Are you going to laugh some more?"

The query brought its own reply. Uncle Zeke looked at his young visitor, and uttered a series of mellow, deep-throated chuckles which never quite sufficiently merged into one another to make a complete laugh, yet which expressed intense enjoyment. The great bass voice, playing thus in the dooryard of mirth, sporting and dancing in joy's corridors and antechambers, yet never going through the rosy portals into the great carousing hall of real laughter, held a thousand hints and suggestions of delight.

"That's a good kind, too," said Junius Brutus Brandon. "I 'most believe I could do that kind myself. I tried the other once, but——" He shook his head.

"What is you-all's house?" inquired the negro. "Has you got a job o' som'n' nother 'at you wants done?"

"Right over there," said the child, pointing to where an old colonial mansion gleamed stately behind its elms. "It was only me. I don't know if you'd call it a job—a real job; I—I just wanted some laughing done. Our house is so quiet, and nobody makes any noise; and I thought if you'd come over—and laugh it up a little bit——"

He broke off, and reviewed his sentence with discouragement. He felt that he had put the case badly. Yet his halting presentation of it had again convulsed the hearer. Once more little Junius listened to sounds which were as music to him—sounds which, in their bold abandon of glee brought to his thinly nurtured young fancy visions of unbelted, unafraid joyance; warmth, color, confidence, that his short life had lacked.

"You makin' game o' de old man," said Uncle Zeke finally, when he could

get his breath. "Chil'en ain't never need to be l'arned how to laugh, nor ain't never need no he'p a-laughin'—least-ways not in Faginny; an' I 'low hit's bound to be de same in Massatusicks. When you gits in school an' de teacher tell you 'Hush, an' mind yo' book,' I bet you laughs."

He chuckled richly once more. And the boy was so engrossed by the coveted sound that he almost forgot to reply to the text of the observation. Then he sat down on the curb which framed in the prim plot before the old-fashioned red-brick house, and nursed his knee thoughtfully.

"I don't go to school," he said finally. "A lady comes. Father teaches me Latin. I study music, too. 'Kindergarten Method, Suitable for Children from Four to Seven Years of Age.'" He was evidently quoting from a prospectus. "I found some keys on the piano that sounded like laughing, and I tried to practise them; but Ann said it made a bad noise. I guess it did. Pounds howled."

"Who mought dis hyer Ann be?" inquired the negro, seating himself beside the child, and letting the ill-tempered poodle run to the length of its chain. "Is dat Pounds what you name a human?"

"Ann used to be my nurse. She keeps the house. She's very kind. She reads to me. But she's not such a cheerful person as you are. She reads me 'Black Beauty'; and I cry. Pounds is a dog. They called him that because he weighed a pound when father got him; but he's grown a good deal since then. He's older'n I am. He's so old he hasn't got much teeth. I call him Pounds, because he weighs more than one; but nobody notices the difference."

He sat daintily on the curb, doing no damage to his immaculate piqué suit.

"Were you—did you think you might come over and laugh some for me?" he asked at last timidly.

The old negro rose with a curiously puckered face.

"I knows who you is now, little marter," he said finally. "I 'spect I better not tell you 'bout myse'f, ontwel yo' pa has de chanct to 'splain what—what gwine happen."

He looked thoughtfully down at the young man on the curbstone.

"Is yo' pa ever name de lady what live in Richmun', an' is come to visit Miz. Andrews? She Miss Rose Laferry, an' she my Little Mis'. Dest her an' me is hyer, an'—is yo' pa ever name dat to you?"

June shook his head.

"Can she laugh like you—Miss Rose Laferry, I mean?" he asked, pursuing the only subject which appeared at present to have interest for him.

Uncle Zeke grinned.

"Little Mis' is de laughin'est somebody dat I knows on," he said. "But hit ain't sound like my bellerin'. When Little Mis' laugh, hit's as fine as birds singin'."

The child looked enviously at the Andrews house, where an angry parrot screamed in a front window. It had never contained anything to lure him to its portals before; but now he felt a desire to hang about and see the lady-laughter, as in his own mind he promptly dubbed her—possibly even have the luck to hear a sample of her performance. Now that he looked at it, there was an unusual stir about the place, a gala air, which sorted oddly with the sour old domicile.

"I wonder if I could go in and call?" mused Junius Brutus.

"Yo' pa in dar," put in the old man softly. "But you knowed dat, I reckon."

Junius had risen; but now he sank back weakly upon the curb.

"Oh, no!" he remonstrated. "Father never goes to people's houses."

A vision of his tall parent with the introspective eyes and the preoccupied, absent-minded manner, attempting to call upon some one, quite staggered the little boy's imagination.

"Yas, honey boy, he is in dar," insisted Uncle Zeke gently. "He come down to Richmun' las' summah, whilse you was at yo' granny's, an' he made de 'quaintance o' my Miss Rose. An' now Miss Rose she done come up hyer to her Aunt Embly's house 'case all her folks is dead—'ceppin' dest her an' me, an' her Aunt Embly—an' when young ladies o' quality gwine to wed dey comes to dey nighes' kin. Honey boy, I reckon yo' pa ruther name dis hyer business to you."

Junius sat happily on the curbstone in a world which had suddenly taken hands to dance. Nothing was real—but everything was delightful. His grave young father went about making morning calls. Young ladies came to live across the street, and brought fascinating big black men who could laugh by the half hour. Pounds might be expected to frolic with him when he returned home, and not treat his advances with chilling canine contempt. Medusa, the cat, would undoubtedly relax her set frown and permit him to pet her. By that same token, the door of the Andrews house was opening, and his father was emerging.

His father! Stay! Was this the individual? This man's cheek was flushed, his large eyes bright below the disordered hair, which June had never seen otherwise than melancholy perfect in its arrangement. He was talking and smiling, and behind him came the prettiest young lady the small boy had ever beheld.

"No need to send for him," said his father's deep tones. "Here's my boy, Rose. June, come and shake hands with this young lady. I have something to tell you about her."

The small, white-clad figure moved in a sort of trance across the walk and up the steps. This was why Ann had been so careful concerning his suit. This was why she had put an extra rub into the washing of his face, declaring that he had made it dirtier with his own ablutions. He now remembered that she had sent him over to Mrs. Andrews—he had been diverted from his errand by the black man who laughed.

Suddenly the girl knelt in the vestibule, and put her arms around the white piqué shoulders. Her smiling, kind, dark eyes looked tenderly into the big, serious blue ones raised to them.

"So this is June!" she said softly. "He looks like you, dear."

And a tremor went through the boy's slim body at the word. He dragged his gaze unwillingly from the rosy, smiling face, and let it travel to that of the father who had been called "dear." Upon those rugged features lay a reflection of the girl's smile, warming them to human beauty.

"You tell him," whispered Uncle Zeke's Little Mis'.

Thus prompted, the man looked down somewhat helplessly at his son.

"Junius," he began, "this young lady is going to come over to our house to—"

"Will she bring the black man with her?" asked Junius suddenly.

"Uncle Zeke will have to go where I go," said the girl, with a swift revelation of white teeth and dimples. Even in that dizzy moment June admitted that Uncle Zeke had spoken truth, and that the lady-laughter surpassed the black man. "You won't mind? I'm sure you and he will soon be great friends. He used to teach me a great many funny things."

"I shall enjoy having him," asserted Brandon, junior, with conviction. "He can teach me—I wanted to ask him to this morning, but I hadn't quite arranged it in my mind."

The girl burst into a low gurgle of laughter, and pulled the child to her to place a quick kiss on his hair.

"And are you going to be glad to have me there?" she asked eagerly.

June caught his breath; the lady-laughter was so much more delightful than anything he could have imagined.

"She's coming to live with us always," his father put in, stooping down to join in their half-whispered conversation. "She's going to—"

"I know," supplied June, in a sort of solemn ecstasy, clutching small hands in the pink frills of her morning frock—"I know, father; she's going to teach both you and me to laugh."

Grace MacGowan Cooke

The Way of a Girl

GERALD toyed with the letter for a moment, and then broke the seal.

DEAR GERALD:

At least you are surprised! Miss Susan is with me, and all the way across we planned to give you no warning, but to come upon you suddenly in Berlin. It would have been great fun to surprise you in the midst of your student life—and you must be a diligent student, too, judging by indirect report. Naughty boy, not to let me have a direct report occasionally! But I forgive you.

At the last moment we have had to change our plans and omit Berlin from our itinerary, so we must forego the pleasure of the surprise. But something better

is left—and here Miss Susan interrupts me to say "you must."

We are in Europe particularly for the festival at Bayreuth next month. We shall be here in London a week, while Miss Susan searches out her story-book friends, and renews acquaintance with her girlhood chums in the Mummy-room at the Museum. That done, we expect to be in The Hague on the fifteenth.

Now, you meet us there—a command and an entreaty all in one. Miss Susan adds her voice to mine, for she is eager to see if her star pupil has become the great musician she prophesied.

Our plans take us up the Rhine to Mainz, across to Nuremberg, with a détour to Heidelberg en route, and then to Bayreuth in time for the first performance.

Doesn't it sound good? And you will come, will you not?

Good-by, and remember Hôtel —, June the fifteenth.

DOROTHEA.

LONDON, *June the seventh.*

P. S.—I inclose a new photograph, so that you will not fail to recognize me after the passing of time. D.

Gerald tossed the letter to the table and took up the picture. Without forming the thought, he was conscious of being mildly surprised that his pulse was not changing a beat, and that he was contemplating the familiar face with only curiosity.

"Still a stunner, by Jove!" he yawned, reaching for his pipe.

At the second puff his landlady, Frau Hiege, entered with the announcement, "Fräulein Kenley, Herr Osborne," and closely following her came the young lady herself.

"Oh, Gerald," was her greeting, "you have forgotten, haven't you?—forgotten Weingartner and the Ninth Symphony?"

"Slipped me entirely!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "What time is it?"

He looked at his watch, then half turned toward the table. But it was too late. Helen's eyes had followed his to the photograph.

"Who is she?" In her tone was the indifference that demands an explanation.

"Oh, just a girl I used to know at home."

"I think her very pretty, don't you? What's her name?"

"Miss Pierce." It came rather hard.

"Strange you have never spoken of her," Helen continued. "I believe I have mentioned to you every person I ever met."

In spite of himself, Gerald was embarrassed, for no one likes to have such a ghost appear at his banquet, and he was too honest to deny that Miss Pierce had been more than an acquaintance.

"Why, now, Helen," he said, searching for the proper word, "if a fellow happens to have had a little affair at the foolish age, he need not cry the fact from the housetops in order to show that he has recovered. We dislike to acknowledge a mistake; and that's what it amounts to. Besides, it's rather unfair to the girl."

"And is it quite fair to the—the next one," she quizzed, "to hide such things?"

Composure was returning to Gerald, and with it a sense of the ludicrousness of the situation they were being led into.

"Now, Helen, let's not get serious over a trifle. To make a confession, withheld so far because of its seeming unimportance, I was—somewhat smitten by the young lady years ago, but it was only a boyish fancy—nothing more. There! You believe me, don't you?" he pleaded with a smile.

A moment longer, and this series of questions and answers would doubtless have sunk to an anticlimax and ended in the departure for the concert. But Miss Pierce, seemingly with malicious foresight, had written across the bottom of the photograph, "London, June the seventh." On the dark mount the writing had passed unnoticed until struck by a shaft of light as Helen turned to replace it on the table.

"Ah, she is in Europe!"

Gerald saw approaching peace turn back, while into Helen's face crept an unwonted expression.

"Will she be in Berlin?"

"No—no, indeed!" exclaimed Gerald quickly.

Helen had forgotten the symphony now—and so had Gerald.

"How thoughtful of her to let you know of her arrival!"

Gerald was hurt and vexed.

"Helen," he said, "Miss Pierce has invited me to meet her and her teacher

at The Hague on the fifteenth and accompany them to Bayreuth. But I have no intention of accepting, nor have I the slightest fear of hurting her by refusing. She invited me because I am probably her only acquaintance on this side."

This frankness should have quieted all doubts, but there is no accounting for moods, especially when the heart is made supersensitive by love. Helen was very much in love, and the deeper the passion, the greater its demands.

"Gerald," she said, with the dramatic seriousness of young love, "do not think I am making much ado about nothing; but something has taken possession of me that must be removed before we can go on as before. It is not that I doubt your sincerity; but are you sure of yourself?"

"Helen!" he interrupted.

"Wait," she continued. "I must know—know beyond all chance of doubt, and there is but one way to learn. Accept this invitation—go to Bayreuth."

"Impossible!" he broke in. "I——"

"No, you will go, and if you are to be on time you must leave to-night. It will be only a few days, and if you come back"—almost faltering, but gaining strength as she concluded—"I shall know. Do not try to change my determination. It is best for us both."

At the concert that afternoon an observer fortunate enough to get a full view of Helen's face would have nudged his companion and whispered, "How that young lady must love music!" The observer, not necessarily a keen one, might have extended his remarks to admiration and beyond without exposing himself to contradiction. But, hard though it is to turn from her face, our present concern is necessary with her thoughts.

And still, we can hardly say thoughts; her mind was rather the scene of tumultuous storm-clouds, pierced intermittently by flashes of reason. Perhaps a bit of blue shone through at times, but certainly not often, for the heart's very dread of disloyalty pictures the monster with such vividness that the calm mind would look upon it as a caricature. The observer, following her homeward, would have deemed her still under the influence of the immortal Ninth. The calm faces we pass, are

they not mysteries, with love abroad in the land?

What counsel the morrow brought was futile, for was not Gerald already miles away? The second day her teacher, hopeful of extended fame through his pupil, was solicitous about her health. The third day he was vexed. The fourth day he closed the score of "Carmen" with fury, and—"Himmel! Are you the dying Juliet? Are you Marguerite in her cell?"

The fifth day, Helen sat alone in her little parlor, songs forgotten.

Could it be possible that good Frau Rhoda, bringing the afternoon chocolate and *apfelkuchen*, had received only a nod? But Frau Rhoda understood. Had not the affable young *Amerikaner* been absent for uncountable days? And she felt no hurt, but only pity for the poor little song-bird from across the water.

But by and by Helen did look up, and by no means with indifference. A step was sounding in the corridor—a firm step and swift. Then, no knock, but an open door and—Gerald!

Immediately she was indifferent again, though her indifference was poor acting.

"What, back so soon!" she inquired.

But Gerald's march was not yet done, and ended only when he held her fast in his arms.

"Back!" he cried. "Back! I didn't go! I couldn't go! I wouldn't go!"

A moment she held him close, while the clouds broke and the old light came back to her eyes. Then, looking up, she shook a finger in his face, and, threatening, laughing, sobbing, cried: "Oh, Gerald Osborne! If you had dared!"

And—well, that's the way of a girl.

Jack Browning

In Praise of Marriage

MARY EATON, tall, blond, and unmistakably a New England product, walked through the shaded lane which led from the orange-grove to the railroad. The station seemed deserted. The silence was unbroken but for the sound of the wind among the pines, whose long aisles stretched away in every direction. There was no building in sight, except a low, unpainted cottage perched upon piles in

the midst of a sandy space cleared among the palmetto scrub.

As the stranger gained the platform, an older woman, short, bent almost to shapelessness, came from the cottage and made her way along the road with a vigor and quickness of motion that belied her apparent age. As she approached, Miss Eaton saw beneath the crushed black hat a parchment-hued face lighted by a pair of sharp black eyes, and crowned with scanty gray hair, drawn plainly back. In the woman's drawn and knotted hands was a carpetbag of the style of half a century ago. As she scrambled up the steps to the platform she remarked, panting:

"I needn't 'a' wore myself aout gettin' yere. Ain't no kyahs, an' hit's past time for 'em."

As her eyes were fixed upon Miss Eaton, the younger woman replied:

"No. The cars have not come."

The newcomer disappeared around the corner of the building, and presently returned to say:

"Thar's a papah onto the doah, an' ef a body could make sense out'n their scratches, thar mought be sumthin' found aout."

Miss Eaton followed her, and read:

Owing to a change of schedule, the 8 A.M. train will leave at 8:30 A.M. till further notice.

"Huh!" responded the woman. "Half an haour late, an' my work a waitin' for me in taown! Thar ain't no use a buckin' agin a railroad, so I'll set daown an' git what rest I can." She bestowed herself and carpetbag on the baggage-truck, and turned to her companion. "I donno as I know who you be," she began.

"My name is Eaton," was the reply.

"H'm! I reckon as haow you be the Nuthiner that's stayin' at the grove."

"I am spending the winter there," answered Miss Eaton.

"Yes, I heerd tell thar was a Yankee woman thar." She turned her head with a quick, birdlike motion, and, half hesitating, added, "An' they said as haow you wahn't merried."

"That is quite true," was the reply.

"Well, ma'am, I was merried when I was jest fifteen. My man, he had ten acres of good land an' a haouse. Hit was a log house, with a log chimbley

that was chinked an' plastered with clay—a plumb good chimbley. Thar warn't but one room, but hit war a proper big one. Yes, I had a right good home. But you hain't nevah got merried?"

"No, I have never been married," replied her listener.

"Well, ma'am, we lived thar nigh onto thirteen year, afoh the wah. My man, he warn't no great for stren'th, an' the hot sun gave him a misery in his head, so as't I hed to help outdoahs right smaht. I hed nine childern, the three oldest on 'em girls, an' the rest boys; an' between a doin' fer 'em, an' a helpin' about outdoahs, I hed as much as I could scuffle through. But you nevah got merried?"

"No, I have never married," was the reply.

"Then ye see, ma'am, the wah broke aout, an' my man he had tu go. My oldest gal was a rale help in the haouse, an' I could work outdoahs all day. I nevah had plowed, but thar warn't nuthin' tu pay with, an', anyway, all the men was gone tu the wah, so as't I jest had tu whirl in and plow. Ye'd ben s'prised tu see haow I got on a plowin' an' harr'in'; an' the second gal could drop seed, and stick pertater vines, an' that fust yeah we-uns had as much off'n them ten acres as we'd evah had.

"Erlong the next yeah, I 'lowed the childern must hev some cloathes, so I got seed, an' made a half a bale of cotton. Yes'm, I made a half a bale, I shore did. Atter I found I could raise cotton, I kept right erlong an' made a half a bale every yeah. Hit was endurin' the third yeah my oldest gal merried, an' took one o' the boys tu live erlong er her, so as't I on'y hed seven to scuffle foah. But you nevah got merried?"

"No, I have never married," replied Miss Eaton.

"Yes, ma'am, I got on right smaht endurin' of the wah, an' when hit was ovah, my man come home. He warn't nevah hurted, but he'd had chills an' miz'ries right smaht, an' he nevah was much for stren'th anyhow. He got erlong foah about foah yeah, an' then he just nachally give aout.

"Well, ma'am, atter he was gone, the childern sot in tu hev their shear of the prop'ty. Atter hit was sold an' divided p, I had my shear an' that of the foah

youngest childern. I cum ovah yondah"—pointing toward the town—"an' hired tew rooms an' whirled in tu git a livin' for 'em. Tew of my gals was merried, an' had took a young un' apiece. But a yeah atter I cum ter taown the oldest one died, an' left Johnny, a month old, tu me tu raise. But you hain't nevah got merried?"

"No, I have never married," said Miss Eaton.

"Then, ma'am, atter a while the oldest ones they got places, an' left me with jest my own tew young uns an' my darter's chile. An' what with washin', an' i'onin', an' cleanin', we-uns nevah wahnted for nuthin'. An' when my youngest, what lives yon, was fifteen, Mr. Hay, he come a cohtin', an' she was jest sot tu go erlong of him. I nevah had said no to anythin' she wahnted, an' hit warn't no time to begin then, so she got merried and come aout heah tu live.

"That left me with on'y my own boy an' my gran'chile, but atter a while she had tu hev some help, an' Mr. Hay, he allowed if we-uns would come ovah heah, he'd give Josey a chanst on the railroad—he's section boss, Mr. Hay is—an' I could fetch Johnny erlong, an' I could go to taown three days in the week, 'cause some of them folks jest wouldn't giv' me up for tu du their washin'. So I jest du Mis' Hay's washin' an' i'onin' Monday, an' Tuesday I du some mixin' an' bakin', so as not tu leave her so much tu du—she's got tew childern, you know—an' Friday evenin' I come erlong back, an' gits things clared up a bit foah Sunday. An' I get a pass onto the railroad, an' hit don't cost me nuthin' tu go or come. But you hain't nevah got merried?"

"No, I have never married," answered Miss Eaton.

"Well, I declar'," said the old woman, scrambling to her feet and seizing her bag, "if thar ain't them kyars! The time hain't been long a mite, ma'am, you've been so entertainin'. I'm mighty pleased for tu hev met you, ma'am. Hit seems"—hesitating, with her birdlike movement—"as if you must be mighty lonesome. Hit shorely is a pity that such a pleasant-spoken lady as you be shouldn't nevah hev hed a chanst tu git merried!"

F. A. Rosman

